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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 7, 1917

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### Realizing Jefferson's Hope

Presently our allies are to see their hope realized—the hope of enjoying the moral value of the appearance of an American unit in the field. It is interesting to reflect that a somewhat similar hope was once expressed by the great apostle of American democracy. In 1823 Monroe invited his predecessor in the presidency to say whether he held fast to Washington's principle of "no entangling alliances" or whether he thought it safe to act on Canning's proposal that Britain and America together should resist the tyranny of the Holy Alliance. "The question," wrote Jefferson, "is the most momentous which has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of Independence." Then, speaking of Great Britain, he added: "With her we should cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause." Perhaps we may be justified in regarding as one of the blessings of this war the union it has brought about—in a measure—of the English-speaking peoples. But, to be sure, the case of Ireland has not yet been settled.

### A Plea for Prohibition

Perhaps it would be well to have bone-dry prohibition during the war. Why not settle all our troubles at once? Of course prohibition as a war measure is sublimated nonsense but why not surfeit ourselves with the crazy agitation? Bone-dry prohibition as a war measure would mean hypocritical self-delusion, which is not so odd as it may seem. There are many zealous hypocrites in the world who ease their conscience by a species of self-delusion. It would be self-delusion to prohibit ourselves from drinking on the theory that food would be made more plentiful and cheaper and ourselves more fit to fight. The people of Europe have been fighting three years, and they haven't quit drinking yet, nor have their soldiers thought that with less alcohol

in their rations they might have become more efficient in battle. Prohibition in this country, however, will please our intelligentsia—men like Bryan and Daniels and Hobson and Stubbs—and warm them in their pacifism, rendering them less liable to the impulse to rush to the front and do battle for an effete civilization. Moreover prohibition made nation-wide might either vindicate or damn itself, and according to our way of thinking the evidence it will furnish will make additional proof unnecessary. So while we are improving the world why not induce the great revulsion similar to the one that followed the enactment of prohibition laws in New England in the fifties of the eighteen-hundreds? But, alas! the prohibitionists themselves much prefer to compromise.

### More Murder on the High Seas

"Eight die as submarine fires on lifeboat," says a newspaper headline. By how many performances of this kind have the Germans distinguished themselves in this war? And by what principle of legitimate warfare is this kind of murder justified? Some day we shall be told. And then we shall be interested in learning what is to be done to deter human beings thereafter from repeating crimes that give us the impression of wanton slaughter done by the servants of a national Government. Whatever the principle, it is new, and it is inconceivable that it will be allowed to go unpunished. Certainly nothing is more repugnant to human nature than the idea of murdering helpless persons simply because it is inconvenient to make prisoners of them. Presumably, nay, undoubtedly, the crimes are done by the Germans at the instigation of the Kaiser, the man who, some of them are saying, would be elected President if the Empire were converted into a Republic. Yet we are not warring on the German people, our President tells us; only on their imperial masters, but we hear no protest from the pro-Germans in this country against the principles on which Kultur is acting in the Fatherland in this struggle. There really seems to be universal Teutonic acquiescence in the practices of the Imperial Government; else why should folks of whose silence a terrible implication is predicated remain as mum as oysters? Surely it is not that they hate to be meddlesome. This is not to be assumed in view of their activities as propagandists before we entered the war. However, we are not warring on the German people, but let us

hope that the Kaiser will be held responsible in a way that would seriously embarrass a candidate for the German presidency. As a monarch there is a divinity, to be sure, that hedges him, but judging from the progress of democracy, the business of settling with Wilhelm will be chiefly in the hands of the plain people, and Wilhelm has been found guilty of murder by more than one coroner's jury.

### The Kaiser's Classic

Occasionally one meets with a phrase that has a history worth remembering, as for instance, "a place in the sun." We heard this phrase many times shortly after the war broke out, and though it is still remembered, its history has gone into the limbo of forgotten things. We, too, had forgotten it but recently the memory of it was revived by a random editorial comment made in December, 1911, a comment on the use of the phrase by the Kaiser in August of that year. Discussing the subject of Germany's expansion, he spoke of "the place in the sun" to which she had made a rightful claim. The phrase made something of a stir in England where it soon passed imperceptibly into the language. It was quoted as a heading for the news in all the leading French and English papers. Its literal meaning seemed obscure, but there were alarmists who thought it meant something mystical. Perhaps the Kaiser meant a place in the sunshine. Perhaps he was thinking of Diogenes, the cynic, who when asked by Alexander the Great what he would be pleased to have, replied "I'd have you get out of my sunshine," or words to that effect. But whatever the Kaiser was thinking of he contributed a classic to the general language of men. It was a fine and inspiring as well as fateful utterance by a man, who, almost alone among the sovereigns of the day, writes his own speeches and quite often coins a phrase with dramatic value that appeals to the hearts and imagination of the German people.

### The Coming of England's Treasures

The Tories of England have a terrible grievance against the United States. Grateful as they profess to be for the assistance we are rendering in the war they are frothing at the mouth as they see their nation's most precious heirlooms falling into the hands of rich Americans. This from the standpoint of our selfish interests is one of the benefits of the war. Treasures that



have been accumulating for centuries are becoming the property of the United States, and *The Saturday Review*, the organ of the Tories, is complaining bitterly of their sordid countrymen who are keeping themselves prosperous by permitting England to be gutted of objects of priceless value. "How can we claim," says *The Review*, "to care for our reputation in art, literature and learning when we suffer this kind of thing without a salutary public protest, let alone the least attempt to stay it?" The thing especially referred to is the "loss" of the Elsmere Library which has been sold for \$1,000,000 to Henry E. Huntington, nephew of the late Collis P. Huntington. Converting this library into hard American cash means a great deal for this country. In the Elsmere Library is a splendid series of Shakespeare quartos and folios. Also it has the Chaucer M. S. in vellum ascribed to the year 1405. The founder of the library was Sir Thomas Egerton, a great lawyer, admired by Queen Elizabeth and made Lord Chancellor by James I. The contemporary of Shakespeare, the friend of Essex and Bacon, it really seems a pity that his descendants should have to sell the precious, priceless things that he bequeathed to posterity. But such is the tragic consequences of war. However, what is John Bull's loss is Uncle Sam's gain, and sympathize as we may with the loser we cannot seriously lament the good things Germany is sending our way.

#### Our Friend the Horse

So we need more horses for our cavalry and don't know where to find them! In deference to the wishes of our reformers who are always purblind to whatever good there may be in things evil we began discouraging horse breeding some years ago. When we prohibited racing we made it more difficult to obtain mounts for the cavalry service, and though attention was called to the consequence inevitable the reformers were not to be prevailed upon to abate their zeal. And now there is lamen-

tation in the land as always when men too good and pure have their way. The reformers who abolished racing and wouldn't tolerate racing even under restrictions of any kind whatsoever, were arguing early in 1914 that cavalry had become useless in war. They were in error. Only a few months ago the British and French cavalry carried out the whole task of keeping in touch with the rearguards of the retreating Germans. And we hear that among some of the worst bogs and craters in France horses hauled heavy guns where motor traction was out of the question. The day of the horse is not over in Europe. If the horse has not always been found advantageous in Europe, it has been different where civilization is less compact or its resources far distant. The campaigns in Mesopotamia and Palestine would have been impossible without cavalry.

#### The Sage of Louvain

We do not hear much these days of Mgr. Mercier, Cardinal Archbishop of Malines, but the gentleman is by no means idle. The great Belgian hero has just published a manual of modern scholastic philosophy. This is an illuminating piece of news. We know that to be a philosopher is to be something more than a subtle thinker. Philosophy united with religion teaches us the art and law of life; also, it teaches us, as an ancient philosopher has said, to be good marksmen, to hit the white at any distance. So in being informed that Mgr. Mercier is at once a churchman and the author of a manual of scholastic philosophy we readily apprehend the secret of his shining behaviour since the outbreak of the war. What a record, by the way, this noble Belgian has made! not less noble than the record made by King Albert himself of whom it was recently remarked by a writer in the *London Tablet* that ever since the fateful day he answered "No!" to the proposal from Potsdam, preferring poverty and danger, he has been the literal embodiment of the saintly ideal of a King—a royal leader of

a righteous cause who lives among his soldiers and labors and suffers with them, exposed to the same hardships, fatigues and dangers. As the shepherd of his flock Cardinal Mercier, too, has faced danger, and like King Albert he has defied the barbarous enemies of his country. Here are two men of heroic mould made immortal by Germany. And Germany, the *kultured* and efficient, has yet to realize the glory these men—one a philosopher, the other a king—have won at her expense. If Cardinal Mercier cared for the kind of fame that has come to him his debt to Germany would be prodigious. His first great war pastoral, a most convincing arraignment of the destroyer of Belgium, was promulgated to the ends of the earth by the blundering brutality of the foe, and as a specimen of abiding literature it will be recognized by future generations of all time as a masterpiece of polemical writing. The invincible fearlessness of the old man in his ruined home in Belgium shines out in every line of that beautiful pastoral, and to find anything that compares with the unbroken spirit and restraint of suppressed feeling by which it is characterized one must go to the immortal friend of Erasmus, who was beheaded for refusing to approve King Henry's marriage to Ann Boleyn. In the case of Sir Thomas More as in that of Cardinal Mercier we find philosophy and religion triumphing over colossal evils and dangers. To the majority of his admirers Cardinal Mercier is known only as a prince of his church. To churchmen he is known as the most influential professor, reformer and organizer of philosophical teaching in all Europe. He established the Institute of Philosophy at Louvain, and when he was rector of that university it was looked on as the most fruitful centre of philosophy in the Catholic Church. The author of several philosophical works, all of which were written in French, his breadth of vision may be inferred from his liberal sympathy with the spirit of Aristotle and the progress of human knowledge.

## The Children's War

By Katharine Tynan

This is the Children's War: because  
The victory's to the young and clean!  
Up to the Dragon's ravening jaws  
March dear Eighteen and Seventeen.

Fresh from the Chrisom waters pure  
Dear lads, so eager to attain  
To the bright visions that allure  
The Knight's ordeal, the red pain.

The light is yet upon their curls;  
The dream is yet within their eyes;  
Their cheeks are silken as a girl's;  
The little Knights of Paradise.

O men with many scars and stains,  
Stand back, abase your souls and pray!  
For now to Nineteen are the gains  
And golden Twenty wins the day.

Brown heads with curls all rippled over,  
Young bodies slender as a flame;  
They leap to darkness like a lover—  
To Twenty-one is fall'n the game.

It is the Boys' War. Praise must be given  
To Percivale and Galahad,  
Who have won earth and taken Heaven  
By violence! Weep not, but be glad!



## Varied Types

339—FREDERIC DE BELLEVILLE

By Edward F. O'Day

Frederic de Belleville was too drunk to resist, so Margaret Anglin strangled him with her long white kid glove. He was thoroughly dead when the curtain went down. I met him a minute afterwards on the Orpheum stage. For a man whose windpipe had been disconnected I found him unusually alive. And for a man who had consumed large quantities of champagne, several ponies of brandy and a half-pint of kummel he was remarkably sober.

"But," he confided to me rather wistfully as he led the way to the dressing room, "it was all bogus stuff."

"How do you like being strangled by Margaret Anglin?" I asked.

"One gets used to anything," de Belleville replied, "and after being strangled twice a day all season I find myself less interested in my own murder than I was when it was still a novelty. I must say in all justice, however, that Miss Anglin is a most charming murderer. Really, it's a pleasure to die at her hands."

"Doubtless you have been murdered before?"

"Oh, many times. Death long ago ceased to have terrors for me. It has been visited upon me violently in a variety of forms. All the fascinating ingenuities of murder have been lavished upon me. I suppose that I am one of the most murdered men upon the American stage."

"Miss Anglin is your favorite murderer?"

"Ah, you embarrass me. Gallantry forbids me to go so far. I must not forget that I have been murdered many times by Viola Allen. Comparisons are odious, even to murderers. Night after pleasant night Miss Allen murdered me with a revolver in 'The Eternal City.' And now Miss Anglin is strangling me in 'The Wager.' You won't insist that I tell which of these delightful murderers I prefer. Both of them are very charming women whom I highly esteem and whom I freely forgive for the foul deed."

"Have you a favorite form of violent death?"

"I am not really particular how I am murdered. I think though that I'd rather be shot than strangled. One may be shot from a distance, you know. Strangling is an intimate

sort of thing. And accidents will happen. The other night Miss Anglin not only strangled me but knocked off my mustache. She was exceedingly sorry—about the mustache."

"How long is it since you've been in San Francisco?"

"Twelve years—a long time. Arriving this trip I was prepared to weep for the city I loved. Instead I was astounded by its new beauty. But the dear old landmarks are gone. One of the first things I did was to take a walk along Kearny street. I was lost."

"Where," I asked a passerby, "where was the California Theatre?"

"He pointed out a garage."

"May I speak of San Francisco as 'our' city? Our city was very good to me. And what a memory our city has. People come to me with old programmes and photographs. It is good to be remembered so."

"I hesitate to tell you how many years ago it was that I first came to San Francisco. I was in Australia as leading juvenile to Alice Dunning Lingard. I determined to return to England. Mrs. Lingard advised me to travel by way of San Francisco. When I went to the Baldwin Hotel I found a gentleman waiting for me. He was Fred Lister, sent by Tom Maguire who was running the Baldwin Theatre. I discovered that Mrs. Lingard had cabled that I was coming."

"Do you want to play in San Francisco?" Fred Lister asked me.

"Nothing would please me better," I told him.

"You open next Monday night," he answered.

"When I heard the terms I nearly fell over, they were so much handsomer than I had been used to in England and Australia."

"So I opened at the Baldwin in a new play 'Deception' written by Dr. Callaghan of San Francisco. When I made my first appearance on the stage I received a wonderful ovation. It is only in San Francisco that such things happen. I was so overcome that I almost fainted in the arms of Joe Barrows. He was in the cast of 'Deception,' and so were James O'Neill, Sam Piercy, Adeline Stanhope, Theodore Roberts, Harry Bradley and Thayer, poor old chap."

"Deception" did very well, and was afterwards taken to New York where it had quite a run under the name of 'The Legion of Honor' and under the management of Henry Abbey.

"I stayed some time at the Baldwin playing stock. We gave such plays as 'Coralie,' 'True to the Core,' 'Fairfax' and 'An Orphan of the State.'"

"Then A. M. Palmer came here and asked me to join his company. As he was going East and that was on my way home I joined. I am still seeing the country. I never got home. I came here several times with Palmer. Among the Palmer productions I recall as being successful here were 'The Banker's Daughter' and Sardou's 'Daniel Rochat.'"

"Then I was leading man at the California. What a company that was! Let me see: McKee Rankin, Mrs. McKee Rankin, Ellie Wilton, Mabel Burt, Trella Foltz, Dan Harkins, Frank Mordaunt, J. J. Wallace, Joseph Holland and Hobart Bosworth. We played everything from 'Macbeth' to Archie Gunter's 'Wall Street Bandit.'"

"The good old days! Is it any wonder I love

San Francisco? I owe so much to it. I miss many of my old friends. Particularly George Barnes of The Call and Peter Robertson of The Chronicle. They were so kind, so friendly and encouraging in their criticisms."

"You belong to an acting family?"

"No, I am the only actor among the de Bellevilles, so far as I know. My father was a colonel in the Belgian army. I have two nephews in the Belgian army now, if they are still alive, a captain and a lieutenant. The captain received the war cross from the hands of King Albert. That was last September. I have not heard from either of them since."

"No, we are not an acting family. Yet I wanted to be an actor from boyhood. My father used to gather us around him in our home at Liege and read to us from Racine, Corneille and Moliere. I drank in every word. And every chance I got I used to go to the stage doors in Antwerp and watch for a sight of the actors."

During this pleasant conversation de Belleville had removed his mustache, his dress coat with its dingle-dangle of Russian orders, his fob and seals, his high collar. There was a tap at the door, and Mr. Hull came in to say that Miss Anglin (who is Mrs. Hull when she is not on the stage strangling de Belleville) would like her victim to come to her dressing room to meet an old friend. De Belleville threw a scarlet-lined Russian cloak over his shoulders and went. I noticed that he muffled his naked windpipe. Perhaps he was afraid Miss Anglin might have a long white kid glove handy.

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## Perspective Impressions

The Crown Prince can't get Verdun out of his head.

You can't blaspheme H. G. Wells's God because He isn't divine.

One doesn't have to like Lloyd George, but one has to admit his knack of hitting the ten-penny on the coco.

Brazil stands by the United States against Germany. Nothing nutty about Brazil except her *Bertholletia excelsa*.

Wonder why the boost for Daniels in *The Examiner*; is it just to be contrary or to put Josephus under his chief's suspicion?

A later thought which may revive the memory of a funny cartoon of pre-war days: Has William R. signed for service on the "good ship Piffle?"

Ask Reventlow: Who's Looney now?

When the old-style Fourth of July went out it took a lot of the old-style patriotism with it.

Some of the Austrians call their emperor "a peace kaiser." The two words don't seem to hang together.

In one afternoon of baseball Congressmen made forty-five errors. They make about that many in any afternoon of legislating.

The surest way to be unhappy is to complain that the things that are imperative are not in harmony with one's impulses.

Washington threatens us with a Speakers' Bureau which will send war-talkers up and down the land. Well, we'll try to listen; but there's a limit to human endurance.

Eleven British M. P.s have been killed in battle. How many Congressmen will fight?

What a lot of good cannon fodder is going to waste where the I. W. W. abound!

From the press despatches it appears that the progress of democracy in China is along the same route taken in Mexico and Russia.

Says T. R.: "I hold that all men who attack our allies or uphold our enemies while we are in this war are disloyal to America." Has the Colonel no individual in mind?

What a terrible shock to the credulous to learn that the foremost moralist among all our publishers and molders of public opinion and upholders of the palladium of our liberties is after all a sordid predatory chap who steals the principal commodity used in his trade.

## The Drama at the St. Francis Hotel

By Theodore F. Bonnet

Arthur Maitland's experiment at the Hotel St. Francis has borne fruit, and beneath the roof of the hotel San Francisco will have a permanent stock company of players. This new theatre will be opened in the Colonial ball room some time this fall, and thereafter we shall hear no complaint of a lack of theatrical fare of the first quality in this great metropolis. The permanence of the theatre will be ensured just as in the case of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra—by subscribers who have an interest in the welfare of the city, and who are desirous of satisfying the taste of the people for things of the mind.

This new enterprise I am very much disposed to applaud seeing that in the consummation of it will be realized a dream of mine which was discussed in these columns some years ago when I pointed out that an unprofessional theatre would be a good thing for San Francisco, at the same time explaining that I had in mind a theatre maintained in the interest of the stage rather than in the interest of the folks behind the box office. Here was the germ of an ideal that was not all transcendental dreaming. As was explained, the suggestion was not motivated in a passion for uplift. It was not argued that we should detach the stage from all things sordid or scorn the pastime of money-making. Briefly it was observed that the only criticism to be made of the theatre that has come down to us through the years is that the strictly business

men who dictate its policies are in a rut where they have come to think that all they have to do is to keep an eye on the box office as though it were a kind of mariner's compass. Their aim is to give the public apparently what the public wants; never a thought is given to the Time Spirit or what the Germans call the Zeitgeist which is often made manifest in fields far from the theatre—in literature for example, in art generally and even in politics. And so it is that the stage often lags behind as when it was giving us Pinero and Jones long after Ibsen was having his by no means brief hour.

Professional producers are not students of psychology. It is easier to follow in one another's footsteps, and what the public wants, in the average manager's judgment, is akin to what the public flocked to see last week. Hence the frequency with which we are reminded by one big scene of scenes that went before. Now from the history of the theatre in Europe one receives the impression that for its evolution from Sardoodledum to Shavianism, from dry rot to vitality, we are indebted chiefly to the infusion of new blood in the management. Ibsen struggled in obscurity in Norway until a club of amateurs was formed to produce his plays; the best, most popular theatrical company in London was organized by amateurs some years ago in Dublin when Yeats and Lady Gregory were protesting against the dullness of professional producers; even in Paris the theatre was suffering from inattention until Antoine, a clerk in a gas company, raised funds among his friends to put Catulle Mendes on the stage, and thus the Theatre Libre was founded; similar is the history of the great Moscow Art Theatre, the influence of which was felt all over the Continent of Europe just before the outbreak of the war. Russian taste was on the Sardou level when a company of amateurs formed the Moscow Society of Art and Literature and produced one of Chekhov's plays in a barn. So it appears to be a good thing to get the theatre out

of a rut. Which reminds me of the economic tag exalting the man who induces the growth of two blades of grass in a place that formerly produced but one. How much worthier of exaltation the man who makes two thoughts sprout in a brain formerly incapable of generating more than one. This is what the novice among managers has done in the principal cities of Europe. And this is what Arthur Maitland, professional actor but amateur manager, may do in San Francisco. He has given us a number of one-act plays at the St. Francis for the benefit of the Red Cross and it has occurred to many people that he is the man to captain a stock company and give us a permanent theatre where we may see plays from the pens of the world's great playwrights. Already a society to guarantee this theatre is in process of organization, and the theatre, as I understand it, is to have a board of directors comprising a number of men interested in the drama and in the theatre. The players will be rounded up before the fall, and meanwhile all concerned in the new enterprise are devoting more or less time to the reading of plays by successful European playwrights as well as plays that have been produced in the so-called Little Theatres of the principal Eastern cities, the rights to which Maitland has secured. The repertoire is not to be limited to one-act plays, but the performance will be limited to two evenings and two matinees.

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# The American Navy

By Arthur Pollen

*(The author of this article is reputed to be the leading naval expert of England.—Ed. Town Talk)*

As organized for peace, the ships of the American navy are placed in four groups. There are first those in full commission; next, those in commission in reserve; thirdly, those commissioned in ordinary; and fourth, those out of commission altogether. The first and second categories correspond with our peace-time organization of ships in full commission and those with nucleus crews. Fully commissioned ships constitute the Atlantic and Pacific fleets, the cruiser, destroyer and submarine squadrons and flotillas, and the cruisers, gunboats and so forth, commissioned for independent duties. Amongst them are to be found fourteen battleships of which thirteen are what is called the dreadnought type; and thirteen cruisers, classified as armored, second class and third class. Of destroyers and submarines there are thirty-eight each, and the balance is made up of monitors, four; transports, three; converted yachts, five; torpedo tenders, five, with seven or eight training and depot ships, eighteen gunboats, twenty colliers and oil tankers. All these ships are either at sea or immediately ready for sea, and the main strength of them constitutes the Atlantic fleet, based in the summer time on Newport and in the winter and spring in more southern waters.

All the dreadnoughts are to be found in the Atlantic fleet; they include the Pennsylvania and the Arizona, the most powerfully armed and the best protected vessels in the world. American capital ships have for some years been built in pairs. The first pair, South Carolina and Michigan, carried four double 12-inch gun turrets on the centre line, and thus had the same broadside power as our first dreadnoughts, though carrying one turret less. In the Delaware and North Dakota and the Utah and Florida five centre line turrets succeeded—these ships thus having a broadside of ten 12-inch guns. Then followed the Arkansas and the Wyoming with six turrets replacing five, giving a broadside of twelve 12-inch gun fire, only surpassed by the ex-Brazilian Agincourt, now in the British fleet. In 1912 the 12-inch gun was given up for the 14-inch, and the New York and Texas were designed to carry five turrets, each with two guns of this calibre. Two years later the Oklahoma and Nevada succeeded with four turrets instead of five, but two of these carried three guns each, so that the broadside remained the same. Finally, the Pennsylvania and Arizona, the last ships to be finished, have also four turrets only, but each is a three-gun turret, so that the broadside is twelve instead of ten. There is no doubt that the fourteen American dreadnoughts—thirteen of which are actually in commission today—are in every respect the equals, and, in some, the superior of any ships of contemporary design.

Apart from lessons learned actually in war, the naval constructors of America have for many years been the equals of their fellows in Europe. And they have had building problems to meet which have not bothered European navies. What

particularly differentiates the American building programme from the European is the specially oceanic character of the requirements. The United States fleet was not built primarily, as were for example the German and British fleets, for work in the North Sea and Mediterranean. Their cruising grounds are the Atlantic and Pacific. Then there has been a certain vagueness as to the quarter from which hostilities might be expected. And the possibility of having to strike at a very distant foe has made it necessary for ships to be built to carry reserves of fuel, unthought of in European navies. It is in these two facts that there is to be found, at any rate to a great extent, the far higher individual cost of American ships. The third contributory element to this is the conviction, deeply rooted in American naval opinion, that no ship can be too heavily armored. The American battle fleet, as it stands then, is quite exceptionally powerful. Sixty-four 14-inch guns and eighty 12-inch guns, all available on the broadside, make a very formidable combination. The 14-inch gun fires, it is true, a projectile that is no heavier than the later British 13.5; but it is believed that the American ordnance authorities have been singular in producing a weapon of this calibre that employs so high a muzzle velocity as 2700 feet per second. The accuracy of these guns at extreme range is said to be extraordinary, and has only been equalled or surpassed by the British 15-inch guns, the shells of which, of course, weigh almost forty per cent more.

According to pre-war standards American gunnery was exceptionally good, both in gunlaying and in the long range exercises; the performances of the best ships being quite equal to the known records of European navies. But war, as we have so often seen, has played havoc with the anticipations of long-range firing on this side; and how far the American navy has learned from the British and German failure in fire control is unknown to me. It is, however, significant that in the four ships laid down last year, Maryland, West Virginia, Colorado and Washington, the sixteen-inch gun has been adopted with a special view to surpassing the ranging capacities of the largest guns afloat in other navies. It must be assumed, therefore, that the attention of the Navy Department has been directed to the importance of using these new monster weapons with effect.

Undoubtedly the weakness of the American navy in commission is its poverty in cruisers. In these it is as far behind the peace standard of the British navy as that standard itself was behind the requirements of war. It is curious that the country that produced Mahan and the country from whose experiences Mahan derived his doctrines, should both have been so blind to the plainest of all the lessons of history. In the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars we began with seven cruisers to each two ships of the line. By the year of Trafalgar they were five to one. Four years later they were seven to one. Take the ships built and building, we began war in 1914 with a bare ratio of four cruisers to each capital ship. But of these four, one and a half were slow and, for many cruising purposes, useless. Of cruisers a knot or two faster than battleships, we had one to one, about the same proportion in cruisers from three to five knots faster. But of the cruisers

really useful for fleet purposes, that is, vessels fifty per cent faster than battleships, we had but one cruiser to two battleships. This deficiency we, of course, to some extent, made up with destroyers. Again, counting in the oldest of those built, we had in 1914 seven destroyers for every capital ship. Putting then all light craft together we might say that for every two battle ships we had three slow cruisers, two a trifle faster than the battleships, two twenty-five per cent faster, and fourteen destroyers. Half of these would be twenty-seven knots or less, but others would run from thirty to thirty-five.

If we take the completed American fleet as it stands today, to the fourteen first-class battleships there are only twenty-eight cruisers of all classes, and only three of these have ever had a speed of twenty-five knots, and they are oldish ships now, and ten of them belong to that quite useless breed, the armored cruiser class. Of destroyers there are thirty-eight in the commissioned fleet, eleven with nucleus crews; twenty in the second reserve, and one out of commission, making seventy in all. Thus, while we had four cruisers and seven destroyers to every battleship, the Americans have two cruisers and five destroyers. What would have been the value of the thirty-eight coast and fleet submarines, could they be represented today by fast light cruisers or by ocean-going anti-submarine patrols? The great programme of 1916 was intended to include four scout cruisers of very high speed indeed. In these were particularly emphasized the ocean-going and fuel endurance qualities exacted by American conditions. To be equal to high seas work and to run the required distances at the necessary speed, these were to have been of a displacement necessitating an outlay of over £1,000,000 apiece. Compare this with the £250,000 to £300,000 spent by this country and Germany on the typical fast cruisers needed for North Sea work. It is not extraordinary that this type has proved so exacting to the firms asked to tender for it, that so far, not a single acceptable tender has been made for one of them. It remains then that the strength of the American navy lies in its capital ships and its weakness in its want of fast light craft of all descriptions.

Not in full commission there are ten pre-dreadnought battleships, vessels individually more powerful than any European pre-dreadnoughts, excepting possibly the King Edward class, seven armored and ten other cruisers, eleven destroyers and a few various. In the second reserve are one cruiser, the twenty destroyers already mentioned, and a dozen torpedo boats. There are finally a few battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats, gunboats, converted yachts, etc., not commissioned at all and probably quite useless for fighting purposes; but for many of them no doubt patrol service or other work of the kind can be found.

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## A Concert at the Front

By D. O. C.

The colonel had asked me to dinner in his hut. "Come at 6 o'clock," he said, "and I may be able to give you a little amusement before dinner." He did. He and his men were to go up to the line on the morrow; so the officers had arranged a smoking concert, and had borrowed for the occasion a large hut belonging to the company who had charge of a German prisoners' camp. The hut was lighted with hanging lamps and filled with men and tobacco smoke (mainly of the Woodbine breed, which Tommy loves more than the best Havana).

At the top table is the very smart regimental sergeant-major, who is in the chair. In place of the usual hammer, he keeps order by rapping on the table with a large silver cigarette case. The concert has already started when we arrive, and after waiting for the end of the ditty in progress we make our way to a table next the chairman, amidst some little applause from the men, for my host is popular.

To my surprise I see seated on one side of the hut at the far end of the room eight German non-commissioned officers, all smoking (again mostly Woodbines), and all evidently enjoying the musical efforts of our gallant Tommies. These Germans were very fine men. Two were sergeant-majors, and had most intelligent and interesting faces. Another, a studious-looking, rather delicate fellow, was, I found, a science master at some German school. He had a

guitar, which he played later with great effect.

The concert went on: lugubrious songs, all without accompaniment, with verses that ran into double figures. "Don't Go Down the Mine, Daddy," and songs of the "Little Irish Rose" and "Shamrock" type were the most popular; several again of the "Scotch Whisky" variety, and then the meeting is called to order by the chairman, who announces: "The enemy will oblige with a folk song and chorus—the best of order and a bit of encouragement, please." "The enemy" remove their caps, come to the front, bowing to the colonel as they pass, and sing a part-song, conducted by one of the sergeant-majors, and accompanied by the delicate-looking man on his guitar. It is music—real music, the performers—all eight of them—obviously enjoying it. One or two have really good voices, and there is not a false note. Tommy looked on in amazement. He seemed surprised that these strange people could sing in such a difficult language and certainly surprised at the very high musical standard. The enemy is heartily applauded, and returns quickly to his seat and his Woodbines, again bowing to the colonel en route.

Then the adjutant tells stories, chiefly concerned with the troubles of young officers and raw recruits, which shake the audience with

laughter. He is followed by the colonel, who stands up, all six feet of him, perfectly "turned out," and recites in most racy manner "The Gee Bung Polo Club." The applause was intense, and this although there were probably not half a dozen men in the hut who could tell you anything about the game of polo! Still, as I have said, he is a good colonel.

And now the chairman announces the last two items on the programme. "Best of order please, while the enemy gives 'The Watch on the Rhine'—and you can ease yourself afterwards by singing 'Rule, Britannia.'" So "Die Wacht am Rhein" is most feelingly rendered by the enemy, and the last notes have hardly died away when Thomas Atkins lifts the roof off with that paean of liberty which (so the verse tells us) was caught from the lips of "Guardian Angels." Then "God Save the King" and the men disperse, many of them singing as they go out:

"We beat them on the Marne,  
We beat them on the Aisne;  
We gave them hell at Neuve Chapelle,  
And here we are again."

The enemy seemed quite happy, but one large Bavarian sergeant-major, who spoke perfect English, said to me: "But, sir, surely not quite like that at Neuve Chapelle." And he was quite right.

## Miliukoff's Great Speech

*Many great speeches have been made by statesmen since the outbreak of the war. The greatest of them all (judging speeches as they should be, from their effect) was made by Miliukoff, the Russian reformer. The eloquence of this man has thrilled the Duma times without number. Never was he more successful than on the memorable November day when he denounced the pro-German Premier Stürmer. It was a classical oration spoken in the presence of Stürmer and his Party and by them suppressed. He spoke as follows:*

Gentlemen: We have all heard of funeral orations, but have you noticed that, whatever their aim, these orations always leave the dead dead? What would you think, I wonder, of a man who sought, in such an oration, to bring about the resurrection of the dead? Mad? I agree, yet there are times when such an attempt is permissible. Gentlemen, I stand on this tribune with that mad desire upon me. Like a fire this desire has burnt into my soul. I want to deliver an oration which will resurrect the dead, because the mighty Russian Empire cannot afford to leave dead its most precious possession. The dead, over which I, together with most of the Russian people, weep tears of blood, must be dead no longer. You and I must use all our powers, magic, witchcraft, what you will, but the dead must be made to live. This highest heritage of a nation, its honor, must not be buried. Honor is dead in Russia and before the whole world becomes aware of our dead, we must bring it to life again.

Do you know that unless you act now, unless you use your utmost efforts, the name of Russia will stink in the nostrils of humanity? Even the most savage tribe in the world will turn away on the approach of a Russian, because Russia is about to betray the trust of her Allies. They are Allies of whom she should be proud—Allies to whom she ought to listen with respect and obedience. They are among the

oldest civilizations, the oldest democracies in the world, and they are to be betrayed! Judas the traitor is among us! Judas has closed his bargain! I understand your turmoil; I read the terror in your eyes. Even the president's hand is quaking! He rings his bell nervously; but mark, even the bell revolts; instead of its shrill sound, you hear a muffled funeral note. No, it shall not silence me; its sound reëchoes in my soul and urges me to further effort. I have here, gentlemen, the evidence of Judas. Evidence in cold figures—the number of shekels, the pieces of silver for betrayal. A new sound comes out of the bell—the jingle of silver, the blood money! Why are we silent; yes, silence, our silence is golden to Stürmer and his colleagues. But for us, for generations to come, that silence is a crime; a terrible, bloody crime. All that we shall have, to leave our descendants, when honor is buried, is disgrace, a stain that no time will efface. Wake up, you sons of Russia, you who stand for the Russian people, and avert this greatest of all catastrophes. Rise up, dead honor, arise from your coffin and let us see thee live. Come, face thy murderer in his high place. Accuse him before this assembly, let thy voice thunder. Yes, I am aflame; but I am cold compared with the crime with which I charge Stürmer. I stand on this tribune only because you are honest and true men, and you will not tolerate these things when once you know them. You will bring honor

to life again, and bring gratitude instead of contempt into the hearts of our children.

Rachel, we are told, is crying for her children, but if you open your ears you will hear a heart-breaking sob, a sob which will fill you with horror. Do you know who it is that is crying? Russia, the gallant, the brave, the mother of us all, good and bad, is crying. Her heart is breaking. Are we to help her, we her sons?

Your answer cheers me. This is the miracle for which I have been working. The dead has come to life again. Your shouts of encouragement are its first signs of life. With honor alive in our midst once more we can speak calmly. Analyse the activities of the Stürmer ministry since its beginning. What were all its measures adopted for? What were they meant to produce? The dissatisfaction of the masses. What does such dissatisfaction produce? Revolution, bloody revolution.

Berlin does not pay money for nothing. Stürmer had to earn it, and he did. He paved the way for revolution as the means to a separate peace. Must not the great Russian people be told of this? Is it not better to remove the cause of their suffering? Gentlemen, this traitor, this German, must go. No matter what excuse be made for him, for the sake of our honor, and the trust of our Allies, Stürmer must go. . . .



# The Spectator

## The Clockwinder on the War

"I see that Paul Smith is at it again," casually observed the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. He was holding converse with his friend Senator Gus Hartman in the pendulum room. The latter had been abusing his pet aversion, the great city of Los Angeles, the city of conscientious objectors, as he called it.

"Paul is at war again," the clockwinder added.

"Yes," said Hartman, "he's back in the red-light trenches."

"Doing noble work," added the clockwinder. "Perhaps Secretary Daniels will give him the iron cross," the Senator suggested.

"He's certainly a great hero in these times, considering the all-absorbing national desideratum," said the water front philosopher, causing Senator Hartman to raise his eyebrows and fix an expression of inquiry on his classic countenance. The clockwinder expounded the matter thus: "The Allies in Europe tell us this is a war for democracy. They're not onto themselves. This is a war against vice, the vice of autocracy and the vice that the first Paul warred against. Uncle Sam is not only going to make the world a safer place to live in, he's going to make it a better place to meditate in; he's going to redeem us from the next-to-original sin."

## "Paul to the Corinthians"

Here the clockwinder began burnishing the pendulum. "I don't get you," said Senator Hartman after a pause during which he studied his friend. "The next-to-original sin? Where'd you get that?"

"In the Book of Voltaire," said the clockwinder, "the only scriptural work I'd assume you were familiar with. He speaks of the sin in the chapter dealing with the introduction of the fig leaf among the fashions of the Garden of Eden. People were pretty generally addicted to that sin long before Secretary Daniels came into the world. It was a very common sin even in the first Paul's time."

Again Senator Hartman interrupted "Who was the first Paul?" he asked.

"I'm amazed at your ignorance," said the clockwinder. "The first Paul was the great literary genius who wrote the Epistle to Timothy and others. Now he was a great saint and a very wise man, and he went a-warring against the Redlight District of Corinth, which, by the way, is still doing business at the old stand though it was over nineteen hundred years ago that Paul started out to clean it up."

"Did he arrest anybody?"

"No, he didn't have as much sense as Paul

Smith; wasn't even as wise as Daniels; didn't care at all about moral squads; he simply wrote a letter to the Corinthians telling them how to cure themselves of their bad habit, and to my way of thinking he gave them a pretty good tip, though he wasn't successful. In fact I think it would be a good tip for Daniels and the other moral squadites to take today."

"What was it?" eagerly Hartman inquired.

The clockwinder opened a little book saying, "To get it perfectly straight I'll read just what St. Paul told the Corinthians to do in order to avoid, as he said, the sin he was talking about."

## An Incurable Cynic

Senator Gus Hartman was all ears as the clockwinder read as follows from Chapter VII of the First Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Corinthians:

"Nevertheless, to avoid fornication, let every man have his own wife and let every woman have her own husband. Let the husband render unto the wife due benevolence; and likewise also the wife unto the husband."

"So you see," the clockwinder resumed, "St. Paul, the great philosopher and theologian of early Christianity, was no impractical idealist. He accepted the situation as he found it and apparently he was under no delusions regarding human nature. According to his notion it was the same in Corinth A. D. as it was in the Garden of Eden or thereabouts, B. C."

"Well, what's the idea?" Senator Hartman demanded.

"The idea is this, that if we wish to keep our soldiers pure morally as well as physically we should draft a prophylactic army of the skirted sex and order our soldiers into the marital trenches before sending them to training camps."

"So you think St. Paul was no impractical idealist," sneered Hartman. "I don't know how it was in his day, but the twentieth century is full of affinities, and when you depopulate a redlight district you pack apartment houses like sardine cans."

"Senator, you're an incorrigible cynic." And the clockwinder went on burnishing the pendulum.

## Dockweiler's Wish

"I see you published that story about the Los Angeles woman complaining her toothbrush only lasted four years," said that prince of good fellows Steve Costello when I met him in front of The Chronicle building the other day. "What do you want to do? Get me in wrong with my friend Isidor Dockweiler? But of course

Isidor is not a typical Angeleno, so he isn't thin-skinned. The last time I was in Los Angeles I met Isidor on Spring street. As you know, he has eleven children. I asked him how he was, and he said that he had never felt better in his life. In fact, he said, there was just one thing wanting to make him the happiest man in the world. Naturally I asked Isidor what that was. And do you know what he said? Twins!"

## In Defense of "Booze"

"There is no such thing as booze," writes a Chronicle Safety Valver who signs the name "Episcopalian" to his heretical statement. Oh, but there is. The word "booze" for strong drink was used in England long before there were any Episcopalians. Booze is a good noun and a good verb; boozy is a good adjective, too. No such thing as booze? I ask Episcopalian to look at the epilogue to "The School for Scandal!"

With humble curate can I now retire,  
While good Sir Peter boozes with the squire.

And I refer him to Thackeray ("The Newcomes"): "I won't sit in the kitchen and booze in the servants' hall." Also to "The English Humorists." "Club and coffee-house boozing." And to George Eliot ("Felix Holt"): "Extension of the suffrage can never mean anything for them but extension of boozing." And to our own Lowell ("My Study Window"): "With few resources but to booze around the fire." Does Episcopalian want a more modern instance? I can give it to him from one of our

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highest to the lowest, are not fit to represent this country—in the army, in the Red Cross, in any and every capacity—at home or abroad, then no Americans are fit to represent us.”

### This Looks Like Mischief

I am in receipt of press matter from the People's Council of America which has headquarters in New York City. The press agent informs me that this council has “met with a spontaneous welcome from the radical, progressive, labor unionist, agrarian and reform movement of the United States,” a statement which is important if true. The press agent enumerates organizations which will be represented in this People's Council of America, mentioning among others single taxers, pacifists, anti-militarists and advocates of the repeal of conscription laws—“every radical and forward looking force in the nation,” he sums up. Among the purposes to be pursued are early peace with no annexations and indemnities, and the repeal of conscription. This looks like a mischievous movement to me, especially when I read the names of the organizing committee. Prominent among these I find Starr Jordan who is treasurer and charged with raising a campaign fund of \$50,000. Other cranks in the list are Max Eastman, editor of *The Masses*; Morris Hillquit, the Socialist who was refused a passport to Stockholm; Scott Nearing, the callow college professor who was fired; Eugene Debs, the “red” candidate for President; Fola La Follette, the Senator's foolish daughter; and Jenkin Lloyd Jones whose whiskers became famous when Doc Aked played leapfrog with them on the Nut Ship *Oscar the Second*. I take it for granted that the Government is keeping its eye on this People's Council of America.

### Huntington's Books

What a great book-lover Henry E. Huntington has become; or, at least, what a great book-collector! In truth he is the greatest book-collector in the country, and if the possession of books argues a man a bibliophile in the true sense of the word, he ranks first among the bibliophiles of the world. He has spent over \$6,000,000 in six years buying rare books, the most of which he keeps in his New York home much to the regret of the litterateurs of Los Angeles where he used to spend most of his time after leaving San Francisco in disgust with the way he was treated by our nagging press. Huntington's purchases represent more than half a dozen entire collections and having purchased the Elsmere library the other day, it is doubtful whether his collections of rare tomes of intrinsic literary and historic value are exceeded by that of the British Museum. A month or two ago it was estimated that he had 75,000 volumes. Since then he has purchased the Bridgewater Library, or, as it is known in England, the Elsmere collection, which has been renowned in England since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

### The Elsmere Collection

With the Elsmere collection Huntington obtained a catalogue of it made by John Payne Collier, the Shakespeare critic, who, when he compiled his four volume edition of the rarest books in the English language, confessed that it had been necessary to include in that work nearly all of the books gathered by Baron Elsmere. It was to the Baron's grandson, by the way, that Milton dedicated “*Comus*” which was acted by three of his great great-grandchildren. In this library are to be found treas-

ures of Shakespeare's time that constitute a little history of the reputations and literary dissensions of the period. Going back to the men of an earlier time, the library includes the first edition of More's “*Utopia*” in English (1551), “*The Testament of John Lydgate Monk of Berry [Bury St. Edmunds]*” which he made himself by his lyfe days,” and many fine Arthurian records, including the “*Arthur of Brytayne*” of Lord Berners, with a woodcut on the title-page which Wynkyn de Worde also used for Richard Coeur de Lion. These are only a few examples of books which belong to the heart of England, the story of England's achievement in chivalry and poetry.

### Paul Miliukoff

All college professors are not visionaries. Professor Paul Miliukoff, the Russian, whose great Philippic against Premier Stürmer is printed elsewhere in *Town Talk*, is one of the exceptions. He is a college professor with a remarkable grasp of the problems underlying evolution of modern social movements. He is a writer on foreign affairs with a European reputation. He is a big broad-minded man who has devoted his whole life to the purpose of freeing the Russian people. As an orator he has hardly a peer in Europe. He is also a great writer, and among very interesting things from his pen is one that he wrote in answer to President Wilson's document on peace without victory. In that article he said: “We heartily endorse President Wilson's pacifist schemes for the world's future organization. But the only way is a decisive victory, as peace without victory will encourage Germany's strivings for the world's supremacy, and will enable her to prepare militarily the territories of her present

Allies for new aggression thus inflicting upon humanity a further chaos of armaments.”

### Liebknecht, “the Man Forbid”

Very little is heard nowadays of Dr. Karl Liebknecht, the German Socialist who had the courage to stand up in the Reichstag on August 13th, 1914, and protest against the war. When last heard of he was in prison, but it is doubtful whether he still lives. According to the imperial German idea Liebknecht is a very dangerous man, but should he survive the war there may be a great reaction in his favor. He may be regarded some day as Germany's greatest patriot. Instead of the statue of Hindenburg may be raised the statue of the man who uttered these words in the Reichstag in August, 1914:

“My protest is against the war, against the violation of the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg, against military dictation and against the complete neglect of social and political duties of which the Government and the dominant class are guilty today.”

### An “Anti” by Inheritance

Liebknecht is a doctor of law, member of the German bar, and was a town councillor before he entered the German Parliament. His courage and revolutionary tendencies are inherited from his father Wilhelm who, for his part in the Baden insurrection of 1848-9, had to take refuge in Switzerland and England, returning to Germany in 1862. Two years later Wilhelm Liebknecht was elected to the North German Parliament. Wilhelm voted against war credits even as his son had done, and while undergoing two years' imprisonment for an article attacking Bismarck in the “*Demokratisches*

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Letters of Credit .....	432,130.64
<b>DEPOSITS .....</b>	<b>44,225,254.40</b>
<b>TOTAL .....</b>	<b>\$48,828,678.14</b>

A. P. Giannini and A. Pedrini, being each separately duly sworn each for himself, says that said A. P. Giannini is President and that said A. Pedrini is Cashier of the Bank of Italy, the Corporation above mentioned, and that every statement contained therein is true of our own knowledge and belief.

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A. PEDRINI.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1917.

THOMAS S. BURNES, Notary Public.

## The Story of Our Growth

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Resources:

December 31, 1904 .....	\$285,436.97
DECEMBER 31, 1906 .....	\$1,899,947.28
December 31, 1908 .....	\$2,574,004.90
DECEMBER 31, 1910 .....	\$6,539,861.49
December 31, 1912 .....	\$11,228,814.56
DECEMBER 31, 1914 .....	\$18,030,401.59
December 30, 1916 .....	\$39,805,995.24
<b>JUNE 30, 1917 .....</b>	<b>\$48,828,678.14</b>

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS } JUNE 30, 1916, 68,356  
JUNE 30, 1917, 104,250

Savings Deposits Made on or Before July 10, 1917 Will Earn Interest from July 1, 1917



Wochenblatt," he was elected to the Reichstag and was a member for nearly twenty-five years. During his editorship of "Vorwärts," in 1895, he was sentenced to four years' imprisonment for lèse majesté. Among the electors of Potsdam which Dr. Karl Liebknecht represents in the Reichstag is the Kaiser, and there is bitter irony in the fact that the strongest opponent of the imperial policy should be the Socialist member against whom the Emperor ostentatiously cast his vote at the last election. Liebknecht's attitude toward the war is expressed in these words taken from a speech made in the Reichstag more than a year ago:

"This war, which none of the people involved desired, was not started for the benefit of the German or any other people. It is an imperialistic war, a war for capitalist domination of the world. This war is not a defensive war for Germany. Its historical character and the succeeding events make it impossible for us to trust a capitalist Government when it declares that it is for the defense of the country that it asks for credits."

#### Called to the Colors

When Liebknecht began his activities as an opponent of the war he was called to the colors. Employed first as a sentry on lines of communication, it was thought this work was not sufficiently punitive, so on the plea of shortsightedness he was put on road repairing. I have seen a portrait of the doctor wheeling a barrow-load of flints. Continuing his propaganda against the war he was sent to jail. For a time there were wholesale desertions from his Cause, Socialists themselves joining the military party when victory seemed assured, but Liebknecht may yet be looked upon as the one wise man and patriot who foresaw where the war would lead.

#### What Creel Revealed

Another one of the shining lights of the Administration has spent a brief space in penumbra. I allude to Mr. George Creel, a journalist distinguished as the husband of Blanche Bates. Mr. Creel is one of that school of magazine writers of which Mr. Lincoln Steffens is a brilliant example. His sympathies as a news-gatherer were always with the down-trodden who look to Samuel Gompers for consolation and also with political idealists who had many reforms to put over. Naturally he fitted snugly into the sub-Cabinet in Washington where he was expected to see that only the right kind of news of the war was given out for publication. According to the New York dailies it was he that lifted the lid from the news of the arrival of the first army contingent in France, and for that he has been much censured. It is said that when the news was first given out the name of the port at which the troops arrived was disclosed and that when the President saw it he was much shocked. Our evening papers told us the name in their first editions, but in later editions this piece of news was omitted.

#### The Radical Jury

So impartial is the radical jury in the Mooney case that one of its members finds it unnecessary to listen to the testimony, so much is there that he regards as irrelevant. His absence from the trial was discovered when he was called as a witness by Assistant District Attorney Ferrari.

It became necessary to send a deputy sheriff in quest of the missing juror who turned out to be not altogether disinterested, having once been a confidant of Mrs. Mooney's husband. The other jurors are unfailing in their attendance, and the seats they occupy they regard as their own, just as though they were officers of the court. This was made evident the other day when they frightened a woman who had taken one of the seats and declared her intention of holding it. From the manner of the jurors and from what they said to her she feared that she might be mobbed if she refused to budge and therefore she gracefully withdrew and thus abated the scowls she had provoked.

#### Berry and Baseball

Keeping one's ball club out in front in the scramble for that very valuable asset known in diamond circles as the pennant is no child's

novelist thirty-five years. Trollope was a post-office official in Ireland when he met and married Rose Heseltine in 1844. His salary was not enough to keep them, so he set out determinedly to supplement it with literary work. The result was an enormous number of books, novels mostly, including classics like "Barchester Towers," "The Last Chronicles of Barset" and "Framley Parsonage." In twenty years Trollope made \$350,000 by his pen. In writing to make money Trollope was like most successful writers; but unlike a great many of them who talk of nothing but their "art" he was quite honest in admitting his motive. The late Mrs. Trollope was a good wife to Anthony. She bore two sons.

#### A Resort Guide

For the purpose of encouraging summer vacations in California, the Southern Pacific Company has just issued for general distribution a



BERT CLARK

Next week at the Orpheum

job, yet Henry Berry of the San Francisco club refuses to take his position seriously. "Give the credit to the players, for it's coming to them," chirped the guiding spirit of the team the other day when somebody wanted to find out something about the inner workings of the club. "I know that the boys are with me," continued Hen after he had called up Captain Jerry Downs on the phone and congratulated him on his latest victory. "Everybody on that lineup is doing the best he can to win games and thereby please the fans." The San Francisco baseball club is the apple of Berry's eye. When his players are winning games he's the happiest individual to be found within a radius of many miles of San Francisco, but if his players happen to go wrong for more than a day at a time Berry is the most forlorn citizen that ever subscribed for a flock of Liberty Bonds or went to the bat for the Red Cross.

#### Mrs. Trollope Dead

Mrs. Anthony Trollope has just died in England at the age of 96. She outlived the great

booklet containing pithy descriptions of California resorts. The booklet will be a revelation to the average Californian, for it shows him the wonderful variety of scenery and climate available within from an hour's to a night's run of San Francisco or Los Angeles. All information as to names, localities, rates, facilities for sports and amusements, etc., can be readily found in the new publication.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Saving Stale Bread

The following is from a lady who asks that her name be withheld. It's a little out of my line, so I can only print it without comment pro or con:

"Dear Tantalus: I went to a lecture the other day, and all we heard about was stale bread. The lecturer said Herbert Hoover wanted us to save our stale bread. He said Hoover said it was a crime to throw out stale bread, and that if we'd utilize our stale bread we'd be doing our bit. I never did see much good in stale bread, but I'm always willing to learn; so when the lecturer said we could ask questions I asked him what we were to do with the stale bread.

"Stale bread makes an excellent bread pudding," he replied with an air of knowing it all.

"When I got home I looked in the bread bin. Sure enough, there was some stale bread. So I did my bit. I made a bread pudding. I used the recipe in the Boston Cook Book. It calls for a quart of milk which costs ten cents; two eggs, five cents; quarter cup of melted butter, say five cents; third of a cup of sugar, say three cents; also vanilla extract; also one hour's gas. For the sauce I used five cents worth of sugar, cornstarch and some of Spring Valley's expensive fluid. Approximate cost of making the bread pudding: thirty cents, not counting water and gas. And how much stale bread did I save? The recipe calls for two cups of stale bread crumbs. That's about a quarter of a loaf. A loaf of bread costs 7½ cents; one-fourth of that is about one cent and nine mills. So to save one cent and nine mills cost me thirty cents, not adding in the cost of water and gas. I may have been doing my bit, but it was an awful little bit."

## Society and a Little Theatre

When Arthur Maitland gave his series of one-act plays for the Red Cross he created a "Little Theatre" appetite. The people of the smart set who patronized his productions in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis saw the series come to an end with real regret. They want more of these recherche programmes of dramatic literature. They have made their desire known so positively that the organization of the Maitland Players to give a regular season of performances at the St. Francis is well under way. And proper steps are being taken to make

up a list of patrons and patronesses, so that the "cachet" may be given to the enterprise. Miss Sallie Maynard has been requested to undertake the preparation of this list, as it is known that she is qualified above most women in society to select as patrons and patronesses those men and women of the smart set whose sponsorship would be sure to hallmark any artistic undertaking. The requests have come from so many people of influence that it is thought certain Miss Maynard will accept. A society will be formed, as in the case of the St. Francis Musical Art Society of pleasant memory, and it is expected that Miss Maynard will be secretary. The difficulty of organization will consist in exclusion rather than otherwise, for many more are eager to join than it will be possible to accommodate.

## Death of Sister Bernardine

Again the Ivancovich family has been plunged into mourning, or rather, a second heavy sorrow has descended upon the family while it was still prostrated by the first. Following shortly on the death of Mrs. Catherine Ivancovich comes the death of her daughter, Sister Mary Bernardine of the Convent of the Holy Family. Miss Ivancovich might have had a brilliant worldly career, but she preferred to vow herself to a life of abnegation, humility and hard work. The good she did is written in the hearts of the grateful poor. It need not be recorded here. To celebrate the work of a nun is to forget the spirit in which she labored, and one tries not to do that. But something may be said of the order to which Sister Bernardine belonged. It is a lowly order, its ministrations devoted to the poor. It is not made much of. Its special care is the child of the poor woman who has to go out to work. There is not much heroism in this work; but there are times when even retiring sisters like these of the Holy Family cannot escape admiring attention. Dr. McGettigan has told me of such an occasion. Dr. McGettigan relates that during the fire of April, 1906, Dr. Rethers and himself as Commissioners of Insanity were called to the Presidio to examine a number of deranged men and women. Where to put these unfortunates was a difficult problem, but finally they were lodged in the basement of the Convent of the Holy Name. Dr. McGettigan visited them there, and found that the sisters had

provided them with all their own bedding and were reduced to sleeping on the floor. Later on Judge Murasky who committed these patients to the asylum suggested to Dr. McGettigan that the sisters should send their bill for mattresses, bedding and so forth to the Red Cross which had by that time taken hold of the local situation. Dr. McGettigan repeated the suggestion to the superior, but she would not entertain the idea. Then Dr. McGettigan said that he would submit the bill for them. The superior was firm, and declared that if he did so she would not accept the money. Some years later Dr. McGettigan met the superior again and reminded



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her of the incident. "Do you think," she said, "that we would take money for anything we did for our beloved San Francisco?" That shows the spirit of the women among whom Sister Bernardine lived.

#### Kingdon Gould's Marriage

George Gould has not looked well during this affair of his son Kingdon's marriage. If Kingdon had picked a wife from the ranks of society he'd have had a Gould wedding, which means a splurging, fashionable crush of a wedding. But Kingdon found his mate in Miss Annunziata Lucci, an artist who used to be his sister Vivian's Italian governess. And so he had a quiet wedding—with no member of the Gould family present except his brother and pal George Jr. His father George Gould had "important business" to keep him away. His mother Edith Kingdon Gould stayed away for reasons not specified. Of his six brothers and sisters only one appeared to see Kingdon married. As the man in the street would say, "not much class to all that." It would seem that the Goulds consider a governess not a fit wife for one of their sons. The chances are that the new Mrs. Gould is a cultivated girl—governesses usually are. And she is an artist too. Mrs. George Gould was an artist when George Gould married her—a dramatic artist of high standing, one of the bright lights of the Daly company. The ordinary person would think much more of Mr. and Mrs. George Gould if they had attended Kingdon's wedding and taken his bride to their hearts. But doubtless the Goulds don't care much about the opinion the ordinary person entertains of them.

#### Hollanders at the Whitcomb

The Hotel Whitcomb has become headquarters for natives of The Netherlands traveling back and forth between Europe and the East Indies. There has been a stream of these guests flow-

ing through this port for a long time. Many have been inclined to look for political significance in their passing and repassing, but there seems to be none. The colonial officials in Java and Sumatra are granted a six-months' leave of absence at stated intervals, and they must take advantage of this leave when it is offered or go without a vacation indefinitely. And so these officials set out for their beloved Holland, braving the terrors of the seas. As a matter of fact, the German U-boats seem to have a policy of letting Dutch passenger steamers alone. Germany is anxious to have Holland remain neutral. Before the war changed everything these colonial officials went round the other side of the world to Holland; now they must come via the Pacific. Hence the presence of so many Dutch travelers in San Francisco; hence also the fact that in the lobby of the Hotel Whitcomb one hears a great deal of Dutch spoken. John H. van Horne, the manager of the Whitcomb, is of Dutch descent, as his name indicates; but his family came to New York in time to figure in Washington Irving's celebrated Knickerbocker History.

#### At the Cecil

In compliment to General and Mrs. Robert K. Evans, U. S. A., Mrs. Emma Brown presided at a handsomely appointed dinner at the Cecil Sunday. Among the dozen guests were Mrs. Robert Curry, Spencer Buckbee and Lieutenant Cornelius Cole Brown. After a delightful tour through the East Mr. and Mrs. P. W. T. Purvis and their daughter Sylvan have returned to the Cecil. Dr. and Mrs. C. B. McKee have come down from Sacramento to spend the rest of the summer. Informality marked the luncheon given by Mrs. Wyche Wednesday. Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Beardsley have closed their home in San Rafael for the month of July and are sojourning at the Cecil. Commander Reah Fraser has been joined by Mrs. Fraser who arrived this week from New York. They will make an indefinite stay. Mrs. Stauff presided at an impromptu luncheon Wednesday. Mrs. J. A. Phinney and her two daughters Ruth and Jessie motored from their home in Sacramento Monday.

#### Sunday Night at Tavern

While every night at Techau Tavern is delightful, it is the Sunday nights that are especially so. Commencing with the dinner hour and continuing right up to the closing hour there is not one minute's let up in the entertainment. The Tavern's Sunday night vocalists and instrumentalists are artists in everything that the word implies. The vocal artists are exquisitely gowned and possessed of beautiful and refined voices and their selections are always carefully chosen. The instrumental artists comprise some of the very best in their respective lines and either in solo or ensemble their work leaves nothing to be desired by the most exacting. The best people of San Francisco are to

be found at the Tavern on Sunday nights and it is quite a place for the officers of the United States army and their families to congregate. There is also no end of pleasure expressed by those so fortunate as to secure the art boxes containing the Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume, sachet and face powder that is presented free every afternoon at 4, 4:30 and 5 to lady patrons.

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## Our First Taste of Galsworthy

By Edward F. O'Day

It is unfortunate that we have never seen Galsworthy's "Silver Box" or "Strife" or "Justice," that John was a stranger to our stage until Henry Miller gave us "A Bit o' Love" on Monday night. To make John Galsworthy's acquaintance in "A Bit o' Love" is to be unimpressed, if not repelled. "A Bit o' Love" is not Galsworthy at his best; one suspects that it may be Galsworthy at his worst. "A Bit o' Love" is calculated to give you the blues if you surrender your feelings to it; but as it makes no powerful drive at your emotions, the chances are that you remain indifferent. It is pretty dreary stuff. It is subtle rather than subtle, tenuous to attenuation. I do not know when Galsworthy wrote it—probably in the earlier period of his commerce with the stage when his cleverness was still in the grip of artificiality, and the symbolism carried to absurd lengths by Maeterlinck and his imitators was considered the last word in dramatic significance. It is incumbent on the playwright to intrigue our interest, to coax our sympathies; "A Bit o' Love" fails to fillip interest, leaves sympathy quite cold. The audience remains passive throughout this play; there is nothing to overcome the inertia of languidness. "A Bit o' Love" has no heroine, and its hero kindles no spark in us. Here is a curate who is supposed to be suffering the tortures of a mental hell because his wife has run away from him. His sufferings are scarcely expressed in words; he

indicates them from time to time by rushing out of the room, by drumming on his breast, by hiding his eyes in his hands. We are to infer that he is agonized by passion; but when passion finds no utterance we are apt to suspect—I am speaking of stage passion—that it does not exist. The spoken word is the playwright's medium and he must not, cannot neglect it. Galsworthy neglects it in "A Bit o' Love," so that where he would have us say to ourselves "This is strength" we merely say "This is weakness"—and some may even say "This is piffle." The curate's wife comes back to him, but only to say that she must go away again and this time forever. She loves another. It is worse than that. "I have fallen," she says. "I have fallen" is an unfortunate line. It might pass muster in a scene of overtoppling emotion, but here it is uttered at a time when we are cold and therefore critical, so it sounds rather ludicrous. The curate loves his wife so much that he bids her go to her paramour, tells her he will make no trouble for her or her affinity. Later in the play we learn from the curate's lips that he had been battling a temptation to kill the affinity. We should never have suspected it. In fact, this curate seems to us a milk-sop, a ninny, a softy. How can Galsworthy expect an audience to take any deep interest in such a one? He is not interesting even as a type, for he is not a type. He's a misfit, a mental slacker, and in life we shouldn't bother

our heads about him. The curate's acquiescence in his wife's infidelity turns the village against him. Most of the villagers hadn't liked him before—the only admirer he had was a half-witted fellow. Now the villagers gather outside the church and boo their curate, give him "the bird," as the English say. And he takes it "lying down," as we should say. He singles out the most obstreperous of the boosers and dolefully asks his forgiveness. Then he goes to the barn to hang himself. Had Galsworthy permitted the curate to carry out this genial design "A Bit o' Love" would have had a punch, at least. But a little child stops him and he apostrophises the moon instead. That's about all there is to "A Bit o' Love," and really, it's more than enough. It might more appropriately have been called "The Blues." "You ought to see a doctor," the rector's wife tells the curate in a moment of discernment; one cannot help suspecting that there is something wrong with his liver or his stomach. John Galsworthy attempted a tour de force in this play, and fell down. It is feeble throughout, dismally feeble and stupid in a long scene of attempted comedy relief. Too bad that Henry Miller bothered with "A Bit o' Love." Too bad that he wasted the energies of his excellent company upon it. Too bad that he lavished on its five scenes the resources of his wonderful stagecraft. "A Bit o' Love" won't do. It's a bit o' bad judgment.

## The Stage

### The Philharmonic Orchestra

A fine programme by the Philharmonic Orchestra was splendidly rendered on Sunday at the Cort. Mr. Sokoloff conducted in a manner that brought out the unusual excellence of the several sections with distinction to himself. Some day a history will be written of the artists who have made orchestral harmony for us in San Francisco and then we shall be told how vigorously leaders like Sokoloff, Hertz, Hadley, Polacco, Bavagnoli and Mascagni have voiced their praises of the men whose artistry and experience helped them to realize their dreams of musical portraiture in this far western city. The instrumentalists among us have been always a strong force in stimulating our taste for music and our musical culture; hence the joy in appreciative hearts when such a conductor as Nikolai Sokoloff leads our bandmen to continuous triumphs. Always he will be remembered here for one thing—the addition of women to the orchestra. The wonder of it is why women were never before an integral part of the orchestral whole. In the Bohemian land of Art there has never been sex discrimination. Always Art has joyously welcomed with open arms sons and daughters alike of Mother Nature, demanding only as the "open sesame" to the door of her temple, the equality of efficiency. For women instrumentalists the orchestra is the most logical place in the world, and the memorable year of 1917 is notable among many other things for putting them there. The Brahms C. minor symphony achieved under the Sokoloff baton a notable success. Personally I have never heard the familiar finale played more impressively. The "Scenes de Ballet" of

Glazounow were as characteristically done as we expect all Russian music to be when a Russian conducts. The Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" was magnificent. The soloist was Brooks Parker, flutist, in a "Fantasy" by Hue. The composition is charming—all balmy, flexible cadenzas and delicate thematic shades. Mr. Parker's tone is golden, quiet, soothing with the prehistoric note of truthfulness and guilelessness.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

### Jolson and Company at Cort

The Cort's biggest attraction is booked to begin tomorrow night when Al Jolson and the New York Winter Garden company in "Robinson Crusoe Jr." come to town. The latter is described as a spectacular scenic extravaganza, with the musical side strongly emphasized. The company comes on a special train of fourteen cars, including the private car "Columbia," built for Roosevelt when President and used by him on his speaking tours, now Jolson's home. "Robinson Crusoe Jr." differs widely from all Winter Garden offerings of the past in that it contains nothing of the modern revue type. It belongs to the old school of extravaganzas that had their origin in the English pantomime. Jolson is surrounded by a large company of capable players including Lawrence D'Orsay who will be remembered as the star in "The Earl of Pawtucket," Claude Flemming who was for several seasons Sir Herbert Tree's leading man, Kitty Doner, Mabel Withee, Alexandra Dagmar, Frank Carter, the well known vaudeville combinations of Bowers, Cooker and Walters and Grace and Berkes and many others. The beauty brigade has a conspicuous place on the bill.

Tonight's performance will conclude the successful engagement of "Flora Bella."

### Bert Clark at the Orpheum

Bert Clark, the ridiculously funny English comedian, and Miss Hamilton, the beautiful young dancing star, will present a new edition of their famous travesty "A Wayward Conceit" at the Orpheum next week. Clark will be seen in his original character "Lord Helpus," a broken-down Britisher with a shabby frock coat and a champagne appetite. George Rolland, the eccentric comedian, will be seen in his comedy act "The Vacuum Cleaner." Rolland brings a capable company. The Three Vagrants are musicians who play on a variety of instruments and sing exceptionally well. One plays a cornet, the other a piano accordion and the third a peculiar Neapolitan instrument. Gertrude Long and Spencer Ward will present their song offering entitled "A Dream." Elsa Ruegger, the world's greatest woman 'cellist, assisted by Zhay Clark, harpist, and Edmund Lichtenstein, violinist, will present an entirely new programme; Austin Webb and Company will repeat their comedy success "Hit the Trail;" Patricola and Myers will appear in "The Girl and the Dancing Fool;" and Carl Randall and Ernestine Myers will introduce new dances.

### "Anthony in Wonderland" Next Week

It is said that Henry Miller, when he secured the rights to the London success "Anthony in Wonderland" came into the most unusual play he has ever undertaken to stage. He will give San Franciscans an opportunity to enjoy its American premiere at the Columbia Monday



night. The comedy is from the pen of Monckton Hoffe and at its premiere in London it won unstinted praise from press and public. It will be the fifth and final production of the Henry Miller season and will serve to introduce Ruth Chatterton as a sort of Mary Pickford movie actress, curls and all. It is perhaps the best company yet assembled by Miller which will appear in "Anthony in Wonderland," and a glance over the names of the players who are to assume important roles will assure a performance just about as near perfect as it would be possible to give in this country. In the list of players are Henry Miller, Ruth Chatterton, Bruce McRae, Lucille Watson, O. P. Heggie, Francis Byrne, Walter Conolly, Alice Baxter, William H. Sams, Robert Ames, Raymond Walburn, Frances Goodrich, Saxon Kling, Colville Dunn and E. L. Duane. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

#### "The Boomerang" Coming

One of the season's notably fine offerings is promised for the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday evening, July 30, when David Belasco will present for the first time in San Francisco the latest Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes comedy success "The Boomerang." Described as a most charming comedy, breathing the spirit of youth, this popular Belasco success concerns a young physician who applies his knowledge of modern science successfully to the treatment of a youth suffering from an affair of the heart. Later he himself falls a victim of his own teaching through the medium of a very pretty nurse in whom he has inculcated his pet theories about love and jealousy. With its high lights of fun and humor it is promised that "The Boomerang" provides entertainment which

is irresistible. The cast is said to be the same that has appeared at the Belasco Theatre, New York, for fifteen months and eight months at Powers' Theatre, Chicago. It includes Arthur Byron, Martha Hedman, Wallace Eddinger, Ruth Shepley, Gilbert Douglas, Kathryn Keys, Marguerite Chaffee, Dorothy Megrew and many others.

#### At the Peninsula

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. William Greer Hitchcock, Mrs. Max Rothschild, Messrs. Walter Martin and John P. Jackson were among those seen at the Red Cross fete at the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo last Sunday. The Peninsula is proving an alluring oasis in the summer social desert for the stay-at-homes of Blingum and San Francisco. Many leaders of the smart set are entertaining nightly at the popular dinner dansants of this caravansary.

#### Fourth at the Cliff House

The Fourth of July was celebrated in royal style at the Cliff House. The tables were adorned with large fluffy bows of red, white and blue maline with baskets of the same colored flowers while army recruiting posters kept the main issue of the day in mind. There were gay flag favors and little bundles of red, white and blue candies. There were special dances and songs appropriate for the day and much enthusiasm and singing of war songs. The glorious summer nights have brought numbers of celebrities to view the sunsets and the purple silhouette of the Marin County Hills. Tamalpais has been a superb study in purple these clear fog-free nights. The lobby is always bright with flowers and the remark is often

heard that the Cliff House has the atmosphere of some of those famous Mediterranean resorts where flowers and brightness predominate. An interesting feature these days at the Cliff are the cormorants nesting on the Seal Rocks.

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

**A MERRY MUSICAL BILL**

CLARK & HAMILTON in a New Edition of "A Wayward Conceit;" GEORGE ROLLAND & CO. in "The Vacuum Cleaner;" THREE VAGRANTS, Street Singers and Musicians; GERTRUDE LONG & SPENCER WARD in Their Song Offering "A Dream;" ELSA RUEGGER & HER COMPANY, Zhai Clark, Harpist, and Edmund Lichtenstein, Violinist; PATRICOLA & MYERS, "The Girl and the Dancing Fool;" AUSTIN WEBB & CO. in "Hit the Trail;" CARL RANDALL & ERNESTINE MYERS, Divertissements Characteristique.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c



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Most popular of comedians in "Robinson Crusoe Jr." at the Cort

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Trading in stocks was restricted somewhat the past week by the lack of outside speculation and the firmness in the call money market. Some of the specialties were strong and higher, but the balance of the list were inclined to drag. Steel common acted very well as did the minor steel issues, especially Crucible and Republic Iron & Steel. Both these steel issues are getting their share of prosperity, and their earnings for the year will almost equal the price at which the stock is selling. Wall Street seems to be worried over taxation, food control and regulation of coal mines and railroads by the Federal Government. The money situation seems to be a factor against any advance in stocks for the present, and with call money at 6 per cent, bankers are not inclined to furnish money for speculative purposes. The money stringency is not expected to last more than two weeks, or until the July dividend and interest disbursements get back to the banks again. Copper shares were inclined to drag, due to labor trouble both in Montana and Arizona. The metal price holds strong around 35 cents per pound for immediate delivery. At the close of last week the Interstate Commerce Commission handed down its long looked for decision in the freight rate case. This proved to be a disappointment to those who were looking for a big increase in freight rates, and the market broke but recovered some in the last hour of trading. The increase allowed the Eastern roads was only about 4 per cent and the Western roads barely 2 per cent. The Commission simply compared the railroads' financial statement with the 1915 statement, and it showed on its face that the railroads had no cause to complain of present rates, and it further added that if the roads could show where they were losing money on any classified freight it would be willing to take the matter up with them again. No doubt the rank and file of traders will construe the action of the Interstate Commerce Commission decision as being bearish, and with the professional element inclined to sell the market every time they see a vulnerable spot, prices will likely get a further setback. We feel that stocks are not high at the present level of values, and advantage should be taken of all these setbacks to pick up a few of the standard issues, believing as we do that most of the bearish news is known, and that any improvement in the money situation will bring about higher prices again as the underlying conditions are bullish.

**Wheat**—There is no speculation in wheat, and until the future market is thrown open to the public again, comment is useless.

**Corn**—Much is being made of the weather by the bulls in this grain, but from all accounts it has been exactly what was needed. There has

been no precipitation over the belt proper during the past week, which could be remotely unfavorable, the temperatures being high and the showers just what was needed. It is tasseling in the southern belt, and is of good stand and fine color. In the extreme South there has been a tendency to drought, but advices from there say it can be delayed longer and do no damage of consequence. The receipts indicate that the farmer is an anxious seller and that more cars have been provided for a movement to terminals. Last week there were over 6,000,000 bushels received here, within a few bushels of twice as much as last year, and still it is loudly protested that there is no corn of consequence to come.

**Oats**—The theory is being promulgated that the farmer will not sell his new oats at this level of prices, and it may be correct, but enough will doubtless come to make the total offerings of old and new grain sufficiently large to discourage buyers. Export demand is moderately active, and the market acts tight.

**Cotton**—The cotton market again made new high records for the week when the futures sold above the 27 cent level. Considerable profit taking sales at this level caused reactions from time to time, but the market demonstrated its ability to advance whenever a little buying appeared. Crop conditions were the principal factor and it is said the crop is steadily deteriorating, especially in Texas and Oklahoma where drought is putting an end to it, and unless these States get a general rain in the near future the size of the crop will be cut down materially. Boll weevil complaints are coming in from the eastern section of the belt, which adds to the bullish sentiment. The situation in the cotton market is so unusual as to render valueless all previous standards of judgment. The fundamental difficulty is a natural corner in contracts. The price level is much more easily advanced than lowered. Bears have been thoroughly cowed and have no initiative. Venturesome sellers for short accounts cover on the slightest provocation while the moment any real trade demand appears the market advances with alarming rapidity. Never in the experience of the cotton market has the trade made such liberal use of the contract. This unusual demand, coupled with the absence of sellers, naturally favors the bulls. At this level of prices reactions of hundred points or more will be nothing unusual, and we believe advantage of any reaction of this kind should be taken to buy October cotton.

It was during the nerve-racking period of waiting for the signal to attack that a seasoned old English sergeant noticed a young soldier fresh from home visibly affected by the nearness

of the coming fight. His face was pale, his teeth chattering and his knees tried to touch each other. It was sheer nervousness, but the sergeant thought it was sheer funk.

"Tompkins," he whispered, "is it trembling you are for your dirty skin?"

"No, no, sergeant," said he, making a brave attempt to still his limbs. "I'm trembling for the Germans; they don't know I'm here."

## The Only French Bank on the Pacific Coast French-American Bank of Savings

(Member Associated Savings Bank of San Francisco)



DECEMBER 30, 1916

Total Resources

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S. Bissinger	J. S. Godeau
Leon Bocqueraz	Arthur Legallet
O. Bozio	Geo. W. McNear
Charles Carpy	X. De Pichon

Interest on Savings Deposits for year 1916 was paid at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

## German Savings and Loan Society

(THE GERMAN BANK)

Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial

526 CALIFORNIA ST. San Francisco

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

The following Branches for Receipt and Payment of Deposits only:

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S. E. Corner of Mission and Twenty-first Streets

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH

S. W. Corner Clement and Seventh Avenue

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH

S. W. Corner Haight and Belvedere

JUNE 30, 1917

Assets .....	\$64,566,290.79
Deposits .....	61,381,120.63
Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	2,185,170.16
Employees' Pension Fund .....	259,642.88
Number of Depositors .....	65,717

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending December 30th, 1916, a dividend to deposits of 4% per annum was declared.

### VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature from the Press of the Pacific Coast

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## Letters

### "The Banks of Colne"

In all of Eden Phillpotts's earlier novels the landscape has been made such an integral part of the work that readers have been impressed with the conviction that the tors and moors, the streams and mists have shaped both characters and incidents. Lately this author has been making a similar use of occupations. "Old Delabole" is a slate quarry, "Brunel's Tower" a pottery, and now "The Banks of Colne" is a combination of landscape gardening and oyster fishing. Though in each instance Mr. Phillpotts shows a remarkable intimacy with the details of business, he does not leave the impression of having crammed on his subject in order to show off. He does not act the part of personal conductor seeing visitors through his plant and pointing out the special features likely to interest them, but shows us his characters acting naturally in their surroundings, doing what to them is a matter of course, and at the same time conducting their private affairs. In this new novel we have three couples: Billy and his Emma frankly disregarding all laws as having no power over them, happy and contented in their way of living; Aubrey and Helena, conventionally well mated and to the eye of the public as happy as the average couple, while in reality Helena is carrying on her secret intrigue of which few suspect her and none knows more than her disreputable brother-in-law Billy; and lastly Aveline and Peter Mistle, the man innocent and unsuspecting, the woman grasping at what the day furnishes of pleasure but secretly dreading while ignoring the claim of the law. The villain of the piece is the charming, obliging and seemingly irreproachable Seabrooke whose end is as unexpected to the reader as to himself. And when Billy Ambrose dies of consumption brought about through his manner of life and Peter Mistle meets his fate at the battle front the three women are left, each bereft of the object of her affections, to work out the problem of life for herself. Incidental to the main plot there are any number of minor characters, gardeners, fishermen and others with their own theories and stories and philosophies of life. From the Macmillan Company.

Dean Pigou was once showing two American ladies over Bristol Cathedral, and asked, among other things, what was said in New York of Bishop Potter, at seventy, marrying a widow with \$1,000,000.

"Oh," was the reply, "they say that the bishop took a fancy to the widow's mite, and the widow took a fancy to the bishop's mitre."

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For Particulars Write  
SECURITY 187, care TOWN TALK

#### DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery St. For the half year, ending June 30, 1917, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum will be payable on and after July 2, 1917.

S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President.

#### DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California St., San Francisco; Mission Branch, corner Mission and Twenty-first Sts.; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement St. and 7th Ave.; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere Sts. For the half year ending June 30th, 1917, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after July 2nd, 1917. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1st, 1917.

GEO. TOURNY, Manager.

#### DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market Street near Fourth. For the half year ending June 30, 1917, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1917. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1917.

H. C. KLEVESAH, Cashier.

#### NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of Sacramento.—No. 7468; Dept. 3.

In the Matter of the Estate of HATTIE E. HERZOG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Sacramento, made on the 19th day of June, 1917, in the matter of the estate of HATTIE E. HERZOG, deceased, the undersigned administrator and administratrix with the will annexed of said estate will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 25th day of July, 1917, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the offices of C. E. McLaughlin and C. P. McLaughlin, 807-811 Forum Building, in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California (said offices being the place where offers or bids will be received), all the right, title, interest and estate of said HATTIE E. HERZOG, deceased, in and to those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land described as follows, to-wit:

An undivided one-sixth (1/6) interest in Lot Twenty-one (21) Block 323 on O'Farrell Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, together with the improvements thereon;

An undivided one-sixth (1/6) interest in Lot Twenty-six (26) Block 1362 on California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, together with the improvements thereon;

An undivided one-half (1/2) interest in Lots One (1), Two (2), and Three (3) Block 39 on Freeman's Map of San Antonio, County of Alameda, State of California, together with the improvements thereon;

Southeast 16 2/3 feet of Lot No. 5 and the Northwest 16 2/3 feet of Lot 6, Block No. 39, as per Freeman's Map of San Antonio, County of Alameda, State of California, together with the improvements thereon;

An undivided one-sixth (1/6) interest in the South 49 feet of the East 60 feet of Lot No. 4, "N" and "O" and Eleventh (11th) and Twelfth (12th) Streets, City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California, together with the improvements thereon;

An undivided one-half (1/2) interest in the property known as and described as the "Ten Acre Tracts" adjoining and South of the City of Sacramento, and being all of "Ten Acre Tracts" Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, and 73 and parts of "Ten Acre Tracts" Nos. 6, 7, and 74; the same being bounded on the North by the South line of "N" Street of the City of Sacramento, and the land of H. Schulmeyer; East by lands of H. Schulmeyer and the cemeteries; south by the South line of the "Ten Acre Tracts"; and West by the West line of "Ten Acre Tracts" No. 2, containing 70.90 acres, more or less, together with the improvements thereon; all of the aforesaid property being in the County of Sacramento, State of California.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States of America, payable on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court.

Deeds at expense of purchaser.

CHARLES CUMMINGS HERZOG,  
Administrator.

ANNIE A. KRYGER,  
Administratrix.

C. E. McLAUGHLIN and  
C. P. McLAUGHLIN,  
Attorneys for Administrator and Administratrix,  
807-811 Forum Bldg.,  
Sacramento, California. 7-7-3

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as C. CUNEO, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as B. CUNEO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of William Penn Humphreys, Rooms 530-540 Holbrook Building, 58 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as B. CUNEO, deceased.

CATHERINA CUNEO, also known as CATHERINE CUNEO,

Executrix of the estate of Bartolomeo Cuneo, also known as Bartolomeo Cuneo, also known as B. Cuneo, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 7th, 1917.

WILLIAM PENN HUMPHREYS,

Attorney for Executrix,  
58 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal. 7-7-5

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of M. P. MENDEL, also known as MENDEL P. MENDEL, deceased.—No. 22862, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of M. P. MENDEL, also known as MENDEL P. MENDEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorney, Harold L. Levin, Room 1101 Chronicle Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of M. P. MENDEL, also known as MENDEL P. MENDEL, deceased.

LOUIS LEVIN and  
UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN  
FRANCISCO,

Executors of the last will and testament of  
M. P. Mendel, also known as Mendel P.  
Mendel, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 23, 1917.

HAROLD L. LEVIN,  
Attorney for Executors,  
1101 Chronicle Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 6-23-5

#### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 82325; Dept. 4.

JAMES J. FALK, Plaintiff, vs. MAUDE EVELYN FALK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:

MAUDE EVELYN FALK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of June, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-16-10

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CARL JOHAN FAHLANDERS, also known as CHARLES FLANDERS, deceased.—No. 22829; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of CARL JOHAN FAHLANDERS, also known as CHARLES FLANDERS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Joseph A. Brown, Room 912 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CARL JOHAN FAHLANDERS, also known as CHARLES FLANDERS, deceased.

HENRY DIECKMANN,  
Administrator of the estate of Carl Johan Fahlanders,  
also known as Charles Flanders, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 16th, 1917.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
912 Chronicle Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 6-16-5

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of WALTER D. HOYT, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of WALTER D. HOYT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office his attorney, J. J. Lermen, Room 504 Balboa Building, No. 593 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WALTER D. HOYT, deceased.

JOSEPH H. HOYT,

Administrator of the estate of Walter D. Hoyt,  
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 9, 1917.

J. J. LERMAN,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
504 Balboa Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 6-9-5



## SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 36098; Department No. 10.

JOHN T. WELBY, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

JOHN S. HOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John T. Welby, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the southwesterly line of Oakdale Avenue and the southeasterly line of Phelps Street; running thence southeasterly and along the said southwesterly line of Oakdale Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet to the said southeasterly line of Phelps Street; and thence northeasterly and along the said southeasterly line of Phelps Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Being Lot Number 1, in Block Number 306, O'Neil & Haley Tract.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the Seal of said Court this 9th day of April, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

## Memorandum

The first publication of this Summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1917. The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names. Addresses.  
The German Savings & Loan Society, a corporation, San Francisco, California.  
JOHN S. HOGAN,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-26-10

## NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 82655; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Dissolution of THE PETER WINDELER COMPANY (a corporation).

Notice is hereby given that THE PETER WINDELER COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, has filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court its application for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation; that said Court has fixed the time and place for hearing of said application for Friday, the 3rd day of August, 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, at its Court Room in the certain building known as the City Hall, Civic Centre, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and that said Court has directed the Clerk of said Court to give thirty days' notice of said application and the hearing thereof.

The time of publication of this notice will expire July 28, 1917, and before the expiration of said time any person may file his objections to said application.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 16th, 1917.

(Seal) I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy County Clerk.

LEON SAMUELS,  
Attorney for Applicant,  
454-456 Phelan Building,  
San Francisco, Calif. 6-23-6

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES W. ROSENBAUM, deceased.—No. 22757 N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, JENNIE S. ROSENBAUM and ALBERT M. ROSENBAUM, Executors of the last will and testament of CHARLES W. ROSENBAUM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of Heller, Powers & Ehrman, attorneys at law, Room No. 713 Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES W. ROSENBAUM, deceased.

JENNIE S. ROSENBAUM,  
ALBERT M. ROSENBAUM,  
Executors of the last will and testament of Charles W. Rosenbaum, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, June 16, 1917.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,  
Attorneys for Executors,  
713 Nevada Bank Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 6-16-5

## NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 17456, N. S.; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROBERT A. VANCE, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of an order of the said Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given, made and entered on the 20th day of June, A. D. 1917, in the matter of the said estate of Robert A. Vance, deceased, the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of said Robert A. Vance, deceased, will sell at private sale in separate parcels to the highest bidder upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation by the said Superior Court on or after the 24th day of July, A. D. 1917, all the right, title, interest and estate of said Robert A. Vance, deceased, at the time of his death in, of and to the real property hereinafter described, and all the right, title and interest which the said estate has by operation of law, or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of said decedent at the time of his death in, of and to the following described real property, to-wit:

All those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of Willard Street, distant thereon 100 feet northerly from the northerly line of Fulton Street; running thence northerly and along the westerly line of Willard Street 25 feet; thence at right angles westerly 95 feet; thence at right angles southerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles easterly 95 feet to the westerly line of Willard Street and the point of commencement.

TOGETHER with the improvements on said lot consisting of 3 flats of 7, 6 and 5 rooms respectively.

2nd. COMMENCING at a point on the northerly line of Fulton Street, distant thereon 45 feet 2 inches westerly from the westerly line of Willard Street; running thence westerly and along said northerly line of Fulton Street 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 25 feet, and thence at right angles southerly 100 feet to the northerly line of Fulton Street and the point of commencement.

3rd. COMMENCING at a point on the northerly line of McAllister Street, distant thereon 93 feet 6 inches easterly from the easterly line of Willard Street; running thence easterly and along said northerly line of McAllister Street 26 feet and 6 inches; thence at right angles northerly 126 feet 3 inches; thence at right angles westerly 26 feet and 6 inches, and thence at right angles southerly 126 feet 3 inches to the northerly line of McAllister Street and the point of commencement.

TOGETHER with the improvements thereon, consisting of 4 flats; and

4th. COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of McAllister Street, distant thereon 100 feet westerly from the westerly line of Parker Avenue; running thence westerly along said southerly line of McAllister Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet to the southerly line of McAllister Street and the point of commencement.

TOGETHER with the improvements thereon, consisting of a cottage.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE: Cash, gold coin of the United States of America; ten per cent (10%) of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale; deeds and abstracts to be at the expense of the purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment of and take the property purchased by him subject to all liens and assessments of whatsoever name or nature which are now or may become hereafter chargeable or a lien against said property purchased by him, except taxes for the fiscal year 1917-18, to be pro-rated. All bids or offers to be in writing and may be left at the office of George D. Perry, Robert J. McGahie and Joseph H. Mayer, Attorneys for the said executor, Room 428 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said executor personally at his office, Room 295 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

Dated July 7th, 1917.

HARRY C. EWING,

Executor of the last will and testament of Robert A. Vance, deceased, Room 295 Monadnock Building, San Francisco.

GEORGE D. PERRY,  
ROBERT J. MCGAHIE,  
JOSEPH H. MAYER,  
Attorneys for said Executor,  
Room 428 Mills Bldg.,  
San Francisco, California. 7-7-3

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PAUL FLEURY, deceased.—No. 22929; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of PAUL FLEURY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PAUL FLEURY, deceased.

LEONIDE G. AUZERAIS,  
Administratrix of the estate of Paul Fleury, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, California, July 7th, A. D. 1917.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Administratrix,  
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-5-7

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81190; Dept. No. 10.

ALICE M. FOSTER, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE E. FOSTER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CLARENCE E. FOSTER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this tenth day of April, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

LOUIS ONEAL,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
San Jose, Calif. 6-9-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81490. NEITEN ZEFF, Plaintiff, vs. LENA ZEFF, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LENA ZEFF, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Hibernia Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, California. 5-19-10

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 22732, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estate of ARTHUR SIEROTY, a Minor.

It appearing from the petition of Henry Sieroty, guardian of the Estate of Arthur Sieroty, a minor, praying for an order of the above entitled Court authorizing and directing him as such guardian to sell certain real property belonging to the estate of said minor, that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of Arthur Sieroty, the ward of said petitioner, to sell the real property specified in said petition.

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that said petition be filed and that Tuesday, the 31st day of July, 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. at the courtroom of the above entitled Court, Department number ten thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, California, be, and the same are hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and the next of kin of said Arthur Sieroty and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at the time and place hereinabove specified, and show cause if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said guardian to sell said real property of said minor.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for at least a period of three (3) successive weeks prior to the date of said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 2nd day of July, 1917.

E. P. SHORTALL, Judge.  
(In absence of Judge Graham.)

Presented by L. L. LEVY, ESQ.  
JESSE H. STEINHART,  
Attorney for Guardian,  
816-818 Nevada Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 7-3-7



# STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

## The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

### HIBERNIA BANK

DATED JUNE 30, 1917

#### ASSETS

- 1—Bonds of the United States (\$8,883,750.00), of the State of California and the Cities and Counties thereof (\$10,809,900.00), of the State of New York (\$2,149,000.00), of the City of New York (\$1,475,000.00), of the State of Massachusetts (\$1,097,000.00), of the City of Chicago (\$650,000.00), of the City of Philadelphia (\$350,000.00), of the City of Albany (\$200,000.00), of the City of Cleveland (\$100,000.00), of the City of St. Paul (\$100,000.00), the actual value of which is ..... \$26,615,092.12
- 2—Cash in Vault ..... 2,687,063.53
- 3—Miscellaneous Bonds (\$5,492,000.00), the actual value of which is ..... 5,217,366.25  
\$34,519,521.90

They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" (\$350,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$35,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$83,000.00), "Pennsylvania Railroad Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$800,000.00), "Pennsylvania Railroad Company 4 per cent Bonds" (\$50,000.00), "Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railway Company 3½ per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00), "St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$50,000.00), "Northern Pacific Railway Company 4 per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" (\$243,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" (\$400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$334,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Gough Street Railroad Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$20,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" (\$1,290,000.00), "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$494,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas and Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" (\$50,000.00), "Mortgage Guarantee Company of Los Angeles 5½ per cent Bonds" (\$200,000.00).

- 4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is ..... 32,247,850.24

The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State and the States of Oregon and Nevada. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said

Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

- 5—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is ..... 291,760.00
- The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.
- 6—(a) Real Estate situate in the City and County of San Francisco (\$1,934,090.86), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$1.00), Alameda (\$44,378.36), and Los Angeles (\$62,826.68), in this State, the actual value of which is ..... 2,041,296.50
- (b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is ..... 969,003.13
- The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.
- 7—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds ..... 288,836.16
- TOTAL ASSETS ..... \$70,358,268.33

#### LIABILITIES

- 1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is ..... \$66,803,381.74
- Number of Depositors ..... 88,355
- Average Deposit ..... \$749.59
- 2—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds ..... 288,836.16
- 3—Reserve Fund, Actual Value ..... 3,266,050.43
- TOTAL LIABILITIES ..... \$70,358,268.33

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,  
By J. S. TOBIN, President.

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,  
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

J. S. TOBIN and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said J. S. TOBIN is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

J. S. TOBIN, President.  
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of July, 1917.  
CHAS. T. STANLEY.

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco,  
State of California.



T 1

# TOWN TALK

ESTABLISHED 1878

THE BAY CITIES' WEEKLY



THE CAMPAFILE  
BERKELEY



CITY HALL  
OAKLAND



CITY HALL SAN FRANCISCO





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*New Orleans Cotton Exchange*

*Liverpool Cotton Association*

*New York Coffee Exchange*

*Chicago Board of Trade*

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San Francisco





# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXX

San Francisco-Oakland, July 14, 1917

No. 1299

## Let Us Get Together

By Theodore F. Bonnet

There has been much talk of bridging the waters of the beautiful bay that separates San Francisco from Oakland. There has also been some talk of annexation. In my judgment the really important thing to do is to unite the bay cities spiritually rather than artificially. The common interest of all is a community interest, and it should be more fully realized. A bridge will not help us to this realization, nor will a political union make us sentimentally one. Political machinery serves very well the purpose of people who imagine that the prestige of size is a matter of great importance, and by means of it there has been much artificial expansion of a somewhat comical sort, but after all, bigness thus attained is more laughable than real, and its benefits defy calculation. A town may sprawl politically all over nearby territory and identify itself with villages where-with it has neither physical nor community relations; it may justify pretensions in the census bureau; but it cannot as a consequence give verisimilitude to metropolitan airs. Los Angeles, for example, with all its passion for expansion has not become the metropolis of California. The metropolis of California is not an agglomeration of towns having certain political connections to facilitate taxation and other minor governmental operations for a common purpose. The metropolis of California was not artificially created. Nature designed the ends to which it is devoted, and though it comprises several cities the bonds that unite them were not of political manufacture. The bonds grew out of the nature of things. They are the geographical bonds that stretch invisibly across San Francisco Bay and up and down the lands on both sides. Here we have a great metropolitan centre, the cities of which are an epitome of the social world of Central California, a social world distinctive of the State itself. Through this district all the belts of civilization intersect. It is cosmopolitan not only in a national but in a moral and spiritual sense, and from the standpoint of its commercial and political interests it is one and indivisible.

Why not then come to a whole-hearted recognition of these salient truths? Why not accept the situation as it is and make the most of it by uniting our energies and devoting them to a common purpose? The fact is that on the bosom of our bay our commerce is nursed. The bay is the destination of ships from all lands, of steamers that carry the products of our fertile valleys. To the bay come all our big transportation companies, all our trans-

continental and coast roads, and from the bay radiates all the business done in the cities that border thereon. Surely it is not to be gainsaid that the business of no one of these cities is justly to be regarded as exclusively its own. Nor is it to be gainsaid that the life of every one of them is to be maintained in full vigor only by sympathy and coöperation with its neighbors. How misleading then to publish the bank clearances of San Francisco to in-

Today there is a very definite reason why we should set our house in order, and that, not only within our respective communities, but as to the inter-relationship of those communities. This is beyond dispute. . . . Oakland has a wonderful opportunity, and we of San Francisco—those of us who have some personal interest here as those who have not—are very definitely concerned with Oakland's prosperity. Oakland and her adjoining communities are a tremendous asset to San Francisco, just as San Francisco is a tremendous asset to them. . . . I say to you, and through you to the people of Oakland and her immediate neighbors, that as with quiet determination we have entered upon the work of setting our house in order, we are confident that you will do your part. We must co-ordinate our efforts; and to all those who are big enough to understand and appreciate the true relationship between our respective communities I say: lend every energy toward the eradication of the unsound and senseless jealousies and antagonisms which arise and militate so strongly against the genuine welfare of both, and instead, each community performing its own task nobly, be ready to respond to the call of the other in a spirit of mutual respect and confidence.—From an address by Frederick J. Koster, president of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, before the Employers' Association of Alameda and Contra Costa Counties at Oakland, April 9, 1917.

dicating the volume of business done merely in that city. True these clearances are greater than the combined clearances of several cities, but the fact is they represent but a fraction of the business that the bay makes possible. The same is true of the record of our exports, which was recently surpassed by Seattle. A record of the combined exports of San Francisco and Oakland is a quite different matter.

These sentiments are not merely my own. They are the sentiments of some

of the greatest thinkers and business men hereabouts, many of whom have heartily endorsed in writing the movement for which this edition of *Town Talk* stands. They have signed a paper setting forth the objects of this movement, a paper which but recently I put in circulation among them. On this paper circulated by me are to be found the names of many of our industrial and utility magnates, of bankers, leaders of the bar and Justices of the Supreme Court and other tribunals; men who are residents of San Francisco and men who are residents of other bay cities.

In truth this movement is an old story. It was discussed months ago in *The Examiner* by William R. Scott, vice-president and general manager of the Southern Pacific Company. "It is quite time," he said, "the people awoke to the fact that we have here one of the world's biggest cities and commercial centres. It is like a fine big automobile that has not been assembled. It won't go until we put it together. By all means let us have a San Francisco as big as it really is and after that it will grow still faster."

Let us first, say I, have an agglomeration and an agglutination of cities of the bay region with no particular respect to nomenclature. Let us have a Greater City in sentiment with no thought of any kind of political affinity except such as will naturally arise from a general realization of the common interests that may be involved at times in Sacramento where political business of special interest to the bay region is periodically transacted. Let it be a Greater City for the benefit of the bay region represented by all our representatives at Sacramento when, as often happens, sectional interests elsewhere in the State seek to deprive us of our rights. Let this be one of our motives and it will be time enough later on to think of Goat Island as a union terminal "centralizing traffic," as Mr. Scott says, "so that it can be handled speedily and effectively." This union terminal idea is a good one. As Mr. James Woods, manager of the Hotel St. Francis, has said in *The Examiner*. "It would be a link in the new scheme of fast and comfortable transportation," one that would be talked about in every city of the world and therefore a very desirable piece of publicity.

There is that other good idea too, of a tube beneath the waters of the bay, but let it first be a case of hands across the bay; and after getting together in spirit we shall give birth to new ideas in abundance.



# Oakland Old and New: Reminiscences and Recollections

By Henry A. Melvin  
Associate Justice of the Supreme Court

A man need not be very old to belong to Oakland's "I remember club," this wonderful city has developed so rapidly and grown so substantially; yet many of us recall the days when it was only a picturesque village; and many of the "reminiscencers" are not octogenarians.

My recollection of Oakland is tinged with the admiration which the great trees in some of the streets awakened in my boyish mind. I attended Sunday school in the old First Congregational church—Dr. McLean's—then at the corner of Tenth and Washington streets, and I always stopped to look upon the great oak growing in the middle of Washington street near the church. There were many such trees in those days and the traffic was not so heavy that they were serious obstructions. It was quite easy to drive or walk around them. As one by one they disappeared before the advance of urban growth lovers of the picturesque suffered many pangs.

But many landmarks more substantial than the trees have gone. Not only has the suction-dredge changed the face of nature along our waterfront of bay and estuary but our great, beautiful water park Lake Merritt has been modified as to its exterior outline. Much of the boulevard on the eastern shore is built upon dredgings pumped beyond a row of piles driven many yards from shore. Where limousines now flash along the broad roadway the sail of the one sloop then kept at the Lake Merritt Boat House used to sweep silently and gracefully through the deep water just off the bluff of the "Williams place." The aforesaid "Williams place" was a cow pasture occupying the land where now stand the homes of Mrs. Dargie and her neighbors along the boulevard. I remember that there were some peach trees on the property. These were objects of great interest to the boys of East Oakland (or of "Brooklyn" as we then called it). We all had plenty of fruit in our own yards but we coveted the peaches near the lake because they were doubly guarded by a red bull and a brindle bull dog. It was a real triumph to "hook" a hatful of peaches and beat both guardians to the high fence, from the summit of which an active boy could gaze with victorious scorn upon his disappointed pursuers. The coast line north of the "Williams place" has changed, too, for I remember an inlet that made sharply to the eastward near that property. I was one of a proud quartet of young mariners who owned a ponderous skiff which we kept moored at the rear of John B. Watson's property by gracious permission of his sons Johnnie and Horace. That was not very far from the place where the traction company's car house is now located. South of the lake, too,

there have been many changes. At high tide the water used to cover the flat where the splendid municipal auditorium now stands. In those days there was deep water off the trestles behind Oak street and Clinton station where now there is substantial realty. I remember how proud I was when Blake Hutchings (the hero of my boyish days, who taught me swimming and other useful arts including "tackling" a forward in a football game) pronounced me sufficiently skillful to desert the shallows along the marsh and to go into deep water off the trestle. I believe I am scheduled to make a serious speech in the Auditorium next month, but I fear I will have to smile when I hear the fanciful voices of the past calling "Skin-nay! C'mon in! Th' water's warm as anythin'!"

And how the fields and wooded slopes that our boyish feet trod have grown great crops of villas and apartment houses and bungalows and churches and all sorts of structures! Adams Point where we used to pull our skiff and picnic in the thick tangle of underbrush beneath the splendid oaks, keeping sharp lookout as we ate our luncheon for the possible incursion of pirates or of other interlopers from the "country" beyond, is now our fair and peaceful city park, no longer in the country but now far down town. Why we used to play "hare and hounds" by moonlight in those years when we read *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and our favorite run was up around the head of Lake Merritt through the wheat fields over to Temescal. If we tried to make that run now we should have to dodge many trolley cars and circumnavigate hundreds of houses. And we wouldn't find very much wheat or stubble either. Recently I went up Tenth avenue over the hill and as I passed the old Sadler home at the corner of East Twentieth street I remembered the time when my mother took me to a wedding there. Then it was the only house in that neighborhood and although there were streets on the map there were more *in situ* and the waving grain was all around. Now the house has a multitude of decorous architectural neighbors. Yet with a little effort I could sweep these aside and upon the field of memory reconstruct the ditch on the north slope of the hill where George Mason and I used to test the prowess of our ponies in jumping. And how the grand army of houses has spread its battalions towards San Leandro and Hayward! As boys we could name nearly all the homes along the "County road" when on a happy Saturday in cherry time, we galloped out to visit the Meeks or the Stones or the Robertses or some others of our fortunate friends who lived on "cherry ranches." Now the census takers

require many volumes to list the residents of that region.

The members of the "I Remember Club" will tell the modern Oaklander of the days when Broadway was the only business street and the West Side vastly more important than the East. The psychology of that street always puzzled me. Why people preferred to pay higher rents on the West Side and why customers from the eastern part of the city chose to cross the thoroughfare before doing their shopping I never could understand. Some times I have thought that Horace Greeley's famous admonition "Go west, young man" had influenced the people. But whatever was the reason there is no doubt that the early Oaklander was addicted to the westerly or "four bit" side of our principal thoroughfare. Even the children spent their nickels (pennies were unknown!) at "Bacon's Palace of Sweets" on the west side of Broadway where the genial proprietor was always ready to supply an assortment of his desirable wares, remarking as he followed the mandate of the child's finger pointing above the glass of the showcase at the grouped treasures within: "Yes, yes, my lad, some of these and some of those and some of them!" With the passing years Broadway has lost its monopoly of trade and the west side its privacy. But can anyone tell me why nearly all of the Broadway banks are on the east side? Truly, streets are some times peculiar—and people more so! And speaking of streets reminds me of a former Mayor of Oakland who when approached by a deputy county marshal with a plan for repairing one of the avenues by filling the ruts and hollows with earth dug from the cellar of the city's first really large commercial building, said solemnly: "Charley, that looks all right theoristically, but piratically I am afraid it won't work."

Our only theatre in that elder day was Dietz's Opera House at the northeast corner of Twelfth and Webster streets. Originally the building had been a part of the home of the University of California, but when that institution moved to Berkeley, the hall was turned into a playhouse. It was small and not very comfortable yet it housed some good plays and great actors. There Edwin Booth enacted the "Melancholy Dane" and the elder Southern played that immortal dandy "Dundreary." There Lawrence Barrett thrilled the romantic youth of the city with his "Poalo" and the glorious Neilson there gave us the most perfect "Juliet." And there "Uncle Stephen" Leach, who spent his last years in Oakland, played "Sir Toby Belch" and "Launcelot Gobbo" as only he could. If space permitted I could write a chapter about our theatres that were built after-

(Continued on Page 37)



# Oakland, City of Factories

By Edward F. O'Day

Oakland is still so young in city years that the oldest inhabitant can summarize her history from personal knowledge. The oldest inhabitant remembers Oakland's lazy days of healthy childhood. He remembers the radiant days of youth when Oakland began to beautify herself with homes and churches, with parks and boulevards and gardens. To this oldest inhabitant it seems only the day before yesterday that Oakland began to put on "citified" airs. This assumption amused the oldest inhabitant because he didn't think Oakland was quite entitled to put on those airs; he was inclined to call it affectation. But looking at Oakland as she is today the oldest inhabitant admits that Oakland was right and he was wrong. For he sees that the Oakland of today is become one of the great cities, not of California alone but of the United States.

If you ask an Oaklander—whether he be the oldest inhabitant or one of the younger generation of Oakland's hustling business men—what is the explanation of Oakland's present imposing position in the roster of big American cities, he will answer: "Factories."

Without factories cities can grow to a good size and to a comfortable prosperity. Without factories cities can attract a certain amount of new population. But without factories no city can hope to reach the metropolitan class. Without factories no city can hope to create new possibilities of expansion and new sources of wealth when the old possibilities and sources have been exhausted. Without factories Oakland might be a pretty large city, a beautiful, rich and thriving city; but without factories Oakland would not be the great city of today, and would not see as her manifest destiny rapid growth to a greater city tomorrow. The factory is the basis of Oakland's solid metropolitan structure, the backbone of her healthy, vigorous, growing body.

Oakland's location fits her for the classification of a factory city. Situated on the continental side of the incomparable Bay of San Francisco, Oakland is the Pacific gateway to the American continent. The ships of the Pacific Ocean go straight through the Golden Gate to Oakland's waterfront, and there they meet the three transcontinental railroads that link Oakland to the East, as well as the steam and electric lines that lace the whole of California and the other Western States. Oakland is not only the great factory city—she has tributary manufacturing places in Berkeley, Alameda, Albany, Emeryville and San Leandro. All these contribute to Oakland's wealth. But Oakland herself has seventy-five per cent (at least) of the manufactures of Alameda County; hence her preponderating influence. Along her western and southern waterfronts are miles of railroad tracks, and

in this section "where rail and water meet" is Oakland's great manufacturing district. To say that Oakland had the location for factories, and that the factories came to take advantage of the location would be one way of accounting for Oakland's present status. But it would not be a just way, for it would leave out the determining factor in these things—the personal equation of hustling effort, of collective enthusiasm without which advantage of location would amount to little in these days of cold-blooded competition.

It is indeed true that many of Oakland's factories came to Oakland unsolicited; but it is likewise true that most of them did not. Manufacturers had to be shown, they had to be induced. And this is where the Oakland Chamber of Commerce comes into the story of Oakland's amazing growth as a factory city. A Chamber of Commerce

in Oakland after making a careful survey of the entire Pacific Coast—in some instances of the entire United States. Their reasons for choosing Oakland were summarized briefly as follows, placing those reasons in the order of their ascertained importance:

First: Superior shipping advantages, both rail and water.

Second: Best factory sites at cheapest prices.

Third: Equable climate, permitting factories to run the whole year round without interruption from extreme cold or extreme heat.

Fourth: Proper environment to make employes happy, prosperous and contented, such as fine parks, playgrounds and boulevards, the best of school systems, and ideal home surroundings.

In order to show the sort of data upon which these findings were based, let me quote from a typical statement. It was made by James Traverse, manager of the Pacific Coast Shredded Wheat Company which has \$400,000 invested in its Oakland plant and employs 200 men and women in surroundings so ideal that this Oakland concern has attracted the attention of American manufacturers in every State. Mr. Traverse says:

"Oakland was selected by our company only after very careful consideration and investigation of all cities along the Pacific Coast. We will distribute our products from Oakland throughout eleven States, the section of the United States known as Pacific Coast territory; also to Oriental ports of call. As a shipping point, Oakland, we found, was advantageously situated, both for rail and water transportation. Oakland also had, within her boundaries, many excellent manufacturing sites at a reasonable figure. Electrical power for manufacturing purposes is plentiful and can be purchased at a fair figure. Fuel oil is plentiful, with easy and quick delivery, one of the most complete oil refineries in the United States being situated at the door of Oakland. Oakland has an efficient city government, one of the best school systems in the United States, plenty of recreation grounds, is an ideal home city, which makes for happy and contented employes. Oakland today is equal to, if not the best, labor market in the United States, and greater efficiency can be secured from employes because of climatic conditions. The Oakland Chamber of Commerce is a live and energetic body of men whose efforts at all times are directed to the best interests of the community, and furthermore, they accomplish results and take a deep interest in helping manufacturing industries, even after they locate in the city of Oakland. Oakland is a growing community, with prospects of a brilliant future."

Here are some of the big concerns which have recently built, or announced their purpose of building immediately, in the thriving factory territory across the bay:

Factory	Investment
Hollywood Shipbuilding Co.....	\$1,500,000
Hanlon Shipyards .....	1,500,000
Chevrolet Automobile Co.....	1,250,000
Libby, McNeil and Libby.....	1,000,000
Union Construction Co.....	1,000,000
Pacific Coast Steel Co.....	1,000,000
Pett Bros. Soap Factory.....	1,000,000
Albers Bros. Milling Co.....	1,000,000
Pacific Tank and Pipe Co.....	500,000
Mercantile Box Co.....	500,000
National Mill and Lumber Co.....	400,000
Shredded Wheat Co.....	400,000
Fageol Motors Co.....	250,000

everlastingly on the job furnishes the necessary personal equation. Without the Chamber of Commerce Oakland would today be a city of neglected opportunities, of advantages thrown away. The Chamber of Commerce mobilized Oakland's assets and made them pay dividends. It is the perfectly reasonable boast of Oakland that no city in the country has a better record of recent achievement in attracting new factories and new industries with their concomitant increase in business, population and general prosperity. For the ability to verify that boast Oakland may thank her Chamber of Commerce.

Not long since the Oakland Chamber of Commerce made a survey of its manufacturing conditions, for the purpose of finding out "Why manufacturers like Oakland." Light on this was sought from manufacturers who had recently located big plants



## April in Oakland

By Edward Rowland Sill (1868)

Was there last night a snowstorm?  
So thick the orchards stand,  
With drift on drift of blossom-flakes  
Whitening all the land.

Or have the waves of life that swelled  
The green buds, day by day,  
Broken at once in clinging foam  
And scattered odor-spray?

The winds come drowsy with the breath  
Of cherry and of pear,  
Sighing their perfume-laden wings  
No more of sweet can bear.

Over the garden-gateway  
That parts the tufted hedge,  
Rimming the idly twinkling bay,  
Sleeps the blue mountains' edge.

Yon fleece of clouds in heaven,  
So delicate and fair,  
Seems a whole league of orchard-bloom  
Sailing along the air.

Oh, loveliness of nature!  
Oh, sordid minds of men!  
Without, a world of bloom and balm—  
A sour, sad soul within.

O winds that sweep the orchard  
With Orient spices sweet,  
Why bring ye with that desolate sound  
The dead leaves to my feet?

Ah, sweeter were the fragrance  
That I today have found,  
If last year's crumbled leaves of love  
Were buried under ground;

And fairer were the shadowed troops  
That fleck the distant hill,  
If shades of clouds that will not pass  
Dimmed not my memory still.

Better than all the beauty  
Which cloud or blossom shows  
Is the blue sky that arches all  
With measureless repose.

And better than the bright blue sky,  
To know that far away  
Sweep all the silent host of stars  
Behind the veil of day.

And best to feel that there and here,  
About us and above,  
Move on the purposes of God  
In justice and in love.

## The Influence of Symphony Concerts

By Theodore F. Bonnet

Our premier musical association to which we are indebted for our great symphony orchestra is among the things to which San Francisco justly points with pride; but is not the whole bay region entitled to a share in the honor reflected from its triumphs? This is a thought inspired by Impresario Widenham who has done considerable missionary work promoting the interests of the orchestra on both sides of the bay. Discussing the affairs of the orchestra at the close of last season and referring to its influence in an educational sense and also in a commercial way he said:

"The far reaching effects of symphony music are not known to the public generally because publicity is not given to the many communications received from outside sources. Its value to the communities that it serves is very great. It brings to such communities a very considerable amount of business that would not otherwise come. This is borne out by the numerous letters received, ordering tickets and requesting that seats be held at the box office. The writers take advantage, so they say, of the trip to hear the symphony by making it a shopping expedition as well. Many of these letters come from Oakland. But Oakland itself has benefited. During our series of Oakland concerts our ticket records showed that people motored to them from as far back in the country as Merced. The records further show that our season ticket holders came from as far south as San Jose and as far north as Napa." Continuing Mr. Widenham said: "If a city would be a metropolis it must of necessity cater to and foster those institutions which are characteristic of a metropolis, and therefore San Francisco and the bay region would do well to give considerable more thought to the tourist and the traveler, bearing in mind the fact that the traveler is preeminently an individual to be entertained impressively. If we travel eastward and chance to go to Washington, D. C., we are impressively entertained with the many things of interest there—the Corcoran Art Gallery, the various government buildings and departments, the Smithsonian Institute, the Bureau of Engraving and Printing—all keenly interesting things that are fixed deeply in the mind, therefore, long to be remembered. When our

friends start on a trip we voluntarily advise them to go to those places that entertained us impressively, thereby unconsciously becoming one of the links in the endless chain of personal advertising."

Mr. Widenham is very enthusiastic on the subject of the commercial benefits that accrue from an institution like our symphony orchestra, and he dwells with considerable force on the importance of the support of the whole bay region. In this connection it may be interesting to learn that our Chamber of Commerce appreciates the business value of our concerts. This I learned from the following letter which President Frederick J. Koster of the Chamber wrote to the directors of the San Francisco Musical Association at the close of the season of 1916-17. This is the letter:

Gentlemen: The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce notes with much satisfaction the successful termination of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra season of this year. Your association is to be congratulated upon the superior artistic development during the past year which places us on a par with the best orchestras of this country and Europe. This is a matter of great interest to the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce because we fully realize the importance of a permanent symphony orchestra maintained on such a high plane. This attracts to San Francisco music lovers from all over the West and gives San Francisco a reputation and character which is most favorably noted throughout the country.

We, therefore, regard the San Francisco Symphony as a sound business investment on the part of San Francisco. The Association has had an uphill fight in securing support thus far, but we sincerely trust that for the coming year you will have no difficulty in securing subscriptions to continue to put the orchestra on a permanent basis.

The Chamber of Commerce recognizes that the members of your association have given generously of their time and money to bring about such a good result and the Chamber of Commerce desires to thank you for your loyal efforts.

Very truly yours,

F. J. Koster, President.

President Sproule of the Musical Association wrote in reply to the Koster letter as follows:

Dear Sir: I wish to acknowledge receipt in due course of your letter 25th instant congratulating the Musical Association of San Francisco upon the success of the season just closed.

It is proper for me to say that the recognition by your Chamber of the value of the Symphony Orchestra to the business of San Francisco is the first distinct utterance of authority upon that aspect of the activities of the Musical Association. We need here to foster those things that distinguish a metropolis from a provincial city or a parochial community. There is no one thing that so attracts the general public as does good music, which was proved again in this city yesterday when the Civic Auditorium was filled to its capacity, probably for the first time, in order to hear music of the very highest type.

The Musical Association needs the support of the community, and your utterance at this time is timely and is highly appreciated by the Board of Governors and by

Yours very truly,

Wm. Sproule.

After thinking it all over it occurs to me that in the course of time the directors of the Musical Association will perceive the wisdom of fostering the community spirit of the whole bay region by nominally as well as in reality identifying their superb orchestra with all the bay cities to which it appeals. There is nothing parochial in the purposes of the Musical Association as Mr. Sproule has suggested and Mr. Widenham made clear some time ago when he wrote:

"Referring again for the moment to the far reaching effects of this organization, we must not lose sight of the fact that today the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra is building the foundation of an institution that in the future will be a valuable asset to the bay region. Standing as it does for the biggest and best in music in the West it cannot be confined in its appeal to a single community. Indeed it may be said that even now the result of the past season's work has been felt more in the sur-

(Continued on Page 36)



# TOWN TALK

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## Salutatory

This number of TOWN TALK marks the opening of a new period in its history. Henceforth it will not be known as TOWN TALK, THE PACIFIC WEEKLY but as TOWN TALK, THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY; its purpose will be to represent and reflect particularly the interests of all the cities bordering on the waters of the great basin which is known as San Francisco Bay and whereon is floated the commerce of the world. TOWN TALK has never had a narrow outlook: as our readers know, we have made the world's news the subject of comment and we have kept our readers in touch with affairs of interest everywhere, being mindful always of the higher topics of interest—spiritual, esthetic and material—and dealing with them to the end that knowledge and understanding be diffused. There is not to be any change of policy or of aims. We shall continue to appeal to readers who appreciate the things of the mind and who are not averse to the truth respecting matters of general or special interest but likely to applaud evidences of intellectual honesty even when argument does not flatter their personal prejudices. But TOWN TALK, THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY, has no intention of imitating David Starr Jordan. It will eschew the pedagogic manner and refrain as much as possible from dogmatism. It will differ from TOWN TALK of old, the weekly that has flourished in San Francisco for more than a quarter of a century, insofar as it will deal with men, women and events in the broader field of the bay region and endeavor to guide them aright for the benefit of all concerned in our great metropolitan district. On another page the inspiration of this number is accounted for, and there is nothing more to add. We would merely say that much work has been done to deserve the support of all the communities to which we make special appeal. No matter how good the intentions of a magazine its value to the community is determined by the number of people it reaches. If the Bible had a circulation of only one it would not be of much benefit to Christianity; and so predominant is dulness in the world that even the Bible requires much boosting that people may be edified.

Millions of copies are circulated every year at the expense only of the zealous missionary societies that pay the freight and the cost of printing. So it is not astonishing perhaps that some magazines should not care to spend money to increase circulation provided they are able to get advertisements from amiable advertisers, and singularly enough there are merchants who value the friendship of a paper more than its advertising space. As TOWN TALK does not seek advertising on this principle it has made several subscription drives on both sides of the bay of late and rolled up a mailing list that advertisers might inspect to their advantage.

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## Makers of War-Mania

There was a time when the German appeared to have been primed for this war with drugs to stimulate megalomania or specifics for invincibility like some new kind of aphrodisiac. At any rate he appeared to realize the importance of spirit-breaking in others and of hardening himself against it. He made it clear that his god of war was Frightfulness. Characteristically he organized a policy of frightfulness as efficiently as he organized his army and his intrigue. Like the anarchist he believed he could terrorize people into obedience to his will. In this faith he raped Louvain, he sank the Lusitania, bombarded unfortified towns, sent his Zeppelins to kill women and children, and murdered Edith Cavell. In that faith he persists, but he has evinced at times some doubt of his invincibility. His spirit is a mask. His ruthlessness is not the result of stimulants, but of years of teaching. Erasmus said very wisely, "War is delightful to those who have had no experience of it." Germans preferred other instructors. The national aberration began with Frederick the Great who believed that "War opened the most fruitful field to all the virtues." Even the transcendent Richter pronounced the battlefield "the place where all the energy, all the suffering and all the virtues of a whole life were crowded into an hour." The great soldier Von Moltke believed that war was sacred and instituted by God to save men "from sinking into the grossest materialism." Bismarck regarded war as "the natural condition of humanity," though in later years he regretted that he had been the author of three wars in which thousands of lives had been lost. No wonder he was despised by the present descendant of Frederick the Great. In truth war mania has been pretty steadily philosophized in German. Treitschke declared that "it would positively be a mutilation of human nature if we tried to banish war," and Bernhardt pronounces it a biological necessity. Even frightfulness is frankly advocated by German philosophers. There was Clausewitz who defined war as "an act of violence which in its application

knows no bounds." True there have been defenders of war and its violence in many countries, but they have not been popular in recent years. It is only in Germany today that people generally felicitate themselves on their achievements in war. Even now Germans are pointing with pride to the invincibility to which color has been given not by any virtues but largely by frightfulness. Germany has been licked at her own game of war insofar as she has stuck to the rules of the game. She has been licked by all the well-equipped armies she has encountered and her last card is the submarine. She has yet to see the real nature of the glory she has won. But she is now in a mood to appreciate the wisdom of Erasmus and her aphrodisiacs are losing their effect.

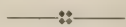
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## The Greatness of One Man

No wonder the Hon. Wm. Randolph Hearst has it pretty much his own way in the broad field of American journalism! Consider the pygmies of journalism he has for rivals. Here, for example, is the publisher of the *New York World*, Hearst's most successful rival in the school of journalism called "yellow," nay, the forerunner of Hearst. It was in the *New York World* office that Hearst, then a rosy youth from college, sat at the feet of the Gamaliel of his day and received his first lessons in the philosophy of journalism, which he has made his very own. This is the philosophy that makes the end justify the means and that teaches that the end, which is success by whatever means, is determined by the balance sheet. Now consider *The World* of today. Its deepest concern at a time when all the rest of the world is absorbed in the biggest thing that ever happened on earth, is the future of the Democratic party. The big New York newspaper is alarmed that the Administration should be allowing the fanatics of the land to distract attention from the paramount business of the war by making a fuss about prohibition and trying to make the whole nation dry on the pretense of conserving the food supply. Compare this trivial matter with the means by which Hearst is attracting attention. *The World* is really playing a minor parochial part in an incidental farce while Hearst is figuring in the centre of the stage as the great villain of the stupendous international drama. Who cares about the future of a political party at this time? How to win the war is the absorbing question of the hour, and Hearst has consecrated himself to the sensational task of dividing the nation. Nobody is going to *The World* to have his emotions thrilled; everybody is reading Hearst, either to have his rage refreshed or to find consolation and inspiration. Folks are saying that as a rascal he is without a peer in



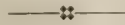
history. Very well; but in Hearst's philosophy greatness is the thing to be achieved, and there are other manifestations of greatness than aggressive loyalty to one's country. Almost anybody with an inexhaustible fortune can plod to the front in journalism, but Hearst's ambition is to make a tremendous commotion in his country from its very centre to its remotest reaches, and this he is doing. Without emotion one may read newspapers that are proudly supporting their country's cause, but how shall you contemplate with indifference the career of an artist in modern journalism who sets all loyalists by the ears while giving aid and comfort to his country's enemy in its efforts to wreck the grandest empires of civilization? It can't be done. Almost any masterly crime rises in its claim to respect high above the reprobation of the moralist; so what shall we say then of treachery unparalleled in the world's history? Think of Hearst, a spoiled darling of the greatest Republic in the world, intriguing with imperial barbarians to facilitate the slaughter of the defenders of that Republic, and at once you perceive how trifling was the performance by which Benedict Arnold attained to immortality. There was an incentive to Arnold's treachery. His feelings had been hurt. He was a traitor for revenge. Hearst is the unemotional artist, placidly pursuing the even tenor of his way, appealing to the support of all the disgruntled,—all the enemies of his country, not only to the Germans but also to the Sinn Feiners and the Pacifist and the slackers and the anarchists. Surely he is achieving greatness; and the magnitude of his masterpiece is not to be questioned by those who reflect that he is doing all that he is doing in defiance of the people; for after all, as we have been so often told, the people rule, and it is for the rule of the dear people by the way that the world is at war; at least such apparently is the general understanding.



#### War Widows in Pericles' Time

In the hurry of these disjointed times little thought is given to our pension laws. It is too bad that this is so, for we ought to be deeply interested in the families of the men who are to do our fighting, and it would be well to be more generous toward the pensioned. This would not be so hard were there fewer facilities for defrauding the Government; in other words, were it not so easy for the undeserving to get on the pension roll. A great deal of scandal has been attached to what is termed the pension industry, the consequence being that the public has appeared to be disinclined to the liberality that ought to characterize its attitude in this matter. This is the grievous fault of our Govern-

ment, and now is the time to cultivate a sentiment that later on will bespeak our patriotism in peace as well as in war. Why are we today preparing young men rather than married men for the front? Because we do so little for the dependants of soldiers. Pensions are doled out not according to the needs of dependants but according to what in the opinion of well-fed persons ought to enable a family of the working-class level just to scrape along. This is a matter about which we might learn much from the ancients. When Pericles delivered his funeral speech on the Athenians who had died in the first Peloponnesian War he attempted to give comfort chiefly to the parents of the dead and only incidentally to the widows and children. They, he knew, would be taken care of. "Their children," he said, "will be brought up to manhood at the public expense: the State thus offers a valuable prize as the garland of victory in the race of valor, the reward both of those who have fallen and their survivors." He added: "Where the rewards of merit are greatest, there are found the best citizens." It is interesting to note in this connection that Pericles' sole reference to lamenting widows was by way of warning them to behave themselves. "Great will be your glory," he said to the widows, "by falling short of your natural character; and greatest will be hers who is least talked of among the men whether for good or bad." From this it is to be inferred that the widows would have nothing to worry about.



#### The Stoic

How delightful, the temperament of a stoic!—especially in these days of tribulation, with the world in mourning. There is much need these days of means to fortify noble hearts. Not all men are able to find consolation in religion. Some go to golf; others cheer themselves in the pages of history. They find historic parallels even for the present outburst of barbarism. True, never before was so much of the earth's surface involved, but also, it should be remembered, civilization has expanded; and today it is just as bad for the average civilized man as it was in the days of Zeno when the outlook was as melancholy as at present. It is what men know that troubles them, not what they are ignorant of, and the savages of Zeno's day were not concerned that the remorseless arms of Macedonia were sweeping the cities and the gods of Greece together into the scrap-heap of museums and artistic admiration. In truth, world-wide catastrophe is an old story. In the days of Epictetus the world lay gasping after an age of mutual slaughter, and there was little to record but new abominations in the pleasures and new subtleties in the cruelties of civilization's suc-

cessive lords. In the lifetime of Marcus Aurelius the disintegration of the Empire was threatened by masses of savage ignorance from the North. It was in such times that Stoicism was cultivated to keep alive a trust in ultimate goodness and the everlasting beauty or necessity of virtue. For us in these parlous and portentous times it has become very important to cultivate something of Stoicism, of imperturbability, but let it not be in the nature of the philosophical indifference of the ancient sage who was contented with lamenting the miseries of mankind without ever employing himself for their relief. The ancient Stoic was a kind of superior person, a prototype, as it were, of many of the intellectual prigs of the inner circles of our own day. He indulged a severe wisdom, pretending the while that it elevated him above human follies, though its effect was to render him careless of the interests of mankind. The sentiments of humanity were unknown to him. It was not till Christ came on earth that men learned the sweetness of succor, and it is because we know something of Christ and have been influenced by his teaching that with all our troubles we are better off than was mankind in the days of the wise Stoics whose selfish philosophy is today the religion of little communities of slender souls. Christianity teaches us a cheerful, helpful Stoicism by which we may endure evil with something of calmness. Such endurance is suffused and illuminated with passionate emotion. It is marked by a passion for doing good, for ameliorating and mitigating. It views liberty and laws as among the sources of human happiness and swells the heart with the divinest and most enlarged affections. Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus—though grave and virtuous and admirable characters—were just a little chilly. What precisely we miss in them is passion. They remind us of a certain condescending amiability characteristic of some of our modern religions. When Epictetus tells us that to him there is neither robber nor earthquake because nothing external can do him harm we think of the woman in labor whom some well-meaning new-thought Scientist at her bedside informs that she is really not suffering at all because she is acting only in conformity with nature. This is Stoicism that endures pain, that deserves perhaps to be treated with honor and respect. It teaches goodness as did the ancient Stoics, who meant by goodness the fulfilment of function in harmony with Nature. But this is not the sort of goodness that commands our reverence. We are warmed only by that goodness which is mainly love, not for ourselves but for others, and which is expressed in this horrible war by the benevolent activities of all who are aiding in the benevolent work that is done for sufferers in Europe.



## Varied Types

340—JOSEPH H. KING

By Edward F. O'Day

I went across the bay last Friday morning to interview Joseph H. King, the president of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce. Having a little time to idle away before the hour set for my conversation with Oakland's live wire, I dropped in to watch the City Council in action. The presence in the beautiful council chamber of Joseph E. Caine, secretary, and 'Gene Bowles, publicity director of the Chamber of Commerce, notified me that something of interest to the Chamber was coming up in the course of the morning's business. This proved to be nothing less than the application of Libby, McNeil and Libby for certain wharfing privileges on the Oakland waterfront, and on inquiry I learned that this great house proposed to build a million dollar plant in the "city of opportunity." I learned also that the Chamber of Commerce had been engaged for fourteen months in negotiating with Libby, McNeil and Libby, and that the arrangements for the establishment of their gigantic plant in Oakland had been carried forward to the point where all that was required was the formal action of the City Council. The necessary ordinance covering the use of water frontage was before that distinguished body.

Secretary Joe Caine made a statement concerning the matter, a modest, businesslike statement. And then one of the commissioners had a few words to say.

"I want it understood," he said, "that while we thank the Chamber of Commerce for what they have done in this matter, the ordinance making it possible for Libby, McNeil and Libby to locate in Oakland was prepared by this council."

"Of course," said Joe Caine, "we are not depriving you of that credit."

"No, you are not," answered the commissioner, "but I was afraid that you might."

"Who is that man?" I asked the Oaklander who was sitting beside me.

"That is Commissioner W. H. Edwards," he answered.

"And who is Commissioner Edwards?" I asked.

"Well," was the reply, "he used to be a street car conductor, but now he is commissioner of revenue and finance."

\* \* \* \*

"What are the relations of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce with the City Council?" I asked President King.

"Very harmonious," he answered, "although there are times when we have to expect a little jealousy."

I thought that a very temperate statement, in view of what I had heard in the City Council a short time before.

Joe King, the president of Oakland's foremost civic body, is the son of an Oakland pioneer. His father was the well known Charles H. King who accumulated a large fortune in lumber and other investments. The pioneer's name is perpetuated in the C. H. King Estate Co. of which Joe King is secretary-manager. Joe King is a young man with iron-gray hair, keen eyes and a powerful brow. He has such a pleasant personality that I am not surprised to hear (though I shall not tell who told me) that Joe King is one of the most sought-after bachelors in Alameda County. The influence

of his personality is not exerted solely on society. It is felt in Oakland's business. It has had a great deal to do with the position which the Chamber of Commerce has come to occupy in the awakened civic life of the big trans-bay community.

The Oakland Chamber of Commerce has had a history very much like that of the San Francisco Chamber. Like our Chamber it had its long period of moribundity; then came the day when it was roused to vigorous life; its absorption of other civic bodies which paralleled its work followed; finally, there was big increase of membership, and the organization solidly founded, adequately financed and with the city's best brains at its disposal, proceeded to pile up a record for achievement.

In the case of the San Francisco Chamber this process of revitalization began when Charles C. Moore became president; in the case of the Oakland Chamber it began under the presidency of Harmon Bell who had Joe King as his main lieutenant. From vice-president to president of the Chamber was a step taken by Joe King two years ago. He would be the last man to claim individual credit for the great things that have been done in Oakland. Generously and justly he shares the credit with men like Arthur Arlett, H. C. Capwell, W. K. Cole, Joseph R. Knowland, Joseph J. Rosborough, Victor H. Metcalf and the rest of the energetic directors and committeemen. But if you ask any of these directors or committeemen about the Chamber of Commerce they will reply by talking of Joe King.

"The Chamber of Commerce," said Joe King when I had digested his diplomatic remark about relations with the City Council, "began as a Board of Trade which of course was largely a mercantile organization. It was reorganized as a Chamber of Commerce for constructive work and acquired greater numerical and financial strength. However, the most was not made of its opportunities, and four years ago the younger and more active men of the community formed the Commercial Club to accomplish the same kind of things that the Chamber is accomplishing now. Then we had a sort of civic stock-taking, and it was discovered that several organizations were engaged in doing the same work. To economize effort we effected a consolidation. The Chamber of Commerce absorbed the Commercial Club, the Manufacturers' Committee and the Advertising Club. From that action dates the new life of our Chamber. The Chamber now found itself possessed of big

power of accomplishment because it could utilize all the latent energy of the community. It now interested the aggressive men of Oakland, the men of vision.

"The first big job we tackled was the Oakland waterfront. We proposed and carried a bond issue of \$2,500,000. We built docks and wharves, we did necessary dredging. In this way we facilitated commerce which of course is essential to industry.

"Realizing that the continental shore of San Francisco Bay had manufacturing advantages not enjoyed by other parts of the Pacific Coast we began advertising the Oakland waterfront to the world. Our publicity department spent large sums in this work. Two considerations governed this advertising campaign: first, we knew we had something of value to the manufacturer; and second, we were careful always to tell the truth about it. The result was that when manufacturers came to investigate, we could always prove up.

"The old bodies consolidated in the Chamber of Commerce had laid the foundation for this work, and are entitled to a great deal of credit. But they were not able to carry the work to a conclusion. The time was not ripe. But when the western movement of industry began again, that old work and the direct methods of the new organization centred industry on the Oakland waterfront.

"Commerce building is a well defined business. The modern Chamber of Commerce, like the modern corporation, is organized with a board of directors and a manager; the business is divided into departments or bureaus, and each bureau is under the control of a paid secretary selected for his special knowledge; in these bureaus are committees commanding knowledge that covers every department of civic life, backed by energy and enthusiasm.

"The Oakland Chamber of Commerce had a thousand members when its new life began. Today it has three thousand, and is growing all the time. It is proud of its accomplishment, but not inclined to rest content with what it has done. We don't turn back to regard our achievements; we are always looking forward to new work for Oakland. It is pleasant work, and exhilarating—as work always is when it is done for a worthy cause, accomplishes results and is crowned with appreciation. Nothing pleases us more than the consciousness that Oakland appreciates what the Chamber of Commerce is doing."



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## Perspective Impressions

When peace finally comes it won't be a Bethmann-Hollweg peace.

Wouldn't this be a good time to get rid of the I. W. W. once and for all? Uncle Sam could do it.

We have lent our Allies more than a billion dollars. Let it be understood that this is the national, not the editorial "we."

The Kaiser appears to be kept busy looking for fall guys among the so-called imperial masters.

"Vice must go, says Governor Stephens." So we read in a headline, and recall that Doctor C. C. O'Donnell used to say the same thing about the Chinese.

The Christian Endeavorers are opposed to giving cigarettes to soldiers. But of course the Christian Endeavorers are not the only Christian endeavorers.

We shall lose a good citizen when Archibald Kains goes East.

Some people are so impatient that they don't enjoy chewing-candy.

The President's wife has been making pajamas for our soldiers. But do they wear pajamas in the trenches?

In many ways the prohibition movement reminds us of that extraordinary popular delusion, the tulip mania in Holland.

A Los Angeles bandit has been holding up cafeterias. Since he got busy in those popular resorts Los Angeles millionaires have been compelled to eat at their clubs.

With all due deference to the Colonel why call Uncle Sam's boys the "Teddies?" After all Teddy is only clay, and as a hero somewhat wobbly, not dependable, a Republican today, a Progressive tomorrow.

A question of international law: If the proprietor of a cafe in Paris sells a drink to an American soldier in uniform will we have the right to "pull the house?"

Our municipal undertaker who is charged with removing the clothes from the pauper dead and burying nude corpses is probably a very practical man with a passion for conservation in war time.

The "Sammies," as they have been dubbed in France, are not Christian Soldiers in the Roosevelt sense; not even in the Josephus Daniels sense; rather they are upstanding Americans on their good behavior abroad.

"There are signs of degeneracy in England," says Richmond P. Hobson, of the Hearst syndicate. True is Hobson to his employer's policy of abusing his country's ally. One of the signs, according to Hobson, is this: "Lloyd George is standing in with the brewers and distillers."

## Cadorna's Genius in War

What the Italians Have Been Doing and How

By ROBERT McTAVISH

At this writing the Italians are not doing much to the Austrians, but while they were on the offensive they did a great deal. A military correspondent informs me in a letter dated June 15 that Cadorna's offensive which involved a fortnight's continuous fighting along the whole front from the Plavna to the sea, and his advance, almost equally continuous, will rank as one of the most successful of the Allied offensives—second only perhaps to Brusiloff's of a year ago—in point of actual achievement. He adds: Indeed, in no theatre have we recently witnessed so sustained an effort or such uniform progress by any army as on the Isonzo. Here there has been no prolonged lull following each large-scale attack, as on the Scarpe and on the Aisne, and, save on the crest of Monte Santo, no local set-back, the frequency and the weight of the enemy reactions notwithstanding. For it cannot be argued that the greater smoothness of the Italian advance, as compared with the French or the British, has been due to a greater disparity between the strength of the attack and that of the defense. This is very far from being the case. Cadorna's numerical superiority over his opponents, although an appreciable one, cannot equal that enjoyed by Haig and Petain over their opponents, while in the matter of artillery, or, at any rate, of medium and heavy batteries, it is doubtful whether the Italian commander in chief has attained as yet to a bare equality in volume. As a matter of fact, unlike his Western colleagues, he was still outgunned by Skodas during last autumn's operations, and the presence at this moment of British guns and gunners on the Carso, and of British monitors in the Trieste Gulf, is proof enough that he does not enjoy any too lavish means of replying to the enemy's 305's, 350's, 380's and 420's. It was in truth to remedy this shortage in the largest

types of ordnance—a shortage due to certain handicaps from which Italy's war industries were then, and to a lesser extent are still, suffering—that Cadorna and his technical experts cleverly devised and multiplied the great bombard, of which so much has been heard. But after all despite its qualities, this weapon is only a substitute, adequate in some respects, inadequate in others, for the more orthodox howitzer or the long-range gun of corresponding calibre.

Thus it should not be assumed that Cadorna's latest triumph, any more than his previous triumph at Gorizia, has been one in which an overwhelming weight in either men or metal has proved the chief or the deciding factor. The engineering obstacles in his way were as scientific and as serried as those which confronted the Western Allies in Artois and Champagne, while the topographical features of the Austrian positions were even more forbidding than those of the German positions overlooking the Aisne. Moreover on this occasion the Italians were contending with the best units of the Habsburg armies, including a large number of Honved and Tyrolese divisions transferred from the Russo-Rumanian front, as also with some of the few really first-rate commanders which this war has revealed, Arz and Koevess among others—not to mention Falkenhayn in an advisory capacity.

In brief, Cadorna's triumph has been essentially one of generalship, of that "strategic generalship" which in political and certain military circles it has become the fashion to decry, if not to repudiate as "impossible" under present day conditions—a view by no means so novel as contemporary partisans would have us believe. Tolstoy, it may be recalled, professed to see in all Napoleon's successes or reverses the mere effects of good or ill luck rather than the expressions of a mighty intellect whose judgment,

or that of his subordinates, was now and then at fault, but the modern negators of the "personal equation" in war will hear of nothing but "weight," and have even scant regard for tactical science and quality. Numbers and attrition are the Alpha and Omega of their creed. All operative ideas they would proscribe as dangerous.

The Italian victory on the Carso should serve as a wholesome corrective to the strengthening of this fallacy by recent events in Artois, and especially on the Craonne plateau. For if it

(Continued on Page 36)

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Tom



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to  
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# A Lawyer and His Hobbies

By Robert McTavish

The average lawyer with anything to boast of is loquacious on the subject of his great triumphs in court. Naturally lawyers are proud of their achievements in their chosen profession. Why not? But here is a lawyer, who, when interviewed by me, hardly touched on the lawyer's favorite theme; yet few are the men of judgments and verdicts and all the processes essential to litigation in its various aspects who have anything like the record of successes established in the course of their professional career that Mr. Charles F. Hanlon has made. "Charley" Hanlon, as he is familiarly known, has been practicing law in the courts of this State and in the courts of the United States for thirty odd years and during that period he has handled litigation of tremendous importance, earning fees that approximated, it has been estimated, a million and a quarter. He has tried big will contests and broken wills like that of the millionaire Annie A. Pratt which netted him a fee of \$100,000, and of millionaire Simon Seymour, which brought a fee of \$50,000. He broke the will of L. C. Desculso, also of Andrew Kohler of Kohler & Chase; also the million dollar trust of Judge O. C. Pratt and other trusts. He won ninety contested cases in the Estate of Mervyn Donahue and Judge Angellotti fixed his fee at \$90,000. Before that Peter Donahue and his son Mervyn employed him as general counsel of their railroad and steamboat lines. In New York he defeated New York lawyers in the legal battle to put the four banks of the Knickerbocker Trust in bankruptcy. In Boston he fought and won for James C. Jordan four contests involving the millions left by Jordan's father who was the founder of Jordan, Marsh & Co. In Boston he won the contest over Henry W. Taylor's claim to his father's "Plymouth and Sandwich Railroad," becoming its director and attorney, representing San Francisco clients in all these Eastern contests. So Mr. Hanlon has much to boast of as a lawyer were he so inclined, but he is not given to reminiscences about the law. He might talk not only of cases of romantic interest and of the usual more or less bitter conflicts in which lawyers engage, but on these subjects he is silent. It is only the veteran court reporters from whom one may elicit information on this subject, and there is one thing that every court reporter will tell you—that "Charley" Hanlon has

come through unscathed. There is not a blot on Hanlon's career. No suspicion of sharp practice has ever been attached to the Hanlon record. He enjoys the confidence and respect of bench and bar. Lawyers and judges know him as a man faithful to his client and scrupulously honorable in all his dealings with the courts as well as with opposing counsel.

Now it is not to be said of Charles F. Hanlon that he is a reticent man. If he does not boast of his triumphs in court, he is at least proud of his activities in other matters. He is a busy lawyer who knows the importance of relaxation. With all his industry he has made nine trips around the world. He has some knowledge of

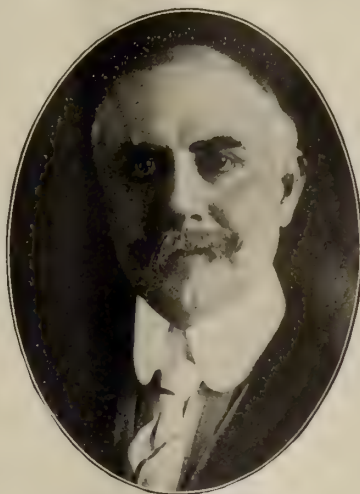
especially for his power of discriminating between what would be for the benefit of the Turf and what would not."

High words of praise these, from an authority of some note. I learn from the book that Tod Sloan was so enthusiastic about the modest San Francisco attorney that he once spoke of Hanlon to the Prince of Wales arousing that distinguished gentleman's interest in the man who induced him to stick to the Turf.

Now I dare say that the average acquaintance of Charles F. Hanlon never thought of him in connection with the Turf. It was Tod Sloan's book that served as the medium of my first information on the subject of Hanlon's hobby. Then I learned that the attorney first took an interest in horses when he was only twenty-two years of age. Before that he was a yachtsman and with his friends Mervyn Donahue and Peter J. Donahue owned the yacht Nellie, which was beaten only once. It was beaten by the Aggie when that famous yacht belonged to Commodore McDonough, father of the man who bought the famous stallion Ormonde for which he paid \$150,000.

Hanlon was a pioneer of the old trotting track in Golden Gate Park, and he drove well known trotters for many years. As soon as he took an interest in the horse he began pursuing the study of the animal with as much zeal as he pursues everything that he seriously takes up. He took a scientific interest in the horse as did Carlyle, who in quoting Goethe, it will be remembered, deplored the haplessness of the horse's foot with its five toes glued together. The great forerunner of the gospel of evolution was wrong, for the ancestor of the horse had the pentadigital limbs which we see still in such primitive types as the amphibian frog and the reptilian tortoise, and which persist among ourselves. We know now there was no gluing together of the five but instead the gradual loss of four. Hanlon learned enough about the horse to warrant him investing in horseflesh on his own judgment when he was still in the twenties. It was on his own judgment that he purchased Stella for \$2,000, the mare that trotted a dead heat with Gazelle in 2:11½. Then he tried to buy Gazelle from Mr. Winship, the Pasadena millionaire. His bid was raised to what was then thought to be an exorbitant

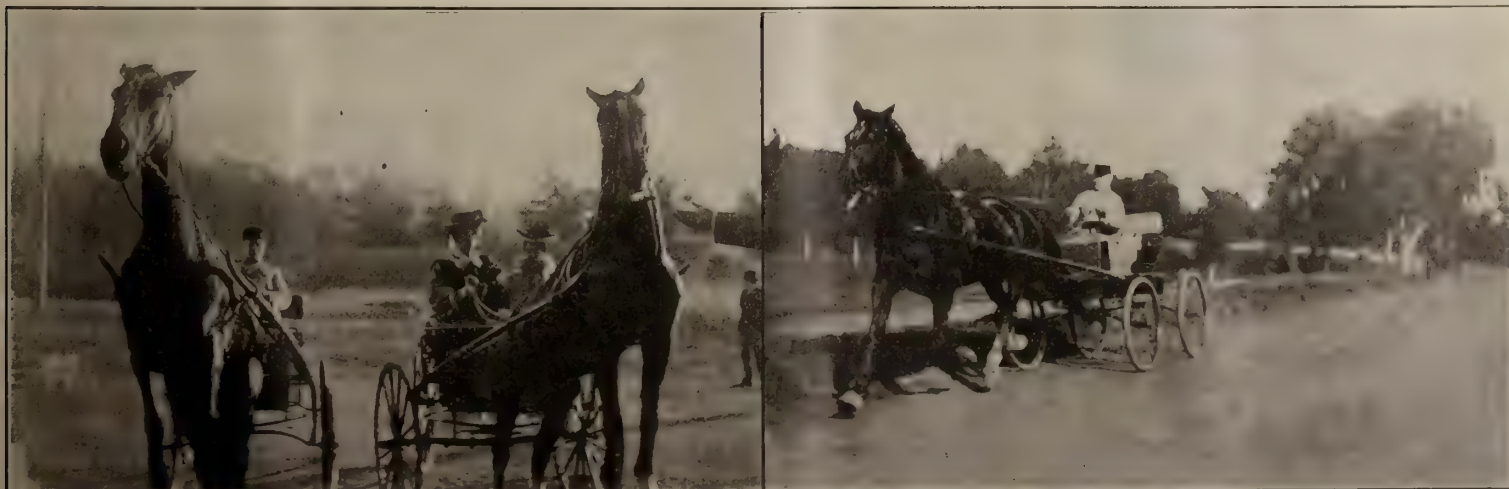
(Continued on Page 41)



CHARLES F. HANLON.

this sublunary sphere and its inhabitants. He has sat in at many an interesting conversation and he can tell you something of the men and women of the past and present of international reputation. He can also tell you something about horse. Horses! This is the subject on which Hanlon is at his best. This I learned as a result of my reading of Tod Sloan's book on himself. Says the famous jockey in his autobiography:

"I should never have gone on race-riding but for the comforting words of Charles Hanlon. It is almost entirely due to him that I persevered with the forward seat. It was he who dissuaded me from going on the stage and made me stick to riding. He encouraged others too and America has a lot to thank him for,



ON THE CASINO STEPS

Hanlon driving "Stella"—Sister Jose driving "Don Roberto."

CHARLES F. HANLON

Driving "Stella"—1:11½.



# The Spectator in San Francisco

## L. A. Overreached Itself

Why the big army encampment went to Palo Alto is an interesting story. It went there largely because the army officers charged with selecting a site did not like Los Angeles. And why they did not like Los Angeles is worth knowing. They became disgusted with Los Angeles on account of the fight which Los Angeles made for the encampment. Not content with advancing its own claims Los Angeles went out of its way to attack San Francisco. One hundred and fifty telegrams were despatched to Congressmen, bearing the signatures of Los Angeles men. These telegrams were sent not only to the congressmen from southern California, but also to the congressmen from Kansas, Iowa and Nebraska who have relatives and friends living in the city of chemical purity. All of the wires pointed out that if an army encampment was located anywhere near San Francisco the soldiers would be debauched. Moral conditions were so bad in and around San Francisco, the telegrams declared, that soldiers could not be near this city and remain uncontaminated. This sort of campaign so disgusted the army officers that they determined to turn down Los Angeles and to locate their camp somewhere near this city. When the Palo Alto site was offered they jumped at it. This is the story of how Los Angeles overreached itself.

## Coaxing the Soldier

Our rapidly swelling colony of military men has had a quite perceptible effect on trade. Along with the soldiers have come their mothers, fathers, sisters and sweethearts, not to mention their cousins and their aunts; and many large families are making this vacation time in San Francisco, much to the grief of the folks that live off summer resorts. The army of shoppers has increased the demand for counter jumpers and "salesladies" and the cafes are crowded at all times. Also the army has stimulated competition in the hotel business, a circumstance from which hangs a curious tale. The supposition is that the larger the crowd in a

city the higher the rates in the hotels; not so now. Soldiers have become an attraction like the stars of the stage, and it is worth while to splash their color through the hotel lobby and the hotel lounging rooms. Soldiers, especially officers, give atmosphere to a hotel as you may perceive at the Whitcomb, the Clift, the Stewart and the St. Francis, especially at the St. Francis which, for some time has given the impression that it was the official headquarters of the Service. In a measure this is due to the circumstance of location, but not altogether. Months ago Manager "Jim" Woods of the St. Francis, a wideawake chap, realized that we were in war and that the Service was more and more becoming an object of general interest. The hotel management had always catered more or less to the Service, but Woods thought it would be well to line the hotel up with the patriotic spirit of the hour, and he made it known at the Presidio that several rooms and baths would thereafter be available to the army for the purposes of a Service club. Immediately the St. Francis became a sort of headquarters for the army. In the course of time Mr. D. M. Linnard, the courteous manager of the Fairmont, had an awakening. A live manager from the southland is Mr. Linnard, long accustomed to the handling of tourists in the neighborhood of Los Angeles, and doubtless when he realized that a San Francisco manager had beaten him to the front he was ill at ease. Now he is trying to make up for lost time. He sent out letters some days ago notifying the army of a special appeal from the Fairmont. A soldier may have a room and bath at the big, luxurious hotel on the hill for 50 cents a night and also get 25 per cent off on his meals. Such is patriotism in the Far West when it comes via Los Angeles where folks appreciate reasonable rates and where the cafeteria flourishes. Mr. Linnard's letter was like a bomb flung into hotel circles, or rather into some hotel circles, for there are grades of soldiers, peculiarly speaking, as there are also grades of hotels, and I hear that the Hotel Lankershim cannot figure out how to compete with the Fairmont.

## Leopold Michels

San Franciscans who know Leopold Michels will wait to hear the evidence before they believe that he had any criminal connection with the Ram Chandra conspiracy to incite rebellion in India. These San Franciscans regard Leopold Michels as a good American. They know that as a lad of fifteen Leopold Michels was a Confederate soldier. At that tender age Michels was a lieutenant on the staff of that great general, Nathan B. Forrest. Michels was with Forrest when that dashing cavalry officer made his famous raid into Memphis in August, 1864. It was Forrest's purpose to capture three Federal generals who were in Memphis at that time: Buckland, C. C. Washburn and Stephen Hurlbut. The generals escaped, but a number of Federal troops were taken. Before leaving the city, Forrest, though hotly pressed by the Federal soldiers, rode on horseback into the lobby of the old Gayoso House, spurred his horse to the desk, registered and rode away. Some time after the raid Leopold Michels was captured and returned to Memphis (his home town) a prisoner. He was one of 700 prisoners of war confined in a basement in the midst of

filth and disease. When he had been there two weeks General O. O. Howard came to clean out the prison. He offered Michels the choice between swearing allegiance to the Union and joining the navy, or joining the army and going out West to fight Indians. Michels had a bad attack of chills and fever. He was thoroughly miserable and "fed up" with fighting. "General," he said, "if it makes no difference to you I'd like to go home." General Howard gave him a safe conduct to Detroit, and Michels journeyed from there to New York where he had relatives. Years later on a west-bound train Michels met General Howard again. The general immediately recognized him as the boy-lieutenant who had begged to be allowed to go home.

## A Pastor of Charity

The Rev. Robert Walker has passed away, full of years and good deeds. For three years the Rev. Robert Walker was pastor of the Green street Congregational church, and in that time he got to be dearly beloved by the people of the Latin Quarter. When Sophy Treadwell of The Bulletin disguised herself as an outcast and made the rounds of the churches and the settlement houses looking for help, the one clergyman who received her in the true spirit of Christian charity and showed his willingness to help her in a practical way was the Rev. Robert Walker. His practical helpfulness stood out in vivid contrast to the reception accorded her by Dr. Burlingame who wanted to take her hand and kneel with her in prayer. The incidents are set forth in her book "The Outcast at the Christian Door." I asked Mrs. McGeehan (Sophy Treadwell) at the time how she accounted for the difference.

"Well, you see," she said, "the Rev. Robert

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Walker spent twenty-five years in Italy; so he is broad-minded and knows what real Christian charity should consist of."

#### The Swatting of Creel

Poor George Creel is having a very tough time of it these days, but his experience as chief of the Public Information Committee may do him some good; for George Creel has a very keen sense of his own importance, which was far from dulled by his sudden elevation from the typewriter of magazinedom to a chair of authority in Washington, D. C. In other words, George Creel when called to assist his country was just an ordinary magazine writer of the Steffens type, a half-baked philosopher versed in the patter of sociology; precisely the kind of man to appeal to the favor of our amiable President, the kind so well typified in the President's corps of collaborators. As I have said, he is having a tough time of it. Like young Mr. Denman he is forced into contrasts between what he should be and what he isn't. Even Secretary Baker does not always approve Mr. Creel, and to be found wanting by Baker is no small blow. The other day Creel was scolded at Chautauqua by eminent college professors who were at a meeting of the National Security League. They called attention to his "War Message and Facts Behind It." "Here is a book," said the chief of the Department of History at Johns Hopkins University, "so full of errors in fact and inference that it is an insult to the intelligence of the American people." He added: "It is garbled as badly as the German publications which we have condemned." Which is not hard to understand when one reflects that Creel is an American

magazine historian. Fancy one of our magazine writers, one of the makers of American heroes, writing ungarbled history! Professor Hare of Harvard characterized Creel's work as "a poor job." There was criticism of President Wilson at this meeting for standing for such a work as the Red, White and Blue Book and it was decided that a private committee of interested citizens should be named to prepare a textbook of the history of the war that would inspire the youth of the land without the use of misrepresentation. How unfortunate that President Wilson, himself a professor and a historian, should incur the unpleasant criticism of professors and historians. This is what comes of appointing Creels to important public jobs.

#### A Tribute to Carnahan

I have heard men like "Billy" Humphrey and J. A. McCarthy, the cement expert, say fine things of H. L. Carnahan, our Commissioner of Corporations; and it is good to see their judgment backed up by the opinion of a stranger. Samuel Hopkins Adams, the man who investigates advertising for the New York Tribune, has had occasion to test the ability of Commissioner Carnahan. Adams got interested, while out here, in the advertising copy put out by the Arizona-Ray Copper Company. He investigated this concern thoroughly, and his investigation showed him that the adverse report on it by Carnahan's office was correct in every detail. Speaking of our "blue sky law" and of the man who administers it, Adams writes: "If all our States had such a law and an official as energetic and fearless as Commissioner H. L. Carnahan to enforce it fraudulent promotion would soon be a lost art."

#### Har Dyal of Stanford

We learn from the information made public in connection with the indictments in the Hindu conspiracy cases that when Har Dyal disappeared from California he went to Berlin to foment rebellion against the British Empire in India. This was about a year before the European war started. The fact is interesting, considering that Har Dyal occupied a chair at Stanford University, was hand in glove with David Starr Jordan and was greatly lionized by the "forward looking" cranks of this city. Why is it that so many undesirable persons have been welcomed at Stanford, have enjoyed the friendship of Starr Jordan and have been able to capitalize for bad purposes the prestige of this university connection? The answer seems to be—in the case of Har Dyal the answer certainly is—that Starr Jordan is such a crank that clever knaves find it the easiest thing in the world to impose upon him. You have only to pronounce Starr Jordan a great man and agree completely with his cranky notions to get a certificate of character from him. But these certificates are not as valuable as they were when Jordan was connected with Stanford.

#### Gaffney of Munich

I see that T. St. John (pronounced Singin) Gaffney, formerly American consul at Munich, has been trying to butt into the Socialist conference at Stockholm. Gaffney is as much of a Socialist as was his friend Sir Roger Casement; as much of a Socialist as Casement was an idealist and patriot. Casement, it will be remembered, before professing his Irish patriotism, was accepting money from England and intriguing for Germany against Belgium when the Germans, years ago, were scheming to get possession of the Congo. Gaffney was representing this country in Munich when the war

broke out, and shortly thereafter he was suspected of aiding anti-British propaganda. Though he protested his innocence, President Wilson removed him. In view of Gaffney's activities in Stockholm I guess the President was right. Gaffney was barred from the Stockholm conference on the ground that he was not, as he pretended, the accredited representative of Irish Socialism. By the way, barring Jim Larkin, does anybody know a real Irish Socialist?

#### The First Question

Heywood Brown, dramatic critic of the New York Tribune, was sent abroad by his paper to report the arrival of the American expeditionary force "at a port in France." And a mighty

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interesting account of it he wrote. He says that the first question asked by the first private to set foot on French soil was:

"Say, can a soldier in uniform get a drink in this town?"

#### Exposing Gavin McNab

In Gavin McNab's private office there are a number of pictures. There is a picture of Napoleon, a picture of John Stuart Mill, a picture of Mark Twain and several others including a picture of Shakespeare. But—there is no picture of Bobbie Burns!

#### Commuters, Beware

What commuters with an economical habit will regard as an unwarranted and outrageous invasion of their rights as well as a low down trick of the soulless corporations hovers on the near horizon, to swoop down upon them on July 27 of this year of grace. I refer to the Anti-Ticket-Scalping law which will go into effect on that date. It reads as follows:

"Any person, firm, corporation, partnership, or association that shall sell to another any ticket, pass, scrip, mileage or commutation book, coupon, or other instrument for passage on a common carrier, for the use of any person not entitled to the use of the same according to the terms thereof, or of the book or portion thereof from which it was detached, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

A misdemeanor! Goodbye to the profitable sideline of the newsboy who sells you a commutation ticket and throws in a paper free of charge. Goodbye to the thriving business of the shopkeeper in Commutersville who rents out her trained flock of "commute" books. This branch of the scalping business appeals particularly to Mrs. Howson Lott who doesn't want

to pay the full price when she jaunts to the city on an afternoon's shopping expedition or leaves Suburbia for the metropolis to enjoy the matinee. A misdemeanor! Obviously, the business of re-selling or renting transportation is going to be considerably curbed. Corporations have no souls!

#### Just Wondering

Statistics of foreign visitors to Berlin during May showed that there were eighteen Americans whom the statistics did not include among "enemy subjects." Wonder if Karl von Wiegand, erstwhile American correspondent in Berlin, was of the number? And how about William Bayard Hale?

#### The Truth About France

How often have we been told of late that France has been "bled white," that she is at her "last gasp" and that the French race may be saved from extinction only by the immediate aid of vast armies from the United States! It is perhaps true that Germany has practiced phlebotomy on the French to an alarming extent, but bleeding is not the only operation by which France has been brought nearer and nearer to exhaustion. Not only have her men been slaughtered; her women have been imprisoned in large numbers and they have suffered like the Belgians. But France is not at her "last gasp." So we are informed on the excellent authority of Dr. Henry Van Dike who recently visited France and made observations in many sections of the country. He says that while her losses of men in battle have indeed been enormous, and though she does need as well as deserve all the help we can give, as quickly as we can give it, she still possesses "a splendid fighting force," and would be able, though at terrible cost, to go on with no other

aid than she is now receiving to the victory over the Germans which all of her soldiers still confidently think they can win in the end.

#### When Pershing Arrived

To the sympathetic and admiring eyes of her friends the state of France is certainly serious if not desperate and the truth of this is in a measure reflected by the reception given to Pershing and his men shown in the motion pictures recently brought to town. By the tumultuousness of that reception, by the joy and enthusiasm of it, especially by the expressions on the faces of the people one is made sensible of the emotions that have been stirred and of the feelings of relief, as from a dread calamity, that the arrival of the American contingent inspired. Pershing thrilled with gladness hearts that were almost ceasing to respond to elemental emotions and gave strength to whatever of determination and fortitude had not succumbed to years of cruelty and misery. The joy that was felt throughout France will forever be commemorated in a beautiful monument that will be erected in some prominent square in Paris. The committee for the erection of the monument is under the patronage of President Poincare and is presided over by Leon Bonnat, head of the National School of Fine Arts. The honorary presidents are Paul Deschanel, president of the Chamber of Deputies, and Antonin Dubost, president of the Senate. The other members of the committee are Marshal Joffre, Alexandre Ribot, the Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs; Paul Painlevé, Minister of War; Admiral Lacaze, Minister of Marine; Jules Steeg, Minister of Public Instruction; Albert Dalimier, Under Secretary for Fine Arts; and Adrien Mithouard, president of the Municipal Council.

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### The Night Life in War Time

"It occurs to me," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, speaking to his voluble friend Senator Gus Hartman, "that our night life has 'come back' and that it's high time for Jack Tait to give the Rev. Paul Smith a banquet."

"I don't get you," said Hartman.

"Listen," said the clockwinder, "Paul has transformed Tait's, and Jack is making more money than he ever made in his life. But I don't suppose you've been to Tait's since the boxes were taken out."

The little statesman frowned. "I don't like that supposition," he said, "and I don't approve the banquet idea. Sit Paul down to a banquet, and he'd die of the prospect. I'm a Pacifist, not a murderer."

"As a matter of fact," continued the clockwinder, "I think our propet of public righteousness deserves much at Tait's hands. Compelled to close his boxes, Tait called in Clarence Ward, the architect who designed the Pavo Real, and now we have The Porch. The boxes never did pay; The Porch is a great success. Besides it has added to the beauty of the cafe; it affords a view of a bewildering, delightful spectacle—the spectacle of the Night Life at its best. Tait's now has the greatest moving picture in San Francisco. It is a unique moving picture because it is also a living one."

"Are you Tait's publicity agent?" Hartman asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"No," said the clockwinder, "I'm just trying to keep you in touch with what's going on in our little old city. I hear you've been suffocating in Los Angeles of late. Move about a little, and see what's happening. Go to Techau's and to the Cliff House where Mrs. Crane is entertaining society, to the places where all San Francisco and the soldier boys are whirling in the dance of life and you'll see sights that will make your heart glad."

### How the Clockwinder was Ruined

"When did you discover the Night Life?" Senator Hartman asked with a faint giggle.

"Oh, I'll admit I was slow," the clockwinder frankly confessed. "I didn't discover it till Paul Smith came from his rural charge and went nosing about in the warrens of wickedness. Like many others, including the enthusiastic ladies of the moral squad, I had my curiosity aroused by the Rev. Paul."

"Was it a prurient curiosity such as I'm told is exhibited in the police courts when certain smug ladies are prosecuting prostitutes?"

"Well," replied the clockwinder, "my curiosity needs no qualification. I'm free to confess, however, that I'm grateful to Paul for putting me on to a few oases in a world of vanishing vice where I have found a solace to unregenerate old age. Paul was a record breaker on the moral track, and when he went over the hurdles of holiness, I followed him."

"Isn't Paul still going?" Hartman asked.

"Yes," said the clockwinder, "and so is the primeval Adam. You see, the war came on, and war is a stern reality and it's pretty tough on some of the virtues. Even so great a moralist as President Wilson realizes this and that's why he's for beer and wine. I'm afraid that before this war is over the Administration will come to regard a plain American soldier as an ordinary human being not successfully to be disciplined into ascetism offhand."

"Wouldn't it be terrible," said Hartman, "if the ban should be taken off Uncle Sam's uniform and our soldiers should be raised above the level of American Indians?"

"Yes, it would," the clockwinder sighed.

### The Dry Lobby

The worm will turn, and it seems that Congress is going to emulate that lowly creature. It really looks as if Congress is beginning to resent the dry lobby which has been on the job at the national legislature so long. There is talk of investigating the lobby, of finding out where its funds come from and how they are spent. We may look for some good reading if this investigation takes place. The dry lobby maintained by the Anti-Saloon League of America is the boldest and most successful in the country. Congressmen fear it as they fear no other lobby. They coddle it as much as they coddle the honest farmer. The league has revenged itself on congressmen who defied it. The league believes in revenge. It remembers the text: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," and considers itself in partnership with the Most High. For the league is very Christian. Most of its leaders are of the cloth.

### Clerical Button-holers

The dry lobbyists at Washington—the men who button-hole senators and congressmen and

tell them how to vote—are mostly clergymen. This lobby consists of the Rev. Dr. James Cannon Jr., the Rev. Edwin C. Dinwiddie, Dr. Howard Hyde Russell and others. Dr. Cannon is a Methodist preacher without a pulpit. Mr. Dinwiddie is an ordained minister. So is Dr. Russell. While other lobbyists dodge about the Capitol on gum shoes, these lobbyists make the Marble Room their headquarters. When they send into the Senate or the House for a member he usually goes to them; he's usually afraid not to go. Some of these lobbyists are said to have salaries nearly three times as large as the salaries of members of Congress. The Anti-Saloon League is credited with an income of \$1,200,000, \$800,000 of which is said to be guaranteed at the beginning of every year. And these lobbyists, or most of them, have fine homes at Westerville, Ohio, the headquarters of the league. The league is organized in every State, and the State leagues have to pay "tribute" to the parent organization at Westerville. During a legislative investigation of the league's activities in Texas a few years ago it was brought out that "of the thousands and thousands of

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dollars collected by the Texas Anti-Saloon League in the name of prohibition 50 per cent went to the collectors, 40 per cent to the Texas league and 10 per cent to the parent league of Ohio. Of the 40 per cent retained by the Texas league a small portion was devoted to prohibition, while the rest went to high salaried officers." Once the league received an appropriation of \$50,000 from Congress, largely through the activity of Lobbyist Dinwiddie. This success led to his promotion in the councils of the organization. By all means let's have a Congressional investigation of this lobby; if it's an honest organization the league has nothing to fear.

#### Patent Medicine and Booze

One aspect of this question which badly needs investigation is the connection between the dry propagandists and the enormous patent medicine industry. This connection was brought out in Congress on June 29 in a remarkable speech delivered by Representative Meeker of Missouri. Meeker submitted a complete list—the first ever

published—of the patent medicines that are listed by the Department of Internal Revenue together with their alcoholic content. All of these escape under prohibition laws. There are 747 of them, and their alcoholic content runs all the way from eight-tenths of one per cent to 93½ per cent. "Here is a business," said Meeker, "that is today in the United States capitalized at \$71,000,000, while the distilling business is capitalized at only \$91,000,000. In other words, in twenty years' time these men are now within \$20,000,000 of the capitalization of all the distilleries in the United States, and every law you put on the statute books that closes down the brewery and the wine maker and the distiller makes an exception in favor of these. They do not pay one cent of tax to the Government on their product, paying a tax only on the alcohol that goes into their product."

#### Booze for Babies

"If I could take the time," continued Meeker, "to read to you the directions on the bottle of one of them—Hinckley's Bone Liniment, manufactured in the State of Michigan, with 87 per cent of alcohol, which gives instructions on the bottle as to how much the mothers shall put into the milk they give to the babies—you would no longer wonder where alcoholism is coming from in this country. Most of you remember a few years ago a man who is dead now—God rest his soul—who manufactured the Wine of Cardui, at Chattanooga, Tenn., a concoction that carried about twenty-eight per cent of alcohol. He was an ardent prohibitionist, fighting the breweries, fighting wine, and all these other things, and was a member of the Methodist Book Concern of the United States, and treasurer of the Methodist Temperance Committee, and vice-president of the Anti-Saloon League! Then there is this man whom we found in Michigan who manufactured Hinckley's Bone Liniment. He put up all the money they asked him to put up to put Michigan 'dry' last year. You will also find in this list the product of another druggist or manufacturer in the city of Lansing, Mich. I purchased a bottle of it from his window display, a concoction called 'Beef, Iron and Wine,' which contains 16½ per cent alcohol, and he was the leading 'dry' of the city." It appeared from a question asked Meeker that his list of patent medicines compiled from the Internal Revenue Department was in the possession of the Agricultural Department which administers the pure food and drugs act. "They admitted that they had no such list in their office," Meeker said, "and I furnished them the first list they ever had."

#### San Francisco Patent Medicines

A glance through the long list compiled for Congressman Meeker reveals the fact that several patent medicines are manufactured in this city. These are: Beef, Iron and Wine with an alcoholic content of 18.10, and Excelsior Stomach Bitters with 26.88, both manufactured by Langley and Michaels; Rheumatic Remedy with 45.23 manufactured by the Calway Chemical Co.; Wai Sang Tonic with 28.52 manufactured by the Wyse Sang Tonic Drug Co.; Vito Vitae with 27.67 manufactured by the American Cordial and Distributing Co.; C. C. C. Tonic with 21.11 manufactured by Boericke and Runyon; Brelvo Stomach Bitters with 10.28 manufactured by the Brenner Co.; and Farley's Bitters with 5.95 manufactured by B. Farley.

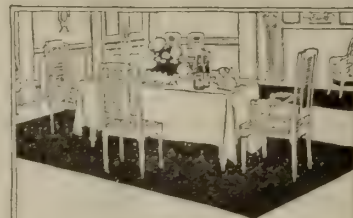
#### The Case of Sweden

Congressman Meeker cited the case of Sweden as that of a nation which had tried prohibition.

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He said: "Some men are foolish enough to believe that by legislative enactments they are going to reverse the laws of fermentation, the laws of distillation, and the laws of human desires. Of course we will tackle anything these days—once. Nations have tried that in the past. Sweden some several years ago attempted absolute prohibition. What was the result? Her distilled spirits went out by fiat of the Government. The people of Sweden then began doing just what the people of prohibition States are doing now; they began to make distilled spirits at home. The man in his Swedish home learned to distill his alcohol from anything he had that contained alcohol. We know the penalty that that nation has paid by becoming a nation more addicted to straight alcohol than any other nation on the face of the earth. Sweden is now striving to struggle back and once more get control of this great business."

#### The Clockwinder Explains

"Explain this!"

It was not Gus Hartman or Willis Polk or any other of the clockwinder's social friends who uttered these thrilling words, but your humble servant The Spectator. And as I uttered the words in my most important tone I shoved Tuesday's Chronicle under the clockwinder's burnished nose and pointed with a challenging finger to the news of the Mooney trial. Speaking of the witnesses the day before the reporter wrote:

"Then came three clockwinders, including the man who winds the ferry clock. The latter, however, proved that he has been going under a mistaken title, as the ferry clock is run by electricity. William L. Rhys is the caretaker of the ferry clock, and he testified that it is always correct."

The clockwinder laid down his clockwinding key, adjusted his steel-rimmed specs and read the item with the aid of an index finger that picked out every word. Then he grunted, helped himself to some Copenhagen and tilted his chair until the back of his head rested on the plate-glass pendulum case. Finally he vouchsafed utterance:

"It beats Hell how these reporters scramble the news. I'll have to speak to Harry De Young about this. We have here," and he tapped The Chronicle page with his spectacle case, "a very aggravated case of news that ain't news at all."

"It seems to me," I said acidly, nay almost sneeringly, "that you've been sailing under false colors."

The clockwinder was thoroughly aroused.

"What?" he exclaimed. "Et tu, Brute? You believe that stuff? I never thought you'd go back on me."

"But it says here the clock is run by electricity," I pointed out.

"Well, I tell you it ain't," said the clockwinder. "It's wound with my key. I've got to let you into a secret. These commuters are funny ducks. You see, they think they're strictly up to date themselves and they pride themselves on demanding up-to-date service. If they thought this clock was wound up like the old clock that used to stand on the stairs they'd have no faith in it. They wouldn't patronize it. So we let them think it's run by electricity. Just a little job we put up on the commuters."

"But this Rhys," I argued. "How about him?"

"He's my assistant," said the clockwinder quickly. "He's part of the plot to deceive the commuters."

I looked a little incredulous.

"I'll prove it if you don't believe me," said the clockwinder. "Oh, Billy! Oh, Billy!"

But Billy did not answer, and the clockwinder looked a little downcast.

"Must be out," he explained. "But I'll have you meet him some other day. But you can watch me wind the clock. That's proof enough, ain't it?"

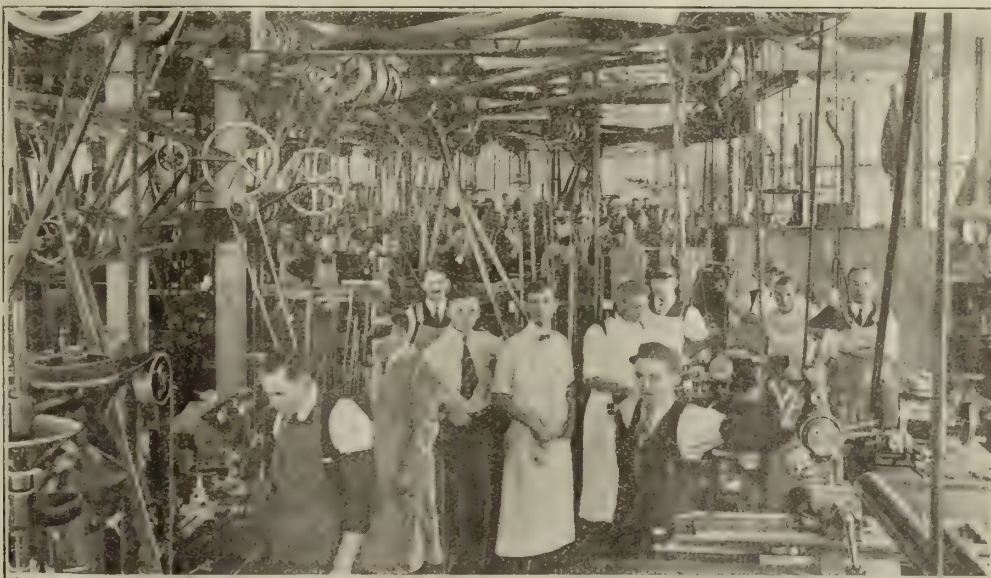
Whereupon the clockwinder most indubitably did wind the clock. I left him in the midst of that strenuous job. Going down the clock tower stairs, full of misgivings and trying to make up my mind what to think, I met Harry Cosgriff, the secretary of the Harbor Commission.

"Harry," I said, "does the clockwinder really wind the clock or is the job done by electricity?"

famous for the cases they have won in the newspapers. With him guarding the legal rights of a client there is not much for the client to worry about.

#### McCullough's New Enterprise

For twenty-five years, man and boy, "Jimmy" McCullough has been a hotel clerk in San Francisco. During that period he rose from a humble position to the assistant managership of the St. Francis, one of the most desirable posts the hotel business on this side of the continent has to offer. His rise was governed by merit and facilitated by gifts of personality. And now "Jimmy" McCullough is deserting the hotel profession. He is going into business. His business, however, will not take him out of the hotel atmosphere. McCullough has taken over the St. Francis news stand, and will be in full charge of that thriving business by the first of August. The St. Francis news stand



INTERIOR VIEW OF MARCHANT CALCULATING MACHINE CO., EMERYVILLE, CALIFORNIA

But Harry only winked and brushed past me up the narrow stairs.

#### In the Mullally Battery

When Captain Thornwell Mullally is called to the colors with his battery of field artillery quite a shake-up will occur in the executive offices of the United Railroads. Chief Counsel Wm. M. Abbott is a member of that battery and also Chief Surgeon Dr. Walter Coffey. The most prominent official to be left to help President Lilienthal run the traction system is William M. Cannon, who, by the way, is one of the best fighters employed by the corporation. A legal gun of the Big Bertha variety is Cannon, but he doesn't make much noise—just topples over his adversaries with irresistible argument. It was Cannon who handled the fight against the city's legal forces in the injunction suit to restrain the "C" cars on Geary street from running to the ferry. He beat them at every turn and had Mayor Rolph on the run facing toward jail when President Lilienthal, the conciliator, amiably agreed to compromise. Cannon has won great distinction in the practice of the law since he began defending the United Railroads against the attacks of demagogic politicians and their political lawyers

is the best and most profitable hotel news stand in the city. One of its important functions is the sale of theatre tickets to guests. McCullough steps into a thriving concern; and his friends will be disappointed if he does not develop new possibilities of profitable merchandising. For "Jimmy" McCullough is a live wire, and his host of friends will consider it a pleasure to help make his venture successful.

#### New Partner for Sully & Hood

Sully & Hood, certified public accountants, announce that they have just admitted to partnership Mr. Addison G. Strong, C. P. A. Mr. Strong has been for many years associated with the accounting firm of Lester Herrick & Herrick, and is an accountant of recognized ability. They also announce that they have taken larger offices in the Crocker Building.

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# The Spectator in Oakland

## Oakland's Great Booster

Anyone who is familiar with the work of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce knows what has been accomplished by genial 'Gene Bowles, the publicity director of that organization. 'Gene Bowles knows the game of publicity backwards and forwards, and the newspaper game as well: he has been an editor and a reporter as well as a publicity expert. So it is hazardous to try to tell 'Gene anything about his own special line; but one of these days I am going to suggest to 'Gene that he enlist the services of a dead poet as a booster for Oakland. The poet I refer to is one of our greatest, Joaquin Miller. Oakland never had a greater booster. It was a great boost for Oakland when Miller chose a spot above Oakland for his home; and boosts for Oakland are scattered all through his writings, prose and poetical. So I am going to suggest to 'Gene Bowles that he extract these bits of boosting from Miller's collected works and make a booklet of them. Perhaps, though, 'Gene has thought of that himself. I shouldn't be a bit surprised. If he has, the following from Joaquin Miller's "Hints from the Hights" will undoubtedly be given a place of honor:

You want to see San Francisco? Well, you must come to Oakland to see San Francisco. And you want to see Oakland and San Francisco, and the bay of all bays on the globe, and the Golden Gate, at a glance, and all together? Then you must go two miles to the northeast and half a mile perpendicular. In short, you must come to The Hights, to the camp where Fremont tented half a century ago, and from which spot he named the now famous Golden Gate, years before gold was found.

Here at dawn we are above the clouds! What would the world do without clouds? And at no two hours of the day, no two minutes, indeed, are the views along here alike. You see the higher streets of San Francisco above the rolling, surging sea-mist; the great cross of the Lone Mountain Cemetery lifting in grand and solemn loneliness above all things, and looking strangely tall and vast. The clouds roll above Oakland, lift, rift a little, and church spires are pointing up and through the sea of snow that undulates, lifts, pulses at your feet. The whole bay is a mobile floor of silver. Not a suggestion of the sea! Tamalpais, with its winding track and trains above the clouds that conceal San Pablo Bay, a white lighthouse on the headlands below, Black Point, Fort Alcatraz, the tips and topmasts of sail, that is all,—

Where phantom ships unchallenged pass  
The gloomy guns of Alcatraz.

At morning, noon, or night, especially night, when the heavens and the earth are on fire—for you cannot tell

where the lights leave off and the stars begin—the scene is most gorgeously magnificent.

Deep below us lies the valley,  
Steep below us lies the town,  
Where great sea-ships ride and rally,  
And the world walks up and down.

Oh, the sea of lights far-streaming,  
When the thousand flags are furled,  
And the gleaming bay lies dreaming  
As it duplicates the world!

## Berkeley's Frieze of Fame

It's very hard to resist the temptation to dissent from the judgment of others regarding the masterpieces of literature and their authors. Whenever anybody supplies us with "a best bookshelf" he is immediately scoffed at by the intelligentia or the illuminati, or whatever they may be called, and he is taken to task for omitting greater names than those of his personal choice. Doubtless, therefore, when Professor Charles Mills Gayley and Professor Henry Morse Stephens made up their list of names to be chiseled into the frieze of the new reading room of the University of California Library it was not without the expectation of exciting criticism. Their selection is of men "who have been unique contributors to progress through the medium of books." Surely the name of old Nick, which appears in the list, will cause some folk to raise their eyebrows. I fancy somebody will ask, "If the author of 'The Prince' why not Bernhardt?" A great thinker was Machiavelli, but if the kind of progress in political thought that he stimulated is to be encouraged and remembered with applause surely Bernhardt ought not to be overlooked. But the university frieze may be intended as a sort of trap for the ostentatiously wise or as a means of stimulating thought and study in the library. I find that Voltaire is to be remembered as a representative of imaginative literature, philosophy and social science; also Descartes for his philosophy, but all the names are representative of a period or era as well as of a particular kind of contribution to progress. Hence there is much room for argument in defense of the list. The only criticism I would make of it is that the two professors of Berkeley missed the opportunity of putting

that great American, Edgar Allan Poe, in California's frieze of fame. Poe made a very great contribution to progress in modern literature. By such great literary men as Baudelaire, Gautier and Swinburne he has been recognized as the author of a movement that has been deeply felt in literature and that has had several manifestations, but he was not the sort of man to make a deep impression on the essentially Puritanical American, and therefore he has been excluded from American halls of fame.

## Hillborn's Double

"Since when has 'Kid' Hillborn had a job over here?"

The question was asked by a San Francisco visitor to the Oakland City Council the other day. As he asked it the visitor pointed to the City Clerk who was busy at his desk. Just then the clerk in question began calling the roll, and the visitor knew his mistake.

"That isn't Hillborn's voice," he said.

It was a natural mistake, for Clerk Cummings of the City Council bears a close resemblance to Lewis Hillborn who used to be secretary of the California Senate. To see

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Cummings standing behind his desk in the City Council takes one back to the days when popular Lew otherwise known as "Kid" Hillborn stood behind just such a desk in Sacramento and called the roll of our solons. But there is no resemblance in the voices of the two men.

#### A Jackling Report

There is a report to which considerable credence is given that Colonel Jackling may establish a steel manufacturing plant on the Oakland waterfront. Negotiations, it is said, have been in progress for some time; and experts are expected to examine the waterfront for a suitable site within a short time. Color is lent to the report from the fact that Judge Gary of the Steel Trust is to come out here soon to meet Jackling and be his guest on a trip to Alaska. When men like Jackling and Gary get together they just can't help talking business.

#### Two Opinions on Annexation

Oakland was very much interested in two opinions on the annexation of Oakland by San Francisco which were expressed not long ago at a luncheon held in San Francisco by various civic and commercial organizations. These two opinions were expressed by two San Francisco supervisors. Said Supervisor "Andy" Gallagher: "We are not worried about the progress of Oakland. When we have enough of the citizens of Oakland employed on this side, we will have annexation."

Said Supervisor Edward I. Wolfe:

"We can't get annexation of Oakland in the lifetime of anyone within the sound of my voice."

#### A Gentle Reminder

It is not necessarily unpleasant to be reminded

of one's inferior past provided the reminder be coupled with pleasant remarks concerning one's superior present. And so Oakland does not resent this gentle reminder from the editor of the Oroville Register:

"There was a time not a score of years ago that the mention of the name of Oakland caused everybody to yawn—not particularly that the subject was tiresome, but the name was so associated with sleeping that it even sounded soporific. San Francisco laughed at Oakland, as did everyone else. But now San Francisco is not laughing at Oakland, nor does the name cause anyone to yawn. In fact, Oakland is the 'live wire' city of California and even has Los Angeles beaten off the boards."

#### Carlston's Big Industrial Deal

A live wire and as enterprising a financier as may be found on the coast is J. F. Carlston, president of the Central National Bank of Oakland who is now figuring in a thirty million dollar syndicate deal. So many things are coming to Oakland these days that the deal which Carlston was quick to appreciate seems but in line with the general trend of industrial affairs hereabouts. Carlston is one of a group of Western and Eastern magnates who seized an opportunity to get hold of 650,000 tons of scrap steel and iron belonging to government-owned railroads in Mexico which they will market in Chicago and Pittsburg. Carlston and his associates control the Tuco Products Corporation which was recently formed in New York with a capital of half a million dollars. The corporation is one of many Eastern concerns that are keenly sensible of the growth and potentialities of our bay region and that will presently whip up our industrial affairs with the assistance and coöperation of financiers who are alive to the interests of the coast and

in touch with interests that are bent on developing the enormous trade that will make the twentieth century history of the Pacific.

#### The "Oakland Idea"

There are men in Oakland who can be hard-headed and idealistic at one and the same time. These men—leaders in the Chamber of Commerce—are responsible for what the press of the United States is now calling the "Oakland idea." This idea is nothing less than the adjudication of labor differences in a man-to-man fashion before they become acute. It is the application of the Golden Rule to the knottiest problem of industrial life. The idea is concreted in the Commonweal Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, and has been tried already with gratifying results. That the idea was one for which the big cities were waiting is apparent from the commendatory comments on it in such papers as the New York Tribune, the Christian Science Monitor, the Waterbury (Conn.) Democrat, the Springfield (Ill.) News-Record, the South Bend (Ind.) Tribune, the Baltimore Sun, the Salt Lake Telegram, the Los Angeles Times and many other substantial papers.

#### Mather's Boast

Stephen Mather, assistant Secretary of the Interior, the man who has done so much for the Yosemite, is an Oaklander and proud of it.

"I sold the borax that built the carlines of Oakland," Mather boasted in a recent speech. He referred in these words to his employment, after leaving the University of California, as a traveling salesman for the F. M. Smith products. Mather also qualified as an Oaklander by telling how he used to play in Highland Park with Dennis Searles and "Joe" Rosborough, now the postmaster of Oakland.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## The Felton Elkinses

When Mrs. Felton Elkins left New York the other day to return to California, her eastern friends wondered whether she would take legal steps to make herself free. It has been known for some time that Felton and his wife had agreed to disagree, but further than that there has been no real information. It seems that during her two months' stay in New York she was in the habit of saying: "I simply cannot and will not ever get on again with Felton." Meanwhile Felton Elkins is training for his country's service at the R. O. T. C., and doubtless is thinking up plots for plays when not otherwise engaged. I understand that Richard Bennett has been considering one of Felton's manuscripts.

## Women in the Grove

The prediction is made that a special performance of this year's Bohemian Grove play will be given in the grove for the benefit of the lady friends of Bohemia. It is said that Templeton Crocker is desirous that his wife should judge for herself what sort of play he is capable of writing, and that Helene Irwin Crocker is equally desirous to pass judgment on hubby's dramatic work. It is said further that Joseph D. Redding is more than willing that the ladies should have an opportunity to compare his skill as a playwright with his skill as a musical composer. The precedent was set the year Joe Redding and Henry Hadley wrote the grove play. A special performance for the ladies was given one afternoon, and there was a big attendance despite the fact that tickets cost twenty dollars apiece. If the performance for the ladies is given this year the same high price will be charged. Some of the Bohemians are in favor of this ladies' day in the grove, and others are bitterly opposed to it. There will probably be a merry war in the club before the plan goes through.

## Weathering an Ordeal

Judging by the interviews published in the New York papers the bride of Kingdon Gould is a nice, modest girl. No stiffer ordeal can be imagined for a young woman suddenly brought into prominence as the bride-to-be of a Gould than the swooping down upon her of a horde of reporters all intent upon dragging her into the limelight and turning her private life inside out. Reporters in such a case are insatiable of information, and reticence only whets their appetite for news and strengthens their determina-

tion to get their questions answered. Miss Annunziata Lucci (now Mrs. Kingdon Gould) went through this ordeal. Apparently she had not counted on it. It took her by surprise. The way she weathered the experience must commend her to the admiration of all sensible people. Surely the reporters must have been impressed by her modesty, her sincere desire to remain a private person instead of becoming a personage.

## Answering the Reporters

Immediately after Kingdon Gould and Miss Lucci received their marriage license the New York reporters were on the trail of the bride-to-be. They were waiting for her at her apartment when she arrived in Kingdon Gould's car. When she first reached her apartment, we learn from the New York Tribune, she was reluctant to talk. Wearing a blue dress with a black velvet bodice, and a drooping hat which hid her face, she tried to escape their questions, much to the amusement of the liveried chauffeur who had brought her from the Municipal Building.

"No, no," she protested. "I hate publicity. Speak to Mr. Pollock, the superintendent of this apartment. He knows all about me. I have lived here two years. See Mr. Gould. He has gone to Lakewood. I can say nothing. I am just a humble, little creature. I do not do anything interesting. No one has ever cared about me until today."

When asked if she had not applied, with Mr. Gould, for a marriage license, she asked how her questioner knew it. Told that it was a matter of public record, she replied, "Then you know as much about it as I do."

"That's right," she said when told that Mr. Gould's father had said that he knew nothing of the wedding and begged to be excused. Later, however, she permitted herself to be interviewed in her apartment.

"I don't understand your American ways," she said. "What do you want me to tell you?"

"Where did you meet Mr. Gould?"

"Let him tell you that. I have known him a few years."

"Is it true that you have been to the opera with him frequently?"

"You should know," she smiled back.

"Did you meet him at a dance?" she was asked.

"I do not dance," she answered.

"What do you do?"

"I paint, I sing, I play the piano, I ride."

Then she told how she had been in this country for eight years, how for the last two winters she had studied at the Art Students' League. Her parents, Candido and Fortunato Lucci, are dead and she was educated in a convent in Pisa. When asked when the wedding would take place, she said that Mr. Gould must be questioned on that point. "It will be a small wedding in the rectory of St. Patrick's Cathedral and no friends will be present." Mr. Gould, who is an Episcopalian, would not change his religion, she declared. She is a Roman Catholic.

"How about Mr. Gould?" she was asked.

"I authorize you to say anything nice about Mr. Gould," she answered. "He is the most intelligent man I have ever met. It is quite an honor for America to have such an intelligent

man. He speaks six languages. He plays tennis and polo marvelously. He rides magnificently. He is a wonderful shot, a splendid fisherman and a wonderful fencer."

When asked if Mr. Gould had enlisted, she replied that he was subject to the draft. She had been doing relief work for the families of Italian reservists who have been called to the colors, she said, and declared that Mr. Gould had also been doing war work of various kinds.

"He is very good, very generous, and the best gentleman you will ever find," she said as she bade farewell to her interviewers.

## Another Jacking Jaunt

Colonel Dan Jackling and his wife are ever on the flit. The Jacklings set off for Alaska or any other remote place with the same insouciance with which you or I arrange a street car ride

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to the Cliff House. This Alaska trip is going to be especially interesting because the Jacklings will have as their guests Judge and Mrs. Elbert Gary. The Garys entertained the Jacklings in New York, and now the Jacklings are reciprocating. This trip is scheduled for August.

#### A Dinner at the Whitcomb

One of the most beautifully appointed dinners given at the Hotel Whitcomb since that hostelry opened its doors was tendered to distinguished Hollanders on Monday night by John H. van Horne, the manager of the Whitcomb. Mr. van Horne's guests were Government officials from Java who have been in Holland and are now returning to their posts at Batavia, Samarang and elsewhere. The table was decorated with flowers in the Dutch national colors, and appropriate favors conveyed the host's wish of "bon voyage" to his guests. The Whitcomb has been recommended by the Holland-American Chamber of Commerce of this city as a stopping place for Hollanders en route to or from the Dutch East Indies, and this fact has had a great deal to do with making it popular with these travelers. Mr. van Horne's guests were: Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Fiever de Malines van Ginkel, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Besser, Mr. and Mrs. P. Smit, C. J. R. de Waal and J. K. Klerks.

#### From the Bohemian Club

The fund which Mrs. Marshall Darrach of this city is raising in New York to send an ambulance unit to France in memory of the late Mrs. J. J. Pershing, has been swelled by three thousand dollars contributed by the Bohemian Club. Contributing to ambulance funds is one of the popular pastimes in the red brick club house on Post street. Indeed, all our clubs have been doing their bit in this regard.

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Living accommodations for 400 guests. European plan \$2 and upwards. American plan \$4 and up. Rooms en suite and single, with or without bath. Special rates to permanent guests.

Modern club house with swimming pool, bowling alley, etc. Tennis court. Fifteen acres of beautiful lawns, gardens and trees. Manager, E. G. Borden.

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HOTEL OAKLAND PRIVATE SCHOOL—Office, Room 103.

Mrs. Richards' Mt. Diablo Summer School will open July 2

#### Big French Celebration

The official French celebration of the 128th anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille will take place at the Civic Auditorium this Saturday evening at eight o'clock under the auspices of the French colonies of San Francisco and Alameda counties. The proceeds of the evening will be devoted to the relief of war sufferers among the Allies. There will be a large orchestra under the direction of M. V. Hue-Paris. The early part of the evening will be devoted to literary exercises, the audience and speakers being welcomed by President of the Day S. J. Brun, who will introduce M. Julien Neltner, Consul General of France, Mayor Rolph and Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor who will make addresses. Governor Stephens whose duties call him to another part of the State, will be represented by Raymond Benjamin, and M. Georges Tessier will give a recitation in French. The second part of the programme will be devoted to music, the vocal soloists including Mlle. Julie Cotte, Mme. Andre Gustin-Ferrier, Mrs. Richard Rees and Miss Doris De Fiddes. Emilio Puyans will play a group of flute solos, accompanied by Gyula Ormay, and Stanislas Bem will be heard in a fantasia for the 'cello. A notable number will be Mehul's "Le Chant du Depart," sung by Mms. E. Feret, Charles Eilsing and M. Perron, Mmes. Richard Rees and Josephine Tapy and Mlles. Julie Cotte and E. Combette, and Mlle. Denyse d'Altaina of the Folies Bergere will have charge of some telling tableaux vivants. Tickets may be obtained at the City of Paris, the White House and Sherman Clay.

#### At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner who have been sojourning for the past month at the Cecil left yesterday for Lake Tahoe where they will visit the Hartland Laws. A farewell luncheon was given by Mrs. H. P. Young Wednesday followed by bridge in the lounge. Colonel and Mrs. Young have been making their home at the hotel for the past six months. They left Thursday for the East. Mrs. Ahlborn gave a dinner Sunday as a compliment to her son and daughter-in-law Mr. and Mrs. George Ahlborn who have just returned from their honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. William Blake of Los Angeles will be guests for the remainder of July and August. Among the prominent Easterners are Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hamlin of New York City. Mrs. Boyd presided at a handsomely appointed luncheon Wednesday. E. C. Batchelder, manager of Warner Hot Springs, is one of the new arrivals. Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Mitchell of Racine, Wis., are summering at the Cecil. An impromptu dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Warner Thursday in honor of their son-in-law and daughter Dr. and Mrs. Hubert Law.

#### Celebration at Cliff House

The Cliff House announces a celebration tonight in honor of the Fall of the Bastille. There will be special entertainment, and a dinner at two dollars a cover will be served beginning at seven-thirty. Reservations should be made, as there will be a crush. The phone number is Pacific 3040.

#### At the Peninsula

The U. S. Marine Corps Band will pay the Peninsula Hotel a return visit on Sunday and render a concert under the auspices of San Mateo Chapter of the American Red Cross. Over five thousand people attended a recent concert by this band, and the success of the affair caused the Red Cross to arrange another engagement. On that occasion Mrs. William

Geer Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Walter Martin and Miss Edith Chesebrough were among the members serving on various committees.

#### At Techau Tavern

The women patrons of the Techau Tavern consider it great good fortune to receive the costly art boxes which are presented absolutely free and without competition of any sort at the Tavern every afternoon at 4, 4:30 and 5. These art boxes contain bottles of Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume, face powder and sachet. In addition to this delightful feature the management of the Tavern provides a vocal and instrumental entertainment that cannot be excelled any place. The artists are all of a superior order; the selections are of the very best quality from a musical and entertaining standpoint; and there is a go and dash about everything that is exhilarating.

### AN ARTIST IN HATS



One of the most exquisitely appointed millinery parlors in the West is that of Miss Esther Rothschild, 110 Grant avenue.

Miss Rothschild is what the late Elbert Hubbard would term "a hundred point woman." She has combined the skill of the artist with business efficiency in the management of her establishment and thereby has won success and appreciation such as are accorded to few women in the business.

One associates her hats with poems, for they are works of art. They are the acme of art and express the individuality of the wearer.

One should visit her shop. It's the cosiest, daintiest place imaginable, finished in the dull shades of gray harmoniously combined with old rose. The color scheme is the proper tone effectively to bring out the artistic qualities of the hats displayed. Such wonderful needle work!

Do you appreciate a well-made hat? If you do really appreciate perfection in hat making, visit Miss Rothschild's shop. She is a charming woman, with tact, and ability to please. These have won for her many delighted patrons.



Miss Rothschild has surrounded herself with a staff of efficient workers. She pays above the ordinary wages, and for a very logical reason. Miss Rothschild says:

"Where my assistants produce satisfactory work, I know I have a customer and a good friend."

The Rothschild hats are very moderately priced, considering their exquisite workmanship. —Advt.



# The Woman's Symphony Association

By W. Harold Wilson

The Woman's Symphony Association movement, sponsored by women representing all classes in a democracy of enterprise, has grown, in an incredibly short time, to be a recognized power in San Francisco musical circles. Significant, too, is the fact that the first recognition of women musicians on a parity with men players has been accorded in a State that has also been foremost in granting woman suffrage.

In the purpose of the Woman's Symphony campaign there is a spirit of timeliness that is coincident with the emergency movement of women toward vacancies in the professions and trades caused by the enlistment of men.

Under the leadership of Mrs. George A. McGowan, president of the Association, the initial triumph of the movement has been scored by the introduction of twelve members of the Woman's Symphony Association into the People's Philharmonic Orchestra, for the present symphony season, by Director Nikolai Sokoloff. The conclusion of this concert series will witness the realization of another purpose for which the organization has been striving, when rehearsals of the Woman's Symphony Orchestra will be commenced under the direction of Nikolai Sokoloff.

The avowed object of the Association is embodied in the following article of the constitution: "It shall be the object of this Association to unite and maintain on a permanent basis a Woman's Symphony Orchestra for the purpose of producing each year a number of concerts of the highest character; and to have a representative organized body ready at any time to take concerted action on any musical measure that vitally affects the life of the community. (It shall be non-partisan in its relation to all political parties.)"

Though the present field of the Woman's Symphony Association is limited to the bay region, it is the intention of Mrs. McGowan to extend the activities of the Association throughout the State. Eventually the women hope to make their work part of a larger movement for a nation-wide acceptance of the woman musician, with no handicap because of the accident of sex.

The Woman's Symphony Association, founded by Mrs. Edwin King Fernald who assembled a small group of feminine musicians at the Palace Hotel, August 7, 1916, for the first meeting, now numbers nearly three hundred members. Early in March of this year Mrs. Fernald resigned the presidency in favor of Mrs. McGowan in recognition of the latter's devotion to the cause of the Association. Contact with other women's activities is maintained through federation with both the district and State Federation of Women's Clubs.

In line of accomplishments, no small importance is attached to the admission of twelve women players into the People's Philharmonic Orchestra. This is claimed to have been the first instance of such a feminine invasion of a professional symphony organization in the United States. Both men and women are numbered among the players of many European orchestras, but the practice is unprecedented in this country.

The women for the People's Philharmonic Orchestra were selected from the best available material in the Woman's Symphony Association,

including no player who was not an accredited artist and a member of the Musicians' Union.

"From this orchestra of professionalism," said Director Sokoloff on the occasion of the first symphony concert, "these women will return to the Women's Orchestra and bring to it the fruits of their professional appearances. It is one thing to be an artist and an instrumentalist. It is another thing to be a routine symphonist. It is the business of symphony that these women



MRS. GEORGE McGOWAN

President of the Woman's Symphony Association

are going to learn, and, spreading their influence over the Women's Symphony Orchestra, they will help to prepare that organization to appear in connection with women's clubs and conventions, and will, I hope, occupy a unique position in the world of Western music."

Marked approval of the performance of the women players at the initial concert was registered in the criticisms, as for instance, in the following paragraph written by Walter Anthony in the San Francisco Chronicle:

"It was interesting to remember that this is perhaps the first orchestra of purely and exclusively professional quality which has employed in its ranks members of the fair sex. The experiment was successful yesterday, and is there indeed any reason why it should not have been? Few local instrumentalists are superior as musicians to the Pasmore sisters, for instance, one of whom, Dorothy, graced the 'cello section. The individual artistry of the other women in the orchestra is not known to this writer, who doesn't doubt their skill, since it sufficiently commended itself to Sokoloff that he engaged them on a par with the male mem-

bers of the orchestra. . . . . The Sokoloff orchestra need not apologize to me for the presence of women in its ranks. I remember Camilla Urso, who was a violinist; Zeisler, who was and is a pianist; Reugger, who plays 'cello fit for any company if it is good enough for her; Carreno, who plays the piano like a tigress, and Lerner, who plays it like a poet."

Other local musical organizations are beginning to let down the bars to women, and still others have signalized their willingness to do likewise. Leading hotels and similar employers of orchestral talent have assured Mrs. McGowan that members of the Association will be given every opportunity when positions are available. Some, bolder than others, have even announced a determination to experiment with a complete woman's orchestra.

The orchestra employed by Manager D. M. Linnard of the Fairmont Hotel for the benefit held during the Red Cross drive was supplied by the Woman's Symphony Association. Mrs. Florence Drake Le Roy, whose singing of "The Marseillaise" at the Red Cross mass meeting at the Exposition Auditorium brought the audience to its feet cheering, is the secretary of the Woman's Symphony Association.

Permanent Association headquarters will be opened during the latter part of this month at the Pickering home, 1909 Clay street, which is being remodelled for this purpose. Accommodations will be made for the convenience of members, including complete studio equipment.

The khaki uniform worn at the recent soldierette encampment has been adopted as the official uniform of the Association.

Following are the officers of the Woman's Symphony Association:

## PRESIDENT

Mrs. George A. McGowan, Palace Hotel

## VICE-PRESIDENTS

Mrs. Eleanor Martin

Mrs. John B. Casserly

Mrs. Edwin King Fernald

Mrs. Frank Rowland Ritchie

Mrs. E. H. Slissman

## PARLIAMENTARIAN

Mrs. Annie Little Barry

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# The Story of a War Dog

By Edmond Haracourt

(Translated from the French)

An angry man was pirouetting around on a pair of crutches on the sidewalk; he had lost one leg, a fatigue cap was on the side of his head, the Cross of War on his breast, and he shouted as he sought to keep his equilibrium with one hand, while he gesticulated his indignation with the other.

Near by was a dog, with long yellow hair soaked just as if he had come from a bath, shaking himself and sending off an aureole of spray. Four paces away there stood, as though transfixed, a burly fellow holding a hod in his hand half way between a hogshhead of water and a trough of mortar.

"What are you afraid of?" cried the one-legged man. "What did the dog do to you? A mere nothing—just brushed by. And you stand there ready like a Boche!"

I came up and said: "What is it, mon brave? What's happened to you?"

"That little piece of vermin there was just filling his hod when my dog went by and he threw water all over him."

"I didn't know he was with you," said the man.

"So—just because you thought no one would defend him you did it? You have the manners of a Boche doing a thing like that."

Having rendered his verdict, he regained his equilibrium on his crutches, turned his back and ambled away, escorted by the dog and myself. Going along he explained matters to me:

"You see that animal—well, I don't know how to say it. There are some things I don't know

how to say. His name is Toto. Isn't that so, Toto? Yes, old fellow, you are my Toto. You see, he's like a brother. If it hadn't been for him I wouldn't be here now speaking to you. I guess not. Just as you see him he made the campaign with me. And just to be with me.

"On the day of the mobilization I reported at my station as I should. I had left my wife with the kid and the dog. In going by on the way to the front we had to stop at a junction for twenty-four hours. I sent a telegram, and my wife she came and brought the kid and Toto. Ah, we had a picnic. Then they all went off.

"We drew up on the platform as the train for each detachment came along. Our turn came and I got on board. When I looked back I saw Toto running about among people's legs trying to find me. I called him and he jumped on board with a bound.

"You can guess what he said to me. And off we went to the war. He was the dog of the squad. And he's seen things, that dog has—twelve months in the trenches of the first line is something in the life of a dog. And of a man too. It doesn't matter if you are a Zouave—when you are bombarded down there for twelve months with showers of shrapnel and then big shells, then shrapnel, then big shells again—one doesn't think much of anything, one has no brain to think with.

"A horse, dog, a captain, each takes it according to his nature. You can't tell me that animals don't understand. They don't cause any of it, but they guess everything. They know

when a big shell comes to smash you. They know a Taube and when it is going to drop bombs. Toto there could hear them coming ten minutes before we could. And how he used to—'Sacre sale Bouche!' We told him not to bark, so they couldn't sight us. Then he'd bark no more; he'd growl: 'Tention! It's going to be warm!' He had his regular post, as you might say. And once he had warned us, he knew he had nothing more to do, and moved his post. Then he'd come to me. No, he'd not 'come to heel.' He wouldn't want to do that—but to my side in order to do his part.

"One day it got so hot that we couldn't hold our trenches. The order came to evacuate them. We were retiring by the zigzags. All at once I missed the dog. I called and searched. No Toto. 'Well,' I says to myself, 'poor Toto, he's got his like a good pal.' The section was being tested, as you'd say. When we reached our retreat position we thought we'd get some rest. But that wasn't so. A fierce assault began at another point, where they asked for reinforcements. Just by chance we had a lot of autos there. We tumbled in and off we went. We made perhaps a dozen kilometers, perhaps—I don't know, I've never known. They dumped us out in a wood where the Boches were trying to get their feet. We had to make them git. We did. But where they were they'd put their machine guns. We had to get them. We did. But just then down I went—one ball in the leg, another through the chest.

"But I didn't know it till later when I came to. It was night. I felt bad and was cold. I



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felt I was done for good. I says good-bye to all. I was dead—you'd say.

"But just when the sun come up I came to. Some one was at the palm of my hand and I felt something warm alongside of me. I managed to look down, and what did I see where I thought I'd see God? My Toto!

"Certainly, there was Toto! That hits you, eh? He'd changed countries, done kilometers, without a General Staff order—all the kilometers—and found poor me in the hole.

"How did he do it? Lots of people have asked that. Lots of ways he might have come. But, I tell you, animals have ways that we haven't.

"When he saw that I didn't move, he climbed on to my stomach and began to lap my face. He cocked up his ears and squinted at me with his eyes, as much as to say: 'I'm going to fix this, he can't do it himself.'

"Over our heads they were firing from one trench to another. He didn't budge. Then all at once he went. Perhaps you think he was deserting his post? No, he went to tell my pals. He told 'em where I was. Easy enough for him. He just went there, said 'Good day' to everybody, and then started off in my direction; then came back, then started off again. He kept it up for an hour until they understood. The Boches fired at him, but he didn't mind.

"I made myself as small as I could and didn't move. That lasted a couple of days and nights. There was no way to get to me. At last the third night two stretcher boys risked their bacon. Toto guided them and they brought me in.

"They gave me the War Cross. But don't you think that he at least deserved half? Lots of times I put it on his collar, but only when we are alone, so as not to annoy people. But that embarrasses him. He's not vain, are you, Toto?"

### An Ode of Horace

(Freely translated and abridged)

Richer than treasures, from plunder free,  
Of India and the Arabs though thou be,  
Planting thy palaces by every sea,

Yet from thy soul thou canst not cast aside  
Fear, nor the snare of death shalt thou deride,  
When Doom with adamant shall spike thy pride.

More happy live the Scythians of the plain,  
Who draw a wandering homestead in their wain,  
Or the grim Getae, growing fruit and grain

For all in common, on unlotted ground,  
To tillage only for one harvest bound,  
Relieved by others, when the year comes round.

Blot from the earth greed's elements and turn  
The enervated mind to tasks more stern!  
Let all our youths to serve their country learn,

And life no more in games and gambling waste,  
While ill-got hoards their fathers heap in haste,  
Never enough for their expensive taste;

And, if our follies we would terminate,  
Let us give all our riches to the State,  
Lest luxury bring us to an evil fate.

—Francis Boutts.

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## "I am Your Servant"

*Just before the Russians started on the current drive M. Kerensky, Minister of War, speaking to the Congress of Peasants' Delegates said:*

"Soldiers, sailors, officers, I call upon you to make a last heroic effort. I am your servant. Help me to show the world that the Russian army is not a demolished temple, but that it is strong and formidable, capable of making itself respected and of defending the free republic of democratic Russia.

"It may appear strange that I, a civilian, who was never a soldier, have undertaken the heavy task of restoring discipline in the army, but I have accepted it because I understand that this discipline is based on honor, duty and reciprocal respect. I have never known what this discipline is, but nevertheless I propose to introduce an iron discipline into the army, and I am sure that I shall succeed. This discipline is necessary, not only at the front, but also in the interior of the country, in order to bring the liberty which has been won into the Constituent Assembly."

Speaking at a great meeting organized by the delegates of the Black Sea fleet, in Petrograd, Kerensky said:

"As long as I am Minister of War no attempt at a counter revolution is possible. I shall serve the people to the last drop of my blood. We have announced to the whole world our desire for peace, not because we are powerless, but because we have confidence in our strength. Our new regime has for its aim complete union with the Allies."

Kerensky, as Minister of War, has issued the following order of the day to the Russian army:

"The country is in danger, and each one must do what he can to avert it. No request to be allowed to resign on the part of the high command which is made in the desire to escape responsibility at a time so grave as the present will be accepted by me. Deserters are enjoined to return to the army and the fleet within the time already specified, namely, by May 28. All infractions of these instructions will be severely punished."

Wife—What is meant, John, by the phrase "carrying coals to Newcastle?"

Husband—It is a metaphor, my dear, showing the doing of something that is unnecessary.

Wife—I don't exactly understand. Give me an illustration—a familiar one.

Husband—Well, if I was to bring home a book entitled "How to Talk," that would be carrying coals to Newcastle.

## THE TRAINING OF A HUSBAND

They had been married about three months and had been very cozy and happy in their boulevard apartment, when John began slipping back into his bachelor habit of taking supper, now and then, down town and coming home alone about 10 or 11 o'clock with one plausible excuse and another framed up after the old client-from-out-of-town patterns.

But he would always faithfully phone the little woman about it. In fact he would phone her twice, once about 5 o'clock to tell her that he couldn't possibly get home to supper that night and then again, along about 8 o'clock, to ask whether she was at all lonesome, or something to that effect. That last phone call began to worry her a little. Not that she was at all suspicious of John—she was a sensible, quiet little woman with trustful brown eyes—but she just got to wondering why he should think it necessary to phone her about nothing in particular that second time. Somewhere, some time, she had read that men did such things to make sure that their wives were really at home and not, by chance, on a little trip down town on their own account. She thought she detected a note of apprehension in John's voice at times, that could not be entirely accounted for on the ground of solicitude. Once or twice she was really tempted to run down town after the 8 o'clock call some night and give John a pleasant surprise at the office. But she didn't. She just kept on thinking quietly about the matter, but said nothing.

At first it only happened one or two nights of the week. But John gradually "hunched" on the little woman, as his confidence grew, until he had business down town about every other night. Still she didn't complain. She wasn't the nagging kind. She just kept on thinking, but always she met him with a sweet, trusting smile, on his return home in the late hours, with the usual remark about how tired he must be. Then after much patience and silent worry she reached one of those eternal feminine determinations to put a stop to it, and she did it in her own feminine way. And here's how:

She had made some acquaintances in the apartment building—some that her husband had never met. There was a young couple upstairs that she had chummed up a little with. They were in her apartment one night when the usual 8 o'clock call came in. She turned sweetly to the man and said:

"You answer it—just tell him that he's got the wrong number—it's somebody that calls up here every night about this time."

The man did as he was bid and did it man

fashion—"Get off the line; you're in the wrong pew."

In a few minutes hubby called again and this time the little woman answered the call.

"Why, no, dear, not a soul. I guess it's somebody got in on the line," she said. "Will you be home soon, dear?"

Every night that the couple upstairs happened to call, she let the man answer the 8 o'clock call. The third night that this happened hubby came home at 9 o'clock rather unexpectedly. The young couple upstairs had only stopped in a few minutes and had gone out to the picture show. He gave a quick glance around his apartments and then one at his wife, as she gave him the usual late honeymoon kiss, saying:

"Oh, I'm so glad you came, dear. I have been rather lonesome."

"There's some gink breaks in on our line every time I try to telephone you," said the husband. "It's got to be quite an annoyance."

"I'm sure I can't imagine who it could be," she said demurely. "There's no one on our line, is there?"

"No. But it looks kind of funny that it should happen so often and you'd think he owned the company, the way he talks."

His next night out, he didn't phone at all, but came home about 7:30 o'clock. He sat around in his smoking jacket until 8 o'clock and then proposed that they go down town to the show.

He took supper at home for several evenings after that and one night the young couple upstairs came in. On being introduced and hearing the man's voice, a puzzled frown came over John's brow, but he said nothing. Only he gave his wife a suspicious look, which she met with a smile of infantile innocence.

And now they all play cards almost every night and hubby's business down town has dwindled away to nothing.—Kansas City Star.

An editor had a notice stuck up above his desk on which was printed: "Accuracy! Accuracy! Accuracy!" and this notice he always pointed out to the new reporters. One day the youngest member of the staff came in with his report of a meeting. The editor read it through, and came to the sentence: "Three thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine eyes were fixed upon the speaker."

"What do you mean by making a silly blunder like that?" he demanded wrathfully.

"But it's not a blunder," protested the youngster. "There was a one-eyed man in the audience."

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## We Go to Wonderland

By Edward F. O'Day

We of San Francisco enjoy the privilege just now of visiting Wonderland in company with Henry Miller. This is a rare privilege in itself, and it happens that we enjoy it first of any American community. Neither New York nor Chicago nor Philadelphia nor Boston nor any other big city has been to Wonderland with Miller. They will have the opportunity later, and that they will appreciate it as we appreciate it may be taken for granted. The Wonderland to which Henry Miller takes us is not the underground region of miracles to which Lewis Carroll admits the friends of little Alice. It is a new Wonderland imagined with sweet unreasonableness and happy fantasy by an English playwright named Monckton Hoffe. "Anthony in Wonderland" is not a play for the theatregoer with the beetling brow that proclaims ingrowing culture. It is not a play for that false alarm, the tired business man. It is a play for men and women who have kept their imaginations sweet, and for men and women who though soiled by the contacts of life, manage to preserve some remnant of youth's fragrant innocence. The Anthony of this delightful drama is an untempted Saint Anthony to

whom ideals are the most important things of all life and in whose heart a treasure of simplicity has remained unspent. All the world is a Wonderland to such a man; but the particular Wonderland to which he is transported is the magic country where the dearest dreams come true. This Anthony has grown to manhood, has, indeed, advanced to the border line of confirmed bachelorhood without losing his faith in romantic love. All his relatives regard him as a very silly man; the playwright permits us to see that he is nothing of the sort. Reading between the lines of his fantastic adventures in the Wonderland where film creatures come to life, we receive a message which most playwrights are not brave enough to write. For playwrights are mostly cynics by profession, and scoff at the old-fashioned dreams that every boy and every girl once hugged to the inmost heart. To the cynic playwright love at first sight is a joke, and the idea of surrendering everything for an ideal love is the veriest nonsense. If the cynic playwright could blush he would go scarlet if detected dallying with such ideas. But the author of "Anthony in Wonderland" is not afraid to announce his belief in these ideas. And

because all of us have a reserve of tenderness, a residue of sentiment waiting for the divining rod, "Anthony in Wonderland" goes straight to the soul of our better selves. When we emerge from Wonderland we may be no better than before but we should like to be. We feel, if only for a little while, that what we are wont carelessly to call 'youth's illusions' were more important than we thought when we let them slip away from us. It is the good in us that visits Wonderland; the bad is checked at the entrance, like a walking stick. Alas! it reclaims us when we come out. In this Wonderland, it is necessary to explain, there are no regions of sloppy sentimentality. It is not a good-goody place. One takes his intelligence with him and gives it exercise. If life were only like this! one exclaims in the first enthusiasm. But it can be like this if one makes it so. Only a few Anthonys, however, choose to make it so. Confess that when you went to Wonderland with Henry Miller you envied Anthony, and that when you came back into the world of every-day you felt that in the years since generous youth you had made your life unnecessarily sordid.

## The Stage

### Jolson at the Cort

Al Jolson is again at the Cort with the background and accessories that appear to be thought most suitable to his personality and most inviting to the folks who regard him as the premier comedian of musical extravaganza. This time the background of femininity though not any less lacking in wearing apparel than usual is perhaps a little under the Broadway standard in the matter of shapeliness. And this is a matter of which the connoisseur of Jolson shows is extremely critical. Of course the Jolson manner is the chief attraction, his way of getting things over while taking the audience into his confidence, but a musical extravaganza, like Robinson Crusoe Jr., is looked forward to with expectation by critics of "business" designed to display the pulchritude that is more or less ravishing in fetching costumes suitable for warm weather. The "business" of this production reveals nothing of inventive talent. Pretty as it is, one remembers having seen chorus girls in delicate array comport themselves in much the same manner many times before. As to the cast—well, there is nobody in it to make it advisable for Jolson to reduce his time in the forefront. True, there is Lawrence D'Orsay, the most extravagant of all silly asses that ever impersonated the American conception of a typical Britisher, but as Captain Chichester he is merely more unreal than ever. But do not infer from what I have said that I did not enjoy the show. There is much to please the eye in Robinson Crusoe Jr. and it is a very tuneful extravaganza, and if one does not admire the tomboyishness of Kitty Doner surely the sweet girlishness of Mabel Withee affords a contrast that is all the more delightful as an offset; and above all there is in Robinson Crusoe's black chauffeur, the inimitable manner of Al Jolson, of which one never

tires. One of the best features of the show is the Spanish dancing of Isabel Rodriguez, a realistic Carmen without a voice.

—The First Nighter.

### The Philharmonic Concert

The fourth concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra series, under the direction of Nikolai Sokoloff, will be given at the Cort Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. The special feature will be the singing of Miss Myrtle Donnelly who is returning from New York, where she has been for the past winter studying with Herbert Witherspoon. Miss Donnelly's beautiful voice is well known to San Franciscans, and it is with keen interest that her home-coming is awaited. She will sing the charming arias "Porgi Amor" and "Deh Vieni non tardar" from the "Marriage of Figaro" and a group of songs "Amor che cieco sei" by Rhighini, "O Sleep Why Dost Thou Leave Me" by Handel, and "L'Oiseau Bleu" by Dalcroze. The programme will begin with the Egmont Overture by Beethoven, the old French composer Lully will be represented by his Ballet Suite. Tschaikowsky's immortal fifth will be the symphonic offering.

### Trixie Friganza at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will have for headliner Trixie Friganza who has concluded a successful season of sixty weeks as a musical comedy star. She brings with her Melissa Ten Eyck and Max Weily, dancers par excellence and features of the company of which Miss Friganza was the star. The three have arranged a divertissement of song and dance that should prove an immense success. A feature that will make an irresistible appeal to San Franciscans will be the California Boys' Band, consisting of thirty-eight members of the Columbia Park Boys' Club of this city. They are presented by

Major Sidney Peixotto. Their programme will consist of a fancy marching drill during which the band plays; a beautiful solo by one of the youngest boys accompanied by the group; three delightful Old World folk dances, and an athletic demonstration. Buster Santos and Jacque Hays are young women who have a witty skit called "The Health Hunters." Songs are introduced by Miss Hays. Orville Stamm's muscular development is positively astounding, for he is hardly more than a boy; but in strength a Hercules. His routine of stunts is distinctive. George Rolland and his company in "The Vacuum Cleaner;" Gertrude Long and Spencer Ward in "A Dream;" The Three Vagrants in a new musical programme; and Clark and Hamilton in the travesty "A Wayward Conceit" will be the other acts.

### Second Week of Jolson

With the performance of Sunday night Al Jolson enters on the final fortnight of his limited three weeks' engagement at the Cort in "Robinson Crusoe Jr." Seats for all remaining performances are now on sale. In the supporting company are such favorites as Kitty Doner, Lawrence D'Orsay of "Earl of Pawtucket" fame, Claude Flemming, Frank Carter, Mabel Withee, Bowers, Crooler and Walters, Walters, Grace and Berkes, Isabel Rodriguez and a host of others. The famous Winter Garden beauty squad is very much in evidence.

### "The Boomerang" Coming

"The Boomerang," the most decided comedy hit in several seasons, will be presented at the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday night, July 30. This clever and delightful play, the joint work of Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes, played to the capacity of the Belasco Theatre, New York, for fifteen months, and at



Powers' Theatre, Chicago, had a remarkable engagement of eight months. "The Boomerang" is in three acts. A physician, unskilled in medicine but wise in the affairs of the heart, is at the bottom of the fun. Its appeal is especially to the younger element, for its comedy hinges on some of the more obvious phases of the love game. Included in the large cast are such popular players as Arthur Byron, Martha Hedman, Wallace Eddinger, Ruth Shepley, Gilbert Douglas, Kathryn Keys, Marguerite Chaffee, Dorothy Megrew and many others.

#### Second Week, "Anthony in Wonderland"

"Anthony in Wonderland," now being presented by Henry Miller and an extraordinary cast at the Columbia, will continue for another week. There is an immense orchestra under the direction of Genaro Salderna for the interpretation of the special music written for the production. The full cast includes Henry Miller, Ruth Chatterton, Bruce McRae, O. P. Heggie, Francis Byrne, Lucille Watson, Robert Ames, William H. Sams, Walter Conolly, E. L. Duane, Alice Baxter, Frances Goodrich, J. T. Galloway, Raymond Walburn, Saxon Kling and Colville Dunn. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

#### Players Club at Greek Theatre

The many unusual features that the Players Club of San Francisco will present on Saturday evening, July 21, at the Greek Theatre are creating a stir among those interested in classic and pageant drama. "The Talisman" offers exceptional opportunities for spectacular effects. Raine Bennett, the author, says that so far as he knows, it is only the only Bedouin drama in existence. Beatrix Michelena is learning the leading role of "Medina." Between the first and second acts a ballet divertissement will be given by Miss Vanda-Hoff who last came to us in the Orpheum headline act "The Dancing Girl of Delhi." Throughout the drama special music is to be featured, not only original scores of Bedouin melodies by the author but also the "Danse Arabe" by Tschai-kowsky; "Poems" (after Omar Khayyam) by Arthur Foote, and "Arabian Twilight," an Oriental caprice, by Frederick Luscumb. The cast from the Players Club supporting Miss Michelena includes: Dion Holm, George May-

erle, Benjamin Purrington, Adrian Metzger, George E. Rosenthal, Allison French, Raybourne Rinehart and many others. "Matsuo," the tragedy that is a classic of the Japanese language, will follow "The Talisman." Unusual announcements are made concerning this drama. When it was first given by the Players Club, Mr. Reginald Travers, the director, was assisted in the production by Shigetaka Naganuma, dramatic editor of the Japanese-American newspaper. Every actor was given an authentic interpretation. The local Japanese colony is keenly interested in the coming performance, as this will be the first time that a Japanese drama ever has been staged in the Greek Theatre. William S. Rainey who was highly praised for his portrayal of the title role, will again appear as "Matsuo." He had the opportunity of seeing this tragedy played by the great Japanese actor Ito when the drama was produced at the local Japanese theatre. Ito has loaned his costumes to the Players Club, an unusual compliment, as they are ancient, authentic and expensive, brought by him from Japan. Ito also is lending him the unique and costly wig of Japanese make that he himself wears when playing "Matsuo." It is made on a metal framework, like a helmet, and the hair is woven over it. The same cast of the Players Club will appear at the Greek Theatre: Francis Buckley, Allison French, Mrs. Stanley Richardson, Virginia Whitehead and Raybourne Rinehart.

#### Comedy Hit at Alcazar

Comedy comes to the Alcazar following the Richard Bennett engagement. Commencing Monday evening Belasco and Mayer will begin a special comedy season with William Boyd and a select company of players in laughing hits. The opening play will be George M. Cohan's success "Hit-the-Trail-Holiday." There are few comedies of recent years that have scored so with the theatregoing public. William Boyd who will play the name part, is said to have a natural and effective comedy method. Miss Lois Bolton, a charming ingenue, will play the principal female character.

Gentleman—Are you really so hard up?

Tramp—Hard up? Why, sir, if suits of clothes wuz sellin' at a penny apiece, I wouldn't have enough to buy the armhole of a vest.

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Miss Donnelly

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## ROLAND BECSEY



Roland Becsey

Roland Becsey, one of our well known attorneys, was born in San Francisco on September 9, 1879. He is the son of Joseph A. Becsey, a well known San Franciscan of the early days who for forty years was official Court Interpreter for this city.

Mr. Becsey was educated in the public schools of this city. He read law in the office of that famous barrister—one of the most noted of his time—Judge Robert Y. Hayne. He remained in Judge Hayne's office for eight years—indeed, the connection was only severed by Judge Hayne's death.

Mr. Becsey was admitted to the California bar on March 10, 1901; also to the United States District and Circuit courts, and to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. On beginning practice he had offices alone, but at the present time is associated with R. Porter Ashe. Their offices are in the Claus Spreckels Building.

Mr. Becsey was appointed an assistant on the staff of District Attorney Charles M. Fickert on July 1, 1910, and has maintained that connection up to the present time. The position makes its inroads upon Mr. Becsey's private practice, but he regards it as valuable for the opportunities it presents for the study of human nature in the raw. Mr. Becsey's record as a prosecutor reflects credit upon his ability as well as upon District Attorney Fickert with whom his association has continued for seven years.

Mr. Becsey is a native son, and a member of the Native Sons of the Golden West. He has received high honors in this big organization, and is at the present time a Grand Trustee. He is also a thirty-second degree Mason. He is a member of the Olympic, Grizzly Bear and Indoor Yacht clubs and deserves the appellation of a popular clubman. In politics he is a thoroughgoing Republican.

Mr. Becsey is one of our young men, but he has made his mark in his profession, and those who have followed his career closely feel that he is marked for higher honors than he has so far attained to. Hard work and close attention to the interests of his clients are among the items in Mr. Becsey's bill of success.

## JUDGE B. V. SARGENT

B. V. Sargent was born in Monterey County and comes from pioneer stock. His father, Bradley V. Sargent, came to the State in '49. His mother, Julia A. Flynn, arrived from Boston the year following. His early days were spent upon a cattle ranch. He attended the grammar schools in Monterey up to the time he was fifteen years old, and at eighteen entered the Jesuit College at Santa Clara, now the University of Santa Clara. He was graduated as a B. S. in 1887, and took a post-graduate course the following year. In September, 1885, he entered the law department of Yale University from which he graduated in June of 1887 as an L. L. B. He thereupon passed an examination before the Supreme Court of Connecticut and was admitted to the bar in that State. On returning to his native State he was admitted to the Supreme Court of the State of California on motion of Matt. I. Sullivan, and

for a period of about eight months in the year 1889 was in the District Attorney's office of San Francisco under Major Stonehill. He then returned to Monterey County where he was appointed assistant District Attorney, and in the year 1891 was elected District Attorney which office he held for two years during which time he prosecuted numerous important and difficult criminal trials together with county civil matters. He refused a reelection to take up private practice which he kept up successfully in Monterey County and the adjoining counties until the year 1903 when he was elected judge of the Superior Court, winning out over the incumbent by a large majority. He was reelected to the office again six years afterward.

During the term of his incumbency Judge Sargent sat in a number of the counties in the State, including Contra Costa, Solano, Placer, Alameda, Santa Clara, San Luis Obispo, San Benito, Santa Cruz, San Mateo and San Francisco. When the extra sessions were established in the city of San Francisco Judge Sargent was one of the first to be called in to sit. He was selected to try the Civic Center condemnation suits involving many million dollars. He also tried what was termed the "Laundry case."

At Yale Judge Sargent joined Kent Chapter of the Phi Beta Phi, and is an active member of that law school organization now. He is a Native Son, an Elk, an enthusiastic member of the Olympic Club, and belongs to numerous fraternal organizations. Judge Sargent is now practicing law in San Francisco with conspicuous success.

## LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS

Lucius L. Solomons belongs to San Francisco's pioneer stock, and is one of the best known attorneys at the San Francisco bar. He was born in San Francisco December 28, 1864; was educated in the local public schools; and finished his education at the University of California. He was admitted to the bar in November, 1887, but did not enter upon the practice of the law until two years later. His progress in his profession was rapid, and today he occupies an enviable position among our legal lights.

Mr. Solomons has conducted much important litigation including the famous contest of heirship in the estate of Julius Friedman which has been pending for seventeen years in the San Francisco courts. In this case testimony has been taken in all parts of the United States and many parts of Europe under commissions issued by the Superior Court of San Francisco. Mr. Solomons personally conducted the examination of witnesses under all these commissions.

Mr. Solomons has never held any official position except that of Commissioner from San Francisco at the World's Columbia Exposition in Chicago in 1893. That honor came to him in recognition of his pleasant traits of personality as well as his standing in the legal profession.

Mr. Solomons is Past Master of Fidelity Lodge of the Masons. He is also International Vice President of the Order of B'nai B'rith which has jurisdictions in all civilized countries. He is a member of the Bar Association of San Francisco, of the Union League Club and of the Commonwealth Club.

As an orator Mr. Solomons has won particular prestige, and his services are constantly in demand for patriotic and similar occasions when he never fails to thrill his auditors at the

same time that he is enriching their minds with sound logic and exalted sentiments. In speaking he is forceful, graceful and eloquent, but does not resort to the tricks of the old-fashioned style of oratory, preferring the simplicity of a more conservative method. His eloquence has not only swayed vast assemblages; it has also had its effect upon juries, thus contributing to Mr. Solomons' success in his life work.

## HARRY I. STAFFORD

Harry I. Stafford may be described justly as a representative Californian lawyer, for he was born here, educated and admitted to the bar here. He was born in San Francisco on July 16, 1887; was educated in our public schools; attended Stanford University; and was graduated in the University of California.

Mr. Stafford early chose the law as his profession, and with characteristic energy and persistence of application set about perfecting himself in all its intricacies. He studied law in the offices of Stafford and Stafford, prominent attorneys, the firm being composed of his father Henry J. Stafford, now dead, and his uncle William F. Stafford. He was admitted to practice in June, 1910, just seven years ago.

Quiet and unobtrusive in his manner, there is an undercurrent of force in Mr. Stafford's composition which the student of human nature cannot fail to notice and appreciate. There is an earnestness, a push about him which is bound to lift him higher up the ladder than he has already climbed, and no doubt the top round will be reached before he cries "Jam Satis." (For Mr. Stafford is a student of the classics.)

It would be difficult at the present time to pick out a young man at the California bar who is so full of promise for the future as Mr. Stafford. He is genial, and a general favorite with all who know him. Good natured almost to a fault he can be most determined when circumstances demand that he should be, and many a surprised legal opponent has withered under the lashing of his sarcastic tongue. Among the members of the bar Mr. Stafford is a natural leader, while his uniformity of temper, sociability and many accomplishments make him a most welcome guest wherever he goes.

Mr. Stafford is associated in the legal business with his brother Clarence J. Stafford in the Grant Building where they have commodious offices and command a large and prosperous practice. He is a prominent member of the Olympic Club, and one of the leading spirits who have made that unique organization The Indoor Yacht Club such a force in this community.

Some day an industrious reporter of obiter dicta and legal quips will compile "Anecdotes of the San Francisco Bar." It will be a rich volume. From the earliest days of this city our bar has been distinguished for its wits and humorists. Hall McAllister would figure largely in such a volume. So would many great legal lights now extinguished. Among the living leaders of our bar such men as Gavin McNab, Samuel M. Shortridge, Thomas M. O'Connor and Harry I. Stafford would be represented by many a witty saying or funny story. Learned judges like Justice Melvin, Judge Coffey and Judge Cabaniss would shine in such a volume. But among them all Harry I. Stafford would easily hold his own with retorts courteous and vitriolic, convulsing anecdotes and bits of wisdom clothed in the garb of humor.



## W. L. HATHAWAY



W. L. Hathaway

W. L. Hathaway, San Francisco manager of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, is an outstanding figure among the big insurance men of the Pacific Coast. And in all movements looking to the public weal of San Francisco or California Mr. Hathaway is not only active but of preponderating influence. Few undertakings that require the sacrifice of time and the expenditure of energy for the sake of his home city are without the enthusiastic support of this broad-gauge insurance man. He regards time so spent as an investment in civic ideals.

In the realm to which Mr. Hathaway has devoted the greater part of his business life—the insurance business—his activities have had an influence not merely national but international in its scope. This statement may seem exaggerated to those who are not familiar with Mr. Hathaway's work for the Panama Pacific International Exposition; but even to these it is easily made credible.

Mr. Hathaway was Commissioner of the P. P. I. E. for the World's Insurance Congress. He inaugurated this Congress and he conducted it. Its success was one of the outstanding features of our World's Fair. It was commented on by insurance men all over the world. Despite the fact that war was on in Europe during the Exposition Mr. Hathaway's procedure in this matter was carefully studied abroad, and as a result of their studies the highest insurance authorities of the world credited Mr. Hathaway with having organized more ideas and brought together for a better understanding more varied influences in the insurance world than had ever been mobilized before. The effect of his work at that time has made itself felt in the insurance markets of both hemispheres. Through those efforts of his insurance became definitely classified and understood for the first time in the world's history as one of the greatest forces in social economy.

Mr. Hathaway is a specialist in the science of insurance. He has digested all the standard works which are necessary to the thorough student of this most intricate business. And as he has contributed some new ideas to the business those who would master it must now look to him for instruction when they have prosecuted their investigations elsewhere.

In the psychology of insurance Mr. Hathaway is no less informed. This is largely the application of personality to the individual, and Mr. Hathaway is blessed with a pleasant personality which has been carefully cultivated by experience and discipline.

## CITY ATTORNEY LULL

City Attorney George Lull is one of those rare officials who was sought out by the office instead of seeking it. He was appointed City Attorney when a vacancy occurred, for the sole reason that he was the man best fitted for the place.

George Lull was born in San Luis Obispo County thirty-nine years ago. On graduating from the schools of his native county he entered Stanford University and quickly distinguished himself for sound scholarship which, however,

did not so absorb his time as to leave him no hours for the cultivation of healthy college sports.

Mr. Lull was a student at Stanford when the Spanish-American War broke out. He heard the call of his country and immediately heeded it, enlisting in the famous First California Volunteers. He saw service all through the fighting in the Philippines as a member of Company K, distinguishing himself for bravery and endurance of the hardships of a tropical campaign.

At the conclusion of the war he returned to Stanford University, took up his studies where he had left off and graduated with distinction in the law class of 1902. For two years he practiced law in his home county of San Luis Obispo. Then he resolved on entering the larger legal field of San Francisco. For four years he conducted a private practice with conspicuous success and established a reputation of the most enviable description.

In 1908 Mr. Lull was invited by City Attorney Percy V. Long to enter his office as an assistant, and as the work of that office was congenial to his tastes and along the line of his particular studies, he accepted the position. He rose steadily in the office until he became City Attorney Long's principal assistant. Essentially a specialist he tackled the various intricate legal problems which it is the City Attorney's province to solve, and accumulated a remarkable list of victories of the utmost importance to the municipality of San Francisco.

When City Attorney Percy V. Long resigned his position, Mayor Rolph was charged with the duty of selecting his successor. Such was the record, such the qualifications of George Lull that Mayor Rolph was only paying a just tribute to his ability when he designated him for the position. The honor of this appointment was enhanced by the fact that Mayor Rolph canvassed a number of names before he selected Mr. Lull as Long's logical successor.

City Attorney Lull's tenure of office has been comparatively brief, but since his accession he has been confronted with a mass of questions of unusual import to the city. Legislation affecting San Francisco's vital interests has been passed up to him for consideration. Industry of the patient kind backed up by thorough knowledge of the law has enabled him to handle these multifarious matters with the most satisfactory results. Mr. Lull is an expert on charter law, and all the decisions affecting the knotty points of that difficult subject seem to be at his fingers' ends. His workmanlike method of approaching all controversies submitted to his office for adjudication has won him the admiration of lawyers, the confidence of all office holders and the profound respect of the general public which judges by results.

A man is known by his associates, and Mr. Lull stands the test in this regard, having surrounded himself in the office of City Attorney by a corps of deputies who are sound lawyers and hard workers. City Attorney Lull has the affection of all his assistants, and in his incumbency the City Attorney's office has become a happy family where brains does the work and good humor lightens every task. No matter how irritated officials may become in the clash of conflicting interests, they all succumb to the spell of Mr. Lull's personality and soon learn that difference of opinion need not be accompanied by bitterness of spirit.

City Attorney Lull is not a politician in the crude sense of the term. He is absorbed in his work, and does not regard it part of his duty to "mend his fences" as he goes along. This rather rare attitude has convinced the public

that he is an official to be retained in the municipal service if possible. So if City Attorney Lull decides to be a candidate for election to the position which he was drafted to fill, there will be little doubt about the outcome. To all San Franciscans he is known as an expert specialist in his particular line, and it would indeed be a calamity if he saw fit to sever his connection with an office in whose work he has saturated himself.

## EDWARD R. ELIASSEN

A lawyer with a practice on both sides of San Francisco Bay is E. R. Eliassen. Mr. Eliassen was born in this city, but was raised in Oakland and received his early education there. He has been practicing law on both sides of the bay since 1898, and now occupies commodious offices in the Syndicate Building, Oakland.

Mr. Eliassen is a fluent and commanding



EDWARD R. ELIASSEN

speaker, and has always taken a distinguished part in politics. One of his principal interests outside his profession is the Oakland Public Library, and despite the demands made upon his time by work in office and court, he has found the opportunity to advance the interests of that institution. He has served the city of Oakland as a trustee on the Library Board with conspicuous success.

WM. K. WHITE

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## SAMUEL ROSENHEIM



Samuel Rosenheim

During the more than a quarter of a century in which Samuel Rosenheim has been engaged in the practice of law he can hardly be said to have specialized as do the majority of lawyers. He has been and is equally at home in all branches of his profession.

Mr. Rosenheim is the son of A. Rosenheim and Pauline (Schwab) Rosenheim. He was born November 17, 1863, in Portland, Oregon, and was educated in the Portland and San Francisco public schools. In 1886 Mr. Rosenheim began studying law in the offices of Williams, Ach and Wood in Portland, of which firm George H. Williams, United States Attorney General under President Grant, was senior member.

A year later Mr. Rosenheim moved to San Francisco and entered the offices of Rothschild and Ach. He was admitted to the bar in 1889, and remained with the above mentioned firm till 1900. Then for six years he practiced alone. In 1906 he became associated with the late Albert M. Johnson, brother of our United States Senator. Since Albert Johnson's death Mr. Rosenheim has had no associate.

One of Mr. Rosenheim's first cases of note was the Agacio divorce suit which involved more questions of international law than perhaps any other divorce action on record. Agacio who was minister to France for the Republic of Salvador, sued for divorce in San Francisco, claiming American citizenship. His true identity was established after he had cut off the allowance of his wife who was living in England. The wife consulted a number of lawyers of international reputation, among them Sir Charles Russell and Sir George Lewis of London and Frederick R. Coudert of New York and Paris; they all advised her that she could do nothing. Mr. Rosenheim, however, secured a decree in her favor after a money settlement had been arranged in Paris. The case attracted a great deal of attention, both in America and abroad.

In 1907 and subsequently Mr. Rosenheim was of counsel for the Creditors' Association in suits against the directors and stockholders of the defunct California Safe Deposit and Trust Company whose failure involved \$12,000,000. His success in this litigation may be measured by the fact that the Creditors' Association has paid its members as much as have the Trust Company receivers.

If Mr. Rosenheim has laid stress on any particular kind of law practice, it has been on corporation, liability insurance, bankruptcy and probate matters. He has defended hundreds of damage suits brought against assured under their policies, and almost invariably has won a complete victory or has arranged satisfactory adjustments.

He has played a considerable part in the past few years in reconstruction work arising from the failure of railroads or other public service corporations. In fact he is consulted in nearly all important cases of industrial or public service corporation difficulties that occur locally. He has often been called in to assist corporations in danger of financial ruin. Also has he had much practice in mechanics' lien and admiralty matters, and even in mining cases. But throughout he has counseled against long drawn-

out litigation, believing that this is hurtful to client and lawyer alike.

## WILLIAM J. HYNES

There is no gainsaying the statement that the office of Public Administrator is one of the most important in the gift of the people. The Public Administrator handles hundreds of thousands of dollars of trust funds. And so it is important that the Public Administrator should be a man of ability and integrity.

Such a Public Administrator is William J. Hynes. Public Administrator Hynes has one of the best managed offices—from the standpoint of the estates which he administers—of any in the State of California. Funds committed to his hands earn interest which is credited to the estates. The management of estates in his office is careful, economical and efficient. And besides being honest and efficient, Public Administrator Hynes is capable, courteous and popular.

Public Administrator Hynes was born in San Francisco on November 2, 1874, and has lived in this city all his life. For eleven years prior to his appointment by Mayor Rolph to the office of Public Administrator, he was the chief deputy for his brother, M. J. Hynes, the previous Public Administrator. Thus Public Administrator William J. Hynes came to the office thoroughly trained in the work and familiar with its duties as well as inheriting the traditions which had made the administration of the office by his lamented brother so successful and so popular.

Public Administrator Hynes enjoys the confidence of the people who have dealings with his office, the reason being that he has deserved it.

## ASSESSOR HORNER

Assessor C. F. Horner of Alameda County has made an enviable record for himself since he took charge of the important branch of county government committed to his care. Assessor Horner has made a hit with the man of all men whom it is difficult to please—the taxpayer.

The taxpayer is an exacting individual. He is usually paying more in taxes than he thinks he ought to pay. He measures the worth of city officials by the size of his tax bill. And the taxpayer votes always with that tax bill in mind. It is a remarkable thing, therefore, that Assessor Horner should be popular with the taxpayers of Alameda County. Remarkable, but perfectly true.

Assessor Horner has devoted himself seriously and indefatigably to the equalization of assessment values in Alameda County. He brings to this work no pet theories which he is intent on testing, but approaches it in a practical manner. Every effort of Assessor Horner in this work is governed by a firm determination to carry out the provisions of the revenue laws governing the assessment of property. Having taken an oath to follow this law he is following it religiously.

Assessor Horner aims to be fair and equal in all his assessments, discarding speculative portions of values, and determining as nearly as possible the true, present, market and stable value of the property. On that he bases his assessment. The satisfaction which he has given to the taxpayers is the vindication of his conscientious and thorough-going methods.

Assessor Horner, undoubtedly, will be a candidate to succeed himself at the next election. His enthusiastic admirers do not admit that there can be any doubt as to the result. They feel that he has been too good a servant of the county not to win the suffrages of those who have Alameda County's true interests at heart.

Assessor Horner has many warm personal

friends, for his is a personality which wins friendship and keeps it.

## JUDGE J. P. O'BRIEN

It has been stated that this is the age of specialists in all professions and trades, and the legal profession has not missed its share. Since the discovery of gold in California the mining interests have probably been the leading commercial interests requiring the assistance of legal minds specially trained.

Among those attorneys located in San Francisco who stand out in this special department Judge J. P. O'Brien located in the Mills Building is probably one of the best known. Judge O'Brien was born in San Francisco and resided "South of the Slot." He attended the public schools and high schools of this city, and in the year 1887 was admitted to practice after having been associated with D. M. Delmas. For six years he was associated with E. L. Campbell during which period he made a specialty of mining law. Another period of six years found him in Tuolumne County pursuing general practice. Returning to San Francisco in 1903 he remained here until 1906 at which time he located in Tonopah where his success and reputation during a period of fourteen months' practice was of such a character that John Sparks, then Governor of Nevada, made him a judge in Southern Nevada. Until 1909 he fulfilled with credit the duties of his office.

With the expiration of his judicial term Judge O'Brien acted as chief counsel for the Goldfield Consolidated. Returning to San Francisco in the year 1911 and locating at his present office in the Mills Building, Judge O'Brien is today recognized as one of the leading authorities on mining, hydro-electric and water statutes on the Pacific Coast. In fact, he is the attorney as well as member of the board of directorates of several well known and successful mining companies, among the number being the Rochester Mines Co., Northern Nevada.

Judge O'Brien though so well established in his special line of endeavor, has also been associate counsel in several important civil and criminal actions since returning to his native city, among the most recent being the German neutrality cases in the U. S. District Court, thereby proving his versatility and success in all branches of the legal profession.

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—It was a liquidating market in stocks the past week, and barring one or two specialties the general list is from two to four points lower than the previous week. All the trouble seemed to originate in Washington. Congress seems to favor an excess profit tax anywhere from twenty to forty per cent on industrials, and a few additions to the income tax schedule. The railroads were depressed by further consideration of the Interstate Commerce Commission decision in the rate case. Several important reports of railroad earnings were published, and they all showed a decrease for the period. This will discourage new investments in this class of securities. All the industrial stocks were inclined to sag from lack of support. The trade is becoming discouraged at the action of the market, and with so much uncertainty hanging over the market it does not take much selling by the professional element to dislodge stocks and bring about liquidation. The war is showing no outward sign of ending, though it is difficult to see how the stupendous expenditures can continue much longer. World-wide adjustments will follow peace. There undoubtedly will be a period of activity connected with reconstruction that will equal fully that arising from the demand of implements of destruction. The fall of autocracy throughout the world, which will mark the ending of the strife, will mean the alterations in the currents of the world's finance, trade industry, as well as the world's thought. It will mean upheaval of the world's pre-war conditions. These changes must be appraised as they mature. One of the principal factors that we will have to contend with in the near future is the labor situation. Already there are signs of unrest amongst the miners in the copper districts, and strikes have been called. When the draft law goes into effect it will take a number of men out of the producing class and add to what is already considered an acute condition in labor. The market does not look very encouraging at the moment to the holder of stocks and it never does when prices are at the lowest, but we believe a little patience exercised at this time will prove profitable to holders a little later on.

**Corn**—The corn market holds the center of attraction now that trading in wheat is restricted to the September option, and only on the short side. This naturally turns the wheat bulls into the corn market, and prices are bid up quickly from any setback, as sentiment is extremely bullish, owing to the high prices being paid for the cash article. The new crop futures follow the old crop futures in a sympathetic way, but bullish sentiment seems to prevail in the new crop futures as well. However, this is a weather market, pure and simple, the shorts covering on a turn to lower temperatures and rainy con-

ditions, and the longs liquidating on clear and warm conditions over the belt. We do not think the trade realizes the acreage planted to this grain this year, and what will be gathered from it should present or similar conditions continue for two months longer. There is ample time for hot forcing nights and days in July and August, which in reality makes the crop, and what is feared most is a continued sun heat without rain. There can be said of this coming crop that thus far its surroundings have been above criticism. The soil was perfect at planting time and the root growth was phenomenal, which is always taken by the farmer as an assurance of a big yield.

**Oats**—The oat market does not seem to get very far either way. There is a little congestion in the July option due to the cool weather in the territory that Chicago draws its oats from, and it is feared that there will be very little new oats received in time to apply on the July contract. The oat crop is turning out big and the crop is out of the way of everything except possibly too much rain. In some sections of the country, where threshing is going on, good yields are shown. The price is too low compared with corn, and there is nothing at present to take the market out of its present rut.

**Cotton**—The cotton market continues to mark time, prices up one day and down the next. The price is so high and the market movements so fast that it restricts speculation to the local professional traders, who turn from one side to the other whenever the market shows an immediate trend. Considering how one-sided the market is, the scarcity of contracts and the difficulties confronting those who would under ordinary circumstances be willing to hedge against the next crop, this is not at all surprising. The crop news continues mainly of a bullish character. In the Southwest the crop is suffering from want of moisture and though it is said there has been some precipitation in Texas in the past week the trade will await more definite news from the growing crop in this section before taking the selling side. With the prospect at the moment of only a moderate sized crop there is no doubt but what the world will be compelled to pay high prices for cotton the entire season; but until the market has been relieved by the movement of the new crop, so as to again create a stabilizer, there will be unusual risks attendant on trading. Unusual caution is required. We would assume a trading attitude, that is, taking advantage of any sharp dips to buy on with the idea of accepting profits on bulges for the time being.

"I don't like to see warring armies call too persistently on Providence. It savors of ar-

rogance and self-righteousness. Providence may take revenge." The speaker was a certain bishop, who went on: "There was once a young couple that had no children. The husband was anxious that Heaven should bless them with a girl, the wife was anxious for a boy. Being very religious, both besought Providence morning, noon and night to grant his or her desire. And Providence heard. Providence granted both prayers."

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Number of Depositors .....	65,717

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## Winning the V. C.

By John W. N. Sullivan

The main schoolroom was filled to overcrowding. More than half the population of the little Somerset village had tried to get into that schoolroom, but the laws of space are inexorable, and the great majority of them were left outside. But the doors were left open, as it was a fine warm night, and the speakers raised their voices to reach that dim, larger audience gathered round the doors and open windows.

Even in this remote Somerset village recruiting agents were active, and the homecoming of Private Bradley, V. C., a man of the village who had been decorated by the King himself, was to be made the occasion of a gathering and speeches having for their object the incitement of other young men to the emulation of this example.

The little platform accommodated, besides Private Bradley, his father and mother, the vicar, Captain Spraggs, the schoolmaster and a large, important man from London. The vicar spoke with less than his customary fluency, but he managed to say the right things: our just and glorious cause; bleeding, heroic Belgium; our wonderful allies, the volatile French; the whole world in arms against those enemies of God and man, the Germans; the indomitable spirit which animates all Englishmen, especially those who reside in the smaller villages of Somerset; and ending with an assurance, authoritative in virtue of his position, that God would see to it that we were victorious.

Captain Spraggs said that he was proud to be on the same platform as Private Bradley, V. C., and went on to say several times in a manly, robust voice, that we want men—men, more men; and then again, more men.

The schoolmaster's speech was an utter failure. He was an old man with a weak voice, and his pride in Bradley, "a bright lad—my best pupil," ever since Bradley had won a scholarship four years before, had been commented on by several mothers as tactless. The poor old man nearly broke down.

But the man from London made these efforts appear the amateurish things they were. He spoke of the whole country, from the highest (with whom he frequently associated) to the lowest (with whom his sympathies really were) straining every sinew to win this unprecedented war. We all gave of our best. He himself could not go to the front, so he gave his money and his services. He was always going about the country making speeches. In London there were people who criticized the Government, who thought that hundreds of young lives had been paid as the price of stupidity in high places. He was in a position to contradict that. In the present Cabinet were the finest brains in both parties. How could one improve on that? We were all doing our bit; and in conclusion he would say to everyone present that evening: Young man, are you doing your bit?

The London man made the meeting quite a success. Private Bradley's few remarks, given with some reluctance, were excused because of the glory which surrounded him—"the Germans are terrible hard to beat—we want help"—and twenty-seven men signified their willingness to enlist. When at last the handshaking and farewells were over—for Private Bradley was returning to France tomorrow—the soldier walked home with his father and mother. His mother was a little woman with black eyes and a delicate mouth, very like her son. Her hus-

### NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of Sacramento.—No. 7468; Dept. 3.

In the Matter of the Estate of HATTIE E. HERZOG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Sacramento, made on the 19th day of June, 1917, in the matter of the estate of HATTIE E. HERZOG, deceased, the undersigned administrator and administratrix with the will annexed of said estate will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 25th day of July, 1917, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the offices of C. E. McLaughlin and C. P. McLaughlin, 807-811 Forum Building, in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California (said offices being the place where offers or bids will be received), all the right, title, interest and estate of said HATTIE E. HERZOG, deceased, in and to those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land described as follows, to-wit:

An undivided one-sixth (1/6) interest in Lot Twenty-one (21) Block 323 on O'Farrell Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, together with the improvements thereon;

An undivided one-sixth (1/6) interest in Lot Twenty-six (26) Block 1362 on California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, together with the improvements thereon;

An undivided one-half (1/2) interest in Lots One (1), Two (2), and Three (3) Block 39 on Freeman's Map of San Antonio, County of Alameda, State of California, together with the improvements thereon;

Southeast 16 2/3 feet of Lot No. 5 and the Northwest 16 2/3 feet of Lot 6, Block No. 39, as per Freeman's Map of San Antonio, County of Alameda, State of California, together with the improvements thereon;

An undivided one-sixth (1/6) interest in the South 49 feet of the East 60 feet of Lot No. 4, "N" and "O" and Eleventh (11th) and Twelfth (12th) Streets, City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California, together with the improvements thereon;

An undivided one-half (1/2) interest in the property known as and described as the "Ten Acre Tracts" adjoining and South of the City of Sacramento, and being all of "Ten Acre Tracts" Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, and 73 and parts of "Ten Acre Tracts" Nos. 6, 7, and 74; the same being bounded on the North by the South line of "V" Street of the City of Sacramento, and the land of H. Schulmeyer; East by lands of H. Schulmeyer and the cemeteries; south by the South line of the "Ten Acre Tracts" and West by the West line of "Ten Acre Tracts" No. 2, containing 70.90 acres, more or less, together with the improvements thereon; all of the aforesaid property being in the County of Sacramento, State of California.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States of America, payable on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court.

Deeds at expense of purchaser.

CHARLES CUMMINGS HERZOG,

Administrator.

ANNIE A. KRYGER,

Administratrix.

C. E. McLAUGHLIN and  
C. P. McLAUGHLIN,

Attorneys for Administrator and Administratrix,  
807-811 Forum Bldg.,  
Sacramento, California.

7-7-3

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CARL JOHAN FAHLANDERS, also known as CHARLES FLANDERS, deceased.—No. 22829; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of CARL JOHAN FAHLANDERS, also known as CHARLES FLANDERS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Joseph A. Brown, Room 912 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CARL JOHAN FAHLANDERS, also known as CHARLES FLANDERS, deceased.

HENRY DIECKMANN,

Administrator of the estate of Carl Johan Fahlanders, also known as Charles Flanders, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 16th, 1917.

JOSEPH A. BROWN,

Attorney for Administrator,  
912 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-16-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTHOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as C. CUNEO, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTHOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as B. CUNEO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of William Penn Humphreys, Rooms 530-540 Holbrook Building, 58 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as B. CUNEO, deceased.

CATERINA CUNEO, also known as

CATHERINE CUNEO,

Executrix of the estate of Bartolomeo Cuneo, also known as Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as B. Cuneo, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 7th, 1917.

WILLIAM PENN HUMPHREYS,

Attorney for Executrix,  
58 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

7-7-5



**SUMMONS (Divorce)**

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81190; Dept. No. 10.

**ALICE M. FOSTER, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE E. FOSTER, Defendant.**

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: **CLARENCE E. FOSTER, Defendant.**

**YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED** to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this tenth day of April, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) **H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.**  
By **L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.**

**LOUIS ONEAL,**  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
San Jose, Calif.

6-9-10

**SUMMONS (Divorce)**

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81490. **NEITEN ZEFF, Plaintiff, vs. LENA ZEFF, Defendant.**

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: **LENA ZEFF, Defendant.**

**YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED** to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) **H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.**  
By **L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.**

**ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,**  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Hibernia Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, California.

5-19-10

**ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE**

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 22732, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estate of **ARTHUR SIEROTY, a Minor.**

It appearing from the petition of Henry Sieroty, guardian of the Estate of Arthur Sieroty, a minor, praying for an order of the above entitled Court authorizing and directing him as such guardian to sell certain real property belonging to the estate of said minor, that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of Arthur Sieroty, the ward of said petitioner, to sell the real property specified in said petition.

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that said petition be filed and that Tuesday, the 31st day of July, 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. at the courtroom of the above entitled Court, Department number ten thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, California, be, and the same are hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and the next of kin of said Arthur Sieroty and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at the time and place hereinabove specified, and show cause if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said guardian to sell said real property of said minor.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for at least a period of three (3) successive weeks prior to the date of said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 2nd day of July, 1917.

**E. P. SHORTALL, Judge.**  
(In absence of Judge Graham.)

Presented by **L. L. LEVY, ESQ.**

**JESSE H. STEINHART,**  
Attorney for Guardian,  
816-818 Nevada Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

7-3-7

band, a sturdy, oldish man, seemed very thoughtful. Mrs. Bradley glanced now and again at her son, who was looking straight before him, breathing deeply of the country air with all its remembered scents.

"It was a fine meeting, dear," he said, almost timidly. Her son nodded. "Yes," he said.

They said nothing more for a little, and then, "I must be up by six, mother, to catch the London train."

"Yes, dear; very well."

They entered the cottage, and the two men sat down while Mrs. Bradley spread supper.

Mr. Bradley seemed to detach himself from his thoughts with an effort.

"Well, my boy," he said, more robustly than was his wont, "so you'll be in the thick of it again in a day or two."

"In three days from now."

"They get you over pretty smart."

"Yes, very smart," said his son, without enthusiasm.

They seemed to have a difficulty in continuing the conversation. It was almost with relief that they took their places at the table. Mrs. Bradley was covered with confusion to find that she had forgotten the butter, and, moreover, there was a knife short.

"Must have been all those speeches got to my head," she excused herself. As it happened, nobody seemed to have much appetite. After the meal the same silence fell upon them. More than once the mother seemed on the point of making a remark, but checked herself. Once she passed her handkerchief across her eyes as if her head pained her, and glanced furtively at her son to see if he had noticed anything. Presently he stood up.

"Well, good night, mother," he said. "I shall have a long day tomorrow." He kissed her and then kissed his father. His voice had become quite hoarse. "Good night, both," he said again.

They listened to him stumbling up the little flight of stairs in his heavy boots.

"It's been a proud day for us, mother," said Mr. Bradley at length.

The mother sat still in the chair. She looked very small. Her husband seemed to feel the need of speech.

"It's a fine thing for us to have a son like that serving his country." He spoke with unnecessary emphasis.

"It's a fine thing," said his wife as deliberately.

Presently the old man raised himself and stretched his arms. He feigned a yawn.

"Well, it's time we went to bed," he said, and turned to put out the lamp.

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of M. P. MENDEL, also known as MENDEL P. MENDEL, deceased.—No. 22862, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of M. P. MENDEL, also known as MENDEL P. MENDEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorney, Harold L. Levin, Room 1101 Chronicle Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of M. P. MENDEL, also known as MENDEL P. MENDEL, deceased.

LOUIS LEVIN and  
UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN  
FRANCISCO,

Executors of the last will and testament of  
M. P. Mendel, also known as Mendel P.  
Mendel, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 23, 1917.

HAROLD L. LEVIN,  
Attorney for Executors,  
1101 Chronicle Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

6-23-5

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 82325; Dept. 4.

JAMES J. FALK, Plaintiff, vs. MAUDE EVELYN FALK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAUDE EVELYN FALK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of June, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-16-10

## NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY BONNER, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a petition for the probate of the will of MARY BONNER, deceased, and for the issuance to ALFRED BONNER of Letters Testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Tuesday, the 31st day of July, A. D. 1917, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, July 7, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By E. P. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed July 7, 1917.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By E. P. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
509-511 Chronicle Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

7-14-3

## The Influence of Symphony Concerts

(Continued from Page 8)

rounding cities than in San Francisco proper. The above statement should not in the slightest sense be construed to be disloyal to San Francisco for our object is merely to give credit to the trans-bay and peninsular populations which have during the past year supplied a little more than half of the attendance of the symphony concerts.

"The public in general is becoming educated to the better classes of music, and the demand for symphony concerts is increasing as is shown by requests for concerts received from Seattle and other cities in the Northwest; Los Angeles, Fresno and others nearer home. Such requests should be given consideration at the earliest possible time. We should take advantage of these opportunities to bring the activities of the bay region before other cities of the coast."

## Cadorna's Genius in War

(Continued from Page 12)

be a fact that Nivelle's anticipations from his first staff plan were only partly realized, it is equally a fact that Cadorna's were not only fulfilled, but vastly exceeded; and the Italian commander's genius lay precisely in the quickness and the resolution with which he, even as Brusiloff last summer, proceeded to exploit a success the exact character and magnitude of which he had not foreseen or provided for in every detail. Now the rigid adherent of the offensive with fixed and limited objectives would not have acted thus; those objectives once reached, he would have stopped in order to prepare thoroughly for the next limited push, thereby giving his beaten opponent time to recover and regroup with the aid of reinforcements. He would have trusted to his superior weight to offset the absence of the element of surprise on the occasion of his second sectional thrust. "We are so strong," it was freely asserted by Allied writers during the Somme operations, "that there is no longer any need to mask our intentions."

Not so Cadorna, whose primary purpose is to disconcert the enemy on every possible occasion by maintaining a semblance of large-scale operations on a very wide front, while actually thrusting in two or three narrow sectors only. His is the very reverse of the "blistering" process; for he aims, not at drawing or at fixing his opponent's strategic reserve at a single point, but at keeping it extended to the utmost limits, or at shifting it continually from place to place, and in May he was said to have surprised the enemy twice within a week, but, says my correspondent, it has since been shown that the enemy was outwitted, not twice, but four or five times in rapid succession, and that not the least demoralizing of the surprises sprung upon him was the appearance of the British monitors in the rear of his main defensive system towards the coast, the Hermada plateau.

We may be sure that it was mainly the unexpectedness of these amphibious tactics which explains why they have proved so much more effective off the Austrian than off the Flemish coast. In the North Sea, as at Gallipoli, owing to weak and sporadic, and therefore premature, naval attacks, the British gave the enemy, whether Turk or German, undue warning of intentions, and induced him thereby to provide against an outflanking offensive from the sea.

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# SOUTHERN PACIFIC

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## A Lawyer and His Hobbies

(Continued from Page 13)

figure and which was more than young Hanlon could afford at that time—\$2,850. Afterwards the mare was bought by E. H. Miller of Detroit for \$5,250 and in five months she won \$30,000 in one purse for her owner. Later she trotted in 2:01 and her price went up to \$100,000. Today Hanlon talks learnedly of the horse and he can tell you of the points on which he instructed Tod Sloan.

With Sly, a mare raised by him, Hanlon acquired a stable of well known runners. Sly broke one world's record and several track records and won more races than Porter Ashe won with Geraldine. Yet Hanlon was never widely known as a horseman, the reason being that he did very little racing in his own name. He preferred to be known as a member of his profession. Besides, for him racing was only a diversion, one of the means by which he got relaxation. He took his brother Dan in partnership who did much in bringing the stable to the fore here and in the East. It was his craving for relaxation that led him into the National Guard wherein he rose to Major of General Dimond's staff and later to a colonelcy on Governor Stoneman's and Governor Bartlett's staffs. It was doubtless from this experience and the love that it generated that he took up with enthusiasm the cause of preparedness. He became the leader of the Pacific Coast Defense League years before anybody else hereabouts was thinking of preparedness. He personally amid much difficulty was the originator of the Preparedness Parade last July and financed it till it was well under way. In a modest way Hanlon has been long in the public eye, for he has always been a man of many activities. For years vice-president of the Crocker Old Peoples Home, he is today the oldest living director of that institution and he is still a young man in appearance, the result, I fancy, of his years of pursuit of relaxation.

## Oakland Old and New

(Continued from Page 6)

ward—of the "Colosseum" (not "Coliseum") made over from the old Bay District Fair building and dedicated for a time to comic opera with Alice Neilsen (since famous in grand opera) and the Valergas and Mesmer and many others in the company; of the same theatre rechristened as the Oakland Theatre, with William Sheridan and Joe Grismer and Phoebe Davies and Louise Davenport and Billy Brady (now the great producer) and many others as players who have since won greater fame; of Cavalry Hall at Twelfth and Washington where the Bacon Block now stands, and of another theatre on Fourteenth street opposite the City Hall. I do not remember its name but it was in the brick building owned at one time by W. W. Cameron. Here Sheridan gave a wonderful season of classic drama. Later came our first modern theatre, the Macdonough, which was opened by the beloved "Bostonians" in "Robin Hood"—Marie Stone, Billy MacDonald, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Tom Karl, Eugene Cowles, George Frothingham and Barnabee, the immortal

## SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 36098; Department No. 10.

JOHN T. WELBY, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

JOHN S. HOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John T. Welby, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the southwesterly line of Oakdale Avenue and the southeasterly line of Phelps Street; running thence southeasterly and along the said southwesterly line of Oakdale Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet to the said southeasterly line of Phelps Street; and thence northeasterly and along the said southeasterly line of Phelps Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Being Lot Number 1, in Block Number 306, O'Neil & Haley Tract.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the Seal of said Court this 9th day of April, A. D. 1917.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

## Memorandum

The first publication of this Summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1917. The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names. Addresses.  
The German Savings & Loan Society, a corporation, San Francisco, California.

JOHN S. HOGAN,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-26-10

## NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 82655; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Dissolution of THE PETER WINDELER COMPANY (a corporation).

Notice is hereby given that THE PETER WINDELER COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, has filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court its application for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation; that said Court has fixed the time and place for hearing of said application for Friday, the 3rd day of August, 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, at its Court Room in the certain building known as the City Hall, Civic Centre, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and that said Court has directed the Clerk of said Court to give thirty days' notice of said application and the hearing thereof.

The time of publication of this notice will expire July 28, 1917, and before the expiration of said time any person may file his objections to said application.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 16th, 1917.

(Seal)

I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy County Clerk.

LEON SAMUELS,  
Attorney for Applicant,  
454-456 Phelan Building,  
San Francisco, Calif. 6-23-6

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES W. ROSENBAUM, deceased.—No. 22757 N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, JENNIE S. ROSENBAUM and ALBERT M. ROSENBAUM, Executors of the last will and testament of CHARLES W. ROSENBAUM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of Heller, Powers & Ehrman, attorneys at law, Room No. 713 Nevada Bank Building, No. 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES W. ROSENBAUM, deceased.

JENNIE S. ROSENBAUM,

ALBERT M. ROSENBAUM,

Executors of the last will and testament of Charles W. Rosenbaum, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 16, 1917.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,

Attorneys for Executors,

713 Nevada Bank Building,

San Francisco, Cal. 6-16-5



# NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 17456, N. S.; Dept. No. 9, Probate.  
In the Matter of the Estate of ROBERT A. VANCE, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of an order of the said Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given, made and entered on the 20th day of June, A. D. 1917, in the matter of the said estate of Robert A. Vance, deceased, the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of said Robert A. Vance, deceased, will sell at private sale in separate parcels to the highest bidder upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation by the said Superior Court on or after the 24th day of July, A. D. 1917, all the right, title, interest and estate of said Robert A. Vance, deceased, at the time of his death in, of and to the real property hereinafter described, and all the right, title and interest which the said estate has by operation of law, or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of said decedent at the time of his death in, of and to the following described real property, to-wit:

All those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of Willard Street, distant thereon 100 feet northerly from the northerly line of Fulton Street; running thence northerly and along the westerly line of Willard Street 25 feet; thence at right angles westerly 95 feet; thence at right angles southerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles easterly 95 feet to the westerly line of Willard Street and the point of commencement.

TOGETHER with the improvements on said lot consisting of 3 flats of 7, 6 and 5 rooms respectively.

2nd. COMMENCING at a point on the northerly line of Fulton Street, distant thereon 45 feet 2 inches westerly from the westerly line of Willard Street; running thence westerly and along said northerly line of Fulton Street 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 25 feet, and thence at right angles southerly 100 feet to the northerly line of Fulton Street and the point of commencement.

3rd. COMMENCING at a point on the northerly line of McAllister Street, distant thereon 93 feet 6 inches easterly from the easterly line of Willard Street; running thence easterly and along said northerly line of McAllister Street 26 feet and 6 inches; thence at right angles northerly 126 feet 3 inches; thence at right angles westerly 26 feet and 6 inches, and thence at right angles southerly 126 feet 3 inches to the northerly line of McAllister Street and the point of commencement.

TOGETHER with the improvements thereon, consisting of 4 flats; and

4th. COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of McAllister Street, distant thereon 100 feet westerly from the westerly line of Parker Avenue; running thence westerly along said southerly line of McAllister Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet to the southerly line of McAllister Street and the point of commencement.

TOGETHER with the improvements thereon, consisting of a cottage.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE: Cash, gold coin of the United States of America; ten per cent (10%) of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale; deeds and abstracts to be at the expense of the purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment of and take the property purchased by him subject to all liens and assessments of whatsoever name or nature which are now or may become hereafter chargeable or a lien against said property purchased by him, except taxes for the fiscal year 1917-18, to be pro-rated. All bids or offers to be in writing and may be left at the office of George D. Perry, Robert J. McGahie and Joseph H. Mayer, Attorneys for the said executor, Room 428 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said executor personally at his office, Room 295 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

Dated July 7th, 1917.

HARRY C. EWING,

Executor of the last will and testament of Robert A. Vance, deceased, Room 295 Monadnock Building, San Francisco.

GEORGE D. PERRY,  
ROBERT J. MCGAHIE,  
JOSEPH H. MAYER,  
Attorneys for said Executor,  
Room 428 Mills Bldg.,  
San Francisco, California.

7-7-3

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PAUL FLEURY, deceased.—No. 22929; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of PAUL FLEURY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PAUL FLEURY, deceased.

LEONIDE G. AUZERATS,  
Administratrix of the estate of Paul Fleury, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, July 7th, A. D. 1917.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Administratrix,  
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

7-5-7

"Sheriff of Nottingham." Years afterwards Ye Liberty Theatre gave Oakland the distinction of possessing "the largest revolving stage in the world." And for years it was the home of a fine stock company that gave us clean, wholesome, well-acted plays. I love the "movies," but alas for the spoken drama they have taken from us! Yet the pictures have brought us many beautiful and comfortable theatres where we and our children are educated and edified by means of our eyes.

As I pass along the streets of Oakland I see two cities—the present one of modern buildings and the other of modest structures. Truly there have been great changes in few years. Most do I feast my eyes on the new City Hall with all its modernity and comfort. How well I remember the old wooden building where I spent five years of my young life not as a prisoner in the city jail, free from toil or care, but as prosecuting attorney in an office just over the jail kitchen where the savors of the onion stew and of the pork and beans "mingled their fragrance with the breath of my captivity." To me the new City Hall is a testimony not only of civic advancement and urban importance, but of sanitary achievement, for now the jail is at the top of the building—and the birds don't have to fly above it.

There are men still living who used to see bull-fights at a place near the corner of East Fourteenth street and Twentieth avenue. From such argonauts in my boyhood I used to hear stories of those thrilling days. East Oakland was then San Antonio. It is a far journey on the road of civilization from the Plaza de Toros and its cheering audience of vaqueros to the well dressed throngs of today listening to the music in the park and surrounded by the evidences of wealth and modern progress—yet the two fiestas are separated by a little more than half a century. In those earlier times as we are told the herders took many days to drive the cattle of the Peraltas from the Joaquins to the Embarcadero on the estuary. Now the steers come in a few hours by rail in cattle cars. Then it was a matter of days to visit one's cousins at Salinas. Now the modern Don Estefan and Senora Maria make the journey in a few hours in a motor car. But the same beauty of sea and sky and rolling hills attended both journeys. The same free, bracing air and golden sunshine brought to the lips of them of the long ago the melodies of Spain and to our travelers of the present the "ragtime" songs of modern irresponsible youth. The years have made Oakland more populous, filled with more interests, commercial, educational and social, but the charm has always been there and always will be beckoning the stranger to this most beautiful of all cities—Joaquin Miller's "Oakland, roseland"—and daily strengthening and deepening the affection of the "old timer" as his wondering eyes behold the marvels of growth, expansion and development of the city of his long love.

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXX. No. 1300

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, JULY 21, 1917

PRICE, 10 CENTS

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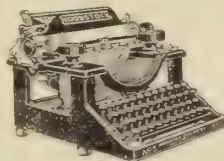
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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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No. 1300

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## A Messenger from Berlin

From Norway comes the news of the finding of a supply of bombs brought from Berlin to the German Embassy by a messenger, presumably to be placed in the holds of Norwegian ships. As the messenger's baggage was not subject to inspection it was by mere accident that the bombs were found. A few years ago a story of this kind would be incredible; but now it does not astonish anybody to learn of Germany's misuse of her embassies and consulates in neutral countries to facilitate crimes against the inhabitants. To be sure the practice is greatly at variance with the accepted rules and amenities of civilization, but the Hohenzollerns, as we have learned, make their own rules regardless of how their principles are viewed by the world at large. To them a treaty is a scrap of paper and the slaughter of non-combatants is justified by the exigencies of war. From all that we have learned of German methods we have almost come to believe the story that a messenger from Berlin carried bombs and germs of anthrax and glanders to the German Embassy in Rumania where they were later found buried in the Ambassador's garden with instructions as to the way in which they should be used. Why, it may be reasonably asked, should we doubt the story when we know that all over the world Germany's consulates have been used as a part of her elaborate spy system? The more we learn of the things that are justified in the philosophy of the German militarists the more it seems that more desirable than peace without victory would be a peace with something more than lip assurance of renunciation of the principles under which a Hohenzollern makes war. While it would be well to make the world safe for democracy it would be better to make it safe from Hohenzollern influences whether in commerce or in politics.

## In the Light of War

Hardly a day passes without shedding light on American personalities with whom before the war we were imperfectly acquainted. Here is Ella Flagg Young, the noted educator, who was bathed in light the other day at a meeting of the National Educational Association. She was revealed to us as a commonplace busybody eager to distinguish herself by addressing silly questions to the President of the United States in the hope of embarrassing him. The paramount business of the hour with which the President is preoccupied is of no importance to the noted lady from Chicago. Now, before the war the magazines made much of Ella Flagg Young. A woman of ideas was Ella, of ideas not always acceptable to folks who had no desire to be classed as progressive, and therefore she was celebrated in the press. As a "thinker" she ranked almost with Jane Addams and Lincoln Steffens. What an eye-opener the war is! Already as a result of the war what a lot of dull protagonists of the drama have been swept from the public stage!

## The Case of Jay Scott

So many things are pressing on public attention that very little is heard of the Scott case. Even the Mooney case has been crowded far from the front page. In ordinary times the case of the former Collector of Internal Revenue charged with embezzling public funds would absorb public interest, for this case involves some curious elements. Here is a man who formerly enjoyed an unsullied reputation, and who, though he is now under indictment for a great crime, defending himself against the highest officials of the Administration at Washington, is pretty generally believed to be absolutely innocent. Not only this: among men of intelligence, hard-headed and cynical men of affairs familiar with the weaknesses and susceptibilities of even the best of us, the belief is prevalent that Jay Scott is the victim of a mean and cruel conspiracy. Now that the former Collector is on trial we shall probably soon know the truth, but is not the case one to excite more than ordinary curiosity in an American city in the twentieth century? Political conspiracies to ruin a man are common enough in melodrama but not in real life, especially not in a country where bureaucracy is but a budding evil. Somewhat startling therefore appears the case of Jay Scott in whom the faith of all his ac-

quaintances remains unshaken despite the character of the forces arrayed against him and the circumstances in which he was removed from office. Is this abiding faith wholly due to the man's character and to the intimate knowledge that men have had of his ways and of the motives of his conduct during his career as a journalist? Perhaps; but if so how fine that human nature about which there is so much scepticism, should reveal itself in this light!

## The Poet in the Spotlight

To the young reporter proud of his sense of humor the poet is always a facile subject of ridicule. Nothing funnier to the young reporter than the versesmith reading from his own works in public. Not even poets who take to the platform to raise funds for the war are able to still the comic genius of the humorist of the press. Why this should be so it is hard to divine. Poets are not the only authors who enjoy an outing when the opportunity presents itself in casting off the bushel and taking their place in the sun. How many prose artists do we know—from Dickens to Mark Twain—who enjoyed a public appearance and a public reading? And there is the orator—what about him, vainest of mortals? The orator, most insidious of charmers, is, when you come to think of it, himself an author. His pardonable and justifiable conceit is responsible for his affectations of extemporaneous delivery. From Demosthenes to the humblest of our contemporaries it has been the wise practice of orators to dissemble, that is, to speak as though from impromptu inspiration. It is not that deception is with them an inherent vice. They give the public what the public wants, a polished oration, a speech of rounded periods and lofty sentiments calculated to thrill and to move, and the effect might be lost if their hearers were to sit wrapt in admiration at the readiness of the utterances and the flow of masterly vocabulary. The great orator is an artist who, like all great artists, conceals his art in the sense that he avoids giving the impression that the work which he is reciting cost a lot of midnight oil and required some tax on memory. Rather he gives the impression that his sentiments and their expression are spontaneous, and this is an art in itself. But how much more amusing, especially to the amiably cynical who appreciate the comicalities of solemnity, is the orator parading his hyperboles than the poet lulling himself



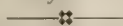
with the music of his own imagery! All is vanity to be sure, but why differentiate one vain man from another? Here is Edwin Markham poeticuling in public at every opportunity, but what about President Wilson who is not satisfied with addressing the nation by wire but, as it seems, must needs recite his papers of "beautiful language" to Congress? Thus we protest against teasing the uncaged poets. Let them sing their rhythms or their free verse, or what they will where they like. Tennyson used to do it and even "'Omer smote his bloomin' lyre" in public; so why not Edwin Markham?



### Running to Cover in Germany

"Peace without indemnities or annexation" is now a popular sentiment in Germany. How long it has been popular it is impossible for us to say; even the Germans themselves know not how long, for they live under a Government that makes the coördination of public opinion well nigh impossible. Indeed whatever appears to be public opinion in Germany is whatever the man higher up wishes, and consequently we should not be quick to draw conclusions regarding a sentiment that appears to have become widespread; at least it would not be well to argue therefrom that democracy was gaining a foothold. Resignations and appointments of ministers mean only that the Kaiser is moving his puppets here and there to give the impression that he is bowing reluctantly to the will of the people. It may be that the Reichstag is demanding this or that, but this is a body not to be confounded with a Legislature. The Bundesrath is the court of last resort in Germany and the Bundesrath is a royal council in which twenty votes are sufficient to dictate to the Reichstag, and the Kaiser controls the required number. So let us not be deceived or bother ourselves pondering the conduct of so-called Ministers. They are merely heads of departments against which the Reichstag rails occasionally, but whose conduct is always precisely what the Kaiser orders. Therefore the only significance we should attach to recent so-called upheavals in Berlin is this—that the

haughty war lords have been reading the handwriting on the wall and are preparing to take refuge behind the dear people, thus to take advantage of the sentiment expressed by our amiable and credulous President that we are not at war with the plain unjunkered Teutons, only with their masters. The aims of the war lords may be "perceived in the propaganda directed by their agents—Americans and Germans—in this country who have been reflecting the motives and shifting policies of Potsdam ever since the Battle of the Marne. These folks who but a short time ago were warning us that the Allies were beaten are now urging us to be grateful to the German people for manifesting a disposition to forego their demands for indemnities and slices of European territory. How generous of the Germans! for they are still on Belgian territory. They want nothing but peace, like our own Pacifists; peace without victory, like our transcendental President. Presently the dear Germans who struggled so nobly in their fashion to make *Kultur* follow the flag will be pictured to us as the most self-sacrificing people on the face of the earth. Perhaps we shall be asked to rejoice in their democracy; nay, we may actually follow the lead of our politicians and publicists who have an eye on the German vote, and on bended knees beg the most aggressive of the near-neutrals to forgive us for not admiring their devotion to the Fatherland and even their ways of vindicating it.



### Is Mars a Eugenist?

Cocksure scientists and their half-brothers, academic philosophers, used to tell us that the survival of the unfittest was one of the effects of war. One of the stock arguments in favor of perpetual peace was that the best blood of a nation is exhausted in war, and it is a generally accepted belief, the result of constant reiteration, that the Napoleonic wars lopped an inch or two from the stature of Frenchmen. This may be true, but it is now said that retrospective consideration of the results of wars does not justify views hitherto generally accepted; and it is now

pointed out that Albanians and Montenegrins who have been fighting for many generations are tall people. It is even suggested that modern war may increase the stature of the fighting nations. Assuredly the questions regarding the effect of war are not so simple as some folk have assumed. There are complicated and conflicting factors that call for consideration, especially in modern war, for men are rejected nowadays because of trivial defects such as shortness of sight, rupture and flat feet, that are not transmissible and that do not affect the individual racial value. Moreover the unselected include great numbers of racial representatives—children and elder and younger brothers of the slain; and the whole female stock is intact. Besides all the chosen are not slain, and many of the survivors are better off for having been drilled and compelled to lead a life of hardship rather than a life of ease and luxury. But the most important selective result of war would seem to be an indirect result, that has, so far, strangely escaped notice. All war, whatever its nature, increases the disproportion between the numbers of the sexes, and if a million unmarried men are slain, that means that a million women are debarred motherhood. War means, therefore, not so much a martial selection of men by blind bullets and impartial bombs as a stringent selection of women by the critical eyes of men. It means a more careful weeding and wedding of women. Now if men, through a reduction in their numbers, are given greater breadth of matrimonial choice, it may be that their choice will be guided largely by considerations of health and beauty. To be sure this is all merely speculation, but it certainly warrants us in considering Mars as a eugenist as well as a destroyer of men. Sending men to death, Mars at the same time excludes undesirable women from the matrimonial market, or, at least, makes it a little more difficult for them to marry; which may all be to the advantage of the race, but this is a question we shall be quite content to submit to David Starr Jordan or Emma Goldman.

## The Song of Brother Hilario

By Stephen Chalmers

Oh, a godly man on a goodly plan,  
With an ample girth, am I.  
I love my food as a hale man should,  
And a vintage old and dry.  
I do what's right, as the right I see,  
And I rise up when I fall;  
And in the things too high for me  
I meddle not at all!  
  
For Hilario shall come and go,  
As tomorrow and today;  
But the kind am I that shall live and die  
And be glad he passed this way!

I like a book by the ingle nook,  
With a pipe and mulled old ale;  
To crack a jest of a piquant zest,  
If it be not over stale!  
Yet an ancient tale, if it be well told,  
From its ashes still can rise;  
And a simple song, be it moss-grown old,  
Is a thing that never dies!

I like to dream by the quiet stream,  
Where the simple waters flow.  
I love the knell of the vesper bell,  
When the sinking sun lies low.  
I like to think, when my day is dead,  
And the night falls dark and deep,  
That this sweet earth shall be my bed,  
When I lay me down to sleep!

For Hilario shall come and go,  
As tomorrow and today;  
But the kind am I that shall live and die,  
And be glad he passed this way!



## Varied Types

341—JAMES E. POWER

By Edward F. O'Day

Supervisor James E. Power is the man who came near reducing the tax rate. If Supervisor Power had had his way the tax rate would have been cut from 2.32 to 2.20 or even lower. I am given to understand that there is no instance in our municipal records of the tax rate being lowered. So Supervisor Power was in a fair way to make history of a sort that would have commended him strongly to the rate-payer. But Supervisor Power is only one of eighteen city fathers. When the rest of the bunch got through with the budget the tax rate, so far from being reduced, had been raised from 2.32 to 2.33. Nevertheless Supervisor Power deserves the credit of trying to lift some of the heavy burden the taxpayer carries. I wonder how long the taxpayer will remember?

Budget-making is one of the most important functions of the Board of Supervisors. It requires no explanation to make that clear. And yet there is no part of its work which the Board of Supervisors tackles so haphazardly. The sessions of the board devoted to budget-making are admirably summarized in an article in "The City" which is the organ of the San Francisco Bureau of Governmental Research.

"The meetings of the Board of Supervisors," says this article, "were as irresponsible as they were undignified—the proceedings being generally permeated with partisan and personal politics. For a week in public the supervisors met—laughed, shouted and whispered, played horse and politics, log-rolled and pork-barrelled, after which they adjourned to the star chamber and parcelled out \$15,700,000 of the taxpayers' money in the course of a few hours."

"Colonel Jim" Power, as he is popularly known, is chairman of the finance committee of the Board of Supervisors. On his committee rests the responsibility of preparing the first draft of the budget. As a matter of fact, most of the work was done by the chairman alone. On the subject of the finance committee's budget meetings the article from which I have already quoted bears this testimony:

"The chairman of the committee, Supervisor Power, attended every meeting. Supervisor Gallagher attended a few of the later sessions. Supervisor Nolan was in attendance for only a few moments during the entire series of hearings, which extended over a period of about one month."

"During the ten weeks of budget-making," says Supervisor Power, "I didn't spend more than five hours a week at my place of private business."

When Supervisor Power had his budget ready he let it be known that he had reduced the tax rate to 2.20—a cut of twelve cents. The fact was that he had reduced it to 2.16—a cut of sixteen cents. But he wanted to break it gently to the tax-eaters, fearful of killing those sensitive fellows by giving them the whole shock at once.

Of course that budget was a tentative one. The entire board had to act upon it. This was where the city fathers began to "log-roll and pork-barrel." Supervisor Power tells me that practically all department appropriations, with the exception of that for the Department of

Public Works, had been cut with the consent and coöperation of the departments themselves.

"It was a war year," explains Supervisor Power, "and our aim was to be economical."

But these cuts did not suit the supervisory log-rollers and pork-barrellers. Item after item of additional expenditure was moved-and-seconded into Power's budget amid the admiring nods and encouraging smiles of the lobbying tax-eaters. When all the motions had been made and seconded it was discovered that the swollen budget would call for a tax rate of 2.58, an increase of 26 cents over last year.

"There was consternation in the board," says Supervisor Power, "especially among those supervisors who will have to go before the voters at the next election."

It was a difficult situation. The lobbying tax-eaters were on the job with their hungry eyes glued to their own particular appropriations. This supervisor and that had solemnly promised this lobbyist and that to see this appropriation and that into the perfected budget or die in the heroic attempt. Log-rolling and pork-barrelling had put the city fathers smack up against the gun.

"The same situation had arisen the year before," says Supervisor Power, "and had caused widespread dissatisfaction among taxpayers. It was thought at that time that the situation could never arise again—that no supervisor would imperil his political future by helping to create that situation over again. But here it was again, and it had to be met."

The embarrassment with which the situation was fraught may be understood from a story of the previous year's budget-making. At that time Supervisor Charley Nelson who is one of the most industrious log-rollers that ever rested his "astounded bones" in a supervisor's chair, had jockeyed into the budget an increase of wages for the city's ambulance drivers. When it came to the final show-down the board voted unanimously to cut that item out. This was done at five o'clock in the morning, at the end of an all-night budget-making session. And the ambulance drivers had from five in the morning till six that night to undo the preparations they had made for a Lucullan feast of suckling pig and other delicacies which they had gratefully prepared for their friend Charley Nelson in the full confidence that the raise he had sponsored in their behalf would stay where he had put it!

"To avoid this sort of embarrassment," says Supervisor Power, "the board determined on a secret session. And for fear that the supervisors might go out of the secret session and tell tales on one another it was determined to take a secret ballot on all the pet items. The finance committee attended this session in an advisory capacity. At that session which lasted all night the board took the budget to pieces and made it up all over again. In other words, they did in their own way in a night what had consumed ten weeks of special labor. That is the way this year's budget was made. I think I am quite conservative when I say that the city deserves better treatment than that from its budget-makers."

Owing to the fact that Assessor Ginty has raised assessment values, some people are op-

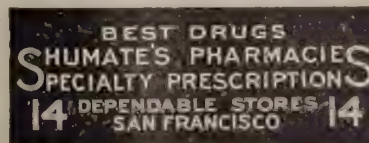
timistic enough to think that the tax rate this year will be lower than 2.33—that it will at least be no higher than last year. I asked Supervisor Power about this phase of the matter.

"That hope would be well founded," he pointed out, "if we were sure of all the sources of revenue that we had last year. But we are not. During the last quarter the revenue from liquor licenses fell off \$67,000. It is likely to fall off at a bigger ratio during the coming year, for I understand that the wholesale liquor dealers who have been carrying a large number of saloon keepers have decided to carry them no longer, but to let their licenses lapse. Assessor Ginty's increased assessment values will no more than offset such a loss of revenue."

Many people regard Jim Power as a fighting Irishman who loves a scrap for its own sake. Nothing could be further from the truth. Jim Power is one of the most peaceful of men, and only takes up the cudgels when he thinks that he has been wronged. But once into a fight, all his Irish blood tingles for the fray. A great deal of his fighting has been waged with Mayor Rolph. Power assures me that he has never been the aggressor. This political feud, he says, began when Mayor Rolph tried to oust Power from the Board of Education for no other reason than that Power had been appointed by P. H. McCarthy.

"Have your political ambitions ever conflicted with those of Mayor Rolph?" I asked Power. "Not so far," he answered with a smile.

In the circles where the talk is perpetually of politics Colonel Jim Power is considered a candidate for mayor. There is no doubt he would be a strong candidate. He is one of the few supervisors with a big personal following. It is really remarkable how many supporters Jim Power has. He has the gift of drawing men strongly to him. And he is always doing favors—the little favors which cost a city official only his time and his thoughtfulness but which, because they mean so much to those who solicit them, earn him a large reward of gratitude substantially expressed on election day. When Jim Power ran for supervisor he received the second highest vote. Everybody who was raised with him south of Market voted for him. Everybody who knew him as a hard-working postoffice clerk voted for him. Everybody who came in contact with him during his twenty years of loyal and unselfish service to the League of the Cross Cadets (from which he obtained his title) voted for him. And everybody who appreciated his work on the Board of Education voted for him. I may be exaggerating! But anyway, he got an awfully big vote. And now he has deserved the gratitude of the taxpayers by trying to give us a lower tax rate. What will the taxpayer do, if Jim Power announces himself as a candidate for mayor? You never can tell. The taxpayer is the most ornery voter of them all.





## Perspective Impressions

A camp has been named to honor John C. Fremont, but nothing done to expurgate history.

One of the lowest forms of distinction is to look like somebody else.

Apparently the principal industry in Amsterdam at present is the fabrication of news from Germany for American consumption.

Now that the I. W. W.s are wards of the nation we must deal tenderly with them lest we hurt their feelings.

"Drowned in the Russian River" is a headline that San Francisco papers ought to keep standing during the summer season.

We don't believe all we read nowadays about the politics of Berlin. It is enough to know that the Kaiser is still on the job and sitting tight.

There's one man we're sure means business—Goethals.

Once again the heat of the interior of the State reminds us that the best summer resorts are the cities of our bay region.

The Administration at Washington is shocked at the rise in the price of traffic on the Pacific. Which reminds us of the shipping bill that was passed to please Mr. Furuseth.

"A place for Roosevelt!" is the cry of Hamlin Garland and other New York agitators who tell us that "politics and petty jealousy" have set aside the will of the majority. They might as well cry for a vacancy in the seat occupied by Secretary Daniels.

Secretary Daniels has added another member to the Moral Welfare Committee, thus increasing the efficiency of the navy and putting another crimp in the U-boat campaign.

While in retirement Bethmann-Hollweg might write the history of that "scrap of paper."

"The greatest municipal bore" is not a supervisor but a tunnel.

We should like very much to know who's running Germany: the Kaiser or the Crown Prince.

"Let's resolutely wear our dresses as long as they are decent, regardless of style," says a Los Angeles clubwoman to her southern sisters. But the middle western women who live in Loce have always done that.

In Los Angeles the other night a married man was caught affinitizing with two women in one room; caught not by the authorities but by his wife. The authorities of Los Angeles are never inclined to mar the reputation of the city for chemical purity.

## Transformation

By Dorothy Easton

The smell of a town has a hot, sour taint—a mixture of oranges and shoe leather, beer and buns, and at some narrow corner—codfish.

Having tramped to Chichester for a train tonight, I was waiting on the platform when a girl ran up to me:

"Has the train gone yet?" she panted.

A whistle sounded, people on the platform clutched their bags, the train rushed in. I saw the girl trying hard to turn one of the brass handles—I turned it for her, and we got in together.

"Are you sure it's right?" She was on the point of getting out! But the guard slammed the door shut, waved his flag, and we were off.

"I thought I'd missed it," she kept saying; "and whatever I should do if I missed it—I don't know! I should lose my place."

After a pause, more shyly: "I've been to Chichester to see Auntie, I don't live there."

"Have you to be in at a certain time?"

"Oh, yes! Got to be in by half-past eight. It's the first time 'she's' let me go for a whole day; I mustn't be late, must I?"

Another silence, and then—confidentially:

"I go to bed at half-past nine."

It wasn't easy to watch her, for her eyes always caught mine half way, and they shone so; if I met them full her whole face quivered.

She was pale; tall and weedy, having outgrown her strength. Dressed very neatly; and in her white blouse, with white roses on a pink straw hat, she reminded me of the little "Star of Bethlehem" flower.

She was "housemaid," she told me, "in a big house at Bognor."

When she thrust a bag of chocolates into my lap, and told me to "have them all!"—her eyes shone like rain in the sun; they kept changing color, clear gray, then green, then darkest blue.

Her home, she told me, was in the Midlands.

"Bognor train on the right," we were told at Barnham, and got in together again; but the train didn't start. The girl jumped out: "It can't be right," she cried; "do ask!"

I asked the engine-driver: "All right, waitin' for the Brighton train. Troops passin'. Everythin' late!"

"Oh, what shall I do? I shall lose my place!"

Her long back drooped, her head hung forward, her face was pinched with worry.

Barnham is a draughty station, but she wouldn't get into the train; perhaps she hoped another would appear suddenly on the opposite side, and start sooner!

A clock struck the half hour.

"Why! perhaps the door'll be shut on me . . . If I miss the train I shall lose my character! And then—?"

People standing about stamped their feet, men looked at their watches, one or two went to the bar; they had all left hats or bags or newspapers in the corner seats they meant to come back to.

"It's not your fault," I told the poor girl, "you must say to your mistress that the Brighton train was late, and we were made to wait—" But now her mouth was open, her eyes searched the rails; a cold, dirty wind flying through the station pulled her hair loose.

"But do get in!" I begged her.

Just then the Brighton train roared in our ears; crowds of soldiers began running across the platform; before I could catch her hand, the girl was engulfed in them.

She lost her head, screamed and rushed

straight at a big man's chest. I saw his arms go up to steady her, and I saw her startled face, very white, all eyes, and one rose in her hat blown loose, flapping. The other soldiers who could see it all were laughing; her eyes fluttered to the man who held her. I just caught sight of his bent, red neck; he had kissed her.

I shouted to the girl, the guard shouted; I leant right out—and felt a queer leap in my pulse when I heard her giggle.

Her eyes were shining like crystal, her face flushed scarlet, not an ounce of memory left, nor thought; only excitement! Contact! The unknown!

The star of Bethlehem had become a wild geranium!

I was rushing to her when the guard slammed the door, the train moved, and she was left—on the platform with the soldiers.

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## His First Action

*One hears little of the fighting beyond the main front. This is a vivid description of a skirmish with the Turks which took place some months ago on the edge of the Arabian desert.*

By Gerard Shaw

The platoon was marching along in the gray light before the dawn through trailing clouds of slowly-rising mist, winding between big clumps of sword grass and dark trees dripping moisture from each drooping leaf. The men's footsteps were silent on the soft ankle-deep sand, the only sound was the occasional splashing of the water in their bottles, or the crack of a dry stick underfoot. The sky grew lighter and lighter, and soon the sun's burning edge showed above the trees, mounting slowly and relentlessly into the blue clear sky, melting away the last wreaths of mist. The heat grew with each hour, the cool sand became burning dust, dense suffocating clouds of it hung above the plodding soldiers, dark patches of sweat began to show round the crossed straps of their equipment, pale dust powdered their rifles and packs, and showed in muddy streaks on their streaming faces. Hour after hour they tramped steadily on, now and then shifting their slung rifles from one shoulder to the other or stumbling in the deepening sand.

Hour after hour at the same unvarying pace with never a halt, their tunics now black with sweat, their eyes fixed on the ground, their shoulders stooped forward, here and there the fours broken as some tired soldier dropped towards the rear. Each man marched silently looking neither to the right nor left, intent only on keeping his place and saving his strength.

Yet the thoughts of some wandered to cool seas and creamy foam washing round weed-covered rocks, or to fresh green grass and gurgling streams, others remembered their favorite inns far away on English village greens, or driving sea fogs rushing like smoke before southwest gales roaming through wet trees.

One in particular had always a vision of a little gray stone cottage on the edge of a windy rain-swept moor, where cold rains rattled on the window panes, and cold winds whistled in the chimneys and beat and twisted the stunted thorn trees. He was a recruit for the first time on active service. All through the long hot day the same vision floated before his eyes, the gray cottage and the green rain-soaked turf and the gray clouds sweeping across the sky. Only when a halt was called and the tired men dropped out and drank sparingly from their water bottles, then the vision faded and he thought only of his precious water and struggled with the desire to drink it all at once.

At last, as the sun was slanting down towards the west, the platoon was marched into a small wood where large-leaved shrubs spread beneath tall trees. The order was given to extend and lie down under cover of the bushes; gladly the tired men obeyed, sinking from sight among the leaves where they remained, still and invisible. The recruit lay prone, his forehead resting on his rifle stock, on to which the sweat trickled from his face. After the nightmare of burning sun and scorching sand and choking dust this wood was a paradise. As he rested he listened to the twittering notes of many birds; their song came down faintly from tree tops, but filled the whole air; a milky light filtered through the green arches of trees, and the broad leaves of the bushes

gently swayed in the lightly moving air. He watched with interest the many insects which crept along the grass stems, or leapt from twig to twig: tiny leaf hoppers, busy ants, bright colored beetles, and delicate, silent-winged flies. He lay absolutely still, not moving even when a lieutenant came creeping along on hands and knees commanding silence, nor when a connecting file came breathlessly crawling up with the news that the enemy were coming, still he listened in a dream to the shrill humming of myriads of tiny gnats and the whispering music of the birds, and idly wondered if a small black ant would succeed in carrying off a dead beetle which it was trying to drag through a forest of tangled grass and weeds. Only when a distant rattling of rifle fire came from far away on the left, he raised his head a little, and carefully breaking off a leaf or two, made a spy-hole to fire from.

All now lay tense and expectant, waiting for the first sight of the enemy; the firing on the left died away and rose again to a continuous crackle, then died down once more; perhaps the enemy had retired, no message had come through. For a quarter of an hour more they lay with straining eyes and ears, motionless and invisible. Suddenly the recruit became aware of four or five figures in a clear space between two clumps of pampas grass; they were walking slowly and cautiously towards the left flank, their eyes all turned in that direction and evidently quite unaware of the ambush close to them. It was almost like shooting into a picture, so quietly and unexpectedly had they appeared; their uniforms were different, he understood they were the enemy, and passed the word along, and in breathless excitement the whole line waited the order to fire. But as yet the captain made no sign. Black soldiers, this time with a few white among them, slowly advanced across their front, creeping and crouching behind every clump of grass and bush, with eyes only for the known enemy before them and in full view from the side position. Then at last came the word to fire. Every man pressed his trigger, and the song of the birds was drowned in the continuous banging of the rifles, as the men lay and worked their bolts at high speed.

Almost half the enemy fell, wounded or killed, in the first few seconds; those who remained fled back to the nearest cover and returned the fire till reinforcements came doubling up. Soon they found where the line ended and came charging up in masses; the bullets were whipping through the bushes, and throwing little spurts of dust and dry leaves into the air on every side as the enemy neared the wood. The recruit lay firing steadily, and watching the running figures fall here and there, and wondering when the time would come to get up, and if the order would be "Advance" or "Retire."

It was "Retire;" the enemy's numbers were greatly superior and they were working round the flank. He rose and ran back thirty paces, instinctively keeping the correct interval, and flung himself down between his two neighbors. Another five round were fired, then the line of running figures retired again, almost to the far edge of the wood, where they dropped behind

a low bank which gave good cover, and bayonets were fixed. The enemy were now among the bushes and firing from thick cover; bullets were striking everywhere and men were falling.

Invisible in the bushes the enemy got into position for a charge and came yelling and racing forwards. The recruit leapt up as the enemy reached them; two black soldiers with shining ebony faces and wild eyes were upon him; he fired into the first and before he had fallen, parried the other's thrust, and sent his rifle butt crashing into his skull. The recruit saw his right-hand neighbor fall and more and more blacks entered the wood, some firing from behind trees, and others rushing up with fixed bayonets. Three more attacked him. He ran at the first, thrusting violently at him; his bayonet went through the man's chest, and before he could draw it out, the second had lunged wildly at him, piercing the upper part of his right arm; he saw the black's yellow, glaring eyes, his white teeth bared, and his broad nose wrinkled in a grin of rage, then the same moment he was flung backwards by a shouting crowd, and saw his comrades falling back all along the line. Picking himself up, he ran on among the enemy, furiously thrusting at their backs as he went, and hoping in the confusion to rejoin his own side; everything was turmoil and confusion; some enemy soldiers turned on him, and he ran, dodging among the tree trunks, towards the edge of the wood. He had no chance now of getting back, bullets were flying all round him, he was deafened by the incessant shouting and firing; his comrades were still retiring in scattered groups, some standing behind trees and firing between forked branches, others kneeling or lying, and then retiring again.

As he ran, seeing no hope of life, yet desperately anxious to live, he saw about twenty yards from the wood's edge the ruined walls of a hut, making a circular mud rampart about two feet high; he took a flying leap into this, and flung himself flat, then he fired away as fast as he could. His hands trembled with excitement and rage, sweat streamed into his eyes. A group of the enemy saw him and came racing across the open space between him and the wood. He brought down two of them as they came, then the rest were upon him; he stabbed and lunged furiously with the bayonet, careless of defense, and some went down, but the rest overwhelmed him; at last a bayonet went through him, he felt no pain, though he saw it in his own body; he had once more a lightning vision of the gray cottage and the wet moor, then blackness and silence.

After what seemed years of dreamless sleep, he opened his eyes and saw above him a thin crescent moon and millions of twinkling stars in a deep blue-black sky. He tried to remember where he was, and what had happened; nothing was clear to him. The shrill howling of jackals came faintly from a great distance, some small bats chirped as they flitted to and fro, showing dark against the glittering stars, there was no sound or suggestion of human beings, nothing visible but the wide dark sky and crumbling mud walls. Presently he moved, his right shoulder and arm were numb and

(Continued on Page 12)



# The Spectator

## The Stidgering of San Jose

Our professional purifiers are exploiting the model home town of San Jose. This is punishment fitting the crime of tolerating a Stidger in the Garden City. The Rev. Stidger, it will be remembered, was formerly the associate of Paul Smith whom he out-Paulled in the appalling ways of vice-hunting reformers. Plumbing the lowest depths of the vice crusader's profession in his lickerish relish of evidences of the lecherous the blushless Stidger presently personified a new epithet in the language. Then he turned himself loose in San Jose where he has been very busy. San Jose has a "Round-up," as it is called, every year, much to the delight of the merchants to whom it brings trade from near-by and far through hosts of pleasure seekers intent on healthful relaxation. Nothing so distasteful to a Stidger as innocent pleasure, and therefore the "Round-up" served as a pretext for a "crusade." Stidger found that the "Round-up" attracted people from San Francisco. What better proof was to be had of the depravity of the thing? The evidence was furnished him by Jack Tait who has a round up of a score of his friends at his ranch at Ben Lomond every year. Tait thought it a good joke on San Jose, just before the city's round-up, to plaster bills on a few of the dead-walls of the town making announcement of his own private affair at Ben Lomond. The bills caused alarm in the community. Folks thought that Tait was stealing their thunder. Louis O'Neal, the San Jose lawyer, appreciated the joke, and as director-general of the city's round-up sent invitations to Tait and all his friends to participate in the big affair on the Alameda. At once Stidger mounted his hind legs and brayed his indignation. He called attention to the fact that Tait was the proprietor of a San Francisco cafe where women dance and drinks are sold and people generally behave not at all like Methodists. Stidger attacked the general reputation of the men invited by Tait, and as usual sputtered Stidgerisms without a qualm. Also he attacked Louis O'Neal and inveighed against the annual "Round-up" as an enterprise detrimental to public morals. San Jose has been in a ferment ever since, a sort of storm-centre of reform, with Stidger's pals—Paul Smith and former State Senator Grant—lending him their aid.

## Garden City Wrath

Naturally the Garden City community has been wrought up to a high pitch of indignation. It was bad enough to have Stidger bellying his nauseating buncombe from the Methodist platform, but to have him buttressed by two such reformers as Smith and Grant, each vociferating his favorite style of appeal to the I. W. W.'s of puritanism, has set the town by the ears. The Merchants' Association of San Jose has taken them seriously enough to protest against their activities. Resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the Association last week affirming the innocent character of the "Round-up" as follows:

Whereas, Such exhibitions have, in the judgment of the Merchants' Association of San Jose, been conducted in a clean, orderly and proper manner; and

Whereas, Said exhibitions have been of great benefit to this community, in the wide advertising they have given to it, and in the immense

numbers of visitors of respectability and standing they have brought here from other communities and in the large financial gain which has accrued to the merchants of this city, as well as to charitable institutions and projects through such exhibitions; and

Whereas, Certain persons, newspapers and organizations have made violent, sensational and unreasoning attacks upon such exhibitions; and, in so doing, have improperly questioned the character and respectability of visitors to our city, denounced the motives of the large numbers of respectable merchants of this city who have aided in such exhibitions and advertised the city as a community abandoned to immorality, rowdiness and drunkenness;

Now, Therefore, be it resolved, by the Merchants' Association of San Jose, that this association does hereby heartily approve of the Round-up as an annually recurring exhibition as heretofore given in this city, and be it further

Resolved, That this association deplores and resents said attacks so made by such persons, newspapers and organizations as grossly unfair to the merchants and citizens interested in said Round-up, insulting to the many visitors here from other communities and an utterly unwarranted libel on the good name of this city and its citizens. Be it further

Resolved, That all celebrations of a proper character that bring numbers of people to our city and that keep the majority of San Jose people at home are beneficial to the growth and development of San Jose and that such movements deserve the hearty support of every loyal citizen in the community.

## A Paul Pry Lawyer

Resolutions are not satisfactory instruments wherewith to brand or scatter cattle of the Stidger-Smith-Grant variety. These troublesome busybodies require something more effective than plain English to acquaint them with the folly of their methods of keeping themselves in the public eye, and it wouldn't surprise me if in the mild-mannered town of San Jose they received a lesson that might improve their manners. For in San Jose there are some red-blooded men and women who think pretty well of the town and who regard libels on the town as libels on themselves. And at present libels of the kind Stidger and Grant are circulating are dangerous, especially when brought to the attention of a Josephus Daniels and circulated as truths. This is precisely what has been done. San Jose has been pictured in Washington as a city too depraved to be within twenty miles of a military camp. The Lamolle House must be

closed, says Purifier Edwin Grant, who confesses that he has been playing Paul Pry in a bathroom, listening to private conversations over a telephone, all in the interest of public morals. He would have us believe that the Lamolle House is a kind of assignation house which prominent married women in San Jose are accustomed to visit for illicit purposes. He threatens to mention the names of the women. Here is a regular disciple of Paul Smith and the Rev. Stidger, who, we know are not the most cautious of witnesses when telling what they have learned in the course of their investigations. Needless to say I have no faith in Grant. I'd not take his word for a conversation which he listened to over a phone, but if I were interested in a woman calumniated by him I'd be inclined to take him to one side and admonish him with a club. Perhaps there are men in San Jose who might feel similarly inclined.

## The Ginger-Ale Highball

The ginger-ale highball involves a problem which our War Department has not yet vouchsafed to solve. Meanwhile our soldiers, some of them, I should say, those with a keen sense of personal rights rather than a high regard for discipline of the teetotal brand are sipping highballs much to the alarm of the proprietors of restaurants and cafes. Of course no man in the restaurant business will take a chance with a soldier. Liquor is nowhere sold to a soldier, but soldiers accompanied by their sweethearts or other friends frequently call for ginger ale and their companions call for the same with a stick in it. And occasionally, so it is said, the soldier gets hold of the wrong glass. How is anybody to distinguish the drinks except by tasting? As yet tasters have not been appointed by the Government. This is a matter to which Secretary Baker should give his immediate attention.

## A Modified Municipal Clinic

Down at Riverside or wherever he is enlightening ignorance and boosting the uplift, Charles F. Aked, D. D., LL. D., etc., must be a very sad man. For the municipal clinic which he helped to close is opening again in San Francisco. In a modified form, that is. This interesting development has come through the earnest solicitation of army and navy men in authority here. There are to be twenty thousand soldiers at Palo Alto and ten thousand or more at the Presidio, and the service chiefs want their health protected against venereal disease. So far as San Francisco is concerned the problem would be easy if the municipal clinic had not



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been closed. But that admirable institution was thrown into the discard despite the disinterested efforts of Dr. Julius Rosenstirn, its stalwart champion. So now it is necessary to replace it. There is to be a prophylactic clinic at the San Francisco Hospital, and steps will be taken to see that all the women of the night life are made to report there for examination, and treatment if necessary. All the other communities around the bay are expected to follow this city's example. If this action is not a vindication of the wisdom which prompted the establishment of the municipal clinic I should like to know what it is. To an extent, of course, it is a recognition of the social evil; but I suspect that our boldest reformers will think twice before protesting against it.

#### Wheeler Interprets the War

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California made an address to the students of the summer school at Berkeley a few days ago in the course of which he gave his interpretation of the meaning of the world war.

"We are in the midst of a great struggle of unleashed forces which for generations to come will determine the fates of nations and peoples," he said among other things. "History will in time allot its sure judgment to the deeds of men. There is nothing hidden that will not be laid bare. At present we see with prejudices as in a glass darkly. But with all our groping and dullness of vision we believe we know one thing, that a system of human liberty by which we shape our life as a people is set at stake."

I take it that President Wheeler meant that our system of liberty was menaced by Germany. I take it that he holds with President Wilson that this war is being waged against Germany "to make the world safe for democracy."

"That system," Wheeler continued, "is based on faith in men. We believe that when left free they tend toward good. We believe that God is in His world and that things zigzag upward toward the better. We believe in self-government and trust more in the law that is within man than in the force that works upon him from without."

Here again, I take it, Wheeler is contrasting our system with Germany's. "The force that works upon man from without" is, I suppose, the governmental force of an empire based on militarism. And indeed, President Wheeler goes on to make his meaning clearer:

"The opposite system is found in central Europe developed out of the tough squeeze between Russia to the east and France to the west, in sharp contrast to the American product of a spiritual elbow-room. The one is based on a professionalism which makes a man a machine, the other puts the man first and keeps him an amateur and a free man. That is his liberty, his liberty to fulfill his life, to have one full, fair chance. This is the issue. The battle line has been drawn."

#### Wheeler's Eyes Opened

Certainly I have no fault to find with these words. The reason I quote them at length is so that I may contrast them with words written by Wheeler some time before the world war started in 1914. It seems to me that President

Wheeler's eyes have been opened by this war. For years, it will be recalled readily, President Wheeler was an intimate friend of the Kaiser. No American visiting Berlin was ever more highly honored by Wilhelm than the president of our State university. President Wheeler admired the Kaiser greatly, and this admiration blinded him to things which many others saw clearly enough. Perhaps this blindness was never more strikingly recorded than when President Wheeler, during the Balkan War, contributed to the New York Times literary supplement a signed review of "The German Emperor and the Peace of the World" written by Alfred H. Fried. I am going to quote at some length from this review, if only to remind people that college presidents are not infallible and that the utterances which come from them as though ex cathedra are actually nothing more than the opinions of the easy chair. A more distinguished college president than President Wheeler has changed his mind more than once, and our friend Benjamin Ide Wheeler need feel no chagrin at having had to do so, particularly as, it appears to me, he has done it gracefully. "Mr. Fried," President Wheeler wrote, "is, I am sure, entirely within the truth when he sets forth the German Emperor as the well-convinced friend of peace."

#### "The World Misunderstands"

"From the very beginning of his reign," Wheeler continues, "he has on various significant occasions expressed the hope and purpose that the power of the empire should serve the interests of peace among the peoples of Europe. That he has not been earlier and more confidently recognized as a friend of peace is probably due not only to his evident interest in military and naval preparations, but to the popular misinterpretation of one and another of his favorite dramatic expressions, such as, 'I and the army were made for one another.' The emperor holds most sacredly a theory of the sanctions and import of his office, which on occasion leads him, when peculiarly conscious of the role he is set to play, into expressions which the world misunderstands. But there is one matter of fact which the world cannot misunderstand, though it has mostly overlooked it. He has had at his control during a reign of nearly a quarter century the most powerful and perfect mechanism of war known to history, and he has used it not for war, but decisively for peace. He does not promise that he will not use it for war. That would only impair its peculiar value, and encourage the elements of discord in Europe. He spends no strength discussing a stipulated limitation of armaments, for Germany, standing in the midst between the Slav and the Roman, has a responsibility both to itself and to Europe, which cannot accept measurement in terms of the strength of the nations about it, whether small or great."

#### "Germany Wants Quiet"

"Germany cannot wish for any further annexations of European territory," this remarkable apologia for Wilhelm continues. "It cannot afford to disturb the present balance of races and creeds. It does not want any more 'sore frontiers'—at least not until the Polish provinces and Alsace are healed. Germany wants first of all quiet and order in Europe. It is developing its industries, cultivating its soil intensively, keeping its people at home, and finding them food. There is no ground on which it could wish for a war in Europe. On the contrary, it shares with all other European states the need of peace and a husbanding of

resources against the day when the peril of the East shall be made manifest. If the great nations of Europe can be made to abstain from war for another half century they are likely then, facing a common danger, to discern a common interest which will reestablish co-operation, if not federation, in the place of distrust and war. Germany not only desires peace within Europe, but it has the best of reasons for seeking it in the outer world of the seas. It is seeking a reliable market for its wares in the outer world, a market that may not be suddenly and arbitrarily closed against it. It recognizes that the colonial system as a means of procuring markets is a thing of the past. As a means of giving solidity to its trade relations it proposes to adopt the device of a navy in place of that of the colony."

#### "War with Britain Abhorrent"

"The maintenance of the peace between Germany and Britain," President Wheeler goes on in this ante-bellum article, "is endangered by the possibility that Britain may refuse to be convinced that this is Germany's real purpose in the enlargement of its navy. Germany's interests lead plainly in the paths of peace. Her industrial prosperity, her widening markets, and her fast-spreading merchant marine argue vehemently against war. In war she has everything to lose and nothing to gain. There will be no war—unless Britain, under the long strain of her suspicions, should intrust herself at some unfortunate moment to the guidance of extremists who believe in striking before Germany attains her full naval strength. Such an unfortunate moment might be created wherever Britain happened to cross the track of Germany's politics—commercial advance toward the southeast—anywhere between the Balkans and the Persian Gulf. But every well-informed person knows, or by this time ought to know, that the thought of a war with Britain is plainly abhorrent to the emperor's mind. He greatly admires, as it is plain to all, the sturdy clean-

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liness of the average Englishman and his common sense. He does not forget that he was the grandchild, and the favorite grandchild, of Queen Victoria, and that she died in his arms. He would evidently value British appreciation. It sometimes seems as if he were nonplussed at the failure of the British people to understand him, to understand his kindly disposition toward them, and to take him at his word. They interpret his utterances regarding friendly relations as mere formal diplomacy. He means them precisely as he says them. Others may talk lightly for effect, but he, like the Hohenzollerns before him, must hold himself responsible to a higher power for the things he says and the promises he makes."

#### "Britain's Best Friend"

"To the outside observer," says Wheeler (and I am bringing this long quotation to an end), "it is the chief wonder that the people of Britain have been so slow to recognize that the emperor is their best friend in Europe, and the next greatest wonder may well be that he has not been more noticeably rebuffed by their slowness. The present situation in the Balkans puts his friendliness both toward Britain and toward the cause of peace to the sorest test. Austria and Turkey are by the formal relations of diplomacy his nearest kin. To the four orthodox allies (Wheeler here means Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro and Greece) Britain inclines to allow the full fruits of victory at the cost of Austrian and Turkish interests. So the political rift snaps out suddenly between England and Germany. If the conflagration is to be held within present bounds, it must be the emperor's work through his hold upon Austria and the prestige of his power and position in Central Europe. No friend of peace can justly regret that Germany today stands strong in the midst of the European map, and no one, I think, will in the future, so long as the emperor lives, have occasion to regret it."

That conflagration did not spread until the Austrian Archduke was assassinated at Serajevo and Austria at the instigation of Germany sent Serbia an ultimatum which no nation could accept. Even President Wheeler, I imagine, regrets the events which followed, events forced by the Kaiser in the bull-blown pride of his "power and position in Central Europe."

#### Hartman and the Clockwinder

"You think you're a very clever fellow, don't you? Just because you were in the State Senate once. I don't know of anything you ever did to get a medal or a set of resolutions or anything but a bum job for a friend and—"

"Why the grouch?" Senator Hartman asked. "I've not been blowing about my achievements," and he flicked the ashes off his cigar preparatory to putting his feet on the table in the pendulum room.

The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock smiled at his friend, and remarked apologetically, "Oh, I was only thinking of Senator Edwin Grant, a statesman whom a lot of you fly boys have been giving the laugh to ever since he was recalled. Seems to me he made a big success of his legislative career."

"By getting kicked out of his job?" Hartman asked.

"No, by insinuating himself into a job, getting himself promoted. Up at Sacramento he was

champion of the Redlight Abatement bill, and as a champion he laid the foundation for a job worth while, the job of attorney for the Law Enforcement League. He and Paul Smith as the leading spirits of this league are doing real politics, building up a big political machine that will have the backing of all the reformers in the State."

"And then what?" Hartman asked.

"Wait and see," said the clockwinder. "But depend upon it, the clean-up twins will cut some figure in the next campaign. 'Black' Hayes needs a political organization, and Grant and

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As you say, Oakland has indeed "struck its stride and is forging ahead in the race for metropolitan importance by leaps and bounds. This should give great satisfaction to San Francisco; for around the bay we are all one community, and whatever advances us advances Oakland, and vice versa."

I might enlarge on this matter considerably, but could say nothing more than you have stated, if I did. We should all glory in the development of the bay section. San Francisco Bay is the important thing. Not Oakland or San Francisco as cities. We are only here because the bay is here, and because we render peculiarly unselfish service that is profitable to our State at large. If we are to mar this unselfish service by petty desire for personal credit—than which nothing is more selfish—we shall only hinder the acceptance of our offer for more people to come and do business with us and live in our neighborhood.

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Smith have brought one right to his front door in San Jose. If you'd been reading the Hayes organ of late you'd see that Grant has been making some progress."

Senator Hartman emitted a loud guffaw.

"What are you laughing at?" the clockwinder demanded.

"It just occurred to me how funny it would be to see our own Rudolph, most zealous of all redlight abatement reformers, forming a political combination with 'Black' Hayes and employing the Enforcement League to elevate and purify the State Administration."

"It might be funny," said the clockwinder, "but it wouldn't be at all incredible."

#### The German Christus a Consumptive

From Gertrude Atherton by way of a letter to a New York paper comes some interesting information about Anton Lang, the Christus of the Oberammergau Passion Play, who was called to the colors a few weeks ago. According to

Mrs. Atherton, the German Government with its commercial eye on the main chance spared Lang as long as possible, for it was generally felt that this well-drilled actor with the spiritual face would draw many thousands of tourists to Oberammergau in 1920, the year of the next production of the Passion Play. All of the younger men of the village were sent to the war long since, and the older, too, went before Lang was sent, but the man-power of Germany steadily declining made the summoning of Lang imperative. "His loss," says Mrs. Atherton, "will be irreparable," and she adds: "Newspapers and others who have commented on this sacrifice of Lang, however, do not know just how significant it is. For the fact that he is a valuable commercial asset to Germany is only half of it. Lang is a consumptive. He is no more fitted to serve in the trenches, or in warfare at all, than a delicate woman."

#### Frau Lang Explains

Mrs. Atherton spent a fortnight in the village of Oberammergau in 1908, and boarded in the home of Anton Lang. It was the most expensive boarding place in the village, and the unmercenary community complained that Frau Lang should charge her boarders so much. The villagers, Mrs. Atherton says, are a spiritual people and dislike commercialism. One day Frau Lang explained matters to her thus: "My husband is tubercular. He may be the Christus in 1910, but he never will live until 1920. What little he makes as a potter is due to the fact that he is the Christus, and the tourists buy of him just as they come to my pension. When he dies the business will vanish, and I shall get the minimum price for my rooms—if I am, indeed, able to keep this house. I have two children. I wish them to grow up healthy, to exterminate, if possible, any seeds of their father's disease they may have inherited. You will understand, then, that I must make all I can now. I must appear mercenary; I must scrimp and save. I am a mother."

#### Is Germany Emptying Her Sanatoriums?

"Poor Frau Lang!" says Mrs. Atherton. "She always seemed to me a village tragedy. Still a handsome woman and a fine actress—they gave yearly Biblical plays at Oberammergau, and she was the star; she was a black-eyed, black-haired beauty in her youth, with a lovely voice and so pronounced a gift for the stage that she had more than one offer to go to Berlin on a good salary, which would have enabled her to cultivate her voice for opera. 'But,' said this woman, whom her neighbors called mercenary, to me, 'I could not. I was tempted. Indeed, I went for a few weeks, but I returned and never went again. I could not bear the idea of waking in the morning and not looking out of my window up to the Cross on Kochel—the peak topped by a great cross which symbolizes Oberammergau. And then I married my husband. That ended it.' Continuing Mrs. Atherton writes: "Others in the village told me the same thing—that with Anton Lang it was only a question of a few years. No one believed he would live as long as he has, and no doubt his admirable wife is largely responsible. I have seen few men look more frail. When he carried a trunk up stairs he was white and panting before he reached the top. He spent as much time as he could af-

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ford riding around on his bicycle for air and exercise. Now the obvious deduction is that if Germany is ordering her consumptives out she must be pretty hard up. For all we know she may have emptied her sanatoriums onto the battlefield. Certainly no motives of humanity would deter her, possibly no reason whatever except her dread of the caustic and irrepressible pen of Maximilian Harden—the only real man in Germany."

#### Hearst Settles It All

Consider these words published in The Examiner over the signature of Hearst:

"Let the great republics of the United States and Russia, upon which the determination of this war absolutely depends, demand that both the empire of Germany and the empire of England make peace without annexation or indemnity; and let the United States alone out of her great wealth restore France and rebuild Belgium, at a lesser cost, whatever it might be, than the cost of war, and with the saving of the priceless lives of her own dear sons."

Consider these words, I say, and then tell me whether Hearst is on the level.

#### Under Which King, Bezonian?

My attention has been called to the following, and I call it to the attention of my readers, simply to give them a good laugh:

I have been in favor of temperance instead of prohibition, but since the Rominger bill has been killed by the liquor interests and since the situation has now resolved itself into a struggle between whisky and the wide open saloon on one side and prohibition on the other I do not think that any moral element or moral influence can hesitate to align itself with prohibition rather than with the saloons. I desire The San Francisco Examiner and the Los Angeles Examiner from now on to make a straight out fight for prohibition. William Randolph Hearst. —From the San Francisco Examiner of April, 1917.

The nation-wide fight to save beers and light wines from the ban of war prohibition was organized and led by the great chain of Hearst newspapers.—From the San Francisco Examiner, June 30, 1917.

#### Hoover Calls for Woods

Once more the East is paging "Jim" Woods of the St. Francis. A few weeks ago he was wanted by the men behind the big hotel syndicate of Atlantic City of which he has been made a director. Now comes a call from Washington, D. C., or, to be more specific, from Herbert Hoover, the man who saved Belgium from starvation and who is now at the head of our national food control commission. Hoover has called for assistance, and he has picked out five or six men from as many sections of the country to help him solve the problems of food control. One of the men is "Jim" Woods,

police commissioner of San Francisco, the man whose ideas are pretty clearly reflected in the management of the St. Francis Hotel. I hear that Mr. Woods holds himself in readiness to go to Washington as soon as required. Meanwhile the disgraceful struggle over the Food Control bill continues in the Senate where the prohibitionists with their liquor amendments have caused an almost hopeless muddle. They are backed, the New York papers say, by every "interest" that would suffer from the enactment of the law. The food speculators, the exporters who do not intend to lose without a struggle the large profits from exportation of foodstuffs to neutrals who will send them in turn to feed the enemy's troops, the anti-war men of pro-German or pacifist tendencies, are as much to blame for this threat of national disaster as the fanatical prohibitionists, whose unwarranted use of their power in Congress, says the New York Times, "created a condition which will make the enactment of any reasonable prohibition legislation after the war practically impossible. They have aligned their cause with disloyalty."

#### To-let Signs in Portland

The very conservative Portland Spectator quotes a delegate to the N. E. A. convention as remarking: "While your city seems prosperous, on your leading business streets are many signs of stores to rent. We cannot reconcile your appearance of commercial health with that symptom of poor business circulation. . . . I do not suppose that your citizens notice the numerous 'for rent' signs in the business district; you are probably accustomed to them. But they are very apparent to the visitor. And it does not matter what you tell him about your prosperity; he knows when he sees all these vacant stores that your business is not as good as you say it is."

I'm just wondering whether the fact that Portland is bone dry has anything to do with that.

#### Booze and the Tailor

Speaking of bone-dry Portland reminds me: Bob McCracken who used to live in Portland met his Portland tailor at the St. Francis the other day. The tailor was down here on a vacation, and took the same.

"Well," said Bob, "I suppose Portland men have more money to spend on clothes now that they can't spend it for booze."

"Maybe they have," answered the tailor. "But so far as I can see they are not spending it with the tailors. Personally, business was never so dull as it has been since the town went dry."

"How do you account for that?" asked Bob, always interested in economic conditions.

"This way," said the tailor. "The men who used to go to their clubs or their favorite hotel bar after office hours now board a street car and go straight home. They don't see their pals the way they used to. And they neglect their clothes. You know, when a man meets his pal and notices that his pal has a new suit he first admires it and then looks at his own, and the chances are he says: 'This is getting kind of seedy; I'll have to visit my tailor tomorrow.' But when a man goes from his home to his office and from his office to his home, he doesn't take such care of his personal appearance. It's the same with the commuter who is always running for a boat or train totting a length of garden hose or a gripful of canned goods. The commuter is a badly dressed man."

#### The Lantern for July

The Lantern's light is shed on widows this month. Taking for text Tony Weller's famous caution to his son, Edward F. O'Day sets forth the curiously ungallant attitude which literary men have adopted toward the relict. And The Lantern's light is directed to Alexander Pope, on whom Robert Lynd sees fit to be pretty severe in a fascinating essay. There is a powerful story by Grant Watson called "Man and Brute," an unusual, gripping story, a masterpiece in its way. Vincent McNabb is represented by a powerful word-painting of the Atlantic in storm called "The Winds of Anarchy." There are two exceptional poems, and an exquisite poem in prose. Altogether this July Lantern is calculated to satisfy the taste of the cultivated, to supply entertainment and stimulate thought.

#### Paul Elder's New Venture

Announcement is made that Paul Elder is endeavoring to secure for San Francisco a series of six lectures by Kathleen Gray Nelson of New York City, to be given during the latter part of September. Mrs. Nelson has never visited this city, although she is not unknown to our clubwomen. Mrs. Nelson is widely traveled and has lived in many lands; she has a keenness of intellect and a charm of personality that make her popular as a lecturer on any subject. She is, however, recognized as the great authority on the history of woman, and it is on this subject that she will probably lecture here. To insure Mrs. Nelson's coming, a subscription list will be opened on August first, at which time subscriptions for her September lecture course will be received by Paul Elder & Co. It is a curious fact that as a theatrical and musical center San Francisco is supreme in the West, but as a lecture center it is nil, and until very recently there has been no opportunity to enjoy the privilege of hearing celebrities of the first water. The enterprise of Paul Elder in attempting to bring lecturers of this kind should be recognized.



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## Charles W. Clark's Catalogue

By the Bookworm

Next to the pleasure of going to San Mateo and browsing from shelf to shelf in Charles W. Clark's library of rare books is the pleasure of turning over the leaves of his catalogue de luxe. This catalogue which is entirely the work of Mr. Clark, is now in its third volume, and there are more volumes to come. Our foremost book collector compiles the list of his rarities, describes them in the language dear to Dibdin and Lowndes and annotates each item with carefully verified information. It is a labor of love with him, and its successful prosecution involves an enormous amount of bibliographical information. Just to read the crabbed and curiously abbreviated Latin and Greek of antique title pages and colophons requires specialized erudition of an uncommon sort. Charles W. Clark possesses this erudition; that is one reason why he is able to produce this monumental catalogue which is eagerly sought by librarians and bibliophiles everywhere. The printing of the catalogue is done by that artist of typography, John Henry Nash. This is Nash's labor of love, and the work is all done in handset type. The result is a beautiful volume, tall, wide-margined, with perfectly balanced pages—a Nash masterpiece altogether worthy of the man who, last Eastertime, surprised his friends with what was probably the most beautiful piece of typography ever made in San Francisco, a Sermon on the Mount whose type pages would have warmed the heart of Aldus and whose illuminated title would have commanded the respect of a medieval Benedictine.

Clark does not collect books as Henry Huntington does, by wholesale. He does not buy libraries, he buys items. He is a specialist in incunabula and editiones principes, and he knows his rare book long before it comes into his possession; for the books which Clark acquires are like famous gems—they have histories which the connoisseur keeps at his finger-ends. This third volume of the Clark catalogue which Clark is now sending to his friends, is packed with titles that make the bibliophile's mouth water. The editio princeps is very much in evidence. Here is Anacreon, 1553; the Argonauticon of Apollonius Rhodius; Diodorus Siculus; the Enchiridion of Epictetus, 1528; an absolutely perfect copy of the Venetian Horace, 1471; Petronius' Satyricon; Plutarch; the Code of Justinian, 1475, and many others. Here is De Sapientia Veterum, first edition, 1609, one of the rarest of Baconian items; also the Instauratio Magna, 1620, in the original binding; and the Advancement and Proficiency of Learning Englished by Gilbert Wats, containing for the first time the four pages of cypher of which so much has been made by Delia Bacon and her followers. Here is the Gli Asolani of Pietro Bembo, an Aldine of 1550, with the dedication (which Clark tells us is usually suppressed) to Lucrezia Borgia. Bembo was a cardinal and secretary to Leo X, and this work of his is an essay on Platonic love, although his loves were not all Platonic if we may credit the scandal-mongers. Here is a Decameron that belonged to the Duc de La Valliere, to J. Mitford and to Maurice Hewlett. And the first edition of Michelangelo's Rime, published 1623. Here is the first edition of Gower's Confessio Amantis, a Caxton of 1483, "the fyrst yere of the regne of Kyng Richard the thyrd." There are only seventeen copies in existence, and only seven are perfect. Here is a Mercurius Trismegistus of 1471. Also a first edition of James Howell's Letters, 1645, a work that Agnes Rep-

lier tried to coax Americans to read. Also a first folio Ben Jonson with Shakespeare's name in the list of players of "Every Man in His Humour" and "Sejanus." And first editions of Izaak Walton, Milton, Dryden, Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay and Carlyle. There are several rare books here that are not to be found in the British Museum. For Clark is quietly acquiring treasures all the times, and now is the best time of all, for many great libraries are being broken up on account of war taxes. A bibliophile can dream by the hour over this catalogue, for it surveys paths of literature seldom trodden except by the devotee with whom the history of books is the supreme passion of life.

## His First Action

(Continued from Page 7)

throbbing with pain, his tunic stiff and damp. He stood up with great difficulty and then he remembered everything, for in front of him lay three bodies, terrible with their rigid limbs, their wide-open eyes glaring blindly. He understood that he had killed these men and the other two lay still and quiet half-way between him and the wood. Sorrow overcame him, sorrow for the death of these men, sorrow for his own weakness, the sorrow of all the world bowed him down with sadness and hopelessness; he sank to his knees, falling forward with his forehead on the ground.

At last groping for his rifle, he rose again and staggered out towards the wood. He was very weak and his head swam, but using his rifle as a crutch, holding the muzzle with both hands, he managed to move along slowly; he went in the direction in which his comrades had been forced back, hoping to be able to pass the enemy's sentries before sunrise. When he had gone about half a mile, crawling along with infinite difficulty, resting very often, he caught a whiff of tobacco smoke, distinct and unmistakable among the cool odors of the night, the clayey scent of cool sand, and the many different fragrances of plants.

Here the country was half cultivated, with a few scattered trees, and dry irrigation ditches dividing the land into squares. He lay down in one of these and silently waited, listening intently for a sound by which he might tell if the smoke came from the enemy or from his friends, for both used the same dry native tobacco.

It was almost certainly the enemy, for he had seen no sign whatever of any human being up to now, and could hardly have passed through their lines so easily, and he knew that no sentry of his own party would dare to smoke while on duty. For a long time he lay still, pressed close to the cool earth, gazing anxiously at a group of dark trees under which he felt sure the sentry was posted. Beneath the trees was complete darkness, velvety black and impenetrable. The upper part of them and the open ground were silvered by the faint light of the crescent moon, and only a narrow black line of shadow ran along one side of the straight ditch; no glowing red cigarette end showed, yet the tobacco scent was there.

The recruit decided to creep along the ditch, trusting that the sentry was only watching the ground in front and keeping no look out behind him, and that the others were asleep. His arm and shoulder caused him great pain, and made his progress even slower than it would have been, but no risks could be taken, the smallest noise might mean death to him. Keep-

ing as flat as possible, and in the narrow strip of shade, he crawled along till he was nearly opposite the trees, then he stopped and lay gathering up his strength for a last effort. Still he could see nothing and hear nothing, only the occasional faint scent of tobacco borne on some wandering night breeze. The sentry must move some time, he could not be asleep, for then he could not smoke. At last a sound, a movement, the faint thud and rattle of a rifle butt on the ground. Looking in the direction of this sound he made out the sentry, dimly dark against the dark sky, leaning between the forks of a tree, which divided itself into two close to the ground; the cigarette was carefully screened in his hand, he had evidently no idea that an enemy was near.

The recruit now crawled on with redoubled care, pausing frequently, and glancing back at the sentry who loomed dim and tall against the sky, seeming taller than any human being as seen from the bottom of the ditch. He crept along with straight knees, propelling himself with his toes and his left elbow, his rifle carefully slung so as to lie along his back. His wounded shoulder and right arm hurt him very much, but if he could only get past the lines of the enemy, nothing would matter. In a few minutes he was almost out of danger, the ditch now ran into a field of maize, the dry leaves and stalks screened him completely, and he crept along more quickly leaving the sentry further and further behind him.

He rose to his feet and hobbled along. The clouds of mist were growing whiter, and a pale light grew in the eastern sky; soon the dark tree tops stood clearly defined above the mist, and just as the sun's red edge showed between the tree trunks, he saw one of his own sentries standing motionless, leaning on his rifle with bent head, but as the recruit came slowly out of the field of maize, the silent figure looked up and covered him. "Halt. Who goes there?" He did not know the password or countersign, but crying "Friend," he staggered towards him and then, weak from weariness and loss of blood, he fell to the ground.

As he fell he saw again the gray stone cottage on the wind-swept moor, and the wet rain-soaked turf, and the driven clouds, and was content.

Jane—Please, ma'am, I want to leave.

Missress—What for?

Jane—I've got a place in the munition works.

Missress—Well, all I can say is, if you drop shells about like you drop the plates, you won't be there long.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Mrs. Darling's Dogs

They are doubtless the most famous dogs in the world, these huskies of Mrs. Charles E. Darling. Year after year, piloted by the incomparable "Scotty" Allen, they won the All-Alaska Sweepstakes, the greatest, the sportiest of all races, the classic of the North. From Nome to the Arctic Ocean and back again—that is the four-hundred-eight-mile course on which this race is run and on which Mrs. Darling's dogs have so often proved their stamina and speed. Not alone in racing annals are these dogs immortalized, but in letters too. There is "Baldy of Nome," the story of the best of Mrs. Darling's huskies told with an appealing sympathy quite beyond the reach of the professional writing man. And there are poems too. Robert W. Service might well have tried his hand at the congenial task of putting these wonderful dogs into rhyme, but he did not, and the feat has been done by Mrs. Darling herself. Already known around the world, a new fame has now come to these great animals. They have won honors on the bloody battlefields of France. "Scotty" Allen took Mrs. Darling's dogs to France a year ago, and they were trained for the beneficent service of the field hospital as well as for the work of transport. Recently some of Mrs. Darling's dogs transported ninety tons of shells to an isolated post, under fire, through a blizzard that raged four days and nights. For that heroic achievement the huskies earned the Cross of War, and it has been forwarded to Mrs. Darling. Nome rejoices at the news, for Nome is strong for Mrs. Darling. Berkeley where she makes her home a good deal, rejoices too, for Mrs. Darling is as beloved in the drawing rooms of

society as in the shacks of the frozen frontier. And up around Auburn and Sacramento there is rejoicing likewise, for Mrs. Charles E. Darling was born up there, being a Birdsall of the well known family, a sister indeed of Ernest Birdsall, the stoutest and best-natured man that ever sat in the State Senate.

## Her Poem of a Husky

To return to Mrs. Darling's poems: There is one in her volume of privately printed verse which she calls "Metempsychosis," and because it is her idea of the dog she loves, it is worth our reading:

In the gray of the Arctic twilight,  
As close by my side she lies,  
I ponder the fathomless mystery  
That broods in my wolf dog's eyes.

She is gentle, yet fiercely loving;  
She is jealous and stealthy and wise,  
As ever she watches and guards me  
With a yearning that never dies.

Together we've crossed the silent wastes;  
We have breasted the howling gale;  
We have seen the glory of Northern Lights;  
Together we've slaved on the trail.

Is there something that holds her to me?  
Some secret I cannot know—  
An expiation of crime or wrong  
That happened long ages ago?

Is there bound in this wolf dog's body  
The soul of some woman of old,  
Who lived and loved and betrayed, perchance,  
When her love was growing cold—

The soul of some passionate princess  
Who dwelt where the desert sand  
Sweeps down to the banks of the templed Nile  
In that sun-warmed Lotus Land;

Or the soul of an Indian nautch girl  
Who trampled the hearts of men  
Into dust 'neath her slender and jeweled feet,  
And for this is she living again;

Or is it some spirit that drained to the dregs  
The wine from the full cup of life  
And left the hemlock for others to quaff,  
Laughing idly at ruin and strife.

And who was I in those centuries gone,  
And what was her guilt to me,  
That makes her my dumb and willing slave  
In the North by the Frozen Sea?

If mine was the sorrow and hers was the sin  
And all that is now had to be,  
Whatever her debt, she paid it in full,  
And her prisoned soul shall be free.

And I wonder if some time in ages to come  
Will the ghosts of this dead past arise;  
Shall I know then the mystery that broods today  
In my faithful wolf-dog's eyes?

## A Marriage

Well! Lucile Bresse certainly did take us all by surprise when she married Glen Hammon last Saturday evening. Of course we all had an idea pretty Lucile was receiving Glen Hammon's attentions with favor, but we didn't realize the romance had reached even the betrothal stage. And here they are married! Young people do these things without any fuss or feathers these bellicose days. How surprised Mr. and Mrs.

Wendell P. Hammon must have been when the news was wired east to them! On the bride's side Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Bresse, her uncle and aunt, were taken into the interesting secret. The young people are very popular, and everybody is wishing them a lifetime full of happiness.

## And an Engagement

Not quite so surprising was the announcement of the engagement of Lloyd Meiere to Wilder J. Bowers which was made unexpectedly on Tuesday afternoon. Hildreth Meiere has just returned from her studio in New York, and the tea was a welcome-home affair, ostensibly. But it was made exciting by the news that Lloyd was engaged to the young chap at the R. O. T. C. It is looked upon as an ideal match. They are both splendid young people. Lloyd Meiere has a Rosetti face and is sometimes called "The Blessed Damosel" in consequence. She has any number of polite accomplishments, and is very popular. I shouldn't be surprised if the marriage takes place soon. We don't waste much time in elaborate entertainments for engaged people these days, the result being that a lot of energy and money is saved. It's a sensible condition, and keeps the marriage license clerk busy.

## Still Another

Another girl who announces her engagement is pretty Anne Elizabeth Crowder who has surrendered her heart to Robert Weber. Anne Crowder is by rights a Red Bluff belle, but the family have been summering in Piedmont and are so enchanted with the hill country that they

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propose to build there. "Bob" Weber is in training at the R. O. T. C. He is a lucky fellow, indeed. Among those who were first to tell Anne Crowder how happy they were about the news were her chums Elizabeth Adams, Amy Requa, Amy Long, Einim McNear and Miriam Beaver who is engaged to Horace Van Sicklen.

#### Mrs. Requa Entertains

One of the most elaborate and most enjoyable affairs given for the officers at the training camp was that of Mrs. Isaac Requa who entertained them in her spacious grounds at Piedmont on Fall of the Bastille Day. There are very few places on either side of the bay better adapted to this form of entertainment, and it certainly was a gala occasion. There was dancing in the big Requa garage during the afternoon, then an al fresco spread, and then dancing again. All the belles of Oakland society were there to help the officers enjoy themselves, and the list of those who assisted Mrs. Requa in receiving her guests reads like Oakland's Social Register.

#### Mrs. Atherton's War Charity

Gertrude Atherton's pet war charity is Le Bien-Etre du Blessé with headquarters in Paris which has collected and expended 450,000 francs. The particular province of this charity is to provide delicate fare and dainties for the severely wounded, those suffering from contagious fevers and the tubercular soldiers. The healing of these patients depends on months of quiet and delicate fare. Le Bien-Etre du Blessé provides them with soups, condensed milk, cocoa, jams, sweet biscuit, etc. Of the thousands of tons shipped to France for Le Bien-Etre du Blessé not an ounce has been sunk so far. The rule that its supplies shall not go to the slightly wounded has been strictly enforced, but there are always exceptions. Mrs. Atherton relates an instance:

One ward of a fever hospital was occupied by a number of slightly wounded men. They were carefully segregated and lived on ordinary hospital fare, which includes no sweets. One day they heard that honey was being passed about in an adjacent fever ward. With one accord they mobilized themselves, seized their tooth mugs, and descended in a body upon the ward filled with patients in various stages of contagious fever. Consternation raged. To drive out this formidable body of poilus, as thirsty for sweets as any man in a desert ever was for water, was impossible. One of the nurses, with great presence of mind, seized the bucket full of honey toward which the army

was aiming with the unerring scent of bees and ran out into the yard with it. The poilus followed, filled their mugs, and the situation was saved. The Médecin Major of the hospital called on Mme. d'Andigné the next time he was in Paris and related the incident. She promised that an extra case of honey should be sent to the hospital whether it were within the rule or not.

#### The Macomers at Newport

King Macomber and his wife have taken a cottage at Newport. Not only that, they have been taken up by Mrs. Herman Oelrichs. So it would seem that their way into the Newport set is to be made easy for them. Whenever Mrs. Oelrichs takes up people all of her friends at Newport are willing to follow suit. Mrs. Oelrichs has always been kind to visiting Californians. Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and her daughter were the last Californians she took up. Their success in Newport followed as a matter of course. It is in the cards for the Macomers to succeed too. So we shall probably see less of them than heretofore. Californians who manage to get in at Newport find their enthusiasm for California greatly slackened.

#### Mrs. Richards' Little Pupils

Last Thursday afternoon about forty pupils of Mrs. Richards' Hotel St. Francis Private School assisted in the exercises at the reception given to the Belgian Legation at the City Hall. A delightful ovation greeted Mrs. Richards last Friday afternoon at her Hotel St. Francis school on her return from her vacation. Mrs. Richards was the recipient of several baskets and bouquets of beautiful flowers, and a specially prepared programme of rhythms and folk dances was given in the tea room. Mt. Diablo Summer School was opened July second under the Richards management, with Miss Helen Perkes, formerly of Mrs. Richards' Oakland school, in charge. New pupils are being enrolled for the fall term in both the Hotel St. Francis and Hotel Oakland schools; the Oakland school will be incorporated at an early date.

#### Bastille Day at Cliff House

The Fall of the Bastille was the occasion for a most enjoyable evening at the Cliff House. The Garden Room was decorated with French and American flags and on each table a tree of red, white and blue blossoms gave a patriotic touch. The entrance hall was massed with gayly colored flowers reminiscent of the days of the French Court at the time of the Revolution. The musicians wore the garb of the Revolutionists, and French airs forced fox trot tunes into the background. Mrs. Douglas Crane discovered a young Italian, Rodolfo Guglimie, who in between business hours devotes his time to dancing which he does exceedingly well. They presented three dances, a tango, a military fox trot and a very pretty version of the old-fashioned waltz, all three in appropriate costumes. Among those giving parties were Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. George Bauer, Frederick Kohl who had with him Colonel and Mrs. McKittrick, Mr. and Mrs. W. Esterbrook, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Splivalo who had Gay Lombard, Dwight Leeper and Dr. and Mrs. Alanson Weeks.

#### At the Hotel Whitcomb

Dinner in the Arabesque dining room of the Hotel Whitcomb followed by dancing in the Sun Lounge on the roof is considered one of the distinctive features of entertainment in San Francisco. The cuisine of Chef Gassar is be-

coming famous, and the result is seen in the large company which assembles in the Arabesque room every evening about the time that Glen Ellicott's orchestra begins its first dinner number. The dancers on the roof present a brilliant spectacle which is enlivened these days by the uniforms of Uncle Sam's officers in both branches of the service. The fighting men long since discovered the attractions of the Whitcomb. There are special club rooms set apart for them, open to all officers who may choose to use them day and night. This courtesy on the part of Manager John H. van Horne is deeply appreciated.

#### At the Cecil

A coterie of young folk enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Dora Ahlborn at a dinner Monday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Ahlborn (Miss Dorothy Doe). The guests included Misses Jessie Kennedy and Sylvia Purvis of Honolulu, Mrs. L. Doe, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Green and Mr. and Mrs. D. Kennedy. Colonel and Mrs. L. E. Lacey and their two charming daughters are sojourning. Miss Grace Lyons of Salt Lake gave an elaborate dinner and bridge Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Augusta Macdonald and Mrs. Ellinwood of Sacramento are registered. Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Hershner of Indianapolis are recent arrivals. Mrs. B. Bell will make an indefinite stay. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Shay of Salt Lake will remain for another fortnight. Lieutenant and Mrs. W. Bead, U. S. A., are an acquisition to the service set.

#### At the Hotel Oakland

Wm. Gainer Thigpen who was once a member of the divorce colony of Reno, is at the Hotel Oakland. Mr. Thigpen is assistant manager of the Hotel McAlpin of New York and is on the coast in the interest of his hotel. He plans to remain here until September when he will resume his duties at the McAlpin. Hon. Ray Baker, Director of the U. S. Mint, has returned to Washington after a pleasant visit at the hotel. U. M. Slater together with Mrs. Slater and Miss Slater are at the Hotel Oakland and have been enjoying the attractions of the city. Mr. Slater is charmed with this section and is seriously considering locating here permanently. A dinner party was given Tuesday evening at the Hotel Oakland by Charles Loesch, vice-president and manager of the California Baking Company of San Francisco, to the officers and directors of the Remar Co., who are to begin construction of the largest baking and confectionary plant west of Chicago on the property purchased some months ago between 45th and 47th streets on Adeline. The members of the Remar Co. present were J. P. Rettenmayer, president, George H. Eberhard, vice-president, George A. Zimmerman, treasurer, Maurice A. Gale, secretary, Heman Wintzer, director and manager.

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## Myrtle Donnelly's Debut

By Helen M. Bonnet

Another feast of melody, two more hours of harmonic delight is the story of the Philharmonic concert of last Sunday. The symphony was Tschaikowsky's in E minor, and Sokoloff conducted it with true Muscovite appreciation. Beethoven's Egmont Overture was played as with instinct for the master. A Ballet Suite of Lully-Mottl, a dainty composition, was received rather indifferently although played with spirit. But there was a reason; it intervened between the appearances of a new singer to whom everybody was more than a little sensitive. It could not be otherwise. This new singer moved and impressed her audience even when first she came and sang two numbers from "The Marriage of Figaro." She sang as if to let us know that her ambition had been at once worthy and well directed, for in these numbers she proved that she had achieved a lovely legato and showed that nature had endowed her with a lyric soprano of a timbre as lovely as it is rare. She is the lucky and unusual possessor of one of those voices for which celebrated composers wrote florid music the skillful execution of which requires an art on which fortunes have been

showered. I should love to have heard her in a coloratura number. In her Handel song there was one short trill which she sang with the ease of a bird; and in "L'Oiseau Bleu" of Dalcroze the facile execution was such as one might expect from a voice like hers but not from the art of so young a singer. She is to be felicitated in this—that young as she is she seems not to have acquired anything to be unlearned. She has already walked far along the right path. A great future awaits this young girl, and the best wish I can hold for her is that she will appreciate her gifts and pursue her career unswervingly. If she does, the name Myrtle Claire Donnelly will become as renowned in the song sphere as names that we pronounce today in almost reverential accents. She is pretty, graceful and slender—a Dresden china girl. But from the intelligence of her interpretations it is evident that a brain is enthroned in her shapely head, and the depths of tenderness in her voice bespeak a warm heart in her deep, singer's chest. Because I think so highly of her ability, I warn her to avoid as she would an axe aimed at her ivory

tower throat, the reaching up to attack a tone as she sometimes did in singing Mozart; also the occasional audible glottis stroke. These were imperfections upon her first appearance which may have been due to nervous strain as they were noticeably absent when she sang her second group including the lovely sustained "Sleep Why Dost Thou Leave Me."

It is a matter of congratulation for San Francisco that so recently two of its young daughters have revealed unusually lovely voices. Iole Pastori, who made her debut here more than a year ago, has a voice remarkably like Miss Donnelly's. Both voices have distinction and though similar in timbre have each its own marked individuality. I look for both of these girls to add to the fame of California. A word for Mrs. John Casserly's piano accompaniments on Sunday. The lady is an artiste and possesses magnetism. It is as difficult to play legato passages as it is to sing them, and Mrs. Casserly rendered "the linked sweetness long drawn out" of Handel in masterly style, and was at all moments en rapport with the singer.

## The Stage

### Julia Arthur at Orpheum

Julia Arthur, one of America's foremost actresses and for many years a Shakespearean star, will make her first vaudeville appearance in this city at the Orpheum next week. She has been excellently fitted with a vehicle by Roland Burke Hennessy. It is best described as a patriotic spectacle, and is entitled "Liberty Aflame." In it Miss Arthur represents the Statue of Liberty. The costly and artistic setting, the lighting effects, incidental music and Miss Arthur's great histrionic ability render the act most successful. Harry Carroll, the youthful composer who wrote "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," etc., will sing a number of his own compositions in his inimitable way. Hugh Herbert who will be remembered for his artistic performance in "The Sons of Solomon" and "The Sons of Abraham" will present his latest effort "The Prediction" in which he presents another life portrait. Supporting him is Blanche Douglas, a successful leading lady, Guy Dennerly, a clever and popular leading man, and Samuel Fries, a talented character actor. Elmer El Cleve and Nan O'Connor are versatile and gifted entertainers. The California Boys' Band; Buster Santos and Jacque Hays in "The Health Hunters;" and Orville Stamm, America's perfectly built boy, will be included in the programme. Trixie Friganza who is making the biggest kind of comedy hit, will introduce new songs, and her associates Melissa Ten Eyck and Max Weily will present new dances.

### "Come Out of the Kitchen" at Columbia

The tenth and final week of Henry Miller's season at the Columbia will have for attraction a revival for six nights and Wednesday and Saturday matinees of A. E. Thomas' comedy "Come Out of the Kitchen." This will be a fitting climax to the splendid season that Henry Miller has so generously given us. "Come Out of the Kitchen" has already played seven weeks

in San Francisco, yet its welcome has not shown any sign of waning. On the other hand there is a constant inquiry for its revival and owing to this fact Miller decided to present Ruth Chatterton and the New York cast as the finish to this brilliant season. Ruth Chatterton, Bruce McRae, William H. Sams, Walter Connolly, Mrs. Charles Craig, Alice Baxter, Robert Ames, Barbara Milton, Saxon Kling, Raymond Walburn, Frances Goodrich and the other members of the company which became so popular on the occasion of the previous performance of the play, will again be seen.

### "The Boomerang" Coming

When David Belasco brings "The Boomerang" to the Columbia for two weeks, the engagement beginning Monday, July 30, local theatre-goers will witness the same splendid cast and production identified with this comedy hit during its fifteen months in New York and eight months in Chicago. Belasco has but one company presenting "The Boomerang," and this is the one that will appear at the Columbia. "The Boomerang" is said to be a fine comedy, full of the spirit of youth. Included in the cast are Arthur Byron, Martha Hedman, Wallis Eddinger, Ruth Shepley, Gilbert Douglas, Kathryn Keys, Margaret Chaffee, Dorothy Megrew and many others.

### "Letty" Coming to Cort

At the Cort Sunday evening July 29, Oliver Morosco will again present his great musical success "So Long Letty" for a limited engagement. "So Long Letty" returns after a triumphant tour of the country. Following fourteen weeks here, it went to Chicago where it remained for twenty-six weeks, which was followed by seventeen in New York, two in Boston and eleven in Philadelphia. Morosco has provided a new production, new costumes and a fine cast. This is headed by the inimitable

Charlotte Greenwood, ably assisted by Sydney Grant, May Boley, Hal Skelley, Hallie Manning, Tyler Brooke, Henrietta Lee and a chorus of beautiful girls.

### Last Week of Jolson

With the performance of Sunday night Al Jolson begins the third and final week of his successful engagement in "Robinson Crusoe Jr." at the Cort. The demand for seats is so great that many will be disappointed at not being able to make reservations, but there is no possibility of extending the engagement on account of previous booking contracts. For the last week the "black-face nightingale" promises new songs and jokes. There will be other new features in the production generally, including some novel costume stunts. "Robinson Crusoe Jr." has made the most emphatic success of the season and established new box office records for the Cort. It is the most elaborate, massive and expensive musical production ever sent to the coast from the New York Winter Garden. The producers have surrounded Jolson with a cast worthy of the star, the scenery and costumes are admirably conceived and the chorus of Broadway maids is more than pleasant to look upon.

### "Seven Chances" at Alcazar

Roi Cooper Megrue's latest farce hit "Seven Chances" which David Belasco staged in New York and which ran an entire year will be the second offering of the William Boyd season at the Alcazar beginning Monday night. As his chief support Boyd will have Miss Eleanor Parker, besides six attractive girls. All the old favorites will be in the cast as well as several specially engaged players. Chief among the newcomers is Frank Byrne who comes to the Alcazar from the Henry Miller players. "Seven Chances" is clever and decidedly humorous entertainment.



### Swimmers at Neptune Beach

What a popular resort Alameda has become again! Several times in the history of Alameda it has enjoyed popularity; notably when the California League baseball games were played there, again when it was the centre of Sabbath amusements. Now it is the greatest swimming resort on the coast, and swimming is again the most popular of athletic exercises. It is the Neptune Beach that attracts people to Alameda; not the beach alone but the attractions offered there by enterprising managers, all of whom have enthusiasm for swimming. It is at Neptune Beach that one may see Norman Ross, the greatest swimmer in the world, an athlete worth looking at not merely because he is a star but because he is also very much of a man. A champion with all the graces of a well-moulded athlete is Norman Ross. All styles of swimming are to be seen at this resort, especially when Ross is in the water along with such men as Ernest Smith, for years coast champion, and Walter Grace and George Cunha, two boys from the Hawaiian Islands. These men are habitués of the waters at Alameda as also are a number of expert swimmers of lesser importance. So much interest is taken in swimming these days, by the way, that a paper devoted to swimming is published at Neptune Beach. It is called the Neptune News. The editors are Norman Ross and Ernest Smith.

### Tavern Attractions

The management of Techau Tavern is untiring in its efforts to please its many friends

and patrons. At the Tavern one not only finds the best menus and the best entertainment but also the best people. Every minute is one of delight, and many of our business men and business women consider a daily visit to the Tavern as something indispensable. Sunday nights at the Tavern are special occasions, and a continuous vocal and instrumental entertainment with artists of the superior sort is a charming feature. The afternoons find the perfume favors still the vogue and those who are so fortunate as to receive the art boxes containing Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume, face and sachet are delighted.

### U. C. to Aid Players Club

Recognizing the educational value of the "little theatre," the University of California announces that all receipts above expenses at Saturday evening's dramatic performance in the Greek Theatre will be turned over to the Players Club of San Francisco so that their little playhouse may be enlarged. This is in appreciation of what the Players Club is doing in the way of giving drama lovers an opportunity to see plays unsuitable for the commercial stage, yet of literary merit. The club plans to build a new stage over the garden in the rear, a larger stage than they have at present, and what is now the stage will be added to the auditorium, thus enlarging the seating capacity more than one-third. Saturday evening's programme in the Greek Theatre will consist of Raine Bennett's new play "The Talisman" in which the popular motion picture star Beatriz Michelena will play the leading role, and the classic Japanese tragedy "Matsuo," the title role of which will be played by William S. Rainey whose unusual work at the Little Theatre has received the recognition of Margaret Anglin and William H. Crane.

### Opening the Eggs

He was a great pedestrian but one day his physical energy seemed to give out. Weary and worn and sad, he was beginning to despair of finding rest and refreshment when a small wayside house came into view. The good lady of the house executed her commission to supply her visitor with eggs, toast and tea.

"May I open the eggs for you?" she asked smilingly.

The young man nodded assent, but although the shell looked well enough, appearances are often deceptive, and that egg would not have done credit to any self-respecting hen. He drew back his chair with a sigh.

"Hasn't it been boiled long enough, sir?" queried the lady.

"Yes," he replied wearily, "but it was not boiled soon enough."

Sir David Gill, the famous astronomer, was once emphasizing the extraordinary care and minuteness with which astronomical observations were taken. One observation, he said, was rather similar in its extreme minuteness to attempting to see the hundredth part of the diameter of a threepenny-bit that was a mile away. "One can see that you're a Scotsman," retorted one of his hearers. "Nobody else would bother about the hundredth part of a threepenny-bit a mile away!"

Howard—Do you believe in signs?

Coward—Well, I don't know! The fire alarm went off thrice while the minister was preaching Wildway's funeral sermon.



(Photo by Wm. von Poellnitz)

NORMAN ROSS

The record wrecker who now has four new ones

**CORT**

LEADING THEATRE  
Ellis and Market  
Phone Sutter 2460

3rd and Last Week Starts Sunday Eve., July 22  
**AL JOLSON**

In the Gayest, Grossest, Most Elaborate and Most  
Expensive of New York Winter Garden  
Extravaganzas

**"ROBINSON CRUSOE JR."**

Nights: 50c to \$2.50; Wednesday Matinee: 50c to \$1.50  
Saturday Matinee: 50c to \$2.00

NEXT Sunday, July 29, "SO LONG LETTY," with  
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD

**Orpheum**

Safest and Most  
Magnificent in  
America

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7 FARRELL ST. STOCKTON & POWELL  
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

**JULIA ARTHUR**

In Roland Burke Hennessy's Patriotic Spectacle

**"LIBERTY AFLAME"**

HARRY CARROLL, Singing His Own Compositions;  
HUGH HERBERT & CO. in "The Prediction;" ELMER  
EL CLEVE & NAN O'CONNOR, Versatile Entertainers;  
THE CALIFORNIA BOYS' BAND, 38 Members of the  
Columbia Park Boys' Band; BUSTER SANTOS &  
JACQUE HAYS in "The Health Hunters;" ORVILLE  
STAMM, America's Perfectly Built Boy.

**TRIXIE FRIGANZA**

With Melissa Ten Eyck and Max Weily  
New Songs and Dances

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

**Columbia Theatre**

The Leading Playhouse Geary and Mason  
Phone Franklin 150

Monday, July 23—Tenth and Last Week of the  
**HENRY MILLER SEASON**

and Return for Six Nights and Wednesday and Saturday  
Matinee

**RUTH CHATTERTON**

and the Original Cast Including Bruce McRae, in  
**"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN"**

Monday, July 30—"THE BOOMERANG"  
With the Original New York and Chicago Cast

**Alcazar Theatre**

PHONE KEARNY 2

Commencing Monday Evening, July 30th  
Bearing the Impress of David Belasco's Genius, with the  
Added Distinction of a Year's Engagement at  
the Cohan Theatre in New York

**"SEVEN CHANCES"**

By Roi Cooper Megee

Broadway's Latest Laugh Extracter, with

**WILLIAM BOYD**

Supported by MISS ELEANOR PARKER

PRICES—Evenings 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00  
Mats. Thurs. Sat. Sun., 25-50c



JULIA ARTHUR

In a patriotic spectacle next week at the Orpheum



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Trading in stocks was more active the past week but the market was a professional affair and prices were generally lower throughout the list. Congress is blamed for the sagging tendency, but the real cause of the unsatisfactory market is the lack of public interest. Investors are doing very little buying on the breaks and many good dividend payers and high grade bonds look cheap. The railroad stocks were inclined to advance in the face of the weakness in the industrial list, and the argument seemed to be that this class of securities have stood about all the bad news that could come out, and anything further in the way of news will be a help to them. Congress and the Interstate Commerce Commission should relieve them of some of their troubles. The industrials are in a strong position in spite of the talk about Government price fixing and taxes on excess profits. A few automobile companies have paid dividends when they should have accumulated working capital, but most of the big manufacturing corporations are stronger than ever and some are in a position to make money when money is dear instead of being handicapped by high discount rates. Money has not been dear enough to restrict commerce because the Federal reserve law discriminates in favor of regular commercial transactions. Many industrials and mining shares are cheap on the present basis of earnings and dividends, which can continue to pay dividends at the current rates, if the price of what they produce are cut in two. It would not be safe to base operations on what Congress will do, but if the excess profit tax goes through as it stands in the bill at present it will not force listed corporations to reduce their dividends. It is not as bad as it appears to be and the bears have worked it to death during the last fortnight. Technically the market is in a strong position. The bears have sold it to a standstill, and the short interest is large. Any good buying would cause a stampede amongst the shorts, and with so few stocks hanging over the market prices could easily advance from this level. There are a good many uncertainties hanging over the market but prices are not high and all corporations having a big balance on hand are doing all the business they can handle a present, and it's only the fear that something will happen that keeps them from responding to their legitimate worth. We usually get a rising market with the beginning of August and conditions are more favorable for an advance this year than in other years, and we believe this year will be no exception to the general rule.

**Corn**—This market has surprised the trade in its persistent tendency to advance in the face of very bearish surroundings of the new crop

and the growing conviction that the cash premium features had been well discounted in the advance of near-by futures. It has never been made clear that the December price was entirely justifiable under the generous outlook ahead, and the directors' action in fixing the maximum at \$1.28 was emphatically indorsed by the conservative element in the trade. It is difficult to imagine the stupendousness of a 3,500,000,000 bushel corn crop, and considering the enormity of the oat and feed crops of all kinds, the closely marketed live stock, the possible competition of Argentina and the ban upon the manufacture of high wines, we do not see how prices after November can be kept above \$1 per bushel and do not for a moment think they will be, and if normal transportation facilities are reinstated we would not be surprised to see a big break in September.

**Cotton** continues to fluctuate in an irregular way, up one day, down the next, the market being so thin that a little buying or selling, as the case may be, causes a movement either way of fifty points. The price has been around the 25 cent level so long that the market is becoming stale on the bull side, and as margin requirements are so large outside business is restricted. Crop conditions generally are showing some improvement, and the National Ginners' Association's report up to the 10th of the month made the condition 72.2, an improvement of 2.2 over their report ending June 25th. Texas is beginning to get scattered showers, and while conditions are rather unfavorable in that State rain could yet make a big difference in the State. In the eastern part of the belt the weather conditions have been more favorable, and there is very little said about insect damage. Farmers are beginning to hedge their new crop by selling the futures and seem to be satisfied with prevailing prices. Spot cotton continues in good demand owing to the reduction in freights to Liverpool. The stocks of cotton in Liverpool are so small that it is said some of the mills will have to close down unless their stock is replenished soon. General trade conditions in this country are good, although business shows some falling off. Demand for cotton goods from the Government is urgent and this in itself is the big factor in the cotton goods trade. However, cotton around 25 cents is high, and especially so at this season of the year with the new crop almost ready to be picked, and we believe prices will be hard to maintain at this level. There will be no incentive to hold cotton back, and with new cotton pressing for sale the mill man will be inclined to buy only as he needs the cotton, and the market is too thin to take very many hedging sales which might bring about a good break. Later on we look for cotton to sell much higher,

but would hesitate about buying cotton at this level.

"I'm trying to get back to my poor old father," whined the tramp. "He ain't seen my face for ten long years!"

"I believe you're speaking the truth," muttered the man he had approached. "Why don't you wash it?"

## INVESTMENT SECURITIES

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Detailed Information In Regard to Any Security  
Will Be Furnished Upon Request

### MEMBERS

The San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange

## The Only French Bank on the Pacific Coast French-American Bank of Savings

(Member Associated Savings Bank of San Francisco)



DECEMBER 30, 1916

Total Resources

\$9,705,058.99

### DIRECTORS:

G. Beleney	J. M. Dupas
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Interest on Savings Deposits  
for year 1916 was paid at the  
rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

## German Savings and Loan Society

(THE GERMAN BANK)

Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial  
526 CALIFORNIA ST. San Francisco  
Member of the Associated Savings Banks  
of San Francisco

The following Branches for Receipt and Payment  
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**RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH**  
S. W. Corner Clement and Seventh Avenue  
**HAIGHT STREET BRANCH**  
S. W. Corner Haight and Belvedere

JUNE 30, 1917

Assets .....	\$64,566,290.79
Deposits .....	61,381,120.63
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,185,170.16
Employees' Pension Fund .....	259,642.88
Number of Depositors .....	65,717

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock  
P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and  
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8  
o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending December 30th, 1916,  
a dividend of deposits of 4% per annum was  
declared.

## E. F. HUTTON & CO.

### MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

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YOU THINK  
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PHOTOGRAPHS  
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First Love

O mother, I have heard a lady  
Singing in the night.  
I peeped where the lucid moon disclosed her,  
Lovely and brave and bright;  
Her face was shining, shining, mother,  
With a wild sea's light.

The silver bells of the night ring out  
The name I call her by;  
Her smile floats in the very dust  
That on my footsteps fly:  
And the haunting song that tranced her lips  
The sweet birds cry.

O mother my heart is filled with wonder,  
Spun about with fear . . . .  
For her voice, above the clamor of living,  
Climbs and carols clear;  
And I know there is never a rest for me,  
Till I have held my dear.

—Thomas Burke.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY ASCROFT, deceased.—No. 22962, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of HENRY ASCROFT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at its office, junction of Grant Avenue and Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY ASCROFT, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

Executor of the last will and testament of Henry Ascroft, deceased.

By H. G. Larsh, Secretary.

Dated, San Francisco, California, July 21, 1917.  
HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,  
Attorneys for Executor,  
San Francisco, Cal.

7-21-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 22027; Dept. 10. In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGIANA EMILY TOTTENHAM, Deceased.

It appearing to the said Court from the verified petition this day presented and filed by Edgar M. Wilson, as Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Georgiana Emily Tottenham, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the said real estate belonging to the estate of the deceased to pay the debts outstanding against the estate, and to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate, and those interested therein, that such a sale be made.

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on the 28th day of August, 1917, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the court room of Department No. 10 of said Court, in the City Hall of said City and County, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of said real estate as shall be necessary, or as shall appear to be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein; and that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open court this 16th day of July, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of said Superior Court.

Filed: July 16, 1917.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

POWELL & DOW,

Attorneys for Administrator,  
10th Floor Mills Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

7-21-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 82325; Dept. 4.

JAMES J. FALK, Plaintiff, vs. MAUDE EVELYN FALK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAUDE EVELYN FALK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of June, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-16-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81480; Dept. 14.

WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, Plaintiff, vs. CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFELER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LANE LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants.

Action, for settlement of account, brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:

CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFELER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LANE LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, including judgment that his accounts as such Trustee from and including the 1st day of January, 1912, to and including the 31st day of December, 1916, as submitted and set forth in the said complaint, are full, true and correct and are settled and allowed.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of April, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,

1101 Alaska Commercial Building,  
San Francisco, Cal.

7-21-10

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of Sacramento.—No. 7468; Dept. 3.

In the Matter of the Estate of HATTIE E. HERZOG, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance to an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Sacramento, made on the 19th day of June, 1917, in the matter of the estate of HATTIE E. HERZOG, deceased, the undersigned administrator and administratrix with the will annexed of said estate will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, gold coin of the United States of America, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court on Wednesday, the 25th day of July, 1917, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the offices of C. E. McLaughlin and C. P. McLaughlin, 807-811 Forum Building, in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California (said offices being the place where offers or bids will be received), all the right, title, interest and estate of said HATTIE E. HERZOG, deceased, in and to those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land described as follows, to-wit:

An undivided one-sixth (1/6) interest in Lot Twenty-one (21) Block 323 on O'Farrell Street in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, together with the improvements thereon;

An undivided one-sixth (1/6) interest in Lot Twenty-six (26) Block 1362 on California Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, together with the improvements thereon;

An undivided one-half (1/2) interest in Lots One (1), Two (2), and Three (3) Block 39 on Freeman's Map of San Antonio, County of Alameda, State of California, together with the improvements thereon;

Southeast 16 2/3 feet of Lot No. 5 and the Northwest 16 2/3 feet of Lot 6, Block No. 39, as per Freeman's Map of San Antonio, County of Alameda, State of California, together with the improvements thereon;

An undivided one-sixth (1/6) interest in the South 49 feet of the East 60 feet of Lot No. 4, "N" and "O" and Eleventh (11th) and Twelfth (12th) Streets, City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California, together with the improvements thereon;

An undivided one-half (1/2) interest in the property known as and described as the "Ten Acre Tracts" adjoining and South of the City of Sacramento, and being all of "Ten Acre Tracts" Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, and 73 and parts of "Ten Acre Tracts" Nos. 6, 7, and 74; the same being bounded on the North by the South line of "Y" Street of the City of Sacramento, and the land of H. Schulmeyer; East by lands of H. Schulmeyer and the cemeteries; south by the South line of the "Ten Acre Tracts;" and West by the West line of "Ten Acre Tracts" No. 2, containing 70.90 acres, more or less, together with the improvements thereon; all of the aforesaid property being in the County of Sacramento, State of California.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States of America, payable on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court.

Deeds at expense of purchaser.

CHARLES CUMMINGS HERZOG,

Administrator.

ANNIE A. KRYGER,

Administratrix.

C. E. McLAUGHLIN and

C. P. McLAUGHLIN,

Attorneys for Administrator and Administratrix,

807-811 Forum Bldg.,

Sacramento, California.

7-7-3

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY BONNER, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a petition for the probate of the will of MARY BONNER, deceased, and for the issuance to ALFRED BONNER of Letters Testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Tuesday, the 31st day of July, A. D. 1917, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, July 7, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. P. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed July 7, 1917.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. P. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY,

Attorney for Petitioner,

509-511 Chronicle Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

7-14-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as C. CUNEO, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as B. CUNEO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of William Penn Humphreys, Rooms 530-540 Holbrook Building, 58 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as B. CUNEO, deceased.

CATHERINA CUNEO, also known as CATHERINE CUNEO,

Executrix of the estate of Bartolomeo Cuneo, also known as Bartolomeo Cuneo, also known as B. Cuneo, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 7th, 1917.

WILLIAM PENN HUMPHREYS,

Attorney for Executrix,

58 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

7-7-5



## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81190; Dept. No. 10.

ALICE M. FOSTER, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE E. FOSTER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CLARENCE E. FOSTER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this tenth day of April, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

LOUIS ONEAL,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
San Jose, Calif. 6-9-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81490. NEITEN ZEFF, Plaintiff, vs. LENA ZEFF, Defendant. Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LENA ZEFF, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 23rd day of April, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
ALEXANDER McCULLOCH,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Hibernia Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, California. 5-19-10

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 22732. N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Estate of ARTHUR SIEROTY, a Minor.

It appearing from the petition of Henry Sieroty, guardian of the Estate of Arthur Sieroty, a minor, praying for an order of the above entitled Court authorizing and directing him as such guardian to sell certain real property belonging to the estate of said minor, that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate of Arthur Sieroty, the ward of said petitioner, to sell the real property specified in said petition.

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that said petition be filed and that Tuesday, the 31st day of July, 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. at the courtroom of the above entitled Court, Department number ten thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco, California, be, and the same are hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and the next of kin of said Arthur Sieroty and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at the time and place hereinabove specified, and show cause if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said guardian to sell said real property of said minor.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for at least a period of three (3) successive weeks prior to the date of said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 2nd day of July, 1917.  
E. P. SHORTALL, Judge.  
(In absence of Judge Graham.)

Presented by L. L. LEVY, ESQ.  
JESSE H. STEINHART,  
Attorney for Guardian,  
816-818 Nevada Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 7-3-7

## NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 17456. N. S.; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ROBERT A. VANCE, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of an order of the said Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, duly given, made and entered on the 20th day of June, A. D. 1917, in the matter of the said estate of Robert A. Vance, deceased, the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of said Robert A. Vance, deceased, will sell at private sale in separate parcels to the highest bidder upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned and subject to confirmation by the said Superior Court on or after the 24th day of July, A. D. 1917, all the right, title, interest and estate of said Robert A. Vance, deceased, at the time of his death in, of and to the real property hereinafter described, and all the right, title and interest which the said estate has by operation of law, or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of said decedent at the time of his death in, of and to the following described real property, to-wit:

All those certain lots, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1st. COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of Willard Street, distant thereon 100 feet northerly from the northerly line of Fulton Street; running thence northerly and along the westerly line of Willard Street 25 feet; thence at right angles westerly 95 feet; thence at right angles southerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles easterly 95 feet to the westerly line of Willard Street and the point of commencement.

TOGETHER with the improvements on said lot consisting of 3 flats of 7, 6 and 5 rooms respectively.

2nd. COMMENCING at a point on the northerly line of Fulton Street, distant thereon 45 feet 2 inches westerly from the westerly line of Willard Street; running thence westerly and along said northerly line of Fulton Street 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 25 feet, and thence at right angles southerly 100 feet to the northerly line of Fulton Street and the point of commencement.

3rd. COMMENCING at a point on the northerly line of McAllister Street, distant thereon 93 feet 6 inches easterly from the easterly line of Willard Street; running thence easterly and along said northerly line of McAllister Street 26 feet 6 inches; thence at right angles northerly 126 feet 3 inches; thence at right angles westerly 26 feet 6 inches, and thence at right angles southerly 126 feet 3 inches to the northerly line of McAllister Street and the point of commencement.

TOGETHER with the improvements thereon, consisting of 4 flats; and

4th. COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of McAllister Street, distant thereon 100 feet westerly from the westerly line of Parker Avenue; running thence westerly along said southerly line of McAllister Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 100 feet; thence at right angles easterly 25 feet; thence at right angles northerly 100 feet to the southerly line of McAllister Street and the point of commencement.

TOGETHER with the improvements thereon, consisting of a cottage.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE: Cash, gold coin of the United States of America; ten per cent (10%) of the purchase money to be paid at the time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale; deeds and abstracts to be at the expense of the purchaser; the purchaser to assume the payment of and take the property purchased by him subject to all liens and assessments of whatsoever name or nature which are now or may become hereafter chargeable or a lien against said property purchased by him, except taxes for the fiscal year 1917-18 to be pro-rated. All bids or offers to be in writing and may be left at the office of George D. Perry, Robert J. McGahie and Joseph H. Mayer, Attorneys for the said executor, Room 428 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to said executor personally at his office, Room 295 Monadnock Building, San Francisco, California, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the above entitled court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

Dated July 7th, 1917.

HARRY C. EWING,  
Executor of the last will and testament of Robert A. Vance, deceased, Room 295 Monadnock Building, San Francisco.  
GEORGE D. PERRY,  
ROBERT J. MCGAHIE,  
JOSEPH H. MAYER,  
Attorneys for said Executor,  
Room 428 Mills Bldg.,  
San Francisco, California. 7-7-3

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PAUL FLEURY, deceased.—No. 22929; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of PAUL FLEURY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PAUL FLEURY, deceased.

LEONIDE G. AUZERAIS,  
Administratrix of the estate of Paul Fleury, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, California, July 7th, A. D. 1917.  
A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Administratrix,  
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 7-5-7

## SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 36098; Department No. 10.

JOHN T. WELBY, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

JOHN S. HOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John T. Welby, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the southwesterly line of Oakdale Avenue and the south-easterly line of Phelps Street; running thence south-easterly and along the said southwesterly line of Oakdale Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet to the said south-easterly line of Phelps Street; and thence northeasterly and along the said southeasterly line of Phelps Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Being Lot Number 1, in Block Number 306, O'Neil & Haley Tract.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the Seal of said Court this 9th day of April, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

## Memorandum

The first publication of this Summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1917. The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names. Addresses.  
The German Savings & Loan Society, a corporation, San Francisco, California.

JOHN S. HOGAN,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 5-26-10

## NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 82655; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Dissolution of THE PETER WINDELER COMPANY (a corporation).

Notice is hereby given that THE PETER WINDELER COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, has filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court its application for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation; that said Court has fixed the time and place for hearing of said application for Friday, the 3rd day of August, 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, at its Court Room in the certain building known as the City Hall, Civic Centre, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and that said Court has directed the Clerk of said Court to give thirty days' notice of said application and the hearing thereof.

The time of publication of this notice will expire July 28, 1917, and before the expiration of said time any person may file his objections to said application.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 16th, 1917.

(Seal) I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy County Clerk.  
LEON SAMUELS,  
Attorney for Applicant,  
454-456 Phelan Building,  
San Francisco, Calif. 6-23-6

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of M. P. MENDEL, also known as MENDEL P. MENDEL, deceased.—No. 22862. N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of M. P. MENDEL, also known as MENDEL P. MENDEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorney, Harold L. Levin, Room 1101 Chronicle Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of M. P. MENDEL, also known as MENDEL P. MENDEL, deceased.

LOUIS LEVIN and  
UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,  
Executors of the last will and testament of M. P. Mendel, also known as Mendel P. Mendel, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 23, 1917.  
HAROLD L. LEVIN,  
Attorney for Executors,  
1101 Chronicle Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 6-23-5





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Vol. XXX. No. 1301

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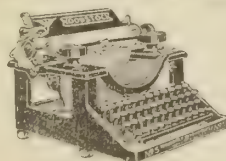
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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXX

San Francisco-Oakland, July 28, 1917

No. 1301

Published Weekly by  
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)

88 First Street, San Francisco  
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor  
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

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## Long-Suffering San Francisco

Perhaps San Francisco is again in need of a shock such as it received from the bomb explosion of the Preparedness Day parade. The public indignation which in San Francisco expresses our finest sentiments is a flower of fleeting fragrance and beauty. Extremely sensitive to its environment it quickly withers, for we live in a stifling atmosphere where the organs of public opinion are perverse, the forces of evil abound without hindrance and the forces of virtue are strangely confused. In San Francisco it is a greater offense to own a cafe where dancing is permitted than to become an enemy of the State or to edit a paper like *The Blast* or occasionally to promote disorder. We have daily newspapers in San Francisco which, in their sympathies, are a positive instigation to crime. By preaching a nauseating sentimentalism they have cultivated a public sentiment that far too amiably considers the susceptibilities of anti-social agitators. Sympathetic toward these half-baked philosophers of the anti-social cult our newspapers have rendered a very large element of the people to a degree insensible of the virtue of impulses that ensure the maintenance of law and order in every self-respecting community. Consider some of the things that have happened since the organization of the nation-wide conspiracy to destroy public confidence in the courts of this city—the violent attacks on the district attorney's office, the part played by public officials in sympathy with the defendants, the activities of misrepresentatives of organized labor, the recall proposition proclaimed and shouted at the close of the Mooney trial—consider these things, and then perhaps you may be able to perceive that San Francisco is in need of another shock; for certainly it is obvious that the public has become apathetic again.

## The Last Oasis

A year or so ago old timers of this community and indeed of all sections of the bay region heard with grief the sad news that militant reform was thundering at the doors of Barnum's. Here they reflected was the one thing venerable left in a world of vanishing vice, and with what tender memories were they thrilled! They were in error. More venerable than Barnum's is the Lamolle House, famous for its cuisine and its old-world atmosphere from a period almost coeval with the mission established by the padres at Santa Clara. When the Alameda was unknown to the map, when the Camino Real was a highway that had hardly more than attained its full length the Lamolle House was at least one story high. So long ago was the Lamolle House a flourishing hostelry that the memory of no living pioneer runs to the unoccupied acre antecedent thereto. A most delightful place for relaxation and rest was the Lamolle House in the days when the joyous spirit of romance was unbridled in the land, when merriment of the Rabelaisian brand was not regarded as a breach of etiquette. The road to San Jose was the road to the Lamolle House in those days, and man, woman and beast were always as welcome there as the flowers of spring. Good eating was always to be had there, and the wine cellar held many varieties of the juice that imparts the raciest sentiments, the most sparkling fancies and the serenest philosophy. Fundamentally the character of the house has remained unchanged through the years, but alas! not the character of our civilization. The Puritans have come to chill the national heart and throw contempt upon mirth and jollity. So the Lamolle House has come to be regarded as an anachronism. As a place that harbors joyous company it is now a wicked resort, this last oasis on the road that leads all the way to the city of chemical purity; and militant Reform is demanding that it be made as sober and as uninviting as the Temple of Killjoy. Will militant Reform triumph over the sons of Belial in San Jose? We are reluctant to venture a prediction, but we are mindful of the fact that the Lamolle House is the rendezvous of automobile parties from San Francisco and that it might hurt business in the Garden City to let the Rev. Stidger supervise the morals of the town.

## The Inefficient British Admiralty

Apparently we have been having too much confidence in the British navy. We

have taken it for granted that the navy of Old England was living up to the ideals of Lord Nelson's day and that the Admiralty was making such history as might have been expected from the glorious inspiration of Worthies of the Sea whose memory Britons cherish as their nation's most precious asset. Not so; the navy has not stood the test of the submarine campaign. Such is the bald assertion of English critics who have grown impatient of naval conservatism and are now expressing their dissatisfaction with the management of affairs on the high seas. These critics are not yellow journalists with a love and passion for sensation; they are men of distinction, sincere patriots, experts of recognized ability who know what they are writing about, whose suggestions are respected by officers of the navy and who are loth to embarrass the Government. All along, until recently, they refrained from adverse criticism, but in the month of May they threw off restraint and told their readers some plain and unpleasant truths. Immediately the effect of their criticism was felt in the Admiralty. The press generally concurred in the views of Arthur Pollen, one of whose criticisms had been suppressed, and presently the Admiralty with Sir Edward Carson as its nominal head was given an overhauling. Thus were the critics vindicated.

## Britons Want to Know

Whatever may be the ultimate effect of the submarine campaign it has already dealt a very severe blow to British pride. At the same time it has given the statesmen and politicians of England a shock that may do the country much good. They have been asked pertinent questions that they have been unable to answer, and the consequence is a general reorganization in the Admiralty wherein real naval men of experience at sea have been substituted for dodoes of the Josephus Daniels type. "How is it," one critic has asked, "that our ships are unable to cross German minefields, while German ships, both destroyers and submarines, cross our minefields with apparent impunity?" The Admiralty made no answer. The contrast thus observed was very remarkable. British mines had failed to block the narrows of the Channel. German destroyers had raided the neighborhood of Folkestone and they were constantly raiding that of the Isle of Thanet; yet so far as was known not one of them had been mined in doing so. It was re-



garded as curious that the minefield laid by the Germans between the coasts of Germany and Sweden effectually kept England from sending any vessels into the Baltic though the breadth of water to be mined was at least double that between the Downs and the French coast; also, it was thought humiliating that England had failed to seal up by mines the outlets from Zeebrugge, and that whereas German submarine mine layers were constantly laying traps at the mouths of the Medway and Thames the English were doing nothing in the estuaries of the Ems, Weser and Elbe. A storm of interrogation swept over the Admiralty when the expert critics in their impatience broke loose from their restraint and called attention to the fact that while the vast majority of submarine losses occurred off the west coasts of the British isles the vast preponderance of flotilla craft was kept on the east coast. What had become of characteristic British daring? the Admiralty was asked, and Why do the Germans enjoy a monopoly of naval offensives not only under water but above it? and Are we not able with our overwhelming superiority, to do anything more than keep the main German fleet in port? The only plausible explanation of the apparent inefficiency of the British navy was dry rot in the Admiralty and the absence of any definite General Staff.

#### Costly Blunders

The country is now experiencing those consequences of the La Follette act of which the Administration was warned without avail. It is clear now even to the dull-est member of an extraordinarily dull Cabinet that the activity of ocean carriers is restrained by provisions of the act. American sailors in foreign ports and foreign sailors in ports of the United States take half the high wages that are due and desert or become disabled. Hence there is much delay. This is not all. The law has reduced American tonnage on the Pacific from 55,000 to 23,000, and it has increased the tonnage of Japanese ships call-

ing at our ports from 95,000 to 225,000. The passage of this law was one of the most egregious of all the blunders of the Administration, but yet there is no talk of amending or repealing the law. Is somebody afraid to convict the Administration of error? In view of all the errors it must answer for it would seem to be absurd to dodge responsibility for one that becomes more glaring as time runs on. While the La Follette law impairs the efficiency of ships now in use, the construction of new ships is delayed by labor controversies. Nearly a score of shipbuilding plants have been affected by the withdrawal of skilled employes, and we are so short of carriers on the Pacific that congestion has caused appalling confusion. Apology for the present lamentable state of affairs will do no good, but surely a more humble attitude might lead to a disposition to repair the damage done or at least to infuse a little common sense into bureaus and departments notoriously inefficient.

#### Bad Art in Berkeley

Somewhere discussing his favorite theme of sweetness and light Matthew Arnold speaks of the importance of an academy such as they have in France, by which a standard of taste may be fixed in literature and in art generally. He argued that it was from want of such an institution that the culture of England was not what it should be. Of this we have been reminded by doings of late at the University of California where we have a Greek Theatre which is popularly believed to be reserved for edifying and instructive performances along esthetic lines. This popular belief is like many other popular beliefs—unwarranted. One of the Muses is very badly treated in the university. And while there is an intellectual atmosphere in the academic groves round about the college town the cultured do not breathe freely in it at all times. To be quite explicit, the musical art is not nicely cultivated at the university. Too much bad

music is tolerated, music made by third rate musicians who acquire a prestige at the university which they should never be permitted to enjoy. Presumably a university is intolerant of all kinds of quackery, but it is certainly quackery of a kind that is practiced on the public when the public is invited to hear a musician or singer masquerading as an artist, who is able only to display the imperfections of an art. It might be all right frankly to engage such a person for the purposes of an object lesson, but no such purpose is ever expressed. Occasionally we hear at Berkeley persons who have had some little foreign training, of whom it is presumed that having studied "abroad" they have a reputation not to be challenged. As a matter of fact the reputation is the means of deception. Art is not to be implied of study abroad. It is too bad therefore that somebody at Berkeley should not have the power of discrimination. It is very important that standards should be established there in art as in other things. Meanwhile, if taste and technical knowledge are lacking, an effort should be made to avoid error by engaging only such artists and musical organizations as are generally known to be of the first rank. It would be well to give us the San Francisco Symphony orchestra once in a while, and instead of giving prestige to bad singers with a reputation why not give heed to the criticism of competent critics regarding singers who have not yet acquired any reputation at all. Two of the best singers heard hereabouts of late, according to critics whose judgment is known to be sound, are California girls who have not yet had the advantage of foreign training but who learned something more than the rudiments of their art in New York. Surely it would be worth while for the university to inquire about these singers, for even the university might get some prestige by publicly introducing comparatively unknown singers who are believed to be destined to rank among the world's great lyric artists.

## Democracy

By William Winthrop Kent

O'er Europe's storm-racked shores of woe,  
Where rush war's roaring tides aflood,  
Echoes above their battling flow  
The centuries' paean of greed and blood.

Cry of the prehistoric fen,  
Assyria, Persia owned its spell;  
By it Goth, Tartar, Saracen  
Marched to earth's pinnacles—and fell.

It breached the foam-flecked walls of Tyre,  
It razed the proud red walls of Rome;  
Breathing the lust and loot and fire,  
It shook Sophia's sacred dome.

Paestum, Segesta, Syracuse!  
Who can compute its awful toll  
And find therein aught to excuse  
What soul has heaped on suffering soul?

Chant of Cadméan dragon spawn,  
Caught up by thug and buccaneer,  
It filled the berserk sails at dawn,  
Taught Kidd and Morgan where to steer.

Fair hills that knew great Pan of late,  
Clear streams that loved the Muses' dance,  
Again that ancient song of hate  
Defiles, where Teuton helmets glance.

O Belgium! by thy steadfast soul  
That faced the monster unafraid,  
A crueller Caesar missed his goal!  
Man yet will see the debt is paid.

For the same Power that nerved of old  
True men against all tyrant might,  
That made thy battling fathers bold,  
Nerves us as one for freedom's fight.

Kings, emperors fall, while crimsoned skies  
See legions clash on land and sea;  
Yet Freedom's Brotherhood shall rise,  
Victor in Thy Democracy!



## Varied Types

342—JULIA ARTHUR

By Edward F. O'Day

"There are plenty of brains on the stage, but stage directors won't permit actors to use them.

"It is sad to see how much talent goes to waste on the stage. Actors should think less of their talent and make more of it.

"An actor is hopeless unless he courts criticism and makes use of it.

"Many actors cultivate mannerism and call it temperament. The great actor is free from mannerism; or if he is mannered, he is great in spite of that fact, not because of it.

"Actors talk too much of 'creating a part.' The actor does not create; the author does that. The actor assumes a role, and it is his duty to interpret the author's meaning.

"In some ways conditions in the theatre are much worse than they were fifteen years ago; in others they have improved: nowadays if an actor is a gentleman he doesn't have to prove it.

"A star should be a star because he is a star actor, not because he is somebody's nephew or niece.

"I refuse to play the silly, tawdry, vulgar trash that is so popular now.

"I am not much impressed with drama leagues. They are trying to do good but they don't go about it the right way.

"We shall never have a worthy stage in this country until we realize that the theatre is a great educational force.

"Too many actors talk English as they imagine it is talked in England. But it isn't talked that way anywhere except on the American stage.

"The actor owes the audience more than just merely acting. An actor who takes on flesh is not fair to the public. If I were inclined to fleshiness I'd train like an athlete to keep my lines.

"Shakespeare will not be played properly in this country until we have a home of Shakespearean drama. In Germany Shakespeare is played all the year round.

"Every actor should know by heart Hamlet's advice to the players. It is an epitome of the acting craft.

"Not excepting Edgar Allan Poe, Shakespeare was the greatest musician that ever wrote verse. But that is no reason why actors should sing his line instead of speaking them.

"The actor who says he prefers Maeterlinck or Sudermann to Shakespeare is deserving of pity."

I could go on quoting Julia Arthur this way indefinitely, for Julia Arthur's talk is packed with pregnant sayings. She is one of the intellectual forces of our theatre. She is an actress with brains.

Julia Arthur's career has been remarkable. As a mere girl she climbed to the top of her profession. She became a star at a time when

there were few stars—before the star system had wrought its manifold evils upon the American stage. In the roles of Juliet and Rosalind she claimed the admiration of critics who were old enough to compare her with Juliets and Rosalinds accounted immortal. She went to London and clinched her fame as leading woman to Irving. Then she married and retired to private life. For fifteen years the American stage was poorer for her absence. A season or two ago she returned to the boards. In the theatre as in the prize ring there is a theory that "they can't come back." Five years' retirement is considered long enough to put an actor out of the running. Julia Arthur came back after thrice five years and recaptured the theatre-going public.

During her retirement Julia Arthur did not lose her interest in the theatre. She enjoys theatre-going: there is nothing blasé about her. But she did not merely retain her interest in the theatre as a feature of entertainment; she kept it before her mind as a subject worthy of thought. To hear her discuss it is a privilege. Her dark, rather melancholy face lights up, and deftly chosen words pour from her lips. They are not idle words; all of them are busy, carrying the burden of her thoughts.

Julia Arthur has a passion for Shakespeare, a chaste intellectual passion for the greatest of all dramatists which one finds in few women.

"I love Shakespeare," she said in the reverse of a gushing manner.

There can be no question about her loving him. She quotes him readily and seems reluctant to leave off. She discusses the characters with relish and, I need hardly add, with deep understanding. She confessed that she would like to play Lady Macbeth, and Portia in "The Merchant of Venice." Of the great Shakespeareans of the stage she delights to speak. When she was talking of that mannerism misnamed temperament which actors affect, she pointed out that Edwin Booth was so devoid of it that nobody ever succeeded in burlesquing him. I reminded her that Irving was mannered.

"His mannerisms were physical," she said. "He strove to overcome them, but could not. There was his peculiar gait. He told me that at the beginning of his career his legs 'positively stuttered,' and that so much fun was made of this defect in Dublin that he was driven almost to despair. Then there was his peculiar enunciation. I think it is not generally known that he was being operated on continually for polypus. That affliction explains his peculiarity of speech. How foolish it is, then, for actors to imitate Irving in the defects which he himself strove to remedy."

When Julia Arthur was beginning her career she joined a stock company and played twenty-one roles in one month. Such severity of training is unknown to our stage today—one reason why our stage is not what it was; one reason, also, why there are not many actresses like Julia Arthur. She began when the old school still lingered, and one of its schoolmasters, the great Palmer, was among her teachers. It was in the Palmer stock company that she came to San Francisco and won the discriminating in this rather critical city.

Though distinguished for the purity of her enunciation, Julia Arthur says she never took a lesson in elocution. This matter of enunciation is one on which she has decided views. She deplores the fad which prevents actors from speaking naturally; she ridicules those who acquire what they consider an English enunciation instead of sticking to the voices God gave them.

It is one of her tenets that an actor should be prepared to play any sort of part. She deprecates the practice so dear to actors, of sticking to one kind of role in play after play.

"People do not go to the theatre to see what Julia Arthur looks like," she said. "They go to see how successful she is in assuming a role. It is not how I look that counts; it is how I make up. This is so important, to my mind, that I spend an hour and a half making up before every performance. Every afternoon and every evening during this vaudeville engagement I reach the theatre an hour and a half before I go on, and spend the time making up. That time is devoted to making Julia Arthur look as the author of the play wants her to look; so it is not time thrown away."

It will be seen that Julia Arthur has both conscience and ideals. Her work benefits by these rather rare possessions. She told me that of all the actresses living she considers Bernhardt supreme.

"Bernhardt," she says, "has always exerted every ounce of energy, every bit of ability in every part she has assumed. She gives the public the best that is in her."

Julia Arthur does that too. She is doing it in the patriotic piece at the Orpheum. And the audience appreciates. The audience always does.

If we could only see Julia Arthur at the Greek Theatre, in Shakespeare or a Greek play or in a play still unwritten.

"I should like some day to play Jeanne d'Arc," she says, "but there is as yet no Jeanne d'Arc play that is entirely satisfactory."

There's a tip for our playwrights.

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We pride ourselves on the quality and accuracy of every pair of glasses we make—there is more than glass in our glasses. Every pair of glasses purchased from us are made by experienced and careful workmen—in modern factories equipped with the most improved optical machinery. Our glasses are made particularly for you—for your individual requirements—from the best materials obtainable. If you are a customer you know what good optical service means—if you are not, you can know at any of our three stores.

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Sporting note: Jim Corbett is still fighting

Every time an American soldier drinks champagne in France a prohibitionist in the United States is killed.

Our idea of a good spoof at Starr Jordan's expense was to have him give the address to the soldiers at Camp Fremont.

The Examiner has formed an alliance with E. P. E. Troy to fight the United Railroads. news and sane editorials.

France! Thus we learn that the draft means a "New Freedom" for all Sammies who get far enough away from American democracy.

Now that Isidor Jacobs is on the trail of  
Isidor Jacobs, we feel generally neutral.

Whether whether the resurrection of Wm. Lloyd Garrison will take place before or after the end of the war.

The Kaiser wants no annexations, no indemnities; only assurances of a whole hide and the success of the next Great Adventure.

"All that I know," says the Rev. F. M. Larkin, "is what I have heard on the streets." And he's a pretty good witness too, a standard of the times for prejudice, class, against his neighbors.

Here is the sort of stuff our national legis-

Senator Hollis. Mr. President, I am glad to find myself in hearty accord with the distinguished Senator from Missouri (Mr. Stone) as to the necessity for a vigorous prosecution of the war.

Then up spoke the King of Siam: "For the Kaiser I don't give a piennig."

Rev. F. M. Larkin appears to have designs on Paul Smith's tin whistle.

Let us submit the four-track proposition to a referendum vote.

The Examiner's fight for four tracks on Market street is about as popular in this man's town as its fight for the Rominger bill.

Charles Sweigert as a candidate for district attorney is entitled to the support of every anarchist in San Francisco.

Members of the draft-exemption boards are not likely to become the most popular men in

Dub as he is Denman may point with pride to the fact that he started a Culebra slide under

By Gertrude Acheron

and induced him to talk to me for three hours. He was flattered, of course, and talked very freely, laying many of his cards boastfully on the table. What he thought he was concealing, however, was even more significant. He left me with no doubt in my mind that he and his tribe were merely waiting for the United States to become involved in war (Japan at that time was their main hope) to organize themselves from one end of the country to the other and endeavor to seize the reins of government. I wrote nothing about it then, as nobody

German agents have been watched for three years by our admirable secret service and police, and since we entered the war have lain low, biding their time, and a good deal more frightened than they look. They have been waiting for the moment that ever menaced the stable and cultivated products of any country—all that represents progress—were allowed to shoot forth their sticky, miasmatic tendrils from one end of the country to the other. Their purpose is civil war, with all the soldiers in Europe. They are merely organizing and recruiting now, spreading their net, and when the moment comes to strike. It is possible that for such a spirit in an enemy's country would assist the German machinations incalculably, but the spirit was ready made; the Germans were sure, they began with uncanny foresight years ago; but as they are third-rate diplomatists and always give themselves away, this possibility may be dismissed.

...the small farmer may find the 100,000  
small holder...  
out, until the employer, who could afford no

longer to raise wages, would throw up the sponge and hand the business over. Then from eight hours' work there would be a six, then a four, then a two, "quite enough for any man to work." Finally he would reduce this large gross individual whose colossal vanity and egoism seemed to me the natural complement of the heavy "magnetism" which nature has bestowed so impartially upon the wise and the foolish leaders of men—if two hours' work a day would not so demoralize strong men that they would not work at all. In that case we should all starve. Would not all the great businesses and industries fall to pieces and the population be forced to turn itself out to grass? But he fatuously insisted that, with the Government in the hands of the "workers," as he called them, and money abolished, there would be no necessity for any business but what was actually needed to sustain life. There would be no rich and no poor, and everybody would be forced to be happy, whatever his private inclinations—or so I inferred. It was plain to be seen that in the scheme for passing limited work upon some of the I. W. W. (well knicknamed the I Won't Works), the goal of mortal ambition was idleness. An earthly Paradise, with the world stock still.

I had my own unuttered opinions as I listened to these fine-spun dreams, worked out in every detail (for these windy details I have no space), and although I was inclined to believe at times that the man really did think he had high ideals, which had been dreamed for the benefit of the common good, he was a magnificent sinner for he was, quite saliently, a bully and a tyrant. But, man may feel himself a god, and knowing that there is no limit to human credulity, even when introspective, let us concede they do know what they really want is power—unlimited power. I ascertained shortly after that during strikes induced by the I. W. W.s, when the men and their families were almost starving, these "idealists" would be persuading the men to strike, and would take the form of

nourishment, as I took the trouble to discover), and the money for their three big square meals a day came from the fees of the deluded men who were covering their ears that they might not hear their children's cries for bread.

world, to administer this wealth as they see fit, to force the great experts in business to work for them at whatever salary they choose to pay. Also their weaker brethren. They may abolish poverty, but on their own terms. I asked timidly if I might be allowed to write under the new regime, and he answered amiably: "Oh, dear me, yes. We would see that you had ample leisure for other things, in that you would have to write books that please the majority. You disdain the masses and write for the few—" I told him that I should like nothing better than to be a widely popular author, but that my books seemed to appeal only to a limited public. "That," said he, with surprising acumen, "is because only a limited public travels and enjoys the advantages of this world—understands them. Under our form of government all will travel and all will demand your best."

It certainly had its attractive points, this astounding system of the I. W. W.s, and there were moments when I liked this chief exponent, although my prevailing sensation was a mental and physical repulsion and a resentment that I was forced to sit in the same room with him. It seemed to me that I looked through a shadowed glass at the most hideous

FOR MEN

## Herbert's Bachelor Hotel and Grill

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# Our Tone in Transatlantic Discussion

By G. K. Chesterton

It is a common yet a curious fancy that we are all living at the end of the world; and even at the other end of the world—from the other people. It is equally odd, though equally obvious, that we even stand simultaneously at two opposite ends of the world, for the races from whom we are remote. For the Russian our island seems one of the clouds of sunset and for the American one of the clouds of sunrise. And this trick of geographic relativity is but the symbol of a moral relativity we are even more in danger of forgetting. It is inevitable that foreign criticisms should be inconsistent even when they are true; and that England seen from the east and west should look like two different objects. Many Russians regard us simply as a people that has long had a Parliament. Many Americans regard us simply as a people that still has a King. Many of the latter do not realize how little despotism is implied in having a King; many of the former, we may add, do not realize how very little democracy is implied in having a Parliament. Distant criticisms always simplify even when they do not falsify. And the most acute aliens are often thus misled, both by the subtlety and the snobbery of our society.

A Chicago millionaire will stand before an English lord as sentimentally as if he were standing before a tombstone; and be quite unaware that he is standing before a mushroom quite as new and possibly quite as vulgar as himself. In the same way a Russian refugee will often hail a Radical M. P. named Binks as a Tribune of the Plebs, risen on the wreck of privileges; and be quite unaware that he holds the family seat from Sir Thomas Binks, has the powerful support of Lord Binks, and is one of a large unfailing family of Parliamentary Binkses. It is clear that these cross-purposes at a great crisis have some elements of danger; for mistakes about moral material are always dangerous. One of our Allies overrates our democracy; another of our Allies underrates our aristocracy. And it is always in the long run a disadvantage to be overrated; even where it is perhaps a case rather of overstating than overrating. And about the mortal matter of the great war, it is very necessary to simplify the strange and congested yet courageous and very living compromise we call England.

In dealing with very distant, very different and even still doubtful persons, even when they are Allies, it is far more desirable to secure a minimum than to risk a maximum of agreement. It is more important that our truth in certain things should be trusted absolutely, than that a varying number of our beliefs should be more or less believed. Now that we are dealing with types so utterly contrasted with our own as, for instance, an Irish-American Democrat or a mystical Russian Tolstoyan, we must not expect them to praise English policy in the same language as we do, or anything like so much as we do. We must not expect them to say that England is the champion of liberty and justice in all ages and all over the world. But we can expect them to see, as a simple fact, that England is one of the champions of liberty and justice at this definite and deadly minute by the clock. We must not ask them to believe that we are wildly and exceptionally idealistic about this business; for it is not our reputation about any business. We are in many ways less

idealistic than Americans; and we are certainly far less idealistic than Russians. But we can ask them to believe that we are honest about this business; because, as a simple fact, we are honest about it.

When an English politician, as our spokesman, says that we are horrified at Prussianism, and especially Prussianism in Belgium, he is telling the truth. I can quite understand Irish-American Fenians saying he is a liar, who has no right to be believed even when he is telling the truth. I can quite understand the Russian revolutionist thinking we are much more materialistic than he is; for it is a fact that we are much more materialistic than the Russians. But it is also a fact, in precisely the same cold classification, that we are much less materialistic than the Prussians. And indeed this more modest estimate of ourselves is the one damning estimate of our enemies. It is not that England is so good that she wanders over the world like a knight-errant, defying and destroying every evil. It is that Germany is so bad that she has startled a very insular and individualistic merchant into minding something more than his own business, in the presence of a particular evil which manifestly must be defied and destroyed. We must be a little more conscious of the things that are said against us, before we can even drive home the truth, far less the sincerity, of the things that we say against Germany. We must not merely patronize the young Russian Bear by saying he has most of his troubles before him. We must not merely smile at the American Eagle, and suggest that he has taken a long time to make the ornithological discovery that he is not a dove; still less must we sneer at him and suggest that the function of the dove has been merely to flaunt the white feather. The first necessity, to follow out the fable, is that the British Lion should not seem to be claiming to be the king of these beasts and birds, that the lion should not be credited with demanding the lion's share even of the credit. The point on which we must insist is not that the German Eagle must perish because it has crossed the lion's path, or even because it has wantonly twisted the lion's tail. It is that the German Eagle, in itself, is so disreputable a fowl that even the other eagles have to quarrel with it; that even birds of its feather will not flock with it any more. Or, to abandon the apologue, the point is not to defend our reputation from the charge of human faults, but to defend our lives from something, the faults of which are frankly inhuman. Patriotism is very practical just now; and it is much more necessary we should be supported than that we should be praised.

For what we want to be supported in is a drastic and destructive policy against the Prussian power. I suggest that we make our moral claims modest, precisely because we must make our political claims severe. We can accept all that a Russian or an Irishman might say about our lack of political imagination, and be content to answer that one does not need to be a social philosopher in order to desire the destruction of Prussian power, any more than one needs to be a dog fancier to desire the destruction of a mad dog. We need not pretend to be democratic in the American sense; we may concede that our ideal has been the gentleman rather than the citizen. But we can still

claim that our ideal gentleman has not been a gentleman who lashes a private across the face while he stands at attention; or, in other words, that even our snobs admire a gentleman who in some degree behaves like a gentleman. We need not pretend to be devout in the Russian sense; we may admit that we have too often upheld respectability rather than religion. But we can still claim that our respectability is comparatively respectable, when it prevents us (as it would certainly prevent us) from using any sacrament on any altar as a target for very leisurely pistol practice; as was fully proved of the German soldiers in France. Then, having dealt with our own limitations with all sobriety and sincerity, we can ask the democrat what will be the probable effect on the Prussian officer of having so lashed his men, and lashed them to comparative victory; just as we can ask the devotee what will be the probable effect on the blasphemer of having ostentatiously defiled the altar and suffered no apparent disadvantage from God or man. We can appeal to the same common sense that allows for those limitations to admit that the Prussian's escape, or anything he can call his escape, must mean that his pride will be henceforth unlimited. He will certainly say, in a sense he would be a fool if he did not say, that to lash a soldier's face is evidently the way to prevent him turning his back to an armed league of nations; and that the pistol that was pointed at the altar was eminently successful when it was pointed at the world. We can appeal to the same common sense to see that the longer we seem to be waging a doubtful war, the less we can afford to have a doubtful settlement. Until this chain that has been girt about Europe is unwound to its last link, its mere length will more and more support the legend that it is endless. If it is once thought to be endless, man will sit down for ever in chains. If it is not endless, we must follow it to the end; and its end is not in Alsace or Belgium, but in Berlin.

I always deprecated any disdain for America's long regime of peace; and I am very glad of it now. For American peace, or even American pacifism, is now the strongest argument for American war, and even American ruthlessness. America would never have gone to war if it had not been an extraordinary war; a war that desecrated all that even war holds sacred. If that extraordinary war could be followed by any ordinary peace, the deadly distinction would be lost for ever; and nothing in war or peace would ever be held sacred again. The hour will come when Americans will be asking like ourselves, in a collective but none the less literal and awful sense, "If Prussia be not a monster beyond all mere enemies, why do we die daily?"

WHEN  
YOU THINK  
OF  
PHOTOGRAPHS  
REMEMBER  
THE  
HOUSE OF  
HARTSOOK

12 Studios in California

41 GRANT AVE. San Francisco



# The Spectator

## Louis Ferrari

Notwithstanding the outcome of the Mooney trial, let us give due credit to Prosecutor Ferrari who at least gave the jury a long pause. Louis Ferrari was never regarded as one of the stars of the district attorney's office. Indeed when he was assigned to the task of prosecuting Mrs. Mooney it was thought that he was woefully lacking in the qualities required for a contest with the forces of the defense. True, he proved his capacity some time ago in the prosecution of the Black Hand cases, but here was a tougher job; men of much greater experience in the tricks and practice of the criminal law were engaged in the defense, and the trial would certainly call for tremendous industry and heart-breaking labor. In truth the trial, consuming more than a month, put a terrible strain on the powers of the young prosecutor. He worked from early morning until late at night examining the law and the evidence, but at no time was he caught off guard. The law he had at his finger tips, nothing in the evidence escaped him and his cross-examinations were so deft and thorough that all the bomb cases are now from the standpoint of the prosecution in better shape than ever. Ferrari came through the gruelling trial in fine shape, and his reputation as a lawyer has been greatly improved, for it is now generally acknowledged that to him fell the hardest of all the tasks that the bomb cases have thus far entailed.

## Consider Charles Sweigert

Was it merely a coincidence that the job-chasing attorney, Charles Sweigert, got his Fickert recall petitions signed just in time to serve the purposes of the dynamiters? Assuredly Sweigert made it possible for The Bulletin to produce a dramatic effect for the benefit of Mrs. Mooney. Hardly had the jury retired to deliberate when Bulletin newsboys made their appearance shouting "All About Fickert's Recall." The jury whenever it emerged heard the cries of the newsboys without knowing precisely what had happened or was about to happen. For all the jurors knew, public sentiment had been aroused against the man who had prosecuted Mrs. Mooney, and he was to be recalled on account of the scandals with which the men engaged in the nation-wide conspiracy to free the anarchists have tried to blacken his character. But was Sweigert, I wonder, a party to this performance? Was he The Bulletin's handy and serviceable tool? All that I know about Sweigert is that he is one of The Bulletin's coterie of practical politicians. But what does the Bar Association know?

## "The Woes of Ireland"

O. P.—Order of Preachers—is the designation of the Dominicans, but the sons of St. Dominic might be termed an Order of Scholars too, so distinguished have the Dominicans been for learning and research. That Father A. M. Skelly, O. P., is a scholar is well known to many in this city, for Father Skelly used to be stationed at St. Dominic's Church on Pierce street. Father Skelly is a vigorous writer as well as a scholarly one, and when his subject is "The Woes of Ireland" it is natural that he should be not only vigorous but indignant. Father Skelly was born in Ireland at a time when the horrors of the famine were still recited by sufferers who had survived that visitation, and

as a youth he was witness to the outrages perpetrated by the evictors. In his little book just published, Father Skelly subordinates scholarship to denunciation, to vigorous, indignant denunciation of England. That his work should be cast in this form is not surprising, for it was written as a lecture to be delivered before an audience of Irishmen. The Irish dearly love invective leveled against their hereditary oppressors.

## The Easter Rising

Ireland's past woes are history, and it is questionable whether any good is accomplished by brooding over them. Ireland's woes of today, however, are the legitimate subject of controversy; so I do not hesitate to say wherein I disagree with Father Skelly any more than I hesitated to say the same thing regarding Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington. Let me quote from the opening of Father Skelly's little book:

The agencies which have inspired the news of the recent uprising, and the notifications of it that were allowed to pass the English censor, not only concealed the extent of that uprising, but gave to the world false statements as to the causes that led to it. They said, in fact, in the first notices of it, that it was a mere riot when in reality it was inspired, organized and led by the noblest, the most generous, the most intellectual men of the present generation in Ireland.

I hope that what Father Skelly means is that the Easter rising was inspired, organized and led by some of the noblest, most generous and most intellectual Irishmen. I hope he does not mean that all the noblest, most generous and most intellectual Irishmen were in that rising. Not all of Ireland's noblest, most generous and most intellectual men went to the grave or the gaol in consequence of what happened at Easter, 1916. To my mind one of Ireland's noblest, most generous and most intellectual sons is John Redmond, and John Redmond had nothing to do with the rising—saw, indeed, years of his unselfish labor for Ireland nullified by the rising. A great many of Ireland's noblest, most generous and most intellectual sons were under arms in Easter week of 1916—but they were fighting side by side with Englishmen and with Frenchmen and with Belgians in the trenches of Flanders and France for the cause of modern civilization. One of them was William Redmond, M. P., John's brother, who has since laid down his life in that high quarrel. Nobody has a deeper admiration than I have for Pearse, Plunkett and the rest of the men who died in Dublin; but I protest against putting all the laurels on their brows, against giving them all the nobility, all the generosity, all the intellectuality of present-day Ireland.

## War or Rebellion?

Father Skelly goes on to raise a point of great importance in the consideration of the Easter rising. He calls attention to the fact that "the soldiers of the Irish Republic" have been "systematically designated" as rebels. And he proceeds:

Now, we all know what that term rebel has always meant in Anglo-Irish history—the Irish rebels, the mere Irishry, the Popish rebels. It carried in state documents, and military despatches of the past, in its sinister and opprobrious meaning, all the hatred and contempt and scorn that could be put into a word by the tyrannous and murderous English Government against a noble but weakly foe. . . . No, the late uprising in Ireland . . .

was no rebellion, and the citizen soldiers of that uprising were not rebels.

There is a distinction between war and rebellion. To see what that distinction is let us consult Sir Thomas Barclay, member of the Institute of International Law and author of "Problems of International Practice and Diplomacy." He says:

War exists when the organized armed forces of one state are opposed to the organized armed forces of another state. War also exists within the bounds of a single state when organized armed forces, of sufficient power to make the issue doubtful, place themselves in opposition to the armed forces of the existing government. If the disaffected forces are in a state of flagrant inferiority in comparison with those of the existing government, there is not a state of war, but of rebellion. The combatants in civil war are entitled to treatment in accordance with the laws of war. Rebels, as outlaws, have no rights.

Were the organized armed forces of Easter week of sufficient power to make the issue doubtful? Or were they in a state of flagrant inferiority? The answer is supplied by Father Skelly himself who says, on page 8 of his little book, that the rising was a hopeless one. Let us call it the "Easter uprising" if the term better suits the ears of Irishmen; but surely it was a rebellion just the same. Further along in "The Woes of Ireland" Father Skelly has something to say of the rising of 1641. Here too he eschews the word "rebellion," and we read this sentence:

This civil war "represented," says Lecky, "the accumulated wrongs and animosities of ten generations."

Needless to say, Father Skelly has quoted the great Irish historian correctly, but he has not given the entire sentence. Speaking of what he calls "the great Irish rebellion" of 1641 Lecky says:

The rebellion was not due to any single cause, but represented the accumulated wrongs and animosities of two generations.

I stress this point in Father Skelly's interesting little book because I think it important not to claim too much for the heroes of Easter,

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JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM, Manager



1916. Irishmen can do fitting honor to their memories without insisting that they were waging civil war.

### Adams' Pictures of Hearst

"How many William R. Hearst's are there?"

The question is asked by Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams of the New York Tribune, crusader in the cause of clean and honest advertising. He asks the question, and then consumes four columns of space with a recital of truths intended to make clear the revolting character of the man who publishes The Examiner and other influential journals. He gives us a picture of Hearst the New Yorker who excludes indecent and all kinds of quack advertising matter from his newspapers, pretending the while to abhor the practice of advertising charlatans and purveyors of alcoholic and other drugs and to abominate the "vicious lures of venereal harpies" as Mr. Adams calls them, and then he gives us a picture of Hearst of Los Angeles and San Francisco, the naked and unashamed publisher who takes money from the most disreputable and loathsome advertisers in the land. It is evident that Mr. Adams is a student of the Hearst personality but his portrayal of Hearst is an incomplete pen and ink drawing. He gives us in his two pictures only one side of Hearst; he holds up for our inspection the business man Hearst out of whose hands business men eat with avidity. Of Hearst the moralist who is at once a patriot and inner circle champion of William Hohenzollern The Tribune writer gives a faint inkling. One sees but two Hearsts after reading Mr. Adams. Yet this abnormal personage is bewildering in his variety. His manifestations are among the most startling phenomena of the times. They are startling because of the general complaisance with which they are observed. Here is a man so insincere in all that concerns him and the people among whom he is running amuck that his whole career is more like a dramatic representation than a fragment of real history. Yet he appears to be gratefully tolerated as the ultimate type of democracy.

### A Bishop's Endorsement

Speaking of Hearst's pretensions as a publisher Mr. Adams says: "Almost any one can 'put it over' on the Tourist City in the line of fake advertising, and Hearst, in his exploitation of his own virtue, takes full advantage of his environment. As bait to his public, the astute William R. offers a bishop, Bishop W. M. Bell, D. D., LL. D., president of the World's Social Progress Council, who writes the following indorsement of Hearst's supposed principles:

February 16th, 1917.

Editor Examiner, Los Angeles, Cal.

I have carefully read the editorial, "Value of Environment to the Advertiser." It conveys a

very important policy and expresses allegiance to wholesome principle.

Personally, I am very glad to have this advanced platform in your great publication.

Very truly yours,

Wm. M. Bell."

Respecting the foregoing The Tribune writer says: "To get the full indorsing effect of this, The Examiner published it with the facsimile of the Council's letterhead, thereby achieving the implied support of such names as David Starr Jordan, Bishops McConnell and Anderson, Rev. Charles Stelzle, Dr. John R. Haynes and Francis J. Heney. Doubtless Bishop Bell wrote the letter in good faith. It didn't occur to him to check up the 'wholesome principle' of the Hearst editorial with the far from wholesome advertising in the Hearst Examiner. How should an unworldly Bishop suspect that Hearst was only joking; that, in fact, Wily Willy always has his tongue in his cheek when he prates so piously of purity in advertising? Had the reverend indorser studied the columns of the local Hearst paper before inditing his well-intentioned testimonial he might have worded it differently."

### The Illuminating Parallel

For the benefit of Bishop Bell and other "easy marks" who have made it easy for Hearst to obtain endorsements for everything he says or does The Tribune presents the lofty principles of the idealistic publisher paralleled with examples of advertising in the Los Angeles Examiner, thus:

Practical considerations from the Los Angeles Examiner's advertising columns:

For example, "Cancer Removed Without the Knife—Guaranteed."

Chichester's (fake abortion) Pills, supported by the legend immediately following it: "Examiner Advertisements Bring Results."

Hearst cleanliness is represented by Santal Midy, a gonorrhoea "cure."

Hearst optimism is represented by this sort of uplift:

"Mental wireless teaches you to attract to yourself prosperity, friends, and all things desirable. You will never be lonesome or unhappy if you learn Mental Wireless . . . Lessons and advice daily by mail, \$5."

And here is more Hearst uplift:

"Women's Diseases; all Troubles—Specialist." (No name given; only an address.)

Lofty thoughts from the Los Angeles Examiner's editorial "Value of Environment to the Advertiser:"

"The Examiner, like all other newspapers and magazines published by Mr. Hearst, demands a certain high standard from the advertisers who use its columns."

"The care with which the Examiner edits its news columns to make them clean, to make them optimistic and uplifting . . . reflects to a large extent upon the advertisements which adjoin them."

"Lady with few thousand dollars can make hundred thousand in two years; rare opportunity; can't lose; cost nothing to investigate. Box 232, Ocean Park, Cal."

Nothing "hazardous" about this, of course! Not to Mr. Hearst, at least. He got his pay in advance for publishing it.

Yet Hearst invites, through the advertising columns of The Los Angeles Examiner, sufferers from kidney troubles to add to their sufferings and danger by taking the booze medicine, "Swamp Root."

More insistence on the "clean" feature, backed up by such "clean" advertising as the venerable Platten's Capsules, Men's Specialists and the fake sexual stimulant belt of the Vitalize Company.

"It is not well for them (the public) to invest their savings in hazardous investments; it is not well that they should be continuously tempted by alluring claims of imaginary benefits."

"The motives which actuated this policy were purely those of the public welfare . . . . It is not well for the people to weaken their bodies and cloud their minds with alcohol and narcotics."

"The fact that The Examiner's columns are clean gives every advertiser whose announcements are admissible a special standing."

### His Immaculate Editorial Columns

In the course of his long article on the cant and hypocrisy of Hearst the Tribune writer calls attention to many things with which readers of these columns have been frequently made familiar. For example, speaking of Hearst's oft-repeated assertion that he does not exploit habit-forming nostrums Mr. Adams points out that the great publisher advertises anti-kamnia, the most dangerous of all heart depressants the chief component of which is listed in an official government publication as a habit-forming drug.

Phones Market 483, Park 1781  
Perfect Pasteurization Courteous Service  
**COLUMBIA DAIRY**  
GEORGE H. PIPPY, Proprietor  
231 FRANKLIN STREET, NEAR HAYES  
A Modern Plant Fully Equipped to Meet the Most  
Exacting Requirements

# The Angel

Train of—fine equipment,  
unusual appointments,  
Fred Harvey cuisine.

Leaves at 4 every afternoon for

**Los Angeles**  
and  
**San Diego**  
No change of cars.



Jas. B. Duffy, General Agent  
601 Market St., San Francisco—Phone Sutter 7600  
Market St. Ferry—Phone Kearny 4980

F. L. Hanna, General Agent  
1218 Broadway, Oakland—Phone Lakeside 425

## THE ANGLO & LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK

No. 1 Sansome Street San Francisco, Cal.

Capital Stock .....\$ 4,000,000.00  
Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 2,311,258.22  
Deposits ..... 60,603,936.99

Issues Letters of Credit and Travelers Checks  
Available in All Parts of the World  
Buys and Sells Foreign Exchange  
Finances Exports and Imports

BOND DEPARTMENT  
Members of the San Francisco Stock and Bond  
Exchange

SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS





Mr. Adams also deals with the Hearst pose by which he affects to have a holy horror of tainting editorial and news matter for the benefit of advertisers. "There must have been some powerful incentive," he says, "to persuade Hearst's local paper to violate the Federal law by publishing the Valeska Suratt quackery in the guise of editorial matter." And we are told of Willis Sharpe Kilmer's visit to Los Angeles and of the write-up given him on the "society page." He was pictured as a man of political and social importance in New York. "From one end of this country to another," says The Tribune writer, "Willis Sharpe Kilmer is known to every newspaper publisher—and to none better than Mr. Hearst, whose coffers he enriches by many thousands of dollars yearly—as the proprietor of that notorious alcoholic fake kidney medicine, Swamp Root. This is Kilmer's one clear title to fame, but it was not mentioned in the Los Angeles Examiner. There was no hint at all of his connection with the patent medicine business." "The whole affair," says Adams, "indicates Hearst's tender consideration for an advertiser no matter how disreputable his line of business."

#### The Summing Up

Though incomplete the portrayal of our flaming moralist, nevertheless Mr. Adams has turned out a pretty good job. At least he has made it clear to New Yorkers of the Gary and Gerard type that the man with whom they have been pleased to associate on terms of intimacy is not likely to improve their reputation by exploiting them as his social cronies. Indeed Mr. Adams has dealt so severely with our distinguished native son that even free and easy Californians of clubdom may be given pause after a close inspection of The Tribune's pictures. Consider for example this scathing wind-up:

"The mere fact that William R. Hearst, who, whatever his faults, chicaneries and artifices, is a shrewd student of conditions, deems it advisable to pretend to be clean is powerful testimony to the progress of the nation-wide movement toward truth in advertising. That he will maintain the pretense as long as possible none who studies Hearst journalism will doubt. In New York, where he is being watched, he will be as clean as he must. In Los Angeles or San Francisco, where 'everything goes' in advertising, he will dredge, with his competitors, in the uttermost slime of journalism for the dollar of the murderous cancer quack, the vile gonorrhoea cure faker, the dollar-trap financial promoter and the 'psychic' criminal. East is East and West is West, as Mr. Kipling observes; but East or West, Hearst is Hearst just so far as he thinks that he can successfully gull the public. Scratch Hearst's journalistic virtue and you will find just below the surface, lying snug and smug, hypocrisy."

#### "John Doe" Michels

When Leopold Michels, now under indictment in the Ram Chandra conspiracy case, was subpoenaed before the federal grand jury by United States District Attorney Preston, he was subpoenaed under the style of "John Doe" Michels. Leopold Michels came to San Francisco in the far away days when the trip was made via the Isthmus of Panama, and has lived

here ever since. He is at the head of the big firm of Greenebaum, Weil and Michels. He resides at the St. Francis Hotel. His name appears somewhere near the top of the list for every worthy charity; he is always among the first to answer the appeals of the deserving. Leopold Michels is, in the best sense, one of San Francisco's leading citizens. And yet District Attorney Preston subpoenaed him as "John Doe" Michels. Leopold Michels considered this an affront, a deliberate affront, and said so to Preston before the grand jury. I am told that a stormy scene resulted.

#### Judy Neustadter

"He was all heart," said Jim Woods when we were discussing the death of dear old Judy Neustadter, and a truer estimate I could not hope to pen. In his big heart there was room for all his friends—their joys and sorrows, their successes and their failures. Many a time I have seen his eyes fill up at the tale of some unhappiness told of one he knew; afterwards he would go quietly and lend his aid in alleviation. As Doctor Nieto said at the funeral, he interfered with none and wanted none to interfere with him—his was the true spirit of manly liberalism, and he had nothing but contempt for busybodies who would seek to dictate to us our mode of living. Not very long ago I published here a letter written from Portland, detailing the melancholy changes wrought in that good old town by prohibition: the writer of that letter was Judy Neustadter. He walked for quite a while in the shadow of death, knowing that shadow for what it was; yet none ever heard him complain; he put a brave face upon it and smiled to the end. A lot of those who will miss Judy gathered at his funeral to pay him the last formal respect; here are some of the names: James Woods, Syd Hart, Stanley Ponton D'Arcy, David Erdreich, Joe Solari and Syl Newman (these were pallbearers), Tom Keating, Jim McCullough, Tom Pearce, Joe Deering, Tom McCann, Hector McKenzie, Charlie Bacon, Eddie Hammer, Elgin Travis, Ed O'Day, Al Coney, Julius Rosenfeld, Charlie Asher, Mose Gunst, Harry Hart, Joe Watts, Bill Hanrahan, George Chevalier, Billy Dunphy, Henry Schwartz, Tom Bellew and Jack Reilly.

#### The War Poets

Of the writing of war poems there is no end. European singers have produced a tremendous amount of verse, and American poets did not wait for the declaration of war before smiting their lyres. Yet the outstanding war poems are few. Rupert Brooke's sonnets seem destined to immortality; Alan Seeger's "I Have a Rendezvous with Death" appears to have in it the stuff that defies oblivion; Gilbert Frankau's "How Rifleman Brown Came to Valhalla" will make the blood race when this war is history; and some of George Sterling's anti-German sonnets will embody for posterity civilization's tremendous indictment of the Kaiser. But some of the favorite poets have fallen down. Kipling has done nothing worthy of his old self. Robert Service has but echoed his former strains. Watson has not done justice to his inspiration. Bridges has left men cold. Masfield has scored in prose more than in verse.

#### Conan Doyle at His Best

It remained for Conan Doyle to surprise us at this late day. That Doyle was a poet, of course we knew: who has forgotten his stirring "Song of the Bow" in that great novel "The White Company?" But this poet has written very little poetry. Lo and behold, he appears suddenly with one of the thrilling poems of the war, a better poem than that "Song of the Bow" we all used to chant, a poem that will go into the anthologies, or I'm all wrong in my estimate of vital verse. I lift it from the London Times:

#### THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH

Men of the 21st  
Up by the Chalk Pit Wood,  
Weak with our wounds and our thirst,  
Wanting our sleep and our food,  
After a day and a night—  
God, shall we ever forget!  
Beaten and broke in the fight,  
But sticking it—sticking it yet.  
Trying to hold the line,  
Fainting and spent and done,  
Always the thud and the whine,  
Always the yell of the Hun!  
Northumberland, Lancaster, York,  
Durham and Somerset,  
Fighting alone, worn to the bone,  
But sticking it—sticking it yet  
  
Never a message of hope!  
Never a word of cheer!  
Fronting Hill 70's shell-swept slope,  
With the dull dead plain in our rear.  
Always the whine of the shell,  
Always the roar of its burst,  
Always the tortures of hell,  
As waiting and wincing we cursed  
Our luck and the guns and the Boche,



## Acme Beer

prevails in the  
homes of the  
discriminating

Patronize Home Industry

ESTABLISHED 1869  
**A. FINKE'S WIDOW**  
SPARKLING WINES  
DRY AND SWEET WINES  
1038 PORTSMOUTH STREET - SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
TELEPHONE KEARNY 709

California's Popular Wine



When our Corporal shouted "Stand to!"  
And I heard some one cry, "Clear the front for the  
Guards!"  
And the Guards came through.

Our throats they were parched and hot,  
But Lord, if you'd heard the cheers!  
Irish and Welsh and Scot,  
Coldstream and Grenadiers.  
Two brigades, if you please,  
Dressing as straight as a hem,  
We—we were down on our knees,  
Praying for us and for them!  
Praying with tear-wet cheek,  
Praying with outstretched hand,  
Lord, I could speak for a week,  
But how could you understand!  
How should your cheeks be wet,  
Such feelin's don't come to you.  
But when can me or my mates forget,  
When the Guards came through!

"Five yards left extend!"  
It passed from rank to rank.  
Line after line with never a bend,  
And a touch of the London swank.  
A trifle of swank and dash,  
Cool as a home parade,  
Twinkle and glitter and flash,  
Flinching never a shade,  
With the shrapnel right in their face  
Doing their Hyde Park stunt,  
Keeping their swing at an easy pace,  
Arms at the trail, eyes front!  
Man, it was great to see!  
Man, it was fine to do!  
It's a cot and a hospital ward for me,  
But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever I be,  
How the Guards came through.

#### Brother-in-law Axson at Berkeley

Readers of campaign literature cannot have forgotten the remarkable article about President Wilson written by Stockton Axson, the brother of the President's first wife, and distributed broadcast over the country in pamphlet form just before the last election. No such intimate recital had ever figured in an American campaign before. Stockton Axson who is professor of English literature at Rice College, is now lecturing to the summer students at the University of California. I cannot forbear quoting the gem of his campaign pamphlet, for it is too good for oblivion:

Once when Uncle Tom was visiting us at Middletown, Mr. Wilson broke into a soft chuckle while he and I were sitting alone.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked.

He replied: "To think how I blacked Uncle Tom's boots this morning. Passing his bedroom door, I saw that he had put his boots outside, naturally assuming that all self-respecting people keep a man. I knew Bridget wouldn't black them, and Annie couldn't, so there was nothing to do but tackle the job myself."

It occurs to me, as I write down this true episode, that he might very well have sent me to do it, seeing that I was only a college student, while he was a professor, and besides, it was my Uncle Tom anyway. But Woodrow Wilson would not do that simply because he was too considerate—the most considerate man I ever knew—as well as the most generous and the tenderest. So there is a Presidential picture to go along with Lincoln splitting rails, and Garfield on a canal boat, and Grant driving a dray—Wilson blacking Uncle Tom's boots—Uncle Tom by marriage.

### "Pre-eminent"

MOET & CHANDON  
WHITE SEAL VERY DRY

MOET & CHANDON  
IMPERIAL CROWN BRUT

SURPASSING IN QUALITY

any and all

CHAMPAGNES

#### The Mayor and the Colonel

Mayor Rolph is thinking of taking a vacation, which is good exercise for a tired brain, but unfortunately the busy official has other matters to think of and they are rather disquieting. He has to think for instance of the municipal business that has to be transacted during his absence. In this connection he visualizes Colonel Power, chairman of the finance committee, in the chair of the presiding officer during meetings of the board. Acting Mayor Power! Such will be the colonel's title in Mr. James Rolph's absence if the customary amenities are observed. But will they be observed? Not, so I am told, if Mayor Rolph can have his way. And Mayor Rolph is now brooding over the matter. He feels that with Power as Acting Mayor a vacation would hardly do the city's Chief Executive any good. And so he is doing a little fine Italian work among the supervisors, some of whom are naturally in sympathy with him in his opposition to Power, the colonel being too much of an economist and budget slasher to please the regulation tax-eater.

#### Knocking Our Gus

Popular "Bill" Jacobs, just back from Los Angeles where the Kolb and Dill show has been packing 'em in, tells of a motion picture director down there who dislikes our chief of police.

"You're from San Francisco?" he said when he met Jacobs. "I don't like your town. I don't like your chief of police. The fellow's an upstart."

"We're rather strong for Gus up in San Francisco," said Jacobs. "What did he do to you?"

"I was up in your town making some pictures," explained the film director. "I wished to make some scenes on Telegraph Hill. I was told I'd have to get permission from your chief of police. I called on him. I found him a large, vulgarly healthy sort of creature. I told him what I wanted—permission to take pictures on Telegraph Hill. He asked me, what kind of pictures? Fancy that question from a chief of police. Fancy a chief of police knowing about pictures! I told him I desired to get an atmosphere of squalor into my pictures, of sordid, grimy poverty—in a word, tenement stuff. You catch the idea?"

"I catch it," said Bill. "Did Gus catch it?"

"I can't say," replied the director, toying with his wrist watch. "But he was furiously angry. Fancy that. Quite indecently wrought up, you know. You can't imagine what he told me."

"I almost can," said Bill.

"He told me to go and take my pictures in Los Angeles—that we had more squalor down here than you have in San Francisco. The upstart!"

#### The Omnipresent Purse

"If you sit in the box office of a Los Angeles theatre when there's a rush at the ticket window," continued Bill Jacobs who is treasurer of the Kolb and Dill company, "you almost imagine that you're in a telegraph office."

"What causes the resemblance?" I asked.

"The constant clicking sound made by the opening and shutting of purses," said Bill.

#### The Deceitful Kolb

If you are a friend of Clarence Kolb, the irresistible comedian, you have no doubt seen a picture of him taken recently at Santa Cruz. It represents Kolb in the guise of a fisherman, nonchalantly posed with his alleged catch. His alleged catch consists of three immense salmon. Looking at the picture you involuntarily ex-

claim: What a great fisherman Clarence Kolb must be! I write this paragraph to expose Kolb's duplicity. He isn't a great fisherman. On the day he went fishing at Santa Cruz his total take consisted of one fish about six inches long, suspected of being a stunted smelt. The three immense salmon were supplied for use in the picture by that celebrated fisherman of Santa Cruz "Sunday" Farriola. If you don't believe that Clarence Kolb is deceitful in his Izaak-Walton pretensions, ask Bill Jacobs: he was there, and knows.

#### The Office Boy's Progress

Ignatius Kelly, the Examiner office boy, has been promoted to the proud eminence of a job in the sporting department. He who once answered to the city editor's yell now, with proper dignity, transmits the orders of Al Joy. Ignatius is conscious of his dignity; whereby hangs a tale. But before I tell the tale, can anybody tell me why so many office boys graduate into the sporting department? Here is a question for John D. Barry or James J. Corbett to answer. Meanwhile the fact is indisputable. Ignatius Kelly is the latest of a long line of office boys to graduate into the sporting department. Bill Slattery started as an office boy on The Call and became sporting editor. Joe Murphy, Bill's pal, rose the same way. Mert Smith began as an office boy on The Bulletin; so did Abe Kemp. Eddie Healey, Paul Feeley and Jimmy Casey all "rustled copy" on The Examiner before writing sports. But to return to the tale of Ignatius Kelly. When Ignatius was elevated to the sporting department a new office boy was broken in. It takes time to initiate an office boy, so last Saturday night when Lindsay Campbell who was occupying the city editor's throne in The Examiner local room, found the copy accumulating on his hook he was inclined to be patient. But Saturday is a nerve-rasping night, and when the copy failed to move Lindsay began yelling



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for the office boy. No boy responded. "Judge" Weigle who bosses the office boys was appealed to and proved by his book that a boy should be on the job, but just the same there was nobody to run copy. Campbell was nearly frantic when the new office boy entered the local room with a parcel in his hand.

"Where in Hades have you been?" demanded Lindsay.

"Out on an errand," said the new boy.

"An errand!" fumed Campbell. "An errand on Saturday night! Who sent you out of this shop?"

"That gentleman over there sent me out to buy him a collar," said the new office boy; and he pointed to a corner where his predecessor Ignatius Kelly was slowly picking out words on an L. C. Smith.

### The North Dakota Maecenas

Gronna of North Dakota whom Boise Penrose once pretended to regard as the representative of Scandinavia in the United States Senate, bobs up as the patron of poetry. There is a Virgil in North Dakota, and Gronna is his Maecenas. The other day Gronna got permission to insert in the Congressional Record what he called "a beautiful and patriotic poem" by this Virgil. I must extract this poem from its place in the least read paper published in this country:

#### HURRAH FOR THE U. S. A.!

In days gone by, Old Glory, boys,  
Has always won the day;  
She's fought for freedom's right, boys,  
In the good old U. S. A.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Fall in, boys;  
Hurrah for the U. S. A.!  
She's going in to win, boys,  
The world's democracy.  
When we'll see Old Glory waving  
In the midst of the densest fray  
Then we'll shout with all our might, boys,  
"Hurrah for the U. S. A.!"

Our fathers fought and died, boys,  
To win democracy;  
Like them we'll gladly die, boys,  
For a free humanity.

### Here's Another

Not to be outdone, Senator Sheppard of Texas promptly uncovered a Sappho who lyricizes at Dallas, and had her latest effusion printed in The Record. The Sappho of Texas is yclept Selma Katzenstein. Here's a cross-section I've sawed out of Selma's ode:

Thy hero sons shall train their guns  
'Gainst wrong and fell oppression;  
Brave love shall lead on honor's steed  
And gain at last possession—  
Of strongholds where the intrenched foe  
Their flaunting tokens boldly show.  
The banners of the right unfurled  
Shall float o'er a new world!

#### Chorus

All hail, America!  
Our love for her, a very star,  
Shall light our way to heaven's door  
And joy for evermore!

### "Corpse Utilization" Again

Once more alleged evidence of the German system of utilizing the corpses of German soldiers for commercial purposes appears in the London Times. Writing of the Battle of Messines the special correspondent of The Times at "war correspondents' headquarters" in France says:

"A most unpleasant detail of the operation

here was that once more we found a lot of German corpses, already packed, as it were, that is, done up in bundles of three for transmission to the rear, doubtless for that utilization factory. The bundles were carefully made up, even loose arms and legs being stuffed in to make good weight. Our men buried the gruesome packages, and as our attack, with the heavy shelling of the preceding days, had seemingly delayed transmission for some days, it was, they told me, a horrid job."

### Our Artillery Regiment

As enrollment of the California Field Artillery progresses at 210 Montgomery street there is growing evidence that the ranks of our men about town will be seriously reduced when the crack regiment goes to Europe. Among the men who will follow the Bear Flag to France are Thornwell Mullally, Stewart Edward White, Laurance I. Scott, William G. Devereux, Archibald Johnson, Peter B. Kyne, Frederick B. Hussey, George N. Armsby, T. T. C. Gregory, Henry F. Dutton, Knox Maddox, Raymond Armsby, Leon Bocqueraz, William B. Sanborn, Phil K. Beckert, Alexander W. Bergevin, Richard J. Bond, Nicholas G. K. Boyd, C. H. Brockhagen, Raymond F. Conliss, W. Russell Cole, J. J. Graves, Frank J. Solinsky, Dudley Sweeny, Edwin G. White and others whose names are familiar. Officered and manned by Californians exclusively, the California Field Artillery will be a distinctive unit in the United States army, bearing to the Golden State a relationship similar to that which identifies each British regiment with some particular shire or county in the homeland. And whatever glory it attains in the field will be reflected in fame to this commonwealth—just as Canada has been given added fame through the heroic work of the "Princess Pats." This consideration will be additional incentive to shine at the war front, and that the opportunity to shine will not be lacking is indicated by the keen and kindly interest manifested in the regiment by such influential army men as Major-General John J. Pershing; Major-General Hunter Liggett, commander of the Western Department; Brigadier-General John P. Wisser; Brigadier-General Eben Swift; Colonel H. H. Whitney, adjutant-general of the Western Department; Colonel Frederick Perkins, in charge of the Western Department's militia bureau; Colonel J. C. Harbord, chief of staff with General Pershing; Colonel William Kenly and Captain Kenyon Joyce, Sixth Cavalry. These men and others will see to it that the California's announced desire to fight is gratified as quickly as is possible. Artillery is constantly in demand by the Allied forces. Intensive drilling and training will be conducted under expert instructors at Tanforan Park, than which a more desirable camping place could not have been secured. Its proximity to the city and excellent transportation facilities will enable the men to keep in close touch with their friends until they are sent abroad.

### Cowper Powys' Return Visit

San Franciscans need no introduction to John Cowper Powys, who lectured here last spring, and those who liked his lectures will welcome the news that there is a prospect of his return in the early fall. Paul Elder announces that he is endeavoring to secure a return visit from him. In order that there may be a sufficient guaranty to insure Powys' visit to San Francisco in October, those who are interested will have an opportunity after the first of August to subscribe for tickets to his lectures. Applications may be made to the Paul Elder Company.

## Dreams of the I. W. W.

(Continued from Page 6)

future toward which any country in the course of history could be swept. Even the Germans have not given me since that evening a profounder sense of foreboding and abhorrence.

Now nothing is more positive than that there are hundreds like this man (who, for the most part, skulks like a spider in his web and sends out filaments invisible to the unsuspecting American eye), and that from the moment they believed the time was ripe they have been systematically working upon the ignorant minds of the proletariat with the object of bringing about, in our weakest moment, a general strike. A few vigilant local authorities have taken them in hand, but, for the most part, they merely figure honorably as "news."

A French officer told me last year when I was in Paris that during the first week of the war 300 men from the Midi were stood up against the wall and shot for trying to persuade their comrades not to fight. These men were syndicalists, of course (same breed as I. W. W.s), but in every instance a postcard was sent to their parents or wives covered with these words in large letters, that more than the family might read: "Your ——— was shot this morning for cowardice." That ended it. The remaining syndicalists promptly turned a somersault and became patriots.

We are a weak-kneed race where punishment is concerned, and no doubt will content ourselves with putting the I. W. W. ringleaders in jail, and then go to sleep until new ringleaders, after lying low for a while, squirm through the country again. When a farmer finds a nest of rattlesnakes on his place does he wait for them to bite his family or does he exterminate them at once? The worst of the I. W. W.s against whom a clear case of conspiracy can be proved should be shot, and the rest deported en masse to a desert island—where there would be an aristocracy in less than a month, the weaker working for the stronger and plotting rebellion.

### Evidence Required

The editor of the local paper believed that he was doing a kindly act by suppressing from the list of "drunk and disorderly" on market day the name of a country subscriber that by rights belonged there. The subscriber, however, did not regard the omission as a favor.

"I suppressed your name for your wife's sake," the editor explained.

"Well, that's the awkward part of it," the farmer said, "for not seeing my name among the rest she won't believe I came to town at all."

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## "Airs" at Santa Barbara

Among the society folk mustered in great strength at Santa Barbara these days is a certain lady whose name is to be found in the Social Register but whose "airs" are not characteristic of manners in the best families. This lady is very rich and impresses one with the fact. She loves to dilate upon her riches, and does so in a very sprightly and amusing way. Her talk is much concerned with the elaborate nature of her household, with her butler and her maids and all that sort of jolly rot. At Santa Barbara her acquaintances have a nickname for her, a nickname almost as amusing as herself. The other day she was narrating some incident of grandeur and could not quite place the date of the occurrence.

"I can't recall just when it was," she said, "but it was about that time of the year when one buys one's new motor."

## Beauty in Breeches

The dear ladies are wearing the pants this season. Breeches are vogue. Skirts are hung on the closet hook, not on the form divine. If you don't believe me, go to Yosemite, climb Tamalpais of a Sunday morning, seek any of the places hereabouts where our girls hike and ride and rough it. The predominance of breeches is noticeable especially in the Yosemite. In the feminine throngs there you find all sorts of masculine nether garments, few skirts. Riding breeches are much in evidence. Bloomers are not unknown. Khaki trousers cut to the curves of the leg feminine claim the eye. Even the overalls of commerce have been taken into service by the fair ones; they are worn full length or stuffed into the tops of walking boots. The breeches are of various cuts and a variety of colors. It is noted that those attract the most favorable masculine comment which are scantiest in material. The fad has completely possessed the ladies of the staid Sierra Club which shows that it is a fad of respectability, a fashion hall-marked by our best people.

## The Wingfield Case

The Wingfield divorce case which has been started in Reno is likely to cause much bitterness of feeling and to excite much interest in the city of Mrs. Wingfield's birth, as in any part of the Sagebrush State, where Mr. Wingfield has many warm friends and many big interests. Sincere friends of both parties to the suit are hoping that the case will never be tried, and that the attorneys will advise and induce a compromise. Some months ago, it is said, Mr. and Mrs. Wingfield entered into an agreement which was thought to be quite satisfactory to all concerned, and therefore the filing of the complaint by Mr. Wingfield astonished his friends as well as the friends of Mrs. Wingfield who say that she will be very likely to file a cross-complaint unless another compromise be agreed upon. As Wingfield has a great deal of political influence in Nevada it is assumed that he would have an advantage over an adversary in almost any kind of a law-suit. Hence the expectation of a bitter contest, for Mrs. Wingfield is represented by Attorney Wm. F. Humphrey who has a reputation for unwavering devotion to the interests of his clients whether fighting at home or elsewhere. Mr. Wingfield also is represented by a San Francisco attorney—Mr. Wm. Metson—and so the case for more reasons than one has a strong local flavor.

## The Latest Portrait

I dropped into Arthur Cahill's new studio in the Hirsch and Kaiser Building on Post street the other afternoon on the chance that Arthur might not have a sitter and might permit me to view his latest work—a portrait of Templeton Crocker. Luckily, Arthur was not "sporting his oak," and I saw this picture of which I had heard a good deal. Word had come to me that the subject liked it, that his wife was delighted with it and that his mother-in-law Mrs. Irwin approved heartily. When a portrait painter can please his sitter as well as his sitter's wife and mother-in-law he is doing something! There is no question in my mind that this is the best portrait our youngest portrait painter has done—and that is by no means a disparagement of the fine portrait of his mother and the excellent one of Ned Hamilton. Cahill dared paint Crocker in a blue serge—an unconventional thing in itself, for the blue of men's clothes is a stumbling block to painters. Cahill has surmounted the obstacle so gracefully that one is not conscious of difficulty overcome. I was fortunate in my choice of a day to view this canvas, for Cahill had just finished his cartoon for the Bohemian Jinks, and although Bohemians are rather secretive about these things the artist could not deny me a look at his immense pleasantries in oils. He had painted the two authors of the grove play, Crocker and Redding, in Chinese costume. Redding is clashing a pair of cymbals while Crocker, sporting an opium pipe, is trying

to get under Joe's halo. The big canvas is done with great vivacity and with a technical skill rarely spent on this sort of work. The contrast between the formal portrait of Crocker and the unconventional picturing of the same sitter in the cartoon is most amazing. And it is a contrast which shows Cahill's versatility.

## The Girl Office-boy

San Francisco established a precedent in the newspaper world when it boasted the first woman city editor. This was Miss Virginia Brastow of The Bulletin, and a mighty good city editor she was too. Now we have shattered another newspaper convention. Enter the girl office-boy. She is on the job at The Chronicle, carrying messages, running copy and attending to the one hundred and one other duties of the position. Office-boys have been scarce lately; hence the invasion of their ranks by a girl. I asked Jim Tufts, city editor of The Chronicle, how the girl was making out.

"She's the best office-boy I ever had," he said.

## An Insomnia Story

Loring B. Doe, the capitalist, lives at the Hotel Whitcomb and maintains an office in the Hearst Building. He gets his exercise every day by walking from his hotel to his office and back again. But despite two constitutionals a day Doe is a light sleeper. He wakes early, and once awake he rises, for experience has convinced him that sleep will not return. The result is that Doe usually gets to his office in time to make the first trip in the early morning elevator—about six-forty-five. The elevator boy knows about Doe's insomnia. A few mornings ago he had a suggestion to offer:

"Mr. Doe," he said, "why don't you leave word at your hotel every night that they are to call you at four in the morning. Then when the bell rings at four, get up and answer it by telling the clerk to go to, hop back into bed and go to sleep again. Nothing like being called, Mr. Doe, to encourage sleep!"

Doe promised to try the recipe. But next morning he was on hand at the usual early hour.

"You didn't do what I suggested," said the elevator boy.

"Yes, I did," answered Doe. "They called me at four, but I beat them to it. I got up at twenty minutes to four!"

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### Anent the Kohls

Speculation plays with the names of the Fred Kohls these days, the surmise going the rounds having had its rise at Lake Tahoe. Fred Kohl was at Tahoe lately, and following his arrival the beautiful summer place on the lake was put in order for occupancy. Immediately the surmises surmised that a reconciliation between Fred and Mrs. Kohl was in the cards. The wish is father to the thought, for theirs was a separation which brought grief to many, and it has been held by some who are supposed to know, that the differences are not irreconcilable.

### Finn Froelich's Piano

Oakland has a large and growing art colony, also an art association; but the association has a very small balance at the bank. Recently Finn Froelich, director of the association, decided that a piano was needed for the use of the musicians who belonged. The first installment on the instrument he selected was seventy-five dollars. How to get that much money? Finn Froelich decided on an art association dinner. One hundred diners would pay one hundred dollars for their fun; twenty-five dollars would pay for the dinner; the balance would pay the first installment on the piano. To keep down the cost of the dinner Finn Froelich made his famous mulligan, and Georgie Bordwell mixed the salad for one hundred. The dinner was a great success. Art students in smocks escorted the mulligan into the dining room; it was in a wash boiler mounted on wheels. There were other jolly features in which George Sterling, Xavier Martinez, Harry Laffler, Maynard Dixon and other participated. The wine was particularly good and plentiful. Never was a better dinner in Bohemia. But next day Finn Froelich had a shock. The receipts were seventy-five dollars, for the attendance was twenty-five short of a hundred; and the dinner (including all that good wine) cost seventy-five dollars instead of twenty-five. The art association has decided to give a concert to pay the first installment on the piano.

### The Grip of an Old Song

What is it about the psychology of a song that gives it longer life and stronger influence than others contemporaneous and of equal musical merit? There is the old Annie Rooney, for instance. Sunday evening at the new restaurant of Jules in the Sutter Hotel building, the orchestra played a medley of old time songs in waltz time. There were smiles of recognition as old time favorites were recognized but when the first notes of Annie Rooney sounded, all over the place people began to sing and soon there was a louder chorus than our timid audiences sing in theatres for our national anthem. During Annie Rooney's vogue, twenty-five or more years ago, Adelina Patti appeared at a benefit in New York for the Orchestral Union. Nothing but high class music was on the pro-

gramme, of course; but when the diva, then the greatest prima donna in the world, had responded to many recalls, she astonished the world by announcing, "Now I want to sing 'Little Annie Rooney,'" and she did as never it was sung before or has been since.

### Military Ball at Hotel Oakland

Oakland's elite is preparing a brilliant military ball to be held at Hotel Oakland Friday night, August 10. The event is planned in aid of the California Chapter of the American Hospital in Paris and in honor of the men of the R. O. T. C. at the Presidio who leave so soon for the cantonments and active service at the front. Because of the plea of Dr. Blake the American surgeon who is devoting himself unceasingly to the care of the sick and wounded in France for immediate supplies, the women of the California Chapter are rallying to supply his demand. All the necessary articles will be sent direct to the hospital in the French capital. Among those who are working indefatigably for the success of the worthy enterprise are Mesdames Phoebe Hearst, Mark Requa, William Hinckley Taylor, Willard Williamson, William Cavalier, Dudley Dexter, Wm. Magee, Edson Adams, Wallace Alexander, Isaac Requa, Chas. Butters, Frank Havens, Edson F. Adams, Wm. de Fremery, James Moffitt Jr., Allen Chickering, James Carleston, Wickham Havens, the Misses Ethel Moore and Matilda Brown.

### Denmark and the Cliff House

On the night of August 2 the Cliff House will be transformed into a cafe reminiscent of Copenhagen, for a "Night in Denmark" is the setting offered to those who dine there that evening. There will be food prepared in Danish fashion with the most wonderful Danish pastry for dessert, such pastry as one seldom tastes in this country. To show the different kinds of Danish sweets, etc., there will be a display buffet arranged by L. C. Klitteng, a famous baker of the Isle of Laesoe. Many parties are being planned as this affair promises to be one of the most unusual ever given in a San Francisco cafe.

### At the Cecil

Misses Rosario and Louise Winston, two belles from Southern California, are summering at the Cecil. They are friends of the Misses Maud, Cecilia and Cordelia O'Connor who make their home at the Cecil. Mrs. Charles Holliday and her daughter Mrs. Ellinwood Finnell came down from Sacramento Monday and will be at the hotel for another week. Mrs. L. R. Armstrong and Miss M. G. Armstrong of St. Louis are being extensively entertained. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Page of Southern California have been giving a series of impromptu dinners and luncheons. Mrs. Isabel Henderson and Mrs. H. H. Branton of Los Angeles are recent arrivals.

Popular Julius Rosenfeld who recently severed his connection with the Cliff House, announces that he contemplates another enterprise of which news will be forthcoming later on.

## Letters

### After the War

"The English-Speaking Peoples, their Future Relations and Joint International Obligations" is a well-thought-out volume by George Louis Beer, in which the author, after reviewing the causes and conditions that led to the war, shows conclusively as far as reason and logic can do so, that the manifest destiny of the English-speaking people is to form a democratic alliance both for their own future advantage and for the security of peace and freedom to the rest of the world. As the English-speaking peoples are the United States and Great Britain with her colonies this is an elaboration of the "hands across the sea" idea. The book is timely and interesting. The copious notes would be found more convenient by the average reader if placed at the foot of the page instead of at the end of the volume. From the Macmillan Company.

"How's your motor car behaving?"

"Well," replied Mr. Chuggins, "the way it uses gasoline shows that while it may be weak in spots, its appetite is all right."

"Did you make the money you expected raising chickens?"

"No. After a little experimenting I decided that the way to make the money is to raise chicken feed."

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## The Stage

### Julia Arthur's Return

Seeing and hearing Julia Arthur at the Orpheum the other day I was reminded of the misfortune the stage suffered when this brilliant actress withdrew from her chosen profession. In her early twenties Julia Arthur was leading woman for the A. M. Palmer stock company, and there was none other of her time on the American stage who gave promise of rising to the heights that seemed accessible to a woman of her gifts. Indeed, in her power of intense dramatic expression she was without a rival. When she abandoned her career for the man she loved the sacrifice seemed to many as great as that which marked the retirement of Mary Anderson a decade earlier. Now one may bring a ripper judgment to pass on Julia Arthur's art and with no other result than that of confirming the earliest impressions. True her performance at the Orpheum is not histrionic; she does nothing but lend grace and realism to a stirring picture, reciting the while lines that inspire patriotism and thrill patriotic hearts, but in doing this she exhibits a power that combines grace, vehemence and dignity. Superb is her manner, irresistible her magnetism, but what one especially notes is her beautiful, thrilling voice and its modulations. Roland Burke Hennessy, the man who conceived the idea of the odd drama with the Statue of Liberty as the central figure, has made one of the best of recent contributions to vaudeville. Also he has done something in the interest of Uncle Sam.

—T. F. B.

### "The Boomerang" at the Columbia

When David Belasco brings his latest success, the Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes comedy "The Boomerang," to the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday theatregoers are promised a treat, according to those who have seen this comedy in New York or Chicago. One and all say that it is charming, delightful, and played by a skilled company. Some of the players who have been identified with "The Boomerang" since it was first produced twenty-three months ago and who will be seen here are Arthur Byron, Martha Hedman, Wallace Eddinger, Ruth Shepley, Gilbert Douglas, Kathryn Keys, Marguerite Chaffee and Dorothy Megrew.

### "So Long Letty" Returns

The announcement that Oliver Morosco is bringing "So Long Letty" back to San Francisco is a welcome one. The engagement will be at the Cort beginning Sunday with the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees. It will be remembered that this was one of the most successful productions ever made on the coast, having first been presented in Los Angeles and then brought here, scoring emphatic success and remaining for fourteen weeks, after which it was taken East. Provided with a new production and beautiful costuming, it is the new "Letty" which returns to us. The cast is still headed by Charlotte Greenwood. She is ably seconded by Sydney Grant, Hal Skelly and May Boley. The chorus of beautiful girls not only wear stunning clothes but can sing and dance.

### Last Philharmonic Concert

The fifth and last concert of the present series of the Peoples Philharmonic Orchestra will be given at the Cort this Sunday afternoon at three

o'clock. This series of popular priced concerts has proved most delightful. The "Eroica" by Beethoven, said to be the greatest symphony by the great symphonist, will open the programme. Sokoloff, the talented conductor, has made a special study of this work and a rendition of the highest order is expected. The many requests for a repetition of the exquisite symphonic sketch "On the Steppes of Central Asia" by Borodine, which created nothing less than a sensation at the first concert of the series, has prompted Sokoloff to repeat it. This composition is a masterpiece in local coloring and

several newcomers. Frank Byrne, recently of the Henry Miller players, has joined the Alcazar forces and will make his first appearance in this farce.

### "Rubeville" at the Orpheum

Julia Arthur who is creating a patriotic furore at the Orpheum in Roland Burke Hennessy's spectacle "Liberty Aflame," will begin the second and last week of her engagement next Sunday matinee. "Rubeville" is a melange of mirth and melody. The producers selected Harry B. Watson and Jere Delaney for the prin-



PRINCESS KALAMA

Coming to the Orpheum next week

descriptive episodes. The enchanting First Nocturne by Debussy will be the third number. The closing number will be "Les Preludes" by Liszt.

### "Seven Chances" at Alcazar

The New York farce "Seven Chances" written by Roi Cooper Megrue, which ran a year, will be the farewell offering of the William Boyd season at the Alcazar opening Monday night. William Boyd will have as his chief feminine support Miss Eleanor Parker. Six strikingly different yet attractive girls have been specially engaged for the production. All the old favorites of the company will be in the cast besides

principal roles. The supporting company sing, play and make merry. Princess Kalama and her selected Hawaiian company will present "Echoes of Kilauea," a spectacular novelty in two scenes. Kalama is "the Pavlova of Honolulu," and her hula hula is free from vulgarity. "Motor Boating," with Tom McCrae and a capable crew of entertainers, was constructed for laughing purposes only. Countess Nardini is one of the few women accordeonists in vaudeville. She is a virtuosa and her success has been great. Hugh Herbert and his company in "The Prediction," and Elmer El Clive and Nan O'Connor will also be included in the new bill. Harry Carroll will sing new songs.



## Summed Up

He was a lion tamer, but the man who ruled the king of the forest was in turn ruled by his wife. One night he was entertained by his friends who refused to allow him to depart until the small hours of the morning. As a result, on his homeward way, thinking that his wife would not receive him as cordially as he deserved, he spent the night elsewhere. In the morning he tried to slip into the house unobserved; but, alas! a voice from the top of the stairs greeted him coldly:

"Where have you been all night, John?"

"Well, my dear, I was afraid of disturbing you, so I slept in the lion's cage."

There was a moment's pause, a gritting of teeth, then down the stairs floated one word: "Coward!"

## False Index

In Lancashire there is a mill where the work people are mostly tenants of the mill owners. They are also supplied with gas at their homes from the mill. On one occasion the manager happened to notice that one of his tenants had rather a red nose, and said to him:

"John, it must have cost you a lot to color your nose?"

"Nay, maister," said John, "it's noane colored wi' drink, 'cos I on'y sup a pint a day."

"Well, John, that would not color your nose."

"Now, yo' see, my nose is like your gas meters."

"Indeed. How's that, John?"

"Well, it registers moor than I consumes."

The small hen-pecked man, whose wife had sent him to enlist, was being overhauled by the army doctor, getting more and more nervous as the examination proceeded.

"Have you led a fast kind of life at all?" said the doctor at last. "Gone in much for dissipation or anything of that sort?"

The little man hesitated a moment, then replied, in a thin, piping voice: "I—I sometimes smoke a cigarette."

The barber was finishing lathering a customer, and was talking volubly as usual.

"Yes, sir," he said, "we have to mind what we're about here. Every time we cut a customer's face we are fined a quarter, and if we make an ugly gash it costs us a half."

Then picking up and brandishing a razor he added: "But I don't care a hang today. I've just won five dollars."

The politician rushed into the editorial sanctum. "What do you mean?" he roared. "What do you mean by insulting me as you did in last night's 'Clamor?'"

"Just a moment," replied the editor. "Didn't the story appear as you gave it to us—namely, that you had resigned as city treasurer?"

"It did. But you put it under 'Public Improvements.'"

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On the Steppes of Central Asia.....Borodine  
Nocturne (Clouds) .....Debussy  
Les Preludes .....Liszt

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In "The Boomerang" at the Columbia Theatre



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The trend of the stock market was lower the entire week except for an occasional rally due to short covering. First it was peace rumors, then the Russian situation and finally the excess tax question. Traders are so much at sea regarding conditions, both here and abroad, that they either prefer to stay out of the market or sell their stocks whenever the market shows any weakness. Bears make the most of the situation by hammering first one group of stocks and then another, trying to force liquidation, and as is usually the case the market gets oversold, and when they begin to buy back stocks they had previously sold, the market recovers quickly, as the volume of outside trade is so light there are very few stocks on the market. The railroads held up well, with the exception of St. Paul. This stock was sold freely on rumors of a cut in dividend, and judging from the action of the stock recently, no doubt there will be a cut, as the selling of late seems to be from inside sources. The most bearish factor hanging over the market seems to be the continued uncertainty regarding the prices for products to be fixed by the Government, and though this has been before us for weeks it is still influential in shaping sentiment and encouraging the bearish element in their efforts to depress values. It is well at this time to bear in mind that the leading stocks have already suffered severely in value. Technically the market is in an excellent position on account of the small public interest. There is also far more merit in values now than at any time in the past, owing to the larger accumulations of profits that have been retained in the treasury of the companies. Under these circumstances it would seem that with any change in news the market is in an excellent position to respond with substantial reaction.

**Corn** is ruling above last week's level although the last few days have witnessed a decided setback in values. The cash situation has exhibited a great deal of strength, and cash prices have reached a very high level. This strength stimulated an extensive demand for the new crop months on account of the discrepancy in value of the latter as compared with the advancing tendency and induced liquidation on a large scale, the result being a material decline. The September has maintained about the same level. The Government report recently issued, promises a large crop, and conditions continue favorable, with the exception of parts of the Southwest where some apprehension exists because of high temperatures and a lack of moisture. Recent rains have somewhat relieved these conditions. Nothing much has been heard of foreign inquiry of late but the domestic demand has been quite good. The

shipments abroad for the week will probably aggregate only a moderate quantity, and the Argentine shipments are light. The cash situation continues strong but it is a question if the advance in cash prices to such high level will not in a measure check the demand and permit a reaction. The maximum prices on the new crop months tend to restrain any special advance. However, the cash situation has such elements of strength that it will prove a sustaining factor so that a congested condition may develop on a decline from present levels.

**Cotton**—The cotton market, although erratic, has ruled rather featureless for the week. Spot merchants and Liverpool have been moderate buyers, while the professional element has been inclined to contest advances. There has been no disposition on the part of spinners to resell, and no selling from that quarter is probable until they get the actual cotton. The spot people as a rule are all friendly to the market and are predicting much higher prices. Considerable interest has been manifested in the large number of contracts Japanese interests are credited with holding in the New York market as hedges and the opinion was expressed that Japan might buy India cotton, and as they got it would sell out their hedges in the American future markets. Texas had considerable rain the past week, right where it was needed, and more favorable reports are coming from that section. In the eastern part of the belt there has been a little too much rain and unless we get a change to more favorable weather complaint from that section of the belt will be in order. However, taking the situation as a whole there has been an improvement in the growing crop during July, something out of the ordinary, and with favorable weather from now on a good sized crop can be harvested. The price is too high to buy especially when the crop is just beginning to come to the market, and while we look for ultimately higher prices, we believe the price is high enough for the present, and expect to see some decline from this level.

"You're doubled-faced!" shouted the interrupter at the political meeting; "you're doubled-faced, that's what you are!"

"It's quite evident," remarked the candidate, "that my friend is not double-faced, or he would not have come out tonight with the face he has on him."

Pat had gone back home to Ireland and was telling his friends about New York.

"Have they such tall buildings in America as they say, Pat?" asked the parish priest.

"Tall buildings, ye ask, sor?" replied Pat. "Faith, sor, the last one I worked on we had to lie flat on our stomachs to let the moon pass."

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Employees' Pension Fund .....	259,642.88
Number of Depositors .....	65,717

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# The Meeting

By Charles Louis Philippe

He passed her. Then he had the foolish thought that if he stopped before a shop window she would come and stand near him: She did nothing of the kind and kept on her way.

Then he made up his mind to speak to her. She was as disagreeable as she had been in the last days they had spent together. She pretended astonishment and exclaimed,

"Goodness! They told me you were dead!"

At that he became horribly vexed. If he had been dead she would have gone on living as if nothing had happened.

She was very well dressed. He could not have said whether the coat she had on was in beaver, or rabbitskin, or astrakhan. He did not even know the names of the garments she put on her back. He was half sorry he had spoken to her, and suddenly felt himself very small beside her. He tried to take a joking tone.

"Well! well! You look as if business was good."

She answered: "Yes, indeed! You had a fine idea when you sued for divorce. It's turned out well for me."

For a little while he walked along beside her like a ninny. She gave him no encouragement, and he looked as if he was following her—he looked like a man who forces his company on a woman he has just met on the street. And when he asked her, "What are you doing now?" she kept straight ahead, saying: "What you see. I'm walking."

Thus they reached the Place de la Bastille. He would have to cross to the right from the middle of the sidewalk so as to get to the station for his train. He turned to go that way. She waved her hand to the left and said:

"I'm going up here."

She stopped out of politeness as she was leaving him. She showed him rather ostentatiously that she had good manners. He did not know how to say goodbye to her. She would be able to say that he had run after her and that she had repulsed him. There was a cafe in front of them, and to take from her the chance of any such boast, he suggested:

"If you're not in a great hurry, suppose we go in here."

She burst out laughing, thought it over for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"I don't mind. That will be rather funny."

They went in. They sat down opposite each other. They waited to be served. A waiter brought their drinks.

Then a strange phenomenon happened. The woman, especially, never expected it. The man suddenly found on his tongue words he used to employ when they lived together. It had been a habit of his when he came home every evening at six o'clock after spending the afternoon

at the office to say as soon as he saw her: "Well?" That meant: "Well, has anything happened while I was away?" Eight years had passed since they had seen each other. When he opened his mouth a word came out:

"Well?"

Never in ordinary circumstances did he speak thus to any other woman.

She could not help smiling and making a little sign with her head as she recognized the familiar word.

Something of the same kind happened to her. She had always made a point of inspecting him from head to foot before he went out and setting right any negligence in his clothes. He would always have looked as if he had been sleeping in his clothes if she had not taken care to do this. In spite of herself she glanced over him and said:

"I see that you haven't yet learned how to tie a tie. Listen—just bend over the table a little. I'm going to straighten your tie for you."

He laughed. It was true: he wore his tie anyhow. He leaned forward and she tied it very carefully. When she had finished he looked at himself in the mirror of the cafe, and she added, laughing:

"Yes, it's really funny. It still makes me uncomfortable to see you not dressed right."

Neither of them had any longer the least feeling of embarrassment.

He told her all that had happened to him during the last eight years, just as he used to tell her formerly what had happened to him during the afternoon.

He had married again a year after the divorce. He had two children, two little girls. The eldest was six years old and the second was five. He was still in the same office. He lived at Saint-Mandé. When he had met her he was going to the Vincennes station to take his train. When he had told that much he had told all his life. He became silent.

All the same, it was curious. The more he looked at her the more he realized that he had never seen her properly. From the time they were married he had always believed that her eyes were blue. Since the divorce, whenever he thought of her he always imagined for some reason or other that she had gray eyes, clear gray—fine eyes and no mistake! which showed you that she wasn't dark. He told her what he had observed. She laughed and said:

"There, you see! You have never understood me."

She showed interest in everything that had happened to him. To get a still clearer idea of his life she asked him:

"And what is your wife like?"

He hesitated before he answered:

"Do you know what's the truth, Alice? A man has only one wife; that's the first one. Afterwards a man marries for someone to keep house, or to have a family."

How sad he was after he had said these words! How happy they might have been if she had only wished it! He spoke of this to her. He said:

"Oh, why didn't you stick to me?"

Singularly enough, as it seemed to him who knew her and had noticed in the last days of their life together with what obstinacy she followed her questionable courses and how she

always insisted that she was right, she now replied, softly and frankly:

"Yes, there it is. I was eight years younger than I am today. A person is silly when she is young."

She was very nice, as she was in the early times of their marriage, when she had a very good heart and one could always persuade her by appealing to her best side. He said to her:

"You haven't told me what you have been doing during the last eight years."

She answered: "My poor, dear man, you wouldn't want me to tell you. You know well enough what there is for a divorced woman to do."

Then he said to her: "It's some consolation for me, Alice, that you aren't in abject poverty."

They were two good friends, very saddened on each side of a table in a cafe. She excused herself to him:

"You mustn't think hard of me because I didn't welcome you when you spoke to me. I played the haughty. And indeed it would have been much better if I hadn't answered you. You can see yourself you were wrong. Now we're going to be unhappy thinking of each other."

But they had not the time to talk at any length. The clock of the cafe came to half past seven. She did not want to get him into any trouble. She said:

"I mustn't keep you, Paul. Your wife might be uneasy."

He answered: "Yes, poor woman! And she would be a good deal more so if she knew what I am thinking of this evening."

They shook hands like two poor comrades who have had no luck in life.

The clergyman was engaged in that unprofitable occupation of giving advice to the woman who had just painted her own husband in very dark colors.

"Suppose you were to try to heap coals of fire upon his head?" he suggested.

"'Twouldn't do no good," she returned, "I've thrown a lighted lamp at him several times but he was just as bad next day."

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 82325; Dept. 4.

JAMES J. FALK, Plaintiff, vs. MAUDE EVELYN FALK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAUDE EVELYN FALK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of June, A. D. 1917.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-16-10

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## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81190; Dept. No. 10.

ALICE M. FOSTER, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE E. FOSTER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CLARENCE E. FOSTER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this tenth day of April, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

LOUIS ONEAL,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
San Jose, Calif.

6-9-10

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81480; Dept. 14.

WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, Plaintiff, vs. CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFLER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LANE LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants.

Action, for settlement of account, brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:

CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFLER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LANE LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, including judgment that his accounts as such Trustee from and including the 1st day of January, 1912, to and including the 31st day of December, 1916, as submitted and set forth in the said complaint, are full, true and correct and are settled and allowed.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of April, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1101 Alaska Commercial Building,  
San Francisco, Cal.

7-21-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY ASCROFT, deceased.—No. 22962, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of HENRY ASCROFT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at its office, junction of Grant Avenue and Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY ASCROFT, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,  
Executor of the last will and testament of Henry Ascroft, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, July 21, 1917.  
HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,  
Attorneys for Executor,  
San Francisco, Cal.

7-21-5

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 22027; Dept. 10.  
In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGIANA EMILY TOTTENHAM, Deceased.

It appearing to the said Court from the verified petition this day presented and filed by Edgar M. Wilson, as Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Georgiana Emily Tottenham, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the said real estate belonging to the estate of the deceased to pay the debts outstanding against the estate, and to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate, and those interested therein, that such a sale be made:

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on the 28th day of August, 1917, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the court room of Department No. 10 of said Court, in the City Hall of said City and County, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of said real estate as shall be necessary, or as shall appear to be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein; and that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open court this 16th day of July, 1917.  
THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of said Superior Court.

Filed: July 16, 1917.  
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

POWELL & DOW,  
Attorneys for Administrator,  
10th Floor Mills Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

7-21-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PAUL FLEURY, deceased.—No. 22929; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of PAUL FLEURY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PAUL FLEURY, deceased.

LEONIDE G. AUZERAIS,  
Administratrix of the estate of Paul Fleury, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, California, July 7th, A. D. 1917.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Administratrix,  
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

7-5-7

## NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY BONNER, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a petition for the probate of the will of MARY BONNER, deceased, and for the issuance to ALFRED BONNER of Letters Testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Tuesday, the 31st day of July, A. D. 1917, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, July 7, 1917.  
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. P. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.  
Endorsed: Filed July 7, 1917.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By E. P. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
509-511 Chronicle Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

7-14-3

## SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 36098; Department No. 10.

JOHN T. WELBY, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

JOHN S. HOGAN, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of John T. Welby, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at the point of intersection of the southwesterly line of Oakdale Avenue and the southeasterly line of Phelps Street; running thence southeasterly and along the said southwesterly line of Oakdale Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle southwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at a right angle northwesterly twenty-five (25) feet to the said southeasterly line of Phelps Street; and thence northeasterly and along the said southeasterly line of Phelps Street one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement.

Being Lot Number 1, in Block Number 306, O'Neil & Haley Tract.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or in fee simple absolute; that his title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover his costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the Seal of said Court this 9th day of April, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum

The first publication of this Summons was made in Town Talk newspaper on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1917. The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Names. Addresses.  
The German Savings & Loan Society, a corporation, San Francisco, California.

JOHN S. HOGAN,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
68 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

5-26-10

## NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 82655; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Dissolution of THE PETER WINDELER COMPANY (a corporation).

Notice is hereby given that THE PETER WINDELER COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, has filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court its application for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation; that said Court has fixed the time and place for hearing of said application for Friday, the 3rd day of August, 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, at its Court Room in the certain building known as the City Hall, Civic Centre, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and that said Court has directed the Clerk of said Court to give thirty days' notice of said application and the hearing thereof.

The time of publication of this notice will expire July 28, 1917, and before the expiration of said time any person may file his objections to said application.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 16th, 1917.

(Seal) I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy County Clerk.

LEON SAMUELS,  
Attorney for Applicant,  
454-456 Phelan Building,  
San Francisco, Calif.

6-23-6

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTHOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as C. CUNEO, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTHOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as B. CUNEO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of William Penn Humphreys, Rooms 530-540 Holbrook Building, 58 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTHOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as B. CUNEO, deceased.

CATERINA CUNEO, also known as CATERINE CUNEO,

Executrix of the estate of Bartolomeo Cuneo, also known as Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as B. Cuneo, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 7th, 1917.

WILLIAM PENN HUMPHREYS,  
Attorney for Executrix,  
58 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

7-7-5



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ESTABLISHED 1878

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Information Wanted and Given About Bill Denman

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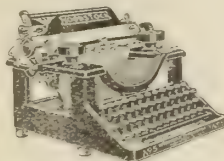
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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXX

San Francisco-Oakland, August 4, 1917

No. 1302

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## The I. W. W. and Democracy

Have the I. W. W. been divinely appointed to bring us to our senses or merely to discourage the use of cant? We ask the question because there has been so much talk in this war of the great fight for Democracy. Never before were statesmen so earnest, apparently, in affirming their passion for Republican ideals. They give one the impression that the world is hungering for Democracy, and that in their judgment instead of sending Pershing to France we should have shipped the Society for the Propagation of the Republican Gospel to the very midst of benighted Europe. In all the circumstances characterizing the posture of affairs generally how like a master stroke of irony on the part of the cynical gods behind the curtain is the outbreak of the I. W. W.! As though to make the irony obvious to the dullest democrat among us a Dictator has been appointed in Russia where the masses are struggling up toward the light; and to point the direction in which the young idea should sprout he has revived capital punishment and slaughtered a regiment or two of democratic soldiers. We are not sneering at Republican ideals; only furnishing a little food for thought. We realize that democracy is the most permanent tendency in history and that it would be a fine thing to see every one have the liberty, without hindrance, to be what God made him, but we do not argue from the permanence of a tendency to anything the permanence of the thing itself; nor do we dogmatically dissent from Rousseau's view that so perfect a government as a democracy would be suitable for gods, not men. And seeing the I. W. W. romping over the country burning farms and poisoning cattle without hindrance we reflect that here are men that God made, here is what they are capable of doing under the best kind of government. Also we reflect on the government

itself; on the logical consequences of nationalized equality as illustrated in the personnel of the Government in Washington where we see the President who kept us out of war for nearly three years holding a Josephus Daniels in the secretaryship of the navy in despite what appears to be universal judgment of his incompetency. With these aids to reflection and remaining mindful of the beauty of the republican ideal we consider whether after all it wouldn't be well to provide republics with an institution that would supply automatically, as it were, a man of blood and iron whenever there was urgent demand for one. This institution appears to be the only thing lacking in our otherwise beautiful government.

## One of the Kaiser's Grievances

The Kaiser's miscalculations have caused him much mental anguish. It was bad enough to have to postpone the Olympic games that were to have been held in Berlin, but think of postponing also the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the Reformation! This was to have been a grandiose Prussian religious carnival and festivities were to be held on October 31st and November 1st of this year at Wittenberg, which is now notorious as a fever camp, and at Eisenach where Martin Luther threw his inkpot at the very demon whom Wilhelm, as the personal representative of God, has so often exorcised while glorifying the Hohenzollerns. By the way, it has not yet been pointed out officially in Germany as evidence of the Kaiser's sincerity in proposing peace to the Allies, that the prolongation of the war would necessitate the postponement of the grand celebration of the memory of the greatest of all Teutonic heroes.

## "God Save Ireland!"

With the Sinn Feiners in their ideals many people have sympathized who have never been disposed to approve Sinn Fein ambitions or the methods by which it was sought to have the ideals realized. But in time we may all pronounce the Sinn Feiners something more than visionaries. Before the end of the war it may be said that the Sinn Fein body was the only organization in Ireland that was sensible of the right way of accomplishing the thing dearest to the hearts of Irishmen. However foolhardy the Dublin riot on Easter it had a very desirable effect. It started an enlightened agitation in London in favor of vouchsafing justice to Ireland.

Ever since the bloody riot Englishmen whose writings are widely read, whose opinions are respected, have been telling the story of Ireland's wrongs as it was never told before in the public prints of London, and they have been at the same time urging that the demands of the Nationalists be granted. These writers while creating a sentiment against politicians of the Carson stripe have caused something of an awakening to the importance of presenting a united front to the foe. At length, as a result of the agitation induced by the dreamers of the Sinn Fein, Englishmen who are now trembling with misgivings for the future of the Empire, are expressing eagerness for the speedy and satisfactory settlement of the Irish question; nay they are demanding that the politicians whose self-interests are the motive of their hostility to Ireland vindicate their patriotism by doing the one thing that will not only thrill the advocates of Home Rule all over the world but will make it easier for this country as well as Canada and all the Colonies to add strength and enthusiasm to the Allies' cause. That our readers may appreciate the importance of the tremendous issue and perceive how far-reaching the cause of Ireland has become, we print elsewhere an article on the subject written for *The English Review* of July by a veteran of the British army, a gentleman of the Non-Conformist persuasion who is not therefore to be suspected of religious prejudices against the Ulsterites.

## A Blow to Hypocrisy

It is the paradox of war that at once it breeds vices and puts restraint on vices. Even so popular a vice as hypocrisy suffers from war, which may be the reason why there are so many pacifists in this country; for the average pacifist is ostensibly more of a Christian than Christ. Whereas there never was a pacifist tolerant of the frailty of human nature, the Founder of Christianity regarded it as of the divine scheme of things. Many pacifists are sticklers for continence, uncompromisingly opposed to incontinence. Christ recognized continence as a rare virtue, and only the Pharisees incurred his contempt. Even adultery was among the sins he could pardon. Of course our pacifists are not all intent on compulsory chastity. Intolerance of prostitution is not a characteristic of pacifists. Some pacifists there are not over-scrupulous in their sex relations, but they have some other form of excessive



goodness. It may be that they would abolish drink or merely strangle John Barleycorn. But by whatever affectation the pacifist pretends to superior morals the war is on his nerves more than on the average man's because of its restraint on the vice of hypocrisy. Of this we have been reminded by the monthly bulletin of the State Board of Health, a body half scientific and half faddistic. Before the war this body never thought of advising that something be done toward combating the greatest scourges known to civilization. It was either too modest to discuss the subject in a State journal or else it had not the courage to offend the good old ladies who follow the leadership of public benefactors like Dr. Aked and Dr. Jordan. But here in the July number we find a whole page devoted to the subject. "Venereal disease," the State doctors say, "has flourished under a policy of silent neglect, but it is now coming into full recognition as a public health problem." This recognition we learn is due to the courage of the Western Department of the Army. We also learn that the subject unpleasant as it is will be brought to the attention "of young men and women" and that provision will be made for laboratory tests; also, incredible as it may seem to those who remember the brief history of the municipal clinic, there are to be prophylactic clinics for soldiers. From this it may be inferred that a little common sense has been infused into the President's Cabinet, for before the war Josephus Daniels was intolerant of prophylactics believing that men should suffer from the sins that certain diseases imply. Now it is clear from all this news that one great field of hypocrisy has been narrowed by the war.

### The Ravages of Our Plagues

For the benefit of those to whom the general subject of the foregoing paragraph is tabu by reason of their puritanical training it may be well to explain that free trade in certain diseases, continued for generations, has become a phase of malignant war that imperils the nation's health and future. One of these diseases takes rank as the fourth of the killing maladies.

Its far-reaching and deadly effects and after-effects are comparable with war itself, and they last infinitely longer. Not even a peace of exhaustion ever comes to them. Year after year they kill a large proportion of the children who die in every city in this country. They cause, too, one-third of the infantile blindness and deafness, so that their evils are transmitted with a frightening frequency to the cradled innocence of each new generation. And it is they, again, that produce the most serious affections of the nervous system. Yet, until the other day, the State permitted a free traffic in these plagues, which ought to have been opposed with the same care and zeal which were shown in the Middle Ages toward leprosy. Historians tell us that more than twenty-two thousand hospitals for lepers were conducted as religious charities in medieval Europe. Complete was their success. Complete too will be the success of science today in dealing with the worst calamities that flow from prostitution if we abandon completely the puritanical custom of refraining from seeing unpleasant things in focus.

### Taxpayers and Taxeaters

With the end of war not in sight, nor within range of plausible conjecture, the prospect insofar as it concerns our future burdens of taxation is stupefying not only to the unscientific mind but to the greatest experts in the metaphysics of finance. Even a Starr Jordan, who once by mathematical demonstration could prove that Europe could keep financially alive only during a seven months' war is graveled when asked about the simplest of the problems of taxation we shall soon have to solve. As to the average man he knows only in a general way that the war is a very costly affair and that he cannot escape the burden of taxation it will entail. The average man whatever the duties and tasks that engage him at present is giving some thought to the forbidding future prospect, and it is not to be presumed that he is indifferent to the matter of the expenses of government in his own home town or in the State where he resides. Indeed it is

to be presumed that presently we shall hear vociferated in the street the old political slogan of "Retrenchment and Reform" and that it will be dinned into the ears of politicians who have been making budgets wholly for the benefit of the machine. A prelibation of the popular sentiment to which we are looking forward comes to us in a circular from the Tax Payers' Association of California calling attention to a movement to federate the cities in Alameda county. On the Alameda side of the bay public-spirited citizens have done much to compel politicians to reduce the expenses of municipal government and from the circular at hand it is evident that they are intent on doing much more. They are agitating for a federation plan in order to reduce the number of taxeaters feeding at the public crib. Attention is called to the fact that the county government parallels the city governments along many lines and in many activities, the consequence being that several assessors, auditors, tax collectors, school superintendents and purchasing agents are performing functions that might better be performed by one official in each instance. The whole system as Secretary Williams of the Tax Association of Alameda points out leads to waste and inefficiency. To remedy this highly defective way of doing business the Tax Association would have a new charter framed providing for the federation of the interests of the east bay cities with those of the county in such a way as to avoid the duplication of offices while preserving to each municipality its identity if so desired. In short a borough plan is proposed, the antithesis of the Greater New York borough system, excluding administrative powers, providing only for legislative powers and reducing the elective list by taking out all officials whose duties are merely ministerial. Obviously this system will not meet with the approbation of the politicians across the bay, but Alameda county is becoming progressive in the best sense of the term and commuters are nowadays discouraged from catching a boat in preference to casting a ballot. Besides the Taxpayers' Association is educating the people in the science of government.

## The Anxious Dead

By John McCrae

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear  
Above their heads the legions pressing on:  
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear  
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see  
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar:  
Then let your mighty chorus witness be  
To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,  
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,  
That we will onward till we win or fall,  
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon  
They shall feel, earth enwrapped in silence deep,  
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,  
And in content may turn them to their sleep.



## Varied Types

343—P. J. HEALY

By Edward F. O'Day

You cannot lay claim to fellowship in the ancient and honorable society of book collectors if you don't know P. J. Healy. And even though you be not of that masonic guild, you cannot have haunted bookshops any time these last thirty-five years without coming in contact with the short man who has red hair and red whiskers, a broad-brimmed hat, a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles and a pair of keen, smiling eyes for his most marked externalities. This is P. J. Healy, at present conducting a strange old book shop on Market street across the way from the Hotel Whitcomb.

It's the most higgledy-piggledy book shop you ever saw in all your life. The books are arranged in no Jeffersonian or other order; yet P. J. Healy can put his hand without hesitation on any volume, rare or commonplace, in his big collection. In this shop therefore none need ever go away without the book wanted for the unbookmanlike reason that it cannot be located offhand; and at the same time the "most admired disorder" of the place lends to the gentle pastime of shelf-browsing the moderate excitement that comes of unexpected juxtapositions and unabatted discoveries. So this last of the old-time booksellers of San Francisco would seem to know what he's about in his hugger-mugger of seemingly unrelated volumes.

P. J. Healy was born in Ballinacorney, County Roscommon, in 1838. His parents started for America during the dreadful famine of 1846; but the ship was wrecked and storm-driven back to Belfast. Thence they went to Scotland where the mother died of the ship fever so common in those times. Young Healy went to Strathavin (pronounced Stravin) near Glasgow, a region now famous because Harry Lauder worked there in his humble years, and learned the shoemaking business from an uncle. He kept on "working at the bench" in "Stravin" until 1854 when he emigrated to Milford, Mass., where he got a job fitting bootlegs.

Followed more or less adventurous incidents in the career of this young man who little dreamed that he was scheduled for the book business. He went to Maine, to Chicago; he drove government mules during the Civil War in Tennessee and Arkansas. Then he walked across the plains from Fort Leavenworth to Denver. Retracing his steps he opened a boot makers' emporium in a Michigan town, and did so well he decided to upstake and hie him to the Golden State. San Francisco did little for him, so he went to Virginia City and made shoes; then he did some prospecting at White Pine without success; and tried this city once more.

"I had a Chronicle route," says Healy, "during the fight for the new Constitution which was won by The Chronicle—the greatest newspaper fight ever made. After that I was a butcher for a year in the Santa Clara Valley; my shop was in Milpitas, and my route extended as far as Calaveras. Then I experimented with San Francisco again. This time I succeeded in sticking here.

"I worked for two years for Dr. Joseph H. Sivain, the hygienic physician who cured complaints with the Winship system of weight lifting. Although not a patient I could lift a ton before I quit his employ. From him I went

back to the shoe bench—for the last time.

"Gilbert Pringle had a custom shoe shop for workmen at 1015 Market street. He and John T. Sullivan made the best custom shoes for workmen—you could buy a good pair for three dollars. I went to work for Pringle."

"Were you a good shoemaker?" I usually ask Healy at this stage of his recital.

"I consider myself the best shoemaker in the State—perhaps in the nation—of the old school," is the answer. "The shoe I made was not the most beautiful, but it was physiologically correct, it fitted the foot; and it did not wear out in one place, but was, of equal strength in all its parts like the One Hos's Shay. You could carry the tools of the trade in your coat pocket in those days—now it takes tons of machinery to make a shoe.

"Gilbert Pringle was a Scot and an argumentative shoemaker with leanings toward spiritualism. I liked debate myself, and as we did piecework in that shop and argument didn't cost the boss anything, Pringle used to indulge me in many a controversy. In the excitement of argument I sometimes talked pretty roughly to him. One day when this had happened, he said: 'I won't have anybody in my shop who talks to me that way.' And I told Pringle: 'When I finish this pair of shoes I'll quit, and I'll never work for any man again.' And I kept my word. That was in '82.

"I had always been a reader. I can't remember ever learning to read. In fact, I was considered precocious. Perhaps that was my ruin. From a reader I had become a collector of books. While working at the bench in this city I had collected some fifteen hundred volumes on the Chinese question. Being out of a job I now decided to sell these. So I took half of Billy Koch's store—he was a sign painter at 1048 O'Farrell street—and with a shoe bench on one side and my books on the other I went into business for myself. I soon learned that the two things didn't mix, so I got rid of the bench, and quitted shoemaking forever.

"Making money out of books was a hard job for me. I was not commercial. The peculiar faculty of getting rich was not born in me. I spent too much time reading my books, a habit which is no great help to a bookseller. He must buy and sell books like brick. There must be no sentiment. I never could accommodate myself properly to this business condition."

While the second hand book business has not made P. J. Healy rich it has yielded him a living, and great happiness. What more should a man want? Part of the joy of the second-hand book game consists in the discovery of rare books. Healy has had his share of this joy. Years ago he picked up in a book shop on the Embarcadero a very rare edition of Grotius. His greatest find, however, was made in Alameda whither he went one day to look over some books laid out in a stable by a family who were about to move. In this lot Healy discovered the Indian Primer of the Mohawk Language published in Montreal, 1781, by Fleury Mesplet who had learned the printing craft under Ben Franklin. Healy paid five cents for this rare item and sold it in New York for \$500.

"It is naught, saith the buyer; but when he goeth his way, then he boasteth."

That sentence from Proverbs is the motto of all book collectors when they are bargaining for an Indian Primer.

I have mentioned that P. J. Healy started his career in the book business by selling his collection on the Chinese question. He had always been interested in that troublesome subject of our past. Healy always was a champion of the Chinese, and he advocated their rights so ably in the old Crispin Association (a shoemakers' organization) that he was expelled for treason! That was in the days when the co-operative shoe factories flourished here—before the Massachusetts manufacturers had gobbled the local market for shoes. In speaking of those days P. J. Healy always dwells a while on William H. McCarthy's father who started the co-operative shoemaking concern which "Bill" still operates—the only one of its kind left.

"Bill's father was a great shoemaker," says P. J. Healy, "and a man even brainier than his son."

To return to the Chinese: Healy did not think that he was unjust to his guild in defending them.

"No Chinaman ever made as good a shoe, or ever made a shoe as rapidly, as a white man," he says.

One of the results of Healy's defense of the Chinese Question, written by Healy in collaboration with Ng Poon Chew. When P. J. remarked to his collaborator that it was the joint work of a Chew and a chaw, the jest (permissible only for a patriotic Irishman to make) was lost.

I have not by any means exhausted all the interesting things about P. J. Healy. A whole article could be devoted to his Single Tax activities. He was one of a select coterie that used to gather in the office of Gas Inspector Henry George on Annie street and listen while he read from the manuscript of "Progress and Poverty." Among those in the audience there were always Dr. E. R. Taylor and Judge Coffey. Healy's "Old Book Shop" had several habitats before the fire. From O'Farrell street he moved to Powell street and thence to Mission. In the O'Farrell street days many bookworms used to haunt his place, among them Captain Lees, Judge Winans, Ned McGrath, George Cumming the inventor of the portable forge, not to mention a small army of Single Taxers including Joe Leggett, Wilmot, Sam Grubb the plumber, Herman Royer, Jim Barry of The Star, Judge Maguire and Jim Reynolds.

I might also mention Healy's connection with the Mechanics Institute which he joined in '82 and of which he became a director in '96, from which latter date forward he might, perhaps, be described as the stormy petrel of its meetings.

However, I am not writing his history. I have said enough about P. J. to show that he is a personage among us who knew the old town in some of its flavorsome aspects. Most of his cronies have passed on, and are talking books and Single Tax in a happier realm. He is still vigorous, and is still demonstrating his unfitness for business by persistently reading his own books.



## Perspective Impressions

Come to think of it, there's a revolution in Mexico and we are still watching and waiting.

Why not favor the I. W. W. with a special draft?

Let us hope that nothing will occur to delay the return of young Mr. Denman to his law practice in San Francisco.

War economy should start with the curtailment of foolish expenditures—and everybody has some of these.

"German-Americans should not be made to fight their kindred," says George Sylvester Viereck. Should German-Americans be given better treatment than plain Americans were given when in the days of Lincoln they saved the Union by fighting their kindred?

"What are we fighting for?" asks the pro-German. Perhaps we are fighting to make it less expensive hereafter to indulge the taste of Prussian militarists.

Considering Prussian arrogance why should lack of food cause a tightening of the belt in the Kaiser's dominions?

Having made the acquaintance of the Kaiser's alter ego, Dr. Michaelis, we see that Bethmann-Hollweg wasn't a bad fellow at all.

Let's make up our family budgets on the basis of a long war.

The country's star traitor who was burning for war with Mexico and eager to plunge us into war with Japan is now in favor of keeping our boys away from the trenches in France.

A few tetanus germs distributed in Congress might facilitate the business of preparation.

Hearst is much exercised over foreign slackers in our midst—much more exercised than he is over native-born traitors.

"In our position of defense we have no intention of crushing the enemy," says Michaelis. A slap at Hindenburg?

Have you read "Nach Verdun" by F. Britten Austin, and "Englander Schwein" by George Eustace Pearson?

They gave Phil Snowden the laugh in Parliament the other day, and somewhere in America Charles F. Aked must have thrown a fit.

## God Save Ireland!

A Plea for Home Rule With Some Interesting Sidelight on Matters of Absorbing Interest to Americans

By MAJOR STUART-STEPHENS

Somewhere down the broad white road that links up Queenstown with Cork City I heard a cry ring out: "Tis the Dubs!" In an instant the highway was overflowing with the peasantry from a roadside hamlet, swarming forward in the dust clouds raised by the passage of one of the new battalions of my old regiment, the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. With the green flag of Erin and its golden harp waving over them, and to the inspiring strains of the Fenian anthem, "God Save Ireland!" strode past a thousand splendid examples of an ancient fighting race. Yet when I was in the service the wearing of the green, the shamrock, in uniform was punished as a military crime of the first magnitude. Green colors were unthinkable, and the playing of "God Save Ireland!" by a regimental band would have been regarded as high treason and rank mutiny. Truly the times have changed! And why not?

Ever so many years ago I heard from the Strangers' Gallery in the Mother of Parliaments a very juvenile, impulsive member of the Parnellite party, boiling over with anti-Saxon sentiment, cheer the unpleasing tidings which had that night arrived from the man-eating Soudan, the tale of how Fuzzy-Wuzzy had broken a British square. Yet only the other morn in the memorable cockpit of Europe the same Irish Catholic Nationalist Member of Parliament, when leading his battalion at the forefront of an English army, consecrated with his life blood the obliteration of centuries-long feuds between the Orange North and the Rebel South. Oh, yes; surely the times have changed.

Knighthood to Sir Thomas Tom Fool who, as mayor of his city, backed and bowed on the occasion of the opening of a new municipal laundry, the incarnation of British Bumbledom. A. K.C.M.G. flung to a Colonial company promoter, who had sagely remembered that there were such things as party funds. A civil K.C.B. to Sir Harry Half Margin, who had warmed the chair of prominent officialdom for a couple of decades. Such entries in the "Honors List" have made sad havoc with the glory of this Old World title. But if the sovereign conferred

a posthumous knighthood on the late Major William Redmond, M.P., I could almost dare to fancy that the dim vaults and monumental shrines of many an old English cathedral would give forth an approving murmur as the sleeping paladins of Agincourt and Waterloo welcomed a kindred knightly spirit to their—alas!—oft desecrated roll.

Yes, these British soldiers of the Ancient Faith have in this Titanic blood-letting again made manifest that religion is not a useless component in the trade of the fighting man. Words of a great soldier are worth quoting on this point. "Your troops," said one Oliver Cromwell to Hampden, "are most of them old decayed serving men and tapsters and such kind of fellows. You must get men who have the fear of God like the Catholic Irish before them, and some proper concern as to what they do, or our army will be invariably beaten by that, as it has been, of the King."

When Lord Roberts introduced a measure advocating universal military service it was opposed by Lord Lansdowne, who maintained that "if you establish general military service in England and Scotland you must extend it to Ireland, and that would endanger the State." In effect, the military weakness of Ireland was held to be England's strength. The day after Lord Lansdowne delivered himself of this remarkable view as to Ireland's military potentialities I dug out of the House of Lords journals a speech of the victor of Waterloo on Catholic emancipation in the sister isle. And this is what the Protestant Tory Duke of Wellington said:

"It is already well known to your lordships that of the troops which our gracious sovereign did me the honor to entrust to my command during the Peninsular War, at least one-half were Roman Catholics. My lords, when I call your recollection to this fact, I am sure that all further eulogy is unnecessary. Your lordships are well aware for what length of period and under what difficult circumstances they maintained the Empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the in-

stitutions of every other people; but these Irish soldiers kept alive the only spark of freedom which was unextinguished in Europe. My lords, I declare that it is mainly to these Irish Catholics that we owe all our proud predominance in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow. We must confess, my lords, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valor no victory could have ever been obtained, and the first military talents might have been exerted in vain."

There is no need to add to that illustrious testimony. Do not many miles of graves near by in ravaged Picardy bear witness to its abiding truth?

Let us see how the Home Rule question affects our new fighting ally, the United States. The membership of the Clan-na-Gael, which is actively, directly or indirectly, in league with Germany through antagonism to Great Britain, does not exceed half a million, but the number of Irish in the United States who feel strongly on the delay in granting Home Rule is very large. There are today living under the Stars and Stripes some million and a half people who were born in Ireland, and there are now in the States more Home Rulers whose parents or grandparents were born in Ireland than the population at home of either Nationalist or Orange Ireland. And nearly all of them or their forbears crossed the Atlantic because of grievances for which they held Dublin Castle rule responsible. In intelligence and enterprise the Irish-American leads all other communities, and any cause that sways so important a racial

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section of the Union cannot be ignored in politics or in the conduct of the Government in Washington. For complete support of a vigorous American war programme more than six million Irish-Americans of anti-extreme views demand as a return that the United States Government should use America's entry into the war as a lever upon the English Cabinet to exact an immediate and complete Home Rule Bill.

When, therefore, Washington expresses to London a lively hope that a rapid solution of the Irish question is in the air, it is not because of any idea of impertinent interference in Britain's domestic affairs, but that the United States is seeking to unite to its war policy its Irish-American citizens, and to remove all opposition to an unsparing war carried on until it brought about the downfall of German military autocracy. For America has not gone to war merely to avenge a Prussian submarine commander's bloody fantasy. Nor is she proposing to send across the Atlantic a host of armed United States citizens for the purpose of winning back Alsace and Lorraine for her sister republic. Also—and let the brutal truth be told—Columbia would never allow her sons to be sent to death on European battlefields did she not regard her share in the conflict as an operation of international order and police.

The American people, I am assured by many representative exponents of what that people's real war policy is, hold themselves outside the views of England as to the enlargement of her strategic frontiers in the Middle East or those of Italy on the Adriatic or Mediterranean. The sole concern America has in this war is the securing, by the defeat of the Central Empires, the safety of the great Western democracy, which would be confronted by a deadly peril if Germany was able to impose upon the Allies an indecisive peace. And to save such a consummation to this world struggle America must be truly united. She dare not ignore the desires of six millions of the ablest and most important of her citizens, and who, moreover, are racially possessed of the military qualities indispensable in the improvisation of a huge national army. There will be no evasion possible on the part of the British Government in the final movement to satisfy the demands of a majority of the sea-divided Irish Gael. American pressure will become irresistible during the next few weeks. During the last month I have been privileged to meet in London on not a few occasions an eminent man of letters who occupies the Chair of History in one of the New England universities. He has crossed the ocean to hold outside the precincts of the Irish Convention an informal watching brief for a very influential statesman who is not unknown to the President. It is safe to say that he is Wilson's St. Peter. No private American citizen was ever so close to the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. Brushing aside governor-making, president-making and president-assisting and the mystery of his influence (if it is a mystery) over Woodrow Wilson, there are graver matters in the political influence of this personage about which this article is concerned. He is a keen student of Irish history. He holds that the whole fabric of society and government in Ireland has been wrong from the very beginning of the English conquest, and must be swept away by an intellectual tidal wave. Holding this view in regard to unhappy Ireland, I think he may not inaccurately be described as being nearer in sympathy with the Hibernian Intellectuals, otherwise Sinn Feiners, than any other Irish political or social party. He holds that the attempt to win Irish freedom

as the paradoxical result of a German victory was a betrayal of Celtic ideals. He maintains that for the Irish Celt to become a pro-German would involve a change of soul so radical as to amount to de-Celticization. To quash finally any Irish-German entente, the American alumnus to whom I am referring has brought with him, and allowed me to see, certain documents the perusal of which leaves no doubt in my mind that the Sinn Feiners were deluded with promises of military support as illusory as Mr. Lloyd George's promises of a thoroughgoing Home Rule Constitution. They received a message from Berlin promising the landing in Ireland a week after Casement's arrival of 36,000 troops. And in the meantime they sent as earnest of better things a small, slow, leaky old tramp carrying a cargo of obsolete Russian rifles, which were selling at Liège before the war for seven shillings each. The Sinn Feiners gave everything, the Germans gave nothing. All they wanted was to create a temporary diversion, and so a dozen or more dreamers and poets were interviewed by a firing party to make a Berlin holiday. My friend has descended on the Irish capital with evidence that will sensibly damp Sinn Fein revolutionary histrionics, but not Sinn Fein ambitions and ideals for a New Ireland, an Ireland free and reunited at last, which would enjoy the happiness which her sons' blood-sacrifices have earned.

And let me remind readers once more that Colonel House is the power behind the great Republic of the West.

A curious development of this American confidential mission to the Sinn Feiners is the cryptic dispatch of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., to Washington. He sailed from these shores somewhere about the second week in June, and up to the moment of writing—June 14th—not a hint as to his having been sent has reached the press. Feeling certain that his presence in the States cannot possibly be hidden from the ubiquitous New York reporter until the appearance of *The English Review*, I now give publicity to the fact in this article, as the reason for the "Star's" semi-diplomatic mission to America is mainly concerned in "dishing." Sinn Fein opposition to the Dublin All-Ireland Convention. Speaking for myself, and not in the least as one reflecting on the Sinn Fein view of this very remarkable episode in the history of the present time, I venture to believe that this mysterious spiriting off to Washington of Mr. T. P. O'Connor by Mr. Lloyd George will prove to be a tactical mistake.

Those few of my readers who have any inkling of the intrigues and counter-intrigues which are simmering in the melting-pot of the coming convention will readily grasp my meaning when I write "a tactical mistake," for it is not wholly impossible that this latest of "Tay Pay's" many Transatlantic voyages has been undertaken without the knowledge of his Parliamentary leader—another example of the atmosphere of glorified secrefiveness in which our present rulers live and move and have their being. When this appears in print it will, I suppose, be public property that Mr. O'Connor is "on the other side," and that his ambassadorial status is even more puzzling to inquisitive gentlemen of the "Fourth Estate" than that of that other eminent disciple of Talleyrand, Lord Northcliffe. For the American-Irish are suspicious of semi-official confidential envoys from Downing Street. It is only during the last couple of months, since the Republic's entry into the war, that the almost universal suspicion, if not frank hostility, that prevailed for so many years in America throughout the Irish community has begun to weaken.

I also have been in the States on secret missions, and I have returned to these rain-washed isles bringing with me no illusions as to our Irish-American cousins being cousins in heart as well as in relationship. No, I found that the feeling against England was more deep-rooted than any other feeling—that it was an instinct and not a reason, and consequently possessed the dogged strength of unreasoning antipathy. When I went to the States some years ago, in order to obtain by hook or by crook an opinion as to the military potentialities of the Irish-American societies in the event of Britain being drawn into the vortex of a vast European struggle, I found the opportunity to talk with every class of American Celt. Here is his story: His father or his grandfather or his great-grandfather had left green Erin because his landlord preferred meadows and sheep-walks in Ireland to him and his. He or his forbear did not leave as one from a household to establish a branch connection across the ocean; he went away by families, by clans, by kith and kin, for ever and for aye; he made the journey in leaky, fever-infected vessels, called in the phrase of those emigration days "coffin ships," and he landed in the New World with dark thoughts against Irish land laws and with hate in his heart of English supremacy in his loved mother-land. When I met him in the New World it mattered little to England that he had bettered himself and had grown rich—that was his affair. All my business with him, on behalf of the land that had driven him from his sanctified acres, was that I greatly desired to know if his Clan-na-Gael and his Fenian Brotherhood and his Ancient Order of Hibernians were capable of giving us trouble if ever we were engaged in a deadly struggle against Prussian despotism.

In this connection I feel strongly tempted to descend to a personal detail. During the process of combing out the opinions of the Irish-American anti-British military organizations I

(Continued on Page 18)



## George Mayerle

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# The Spectator

## Prosecutor Thomas

These are the words of Mr. M. A. Thomas, an assistant prosecutor in the office of United States District Attorney Preston. He was speaking to a reporter of the case of Joseph J. Scott, the former Collector of Internal Revenue, who was acquitted last week of a charge of embezzlement. "Our defeat," as Mr. Thomas styles it, was evidently painful. As it impaired his precious record for convictions, he feels like the sprinter or the swimmer who lost a race, and who, being a very bad loser, and desiring a second contest, attributes the defeat to the referee. In this case the defeated contestant has more of an advantage than the loser in an athletic competition; he has a certain power which is not possessed by a competitor in an athletic contest; by virtue of the political position he is filling he has an influence in the grand jury room, and Mr. Thomas frankly confesses that he will exercise that power and all his influence to get the ruling of the referee, who in this instance is a judge of the Federal District Court. Isn't it about time to abate the zeal of men clothed with a little brief authority under our bureaucratic system of government? We are very critical of the bureaucratic system in foreign lands, but we accept our own as a matter of course though, since the heyday of Roosevelt, its abuses have been rapidly multiplying and in no department more so than in that with which Mr. Thomas is being rewarded for his political activities. Nothing more difficult than to get out of the coils of our Department of Justice and nowhere is there so much tyrannical power exercised to the disadvantage of a man who, theoretically, is presumed to be innocent until he is proved guilty. The man's one safeguard is in the court itself, and thank God! we have a human judiciary, but here is Mr. Thomas, who has been pitchforked by politics into a job where he may acquire experience and a little reputation, here is Mr. Thomas presuming to overrule the judge on the bench; here he is publicly whining about "our defeat," holding the judge responsible and openly resolving to put Mr. Scott a second time in jeopardy through the machinery of the grand jury which is expected to act on his ex parte motion. As his particular case may serve to point a moral let us consider it further.

## The Perils of a Prosecutor

First let us reflect that Mr. Thomas, the prosecutor, is not employed by the Government (at any rate presumably not) to make a record for convictions. Whatever "our defeat" may mean, "our victory" is not a matter of public policy. The sole desideratum is a fair trial, and though a lawyer, even a political lawyer, may

reasonably complain of the verdict of a jury, as an officer of the court a querulous criticism of the ruling of the learned judge on the bench comes from him with very ill grace. He was put into his job not to convict men but to elicit the truth and submit it to the judgment of judges and juries. When he tries to do more than this he runs the risk of violating his oath, not a very pleasant thing to do. To be at peace with his conscience it is advisable for him as an officer of the court to be as humble as the jury, which is an instrument of justice like himself. While it is the solemn duty of the judge to see that every defendant gets a fair trial, theoretically it is likewise the duty of the public prosecutor. An acquittal therefore is not a defeat for him, and he does himself an injustice in pronouncing it such; nay he betrays a zeal and mistaken sense of duty almost discreditable to a man with a scrupulous regard for his oath. The ideal prosecutor is a lawyer who would rejoice on the acquittal of his fellow-man. Instead of complaining of a ruling of the court he would accept the ruling gracefully and regard an acquittal only as the result of the joint efforts of judge, jury and prosecutor to accomplish the end to which our machinery of justice is dedicated.

## Political Conspiracies

I intend no harsh criticism of Mr. Preston's able assistant. My casual observations drawn from the Scott case are intended for district attorneys and prosecutors in general and are in line with sentiments that I have been expressing in these columns during a long period of years. The passion for victory, the dread of defeat, these are elemental emotions which unfortunately only men of big mental calibre are able to restrain, and men of this type are seldom to be found occupying humble political positions. Hence the frequency with which in our tribunals of justice we meet juridical officers "who smite contrary to law." We meet them especially in political cases. It is in these cases that judges and prosecutors should guard themselves with the most scrupulous exactness against party feeling. Now the Scott case is one of this class of cases, and therefore Mr. Thomas should hold himself in check. From the very start of the prosecution he was exposed to the danger of dealing unfairly with the defendant because of the motives attributed to the men higher up, that is, the men who removed Scott from office. In truth this is a case that has brought some scandal on the Administration at Washington. It is a case that savors of a very mean and cruel conspiracy to which men who have heard something of the Riggs bank conspiracy are very likely to give credence. In all political cases as in the Dreyfus case, men contrive grievances for themselves while pretending to great public zeal, and it is of the utmost importance that the machinery of justice should not be at their service. But here is a case wherein the men operating that machinery are beholden to the politicians who are presumably very much interested in justifying the treatment Joseph J. Scott received at their hands. There is no way to remedy this situation and President Wilson has so much confidence in Son-in-law McAdoo that he will probably be disinclined to give ear to the other side of the case, though certainly he has had experience enough of politicians to be disposed otherwise.

## The Trial

Now I do not pretend to a knowledge of the facts, but I know something of Joseph J. Scott and something of his political enemies and something of the trial which ended with his acquittal by twelve men summoned as jurors by the Powers That Be. Finally I know that Prosecutor Thomas is blaming the acquittal on the judge and I reflect that he himself as a representative of the Department of Justice was assuredly under no handicap. Certainly he neglected nothing that might avail him, not even the testimony of a professional handwriting expert and I have a prejudice against this kind of testimony; nay it is hard to restrain oneself from prejudice against a prosecutor who would seriously present such testimony to a jury. But perhaps on second thought it will be deemed advisable to refrain from converting the prosecution of Scott into a persecution or the simulacrum of one. Perhaps Mr. Thomas will reflect that the very testimony which was ruled out on the trial, Mr. Schlesinger, one of the attorneys for the defendant, offered to let in provided no advantage would be taken of his client under the law making it a crime to collect money from employees of the government for political purposes. Mr. Scott was prepared to show that the money he collected was intended for President Wilson's campaign and was devoted to the political expenses of the National Committee. Mr. Thomas refused to enter into any agreement under which a prosecution would be averted.

## Tim Healy's Bold Stroke

Speaking of the testimony of handwriting experts: did a lawyer for the defense, after putting one of these experts on the stand, ever treat his testimony just as Tim Healy treated the testimony of Carl Eisenschimel, witness for the defense in the Scott case? In arguing the case Tim Healy (who was junior counsel, Bert Schlesinger being in charge) virtually kicked Eisenschimel out of court. It was a bold stroke, and I venture to say, made a hit with the jury. Here is Healy's language:

It is the theory of the prosecution that Jay Scott wrote that letter and sent it, together with the stamps and other papers, to Mr. Preston. Their only evidence on that point is the testimony of Mr. Kytka, the handwriting expert. On the other hand Mr. Eisenschimel testified that it would be impossible for Mr. Scott to have written the letter that accompanied the stamps and other papers. Mr. Eisenschimel gave us what he undoubtedly considers a most impressive and learned discourse. Frankly, Mr. Eisenschimel gave me personally as much amusement as did Mr. Kytka, and I had to grip a pencil in my teeth to keep from laughing in the faces of both of them. In all cases where you find Kytka on one side you find Eisenschimel on the other side. And each of them is on the side that employs him first. If the government had hired Eisenschimel we would have had

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Kytka. And Kytka would have said what Eisenschimel said and Eisenschimel would have said what Kytka said. So that between them, they get the government and the defendant going or coming. I could be franker in the expression of my opinion of them, but I shall give you one guess as to what I think of Kytka. And I think the same of Eisenschimel.

That Judge Rudkin entertains much the same opinion of the worth of this handwriting-expert testimony may be inferred from part of his instructions to the jury. He said:

It is a well known fact that every expert is a partisan; he would not be employed if he were not such. The ordinary laws of perjury do not apply to him, for his testimony relates to matters of opinion and not of fact. The weight of his testimony does not rest upon his credibility alone, but upon his ability to form a correct conclusion as to the subject matter under investigation. In the light of these observations and in the light of the surrounding circumstances, you will give to this testimony such consideration as you deem it entitled to.

### Gratifying Life's Curiosity

Life of New York having had its curiosity aroused by the controversy that delayed the important project of building ships to thwart the Germans in their efforts to starve our Allies and to render futile our own designs in France, asked some pertinent questions which I have attempted to answer:

### Information wanted by Life. Information given by Town Talk.

Information would be welcomed as to the value of Mr. Denman to the shipping situation. He comes from California, is understood to have been recommended for appointment by Secretary Lane, and was thrust into the chairmanship of the Shipping Board by order of Secretary McAdoo, at cost of the retirement from that board of Mr. Bernhard Baker.

One hears of Mr. Denman as the son-in-law of a San Francisco merchant who sold supplies to the German squadron that sunk a British squadron off Chile. One hears of him as an English-hater and a champion browbeater and scold. Violent language seems to be his specialty. It is related that he even tried it on Mr. Balfour, and that he habitually uses the methods of a bully. Certainly, he has been in a constant scrimmage with General Goethals since they have been on the shipping job.

Is the man any good?

Is he fighting anyone who ought to be fought, or merely holding up work?

Is he pro-Ally or pro-German?

Is Mr. Lane pleased with him?

Is Mr. McAdoo pleased with him?

Is there any good reason why he should not be fired?

There is a great mystery about Mr. Denman. One would like to know why so good a man as Mr. Lane thought well of him; why Mr. McAdoo forced him into the chairmanship of the Shipping Board, and what the man is after, anyhow.

General Goethals has the confidence of the country. Whose confidence is it that is backing Mr. Denman?

### Letters to Preachers

We have in San Francisco two letter writers whose talents have been displayed with special brilliance in the inditing of epistles to preachers. Although these two masters of the art of correspondence have written only one letter apiece to men of the pulpit their success has been complete: it is quality that counts, not quantity, in letter writing as in poetry and all other forms of literature. The two letter writers I have in mind are not literary men in any sense of the word; hence, perhaps, their felicity in handling the mother tongue. I doubt whether they are deeply versed in the works of the classic inditers of letters. It is more than likely that they have never read the letters of Chesterfield; or that terse masterpiece, Sam Johnson's letter to a noble lord; or the letters of Thomas Jefferson; or any other exemplars known to mere highbrows. They do not aim to practice an art form when they fill the blank space between "dear sir" and "yours truly." No; they just set out to express the thoughts with which their brains are teeming. And in their letters to pulpit-pounders they succeeded, aye they succeeded admirably. The letter writers I have in mind are Mayor Rolph who some time ago penned a letter (or did he dictate it?) excoriating Paul Smith, and Sam Berger who, only the other day, paid his epistolary respects to Paul Smith's alter ego, the unnecessary and irritating Stidger of San Jose.

### The Stidger Stidgered

While running amuck in San Jose—a city which has done nothing to deserve such a visitation—this Stidger publicly mentioned Sam Berger as one of the undesirable persons attracted to the Garden City by the recent Round-Up, and sought to damn Sam utterly by citing his connection with the prize ring. His remarks were published in the San Jose Mercury. Sam Berger replied with a letter directed to Stidger, but addressed for convenience to the editor of The Mercury. As the letter contained a reference to Sam Berger's attorney it brought forth an immediate apology from Stidger. My readers are men and women who do not miss good things, so I assume that they have read Berger's letter; but nevertheless, I must extract from it

presumably pro-Ally, for wherever the prospect of a job is, there perhaps his heart is also.

It was almost inevitable when this reformer of industrious tongue was elevated to a position where he could interfere with a performer of high duties and noble deeds that he'd make his presence felt precisely as in the shipping board case; for making his presence felt is the best thing Denman does; and always he does it after the manner of Thyrsites.

A thoroughpaced reformer, when, like Jane Addams he casts his luminous and penetrating mind into the very midst and marrow of a problem, presto! it is solved. And so it was he blocked the masterful Goethals.

No, there is no good reason why he should not have been fired.

There are many good reasons why he should never have been appointed.

a few gems of language so good that they will bear a second examination:

I have not been connected with any boxing contests for some years, but make no apologies of any kind for my former connections with the sport, my experience with business men and captains of industry having demonstrated fully to me that the practices of the former compare exceedingly favorably with those of the latter.

I am married, I pay my obligations, employ fifteen or twenty men, pay my taxes, and even contribute, when I am insistently importuned, to the church.

If he means a respectable citizen is one who represents a corporation or an industry, who in his daily intercourse with men practices deceit and dishonesty, and who on Sunday occupies a prominent pew in church, and whose name is associated with well-advertised, self-righteous, moral uplift movements—one who is not careful about the names or reputations he attempts to destroy, causing suffering to their loved ones—one who engages in an attempt to drive into the bay those unfortunate women who represent the result of men's lust—then we differ.

I make no pretense of being one of God's chosen Apostles. I am a business man, and as the wheels of commerce do not sing songs of purity, naturally the scheme limits my opportunity for doing all the things my impulse directs.

I am not conscious of having ever made public charges, calculated to cause mental anguish to anyone, without the fullest investigation.

### Tay Pay O'Connor's Mission

So Tay Pay O'Connor is doing the Colonel House stunt in Washington! This is to say that the distinguished Irish journalist is doing for Lloyd George what Colonel House does at times for President Wilson—representing him abroad in an unofficial capacity. Mr. O'Connor came to Washington a little while ago, and he has been winned and dined there by Senator James D. Phelan with whom he has been on intimate terms for years. What else has been the pleasure of Mr. O'Connor since he came to this country the correspondents have not told us, for the reason no doubt that in these days of the soft pedal exercise in newspaper circles it has been deemed advisable to keep the dis-

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tinguished visitor more or less in penumbra. But the matter of Mr. O'Connor's business is no longer a secret. The news of his mission comes to us from the well known veteran of the British army, Major Stuart-Stephens, whose article in The London Review of July, reprinted in this week's Town Talk, is very interesting reading. According to the Major, Mr. O'Connor is in America in the interest of the movement to pacify and conciliate Ireland.

#### Lloyd George's Plea to Patriots

To anyone familiar with the present attitude of influential Englishmen toward Ireland there is nothing incredible in what Major Stuart-Stephens tells the readers of The English Review. English statesmen sensible of the peril of the British empire are no longer disposed to play false in Irish politics. Even Lloyd George perceives that it is not well to accede to the wishes of Carson at the expense of Irish Nationalists. His awakening was made manifest early in May when he made a speech on the occasion of receiving the Freedom of London. Speaking of the development of the empire he said:

"I have only two other words and they will be short. One is about Ireland. To have a well-knit and powerful empire—and that is essential for the peace of the world—we must convert Ireland from a suspicious, surly, dangerous neighbor to a cheerful and loyal comrade. Ireland is the one menacing prospect on the whole horizon, and there is no question where it is more essential that party controversy should be sunk for the common weal. If I have appealed for the settlement of Ireland it is because I know from facts which are driven into my mind every hour, from America, from Australia and from every part, that it is one of the essentials of speedy victory. I therefore appeal to the patriotism of every man to sink everything to the one purpose of getting this out of the way, and to concentrate upon the one purpose of defeating the worst enemy that we have ever encountered in the whole of our long history."

#### Views of the British Press

The views expressed by Lloyd George in the foregoing remarks have been echoed by all the leading newspapers of England. "The entrance of the United States into the war," says the London Star, "has made that settlement not less but more urgent." This is the opinion of England's most influential journalists. Discussing the subject further The Star says:

"President Wilson, of course, would not desire in any way to meddle with our domestic controversies, but he naturally feels that an Irish settlement would strengthen his hands in the work of waging war with the whole might of the American democracy. There are as many Irish people in the United States as there are in Ireland, and they would thrill with enthusiasm

if the ancient wounds of Ireland were healed and she were allowed at last to enter the circle of self-governing nations. The spiritual value of the Irish appeasement would be incalculable. More than one hundred and fifty members of the American House of Representatives have sent an historic message to the Prime Minister. They rejoice in his Guildhall declaration that the settlement of the Irish question is essential to world peace and speedy victory, and they assure him that nothing would add more enthusiasm to the cause of America in this war.

"We think," they declare, "that all Americans would be deeply stirred if the empire solved this problem now in accordance with the principles announced by President Wilson in his address to Congress, asking it to declare war on autocracy for the safety of democracy and of small nationalities."

In similar vein the matter is discussed in the Westminster Gazette. Says a writer in that paper:

"It is time we had a warning that the settlement of the Irish question is an Imperial necessity which may even react on the course of the war, and we take Mr. Lloyd George to mean that he is determined at all costs to carry it through. After what he has said, we look with the more confidence to those of his colleagues who are reputed to be strong Imperialists to coöperate with him in clearing away the margin of difference which alone stands in the way. Another failure on the question of the Ulster boundary would be a scandal which would gravely reflect on the competence of any man who abetted it to hold high office in these times."

#### The President's Opportunity

From all that one reads of the Irish question in London papers it is to be inferred that English statesmen have learned the sentiments of President Wilson with respect to England's obligations to Ireland and that they feel that in view of the part this country is playing there should be no more clouding and dodging of the issue. By the way, what a great triumph it would be for the President if he should win the credit of settling the Irish question. How disappointed pro-German critics—the men who are now intriguing on the theory that the German-American and Irish-American vote will be a unit in politics after the war—how disappointed and chagrined they will be in the event of a victory for Irish Nationalists, to learn that President Woodrow Wilson more than any other person in the world brought about the happy consummation! Whatever happens it is not to be justly said that he meddled in Britain's purely domestic concerns, for the settlement of the Irish question is a matter that concerns all the nations at war with Germany, and it is the crying disgrace of England that she has complacently suffered this open sore to the prejudice of the Allies' cause.

#### How De Young Lost a Fortune

That was a good story M. H. De Young told on himself to the ad men of the State who gathered last week in Oakland. He told it in the course of a very interesting speech wherein he traced the rise of the modern newspaper. He said:

"I remember in the early days in the Mergenthaler Company it occurred to one of my Eastern confreres to put me down for \$25,000 worth of stock without consulting me. I did not have much money in those days, and thought they had gone a long way without my permission. When I went East to a meeting of the Associated Press, of which I was a director in those days, I said: 'Cut me out.' They said to me: 'You are making the mistake of your life.' Well, I acknowledge I did. What do you suppose that \$25,000 worth of stock is worth? Over \$2,000,000. It is paying today over \$25,000 a year income. They doubled that stock, and quadrupled and double quadrupled it again, and so they are probably paying 95 to 105 per cent on the original capital and have been doing it for years. There is no use talking about that now. It has been done. That is only one of the many mistakes I have made."

#### Hands Across the Bay

By the way, M. H. De Young, in this same speech, gave utterance to a sentiment which is becoming more pronounced every day—the interrelationship of Oakland's and San Francisco's prosperity. This is the way he put it:

"Now, gentlemen, I want to close by saying that it is very gratifying to me to be here with you in this ad men's convention. You know Oakland is near San Francisco and San Francisco is near Oakland, and we are as glad to have you in Oakland as if you were in San Francisco, and I hope your visit to Oakland has been such that you will look forward to coming back to see these people who have treated you so well and welcomed you so heartily."

#### The Nephew of "Multatuli"

A few lines in Sunday's paper informed us that H. C. Douwes Dekker was stopping at the Hotel Oakland on his way from Java to Holland. What associations that name must have for all Hollanders hereabouts! For this H. C. Douwes Dekker is the nephew of the great Edward Douwes Dekker otherwise known as "Multatuli." A remarkable man was Douwes Dekker, a man whose influence political and literary was stamped forever on Holland and her East Indian colonies. It was he that awak-

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ened Dutch literature from its lethargy. It was he that inspired Carel Vosmaer, the Dutch translator of Homer. It was he that quickened the colonial conscience by laying bare the abuses of native labor. The uncle of the man who is sojourning at Hotel Oakland was born in Amsterdam in 1820, the son of a ship captain. At eighteen he went to Java, obtained a colonial post and rose in the service till in 1851 he was a "resident" on Java. Thoroughly familiar with the abuses of the colonial system as then administered he was unsparing in his criticisms, and being threatened with dismissal, resigned his post and returned to Holland in a state of fierce indignation. Immediately he began to expose colonial scandals in newspaper articles and pamphlets, and in 1860 he published his romance "Max Havelaar" under the pseudonym of "Multatuli" (I have endured much). This book was in great part an exposure of the abuse of free labor in the Dutch Indies; it was frowned upon by officialdom, but its terrible pictures, its brilliance, its burning sense of justice and its reckless enthusiasm captured readers everywhere and it was read from one end of Europe to the other. Douwes Dekker wrote many other books, but none equal to "Max Havelaar." He wrote for the stage too. His play "The School for Princes" he himself called the greatest drama ever written, an instance of his self-absorption, the result of too much adulation. It was a play which did not take hold of the stage. In the latter years of his life (he died in 1887) Douwes Dekker lived in Germany, but continued his attacks on Holland, assailing in turn Dutch religion, government, society and morals—all the conventional institutions. He was surrounded by a cloud of imitators and disciples, and was regarded by many as "the second writer of Europe in the nineteenth century," Victor Hugo being the first. Carel Vosmaer called Douwes Dekker "een zaaier" (a sower) and certainly the seeds he sowed have borne in plenty. Outside of Holland Douwes Dekker isn't read much nowadays; it is only when a relative of his comes this way that we revive him.

#### Kenyon's New Play

A new play by Charley Kenyon of our town is being "tried on the dog" way up in Toronto, and if the verdict of the "dog" is favorable the play will have a New York production under the management of Mrs. Henry B. Harris. The latest effort of the author of "Kindling" is called "The Claim" and is described as a melodrama. Frank Dare collaborated with Kenyon in "The Claim."

#### Recruiting the "Grizzlies"

It is no longer a question of getting enough men to form a regiment of "Grizzlies," as the California Field Artillery is aptly termed, but a matter of selecting the best material from a host of applicants for enlistment. With the posting of the draft lists the opportunity to swell the "Grizzlies" enrollment did not cease, as

men up to forty-five years of age who are physically fit and otherwise qualified are admissible to the crack California corps. Indeed, recruiting will continue at 210 Montgomery street and various other points throughout the State until a complete regiment of twelve hundred men has been secured. It will be a fine unit. In addition to physical fitness the men already enlisted are above the average in intelligence and seem able to take care of themselves and accept individual and collective responsibility. Many of them are athletes—as witness the Olympic Club battery—and more than a few of them have had military training, the League of the Cross Cadets battery and the members of the San Francisco Cavalry Troop having already tasted army discipline and acquired a knack of drilling.

#### Origin of the Red Cross

What was the origin of the Red Cross? This is a question about which there has been much discussion since the outbreak of the war. It is known that the Red Cross societies were started about forty years ago by a Swiss philanthropist who made the emblem, some writers say, by transposing the Swiss flag, thereby producing a red cross on a white ground. Now the fact is that the red cross as a badge of service for suffering humanity dates back more than three hundred years. Our attention has been called to this fact in a letter written by Mrs. Bellamy Storer, the lady who engaged Theodore Roosevelt in an unpleasant controversy when he was President, and who was the first notable person to convict him of the offense which he has been pleased to characterize with the short and ugly word when speaking of others. Mrs. Storer is now president of the Catholic Women's Association for War Relief. In her letter she says it was Camillus de Lellis who originated the Red Cross.

#### History of the Red Cross

Camillus de Lellis, according to Mrs. Storer, who presumably has been devoting herself to a little historical research, was born in the kingdom of Naples in 1550. After serving in the Venetian army, he was badly wounded in the leg and sent to the hospital of San Giacomo in Rome, where he was so impressed by the horrors and filth of what was really a pest house that he resolved to devote his life to suffering humanity; "to care for the plague-stricken and to nurse the sick in their own homes." At thirty-two he was ordained a priest and set about founding a religious order "to serve the sick." "They shall wear a red cross upon their breasts," said Camillus, "to remind them of the suffering of our Lord Christ. This will give them strength and encouragement." Sixtus V confirmed the foundation in 1585, granting them in the brief a special permission to wear "the red cross." This same red cross is the badge of service today, worn by every Catholic religious order which takes care of the sick, in every part of the world. "This red cross," says Mrs. Storer, "has been blessed in the leper settlements of Molokai and Madagascar; in the cholera hospitals of India, and the pestilence-stricken lands of the Far East, as well as on the battlefields of France. In the calendar St. Camillus's day falls upon the 18th of July, and at his special mass these words are chanted: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend.'"

"Do you believe that anything can be caught by kissing?"

"Sure! I kissed a girl and she caught me."

#### Source of Affection

The sympathetic visitor to the jail saw that one of the prisoners had a rat in his possession.

"Ah, you have a rat, I see," he said blandly.

"Yes, sir," said the prisoner. "I feeds him every day. I think more of that rat than any other living creature."

That reply pleased the visitor immensely.

"In every man," he said, "there is something of the angel left if one can only find it. How came you to take such a fancy to the rat?"

"'Cos he bit the jailer."

Polly—Mrs. Dashaway used to say she would not marry the best man living.

Dolly—Well, she has the satisfaction of knowing she didn't.

"Bunner is the finest after-dinner speaker I have ever heard."

"Is he, really?"

"Yes. He always says, 'Waiter, give that bill to me.'"

#### Versicular Prose

The vice of writing prose metrically is common enough in certain moods, even among the masters; but it is rarely that there is added to it the unpardonable sin of rhyme. There is a striking example, however, in Lincoln's second inaugural:

Fondly do we hope,  
Fervently do we pray,  
That this mighty scourge of war  
May speedily pass away.

A woman of uncertain age required the services of a page-boy, and inserted in the local paper an advertisement headed: "Youth wanted."

One of her friends, with little humor and less taste, sent her a bottle of a celebrated wrinkle-remover, a pot of fairy bloom, a set of false teeth and a flaxen wig!

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# Petrograd and Moscow

By Edouard S. Luboff

Moscow's recent request to be reinstated as the capital of Russia revives a claim of very long standing, and reveals that the two main differences of opinion in Russia have survived the epoch-making days of war and revolution. As the abandoned capital, Moscow bases its claim on historical, geographical and economic grounds. The argument briefly amounts to the assertion that Moscow, notwithstanding the removal of the capital to Petrograd, was and remains the real capital of Russia; that historical associations and sentiment are in favor of its restoration, that its position is the best adapted for the requirements of a capital, and that its wealth, commerce, industry and rich surroundings are factors of importance in the future development of the country.

The people of Moscow claim that historical evidence tends to prove that the principles opposing autocracy have been persistently active in their city since the earliest stages of their conception, and assert that the removal of the capital to Petrograd was the result of its systematic opposition, especially by its boyars and nobles, to the assumptions of the rulers. It is pointed out that Peter's act in removing the capital from Moscow had a precedent in his forefathers' action towards the municipal republic of Great Novgorod; fearing the growth of republican or constitutional ideas, Peter reduced that great and progressive city to the rank of a provincial town. Evidence is also brought forward that whilst Kieff and Novgorod—both abandoned capitals—never lastingly opposed Moscow's position, Moscow has never abandoned its claim.

Peter the Great is considered to have been the first monarch who openly and energetically championed the Petrograd movement. To break with all traditions and in an almost revolutionary manner westernize the whole country is claimed to be the ideal of this movement. It is admitted generally that Moscow opposed "Westernization" with all its strength, and that Peter, realizing that as long as this opposition remained his ambitious ideas would not make headway, endeavored at first to break the old tradition by force of example; but such action strengthened rather than lessened the opposition. The revolutionary monarch—or, as M. Anatole Leroy Beaulieu in his book *L'Empire des Tsars* calls him, "the most imperious of crowned revolutionists"—who disregarded traditions and prejudices and hated ceremony and set formalities, began also to hate the ceremonious, dignified, orthodox Moscow, and determined to escape the opposing forces by limiting its position as a city. The idea was to separate the two mental tendencies, traditional and new, allowing the former to die out.

Petrograd—calculated to become the center of the new movement, the "window into Europe" and the "model" of a European Russia—began to be built. The determination of its founder and the great assistance of his followers are worthy of admiration. Fighting all physical difficulties with dogged persistence, at tre-

mendous cost of life and wealth, the city arose. The question of populating it, however, brought Peter again into fierce conflict with Moscow ideas, but so determined was he to succeed that he populated it compulsorily. In 1714 he removed the Senate from Moscow, and thus officially Petrograd or St. Petersburg became the new capital and, with its growth, the ideal which built it spread and became a force in the empire.

To give a résumé of its achievements during the two centuries, it is necessary to point out that its founder and his contemporary supporters have imbued their descendants with the idea that foreign influences need not necessarily clash with national characteristics, and that reforms, therefore, can be made without regard to existing conditions. To develop slowly on certain national lines was considered, broadly speaking, injurious to the whole system.

The people of Petrograd may be judged by their city—a splendid city of cosmopolitan gaiety, with a population which includes foreigners of almost every known nationality. It has more than four hundred churches, also grand palaces, spacious official buildings, wide streets and is, generally, a delightful place of abode. It has been the means of making Russia an integral part of the European political system, has enabled her to take a prominent place in the affairs of Europe, and has raised her to her present position.

Petrograd claims that initiative in commerce and industry, the introduction of Russian art to the world, and general economic and social intercourse with the world, is due to its activity. It further claims to have endeavored continually to erase all that is bad and ugly in Russia, and to substitute for it the good and the beautiful to be found in the earlier civilized West. We are reminded that in the domain of art it was the spirit of Petrograd that put an end to the Byzantine tradition in painting and in national architecture, to replace them with European art. The effects of modernism observed throughout Russia and similar results of national progress are, it is said, Petrograd's work.

The removal of the capital did not in any way destroy the opposition; on the contrary, it thrived, assuming various aspects as time went on. This tendency which we now call Moscow has an ancient history, having first manifested itself prior to Moscow becoming the capital. It had been advocated and nourished by the old democratic spirit of Pskov, Novgorod and other cities, whose inhabitants were compulsorily exiled to many parts of Russia. These free men carried with them the spirit of freedom wherever they went, and their ideas, associating with others and changing in accordance with time and environment, formed a particular and, in many ways, peculiar school of thought. Believing that their loss of freedom was due to the tyrannical interference of foreigners, they evolved the Slavophil ideal. The predominating idea observed among the followers of this school of thought is "anti-foreignism." On all

points, whether small or large, this Moscow type of mind opposed foreign influences, the cry was "Russia for the Russians." Naturally as time progressed the view became modified, but the idea in its more substantial forms remained.

People of Moscow admit Petrograd's claim to have raised Russia from a semi-Asiatic into a great European Power, but they argue that this was achieved artificially, and that the world was impressed more by the artificialdom than by the reality. Petrograd's assertion that it is responsible for the modern progress of Russia is refuted by Moscow; on the contrary, the latter accuses the former of being responsible for retarding progress through the very foreign influence with which it was infected. The support of the "Holy Alliance," the defense of the despotism of German monarchs and such-like acts, which made Russia the "gendarme of Autocracy," are, it is claimed, the results of Petrograd's ideal.

The dispersion of the Golden-Horde, the establishment of an empire, the election of a Russian prince instead of the descendants of the foreigner Rurik, the establishment of a national church, the repeated opposition to autocracy and many minor actions, are claimed to have been the achievements of the Moscow ideal. This ideal asserts that imitation of foreign ways and manners is injurious to Russia; it believes that the adoption of Western methods should proceed through a system of assimilation, and is always eager to point to Moscow as a comparison with Petrograd. Revolutionary as Petrograd and its school of thought is, Moscow claims to have been always more successful in its reforms, that it has produced the bulk of Russia's great men and is always looked upon as the reflection of Russia.

We are also reminded of the coöperative movement, which is said to have been inaugurated in Moscow, and numerous other institutions which are in many ways in advance of Petrograd's Western ideas, and have come effectively to the rescue in time of need. It is asserted that the attention of Moscow has been turned to the proper equipment of the city to take her place as the center of New Russia many years ago, and that her situation, the center of the railway system of the country serving east and

(Continued on Page 18)

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Good News for Molly

I can imagine how Mrs. Molly Stanton felt when she learned that her life-partner Charley had been chosen by General Pershing to make the speech at the tomb of Lafayette in Paris. Army wives are good wives—that's a general rule which is more than proved in the case of Molly Stanton. If there's an American army officer living who has a more loyal, a more devoted, a more loving, a more understanding and a more sympathetic wife than Lieutenant Colonel Charles E. Stanton, then I'd like to know his name; he's a luck fellow. Molly Stanton is the friend of all of Charley Stanton's friends. Charley Stanton who loves a good time, never has quite as much fun when Molly is absent as when she is included in the party. When Charley was ordered from San Francisco to Governor's Island, about the only consolation he found in the transfer from the midst of his dearest friends was that Molly was going with him. When he left this country for France in advance of the first expedition as a member of his friend General Pershing's staff, Molly of course had to be left behind, and the Major is too good a soldier to waste any time repining about the separation. But you may be sure he misses Molly. And you may be sure that Molly was tickled to death when she heard of the signal honor which had come to Charley in Paris.

## At the Picpus Cemetery

Lafayette lies at rest in the cemetery in Paris which takes its name from the famous old Rue Picpus. Thither shortly after his arrival General Pershing went with his staff, General Joffre and a number of other distinguished Frenchmen to lay a wreath upon the grave of the great

marquis. It was an impressive ceremony, and a great throng was on hand to witness it. It was a ceremony which involved a certain amount of oratory, and General Pershing is not an orator. Neither is Lieutenant Colonel Charley Stanton, but he's a speaker—one of the best two-fisted, rapid-fire speakers that San Francisco ever knew. So Pershing asked Charley to make the appropriate remarks. And Charley did. He spoke with so much heart, so much fervor, so much patriotism and so much point that his audience went wild. Charley is no lady's man, but the subsequent proceedings were such as to turn a lady's man green with envy. For the women in the throng—vivacious French women—swept in upon the unguarded Charley and smothered him with kisses. I can see the face of Charley during this proceeding. I only wish the movie men could have taken a picture of the scene. Molly would like to see that picture too. Molly is not jealous. She'd enjoy the wholesale osculation to which Charley was subjected as much as I enjoy it, or any other of Charley's friends. And of one thing she must be as certain as I am—that the one who didn't enjoy that osculation at all was her husband Charley.

## The Hopkins-Parrott Engagement

Gertrude Hopkins is going to marry a longshoreman. And she doesn't consider that she is marrying beneath her. A riddle? No. A mesalliance? Certainly not. Miss Hopkins is engaged to Willie Parrott of the great Parrott family, and Willie is a longshoreman by choice. It goes without saying that Willie Parrott doesn't intend to continue long as a longshoreman. He has tackled the rough job in order to learn the shipping business from the ground up. The indications are that he'll learn it thoroughly—certainly he has learned all about stevedoring. He's a brawny young man with no terror of hard work, and puts plenty of "elbow grease" into the day's task. I felicitate Miss Hopkins. Needless to say, I congratulate Willie on his luck. The beautiful daughter of Mrs. Sherwood Hopkins is a splendid girl. It's an ideal match.

## The Modern Amazons

There is some truth in all the fables of classic mythology; the difficulty is to estimate how much. We all know—or used to know when we were at high school—about the Amazons. We didn't take them any more seriously than we took the Hyperboreans or the centaurs. But lo and behold, this world-war which brings at least one surprise a day has familiarized us already with Amazons in the Russian and German armies. One rubs one's eyes and pinches oneself to see if one is dreaming when the morning newspaper soberly recounts the conduct of Russia's "Legion of Death" on the eastern battle front. These women have fought bravely, have been wounded and have died for their emancipated country. And they come in touch with Amazons fighting on the German side. The wonders of this war are many; but is the fighting aeroplane, is the tank, is the submarine in its ruthless perfection as much of a wonder as a legion of aristocratic wives, school teachers, stenographers, musicians and factory girls dealing and receiving death in the most terrible of

all wars? I think not. There have been women fighters in history, of course. A number of women fought through our own Civil War. In the army of Dahomey there used to be women fighters. The sixteenth century Spanish explorer Orellana declared that he faced female troops on that great South American river which was named on account of his asseveration the Amazon. If you go far enough back in Bohemian history—to the eighth century—you will read of a band of women led by Vlasta who warred against the Duke of Bohemia, and enslaved or killed all their prisoners. But to match Russia's "Legion of Death" you have to go to Bullfinch or Keightley or some other authority on mythology and read the exploits of the fabulous Amazons.

## The Ancient Amazons

The "man-opposing" Amazons old Homer called them, and the phrase is apt, for they opposed the male of the species not only in war but in peace. No man was permitted to live in their country. Once a year however, to prevent the race from dying out, these Amazons of ancient days visited the neighboring race of Gargareans. Their male children were put to the sword or sent back to their daddies; the females were reared to a life of toil and fighting. The initiation into their grim business came when their right breasts were cut off, the reason for this mutilation being the more expeditious handling of the bow which was their favorite weapon. Oddly enough, the ancient Amazons were supposed to live in a region from which some of the recruits in the modern "Legion of Death" may have been signed up—namely, the shores of the Black Sea. Out of that region the Amazons, if we may credit the poets, sallied on many a warlike expedition. They fought in Scythia, Thrace, Arabia, Syria and Egypt. They are supposed to have founded the cities of Smyrna, Ephesus, Sinope and Paphos. They were at the siege of Troy as the allies of Priam, and their queen Penthesilea

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was killed by Achilles. It will be recalled, perhaps, that one of the labors of Hercules was to carry off the girdle of Hippolyta, another of their queens. It was a delicate task, but Hercules was always popular with the ladies, and even the queen of the Amazons could not circumvent him. On that adventure Theseus accompanied him, fell in love with Hippolyta's sister Antiope, carried her off to Athens and thereby incurred the hatred of the entire tribe. The Amazons invaded Athens, but were defeated by Duke Theseus, Antiope dying by his side in the midst of the battle. Alexander the Great is supposed to have met the queen of the Amazons in the course of his conquering progress across Asia. There resulted from this meeting of Alexander and Thalestris the first eugenic union of which we have any record. Again, Pompey is said to have found the Amazons fighting in the army of Mithridates. The modern Amazons may not have as many romantic adventures as are credited to their ancient sisters, but at least they are authentic.

#### Jackling and the H. C. L.

It is costing Colonel Daniel C. Jackling five thousand dollars apiece to house six servants. Just to house them, mind you. Not to pay their wages or to board them or anything else—just to supply them with rooms. So you see, the high cost of living and the very high cost of keeping servants isn't bothering the millionaire copper man. It is announced that Jackling will add six more rooms to his suite de luxe at the St. Francis, at a cost of \$30,000 in order to accommodate his servants. As the Jackling suite occupies the entire floor space of the twelfth story of the Post street wing of the hotel, the servants' quarters will be built on the floor above. The Jacklings are not like most people who live in hotels. Most people who could afford big homes but prefer to pay high rent in hotels do so because they do not care to cope with the difficult servant situation. Not so the Jacklings. They are hotel dwellers, but they have their own servants. A great many of the hotel servants do not even know the Jacklings—hardly ever see them, never wait on them. Yet the Jacklings remember them substantially at Christmas. To their own personal servants the Jacklings pay top wages, besides housing them at five thousand dollars apiece.

#### At the Whitcomb

Two very distinguished Hollanders at the Hotel Whitcomb just now are Flora Wolff van Westen and Henry van Wermeskerken. Madame van Westen is a singer whose voice has at-

tracted the attention of the Metropolitan Opera House, and she is on her way to New York to conclude negotiations which may result in her joining that great aggregation of songbirds. Madame van Westen is at her best in Wagnerian roles. She gave concerts in Singapore and India for the benefit of the Red Cross just before leaving for San Francisco. Henry van Wermeskerken is a playwright and newspaperman. On the island of Java he is special correspondent of The Telegraaf of Amsterdam for which Raemaekers drew so many of his famous war cartoons. He is the author of a comedy called "The Nobles of the Tropics" which ran for one hundred and eighty nights in Amsterdam. He is on his way to New York to protect his dramatic rights which are said to be in jeopardy owing to the lack of copyright arrangements between this country and Holland. Madame van Westen and van Wermeskerken are only two of a large number of Hollanders who are making the Whitcomb their headquarters during their stay in this country.

#### At the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Beardsley are rejoicing over the arrival of a baby girl. They have been guests at the Cecil for the past two months. Among the recent arrivals from Honolulu are Captain and Mrs. C. T. Riggs, U. S. A., and their two young sons, and Captain H. S. Kilbourne Jr. who is accompanied by his charming wife. Fourteen friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Eugene Davis at a bridge tea Tuesday. The setting for the affair was the Pompeian room. Mrs. J. J. Boneface has joined her brother Colonel Morrow at the hotel. Mrs. Hillhouse entertained at luncheon Wednesday, and on the same day Mrs. Dora Ahlborn complimented a coterie of friends at luncheon. Most of them were old friends from Honolulu. Miss Marie Coolidge of Kentucky is registered. Miss Ruth Arsdale of Boston will spend the month of August at the hotel.

#### The Mulcahys on Motor Trip

Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Mulcahy and a party of friends motored to Lake Tahoe during the week. They will go from Lake Tahoe to Feather River Inn, and from there to the Yosemite.

He was going to propose, but before doing so he wished to make sure she was a competent girl. So he asked her:

"Can you wash dishes?"

"Yes," she said sweetly. "Can you wipe them?"

He didn't propose.

The woman asked the negro his name when he applied for a job.

"Mah name is Poe, ma'am."

"Poe? Perhaps some of your family worked for Edgar Allan Poe."

The negro's eyes opened in surprise.

"Why," he gasped, "why, Ah am Edgar Allan Poe."

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## The Stage

### The Play that Belasco "Presents"

When Clyde Fitch took jealousy for his theme he gave us "The Girl With the Green Eyes" and made a tragic figure of her. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes preferred the Moliere method, and in the Moliere mood they have given us "The Boomerang," a genuine American comedy intended to tickle American ribs. There is nothing of subtlety in "The Boomerang," but there is lots of fun in it, good rollicking fun, and the humor of it is so obvious and so infectious that it gets over nobody's head. It is not a comedy of comic situations but rather a comedy of amusing dialogue and of characterizations presented in a serio-comic vein. And it is a comedy with an idea, a very sane idea though it is essentially laugh-compelling in its ludicrous caricatures. There is sound psychology in this play, the psychology that is now generally recognized in the practice of medicine, and the study of which ought to be more generally pursued by physicians; also by playwrights in quest of plots. What is more fertile in comic situations and comic ideas than the power of suggestion? How amusing the deceptions by which physicians employ the mind of a patient for self-cure. This is what Dr. Sumner does in "The Boomerang." For a sedative he gives the man whose heart is cankered with jealousy hypyndermic injections of distilled water and liberal doses of attention from a sweet, soothing and seductive nurse. The treatment is wonderfully efficacious. It not only cures the patient but makes business for the doctor. What else it does is well worth the while of any playgoer to find out. This play is admirably acted by Arthur Byron, Wallace Eddinger, Martha Hedman and others, all of whom were in the original cast that put a continuous smile on Broadway for fifty odd weeks. Produced under the supervision of David Belasco, the play is of course rich in convincing detail, but perhaps the most characteristic Belasco touch is to be found in the programme where our old friend Webster of dictionary fame is to be found collaborating not with the authors but with the wizard of the stage. How like Mr. Belasco to furnish his audience with Webster's definition of the mysterious word boomerang thus making the suitability of the title accessible to the dullest comprehension! This is a case of going just one step further than the stage manager who leaves nothing for the imagination of the audience. I dare say that the equipment of the doctor's office in "The Boomerang" is scientifically correct. Mr. Belasco is never to be accused of sins of omission. Even the playbills make it clear to us that Mr. Belasco is paramount in that he presents the play and that Mr. Smith and Mr. Mapes merely wrote it.

—Theodore F. Bonnet.

### Great Dancer at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces a delightful bill for next week headed by George White, the famous dancer who, with the assistance of his latest dancing star Emma Haig, presents an arrangement of his own which he calls a 1917 Edition of Dance Ideas. White has been the dancing feature at the New York Winter Garden, with Raymond Hitchcock and in "The Follies." Miss Haig is a graduate of the Ziegfeld school and in addition to being

one of the best dancers in last year's "Follies" was one of the prettiest. Bert Melrose is the famous international clown. His most marvelous achievement is the "Melrose Fall." Nick Huford and Del Chain will present a darky monologue. They are among the very best delineators of plantation darkies. The Three Jahns are expert equilibrists from London. The Princess Kalama and her company of Hawaiians in "Echoes of Kilauea;" "Motor Boating" with Tom McRae and his crew of entertainers; the Countess Nardini, Italian accordionist; and the rural melange of mirth and melody "Rubeville" with Harry B. Watson, Jere Delaney and company will be the other features.

### First Symphony Announcement

The Board of Governors of the Musical Association of San Francisco through its president William Sproule, makes the following statement: The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra which is maintained by the Musical Association of San Francisco, will open its seventh season at the Cort on Friday afternoon, October 12 next, when the first symphony concert of the season will be given. The steadfastness of the membership, combined with the admirable enthusiasm of the Woman's Auxiliary, enables the Association to enter the new season upon the basis of a broader foundation than ever before. In 1914 the Musical Association had 291 members; in 1915, 291 members; in 1916, 309 members; in 1917, 325 members. It looks forward to the coming season with a membership that already numbers 397, with the membership campaign still under way. The season will consist of twelve Friday symphony

concerts, twelve Sunday symphony concerts and ten popular concerts. Arrangements are already being made for extra concerts in and out of town. The public interest in the programmes will be maintained, not forgetting the public interest in new musical numbers. Alfred Hertz has been retained as musical director, and the fact that he will be the conductor gives assurance of the high quality of the concerts. The orchestra is already noted for its very high standard of progressive excellence which can be attained only upon the plan adopted by the Musical Association of employing the musicians for the season, with almost daily rehearsals, which creates that unity in the work that looks toward perfection of performance. Season tickets will be sold for all concerts and the dates and terms of sale will be determined within a few days. Greater interest is being shown in requests for information regarding season tickets than has been evident in any previous year; hence the Association looks forward to its greatest season. As announced before, the season seats will be reallocated for this year, first on the basis of the class of membership, and secondly on the basis of equal opportunity for every member of the same class so far as possible. Announcement will be made in the near future of the allotment plan, which we hope will be approved by the members. The Board of Governors have deemed it a civic duty to make redoubled efforts to insure a successful and satisfactory musical season, for in times of stress or strain music becomes a worthy diversion and a noble solace. At all times and in any event, the importance of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra as a civic asset can well be borne in mind by our citizens, and they can give evidence of this belief by their regular attendance at the concerts, and their general support. The formation this year of the Woman's Auxiliary has given new vitality to the Association and their devoted and successful work is a matter of common knowledge.

### Success Attends "Letty"

The new edition of Oliver Morosco's "So Long Letty" at the Cort has thoroughly caught the favor of local theatregoers and is attracting many old friends as well as those who have never seen this record-breaking musical farce. Capacity business has been the rule ever since the opening. The second week of the engagement begins Sunday night, August 5. Producer Morosco has given the piece an ornate series of stage settings and some novel costume effects since it was here before, with the result that "Letty" may be said to possess a real Broadway atmosphere. Charlotte Greenwood of the famous sidekick is as funny as ever. Sydney Grant, May Boley, Hal Skelly and the other clever principals meet all requirements of book and score, and a clever dancing team, Cunningham and Clements, discloses some new wrinkles. The chorus is one of the prettiest aggregations seen here in a long time.

### Lemare's Organ Recital

On account of the absence from town of several resident organists who were to have taken his place during his proposed vacation in August, Edwin H. Lemare, the official organist, has concluded to go on with his Sunday afternoon recitals without interruption.



EMMA HAIG

Who appears next week at the Orpheum



Among the selections which he will play at the Exposition Auditorium this Sunday are Schubert's "Ave Maria," Nevin's "The Rosary," his own "Benediction Nuptiale" and the closing scene of Wagner's "Rheingold." The immense resources of the city's big organ are shown in Lemare's rendition of the "Rheingold" music, in which are blended the huge cadences of the god of thunder, the sun god and the rain god and the pathetic cry of the Rhine maidens bewailing their lost treasure.

#### Second Week of "The Boomerang"

David Belasco's presentation of "The Boomerang" continues in high favor at the Columbia where it enters on its second week Sunday night, August 5. Opinion regarding this Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes comedy seems to be favorable. David Belasco has sent the original New York cast here. Martha Hedson, Arthur Byron, Wallace Eddinger and Ruth Shepley are still playing the roles they originated over two years ago. Matinees are announced for Wednesday and Saturday.

#### Kolb and Dill Return

Kolb and Dill, still presenting their riotous gloom chaser "The High Cost of Loving" which scored an unparalleled run of ten capacity weeks at the Alcazar early this year and which since has broken box office records for six solid weeks in Los Angeles as well as on the road, are returning to the Alcazar next Monday night. "The High Cost of Loving" has lost none of its charm or laugh-stirring qualities but rather has increased in this respect, and is funnier and brighter than ever. The opening of the return engagement will be in the nature of an event, for many new song numbers have been added to the production, more girls have been engaged for the musical review at the beginning of the third act and the entire show is speeded a notch or two and enhanced generally. There is an air of newness about "The High Cost of Loving" which, for those who already have seen it, will lend a renewed zest. There will be but two matinees a week during the engagement, one on Thursday and the other on Saturday.

#### A FRENCH ACCOUNT OF THE BURIAL OF RUPERT BROOKE

An article in the "Mercure de France," written with the authority of an eyewitness and based on the official records of the French hospital ship Duguay-Trouin for April 22 and 23, 1915, gives an account of the death and burial on Skyros of Rupert Brooke, whom the French writer mourns as a great English poet, and whose death he regards as prophetic of disaster, and yet as a libation to victory—"le premier mort des Dardanelles."

In significant and poetic phrases he tells how on the evening of the 21st Rupert Brooke went ashore from H. M. S. Prince George for a solitary walk on the marble island, and, finding there a little valley made fresh and silvery by a tiny stream and a breeze that stirred the olive trees, he sat down to rest—and to receive inspiration in the deep reverie which gave him the mood of what he believed would be his finest poem. Then a little, gray, quite insignificant-looking fly stung him on the lip.

The next day, the 22nd, Brooke was taken aboard the Duguay-Trouin suffering from anthrax. His friend and fellow officer, Lieutenant Asquith, came with him and never left him till he died, at a quarter to six in the afternoon of the 23rd. All the resources of the hospital ship were concentrated on this first and solitary patient, and continual inquiries from Sir Ian Hamilton, in the Prince George, and by wireless from the British Admiralty (Brooke's original commission was in the R. N. D.) proved to the French doctors and nurses how high a value was placed by England on the life and genius of the young poet.

The burial was hurried on; the attack on the Straits was imminent. There was no time to engrave a plate for the coffin, and in the deepening twilight Lieutenant Asquith burned the letters of his friend's name on the wood of the lid.

Twelve tall Australians carried the body from the landing stage up the gentle slope of that strange valley, whose sides above the rubble rise into colonnades, where the marble for palaces and statues has been hewn away. Little fantastic holly bushes, low shrubs, patches of musk and thyme, from which a heady scent rose as the bearers stumbled over the stony ground, showed black against the whiteness under the streaming flames of torches. Two miles from the entrance of the valley, in which there is no hamlet, no cottage, not even a road, there is a little hollow, where a few olive trees make some shade, and here the grave had been dug, in the very place, it is supposed, where the poet had rested to make his last unwritten poem. But the pit was not deep enough, and two young officers, unwilling to leave such a service to less loving hands than theirs, took spades and hollowed it deeper themselves.

When the burial service was ended a salute was fired across the grave, and its echoes rolling in the mountains, aroused sheep and night owls, with an effect which the French writer notes with an emotion that cannot be translated:

"Alors, l'immense nuit silencieuse s'anime mystérieusement; les chouettes, saisies huiant, et des sonnaillies, d'innombrables sonnaillies tintent de ci, de là, de partout; ce sont les troupeaux endormis qui ont pris peur, ce sont les brébis et les chèvres brusquement réveillées, qui s'effarent, qui fuient au hasard, dans la brousse aromatique; glas d'Orphée, au cou des bêtes innocentes et sauvages qui froissent les herbes invisibles de leurs invisibles greots."

The next day the squadron left for Mudros,

Tenedos and the Dardanelles, leaving the little mound on Skyros to fulfill the prophecy of those most quoted lines, written less than a year before: "There shall be in that rich earth a richer dust concealed . . . That is forever England."

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—With still heavier war taxes and loans in sight and bad news from Russia to work on, the bears attacked the stock market, but the drive lacked steam and the decline soon came to an end. A slow recovery followed, which wiped out most of the losses. It was a professional affair and trading was dull most of the time. The moral effect of high taxes and huge loans may temporarily depress prices, but most of these vast sums of money will be spent in the country, and what is spent by and for our troops abroad will be offset by what our Allies buy here. In addition to the undiminished expenditures of people at home, the Government and our Allies will spend billions and the total will exceed anything this country has seen. With good crops and high prices there is more danger of inflation than of depression, but our new banking system is well contrived to check inflation. When brokers loans run down very low it is an indication that forced liquidation is over and that to bring about a much lower level of prices people must sell stocks who do not sell through necessity but because they are not satisfied with the properties or the time. We have seen this for several years in railroads, and we had a taste of it lately in the industrials. The market is so narrow now that with the pessimistic news that is around in regard to war it tricks people more than it should because ninety-nine out of a hundred have been asleep. The only people who are active have been trading on the short side. In the rails a number of attempts have been made to force the shorts to cover in St. Paul. It brings in no long buying. When prices are fixed at Washington it should benefit the coal properties more than any other group, because all these stocks are selling far below what looks to be their intrinsic values. We feel friendly to the market at this level, and advise purchase of the standard stocks.

**Corn** has exhibited a great deal of strength this week, recovering a material part of the previous loss. Setbacks have occurred frequently but the losses have been rapidly recovered. The principal stimulus to values comes from the continued advance in cash prices and the constant demand, the high prices for cash corn apparently neither restricting the demand nor increasing the offerings. Little has been heard of foreign inquiry and it was reported that neutral interests were disposed to resell some holdings, probably owing to the barriers confronting such shipments. Primary receipts are quite moderate, and shipments abroad have not been important during the week, but foreign advices indicate that supplies are being constantly absorbed and stocks there do not accumulate. Crop conditions are regarded as

favorable in the important sections of the corn belt with the exception that the crop is somewhat late; in parts of the Southwest where there had been little moisture and high temperatures prevalent, serious complaints were made but rains were received in most of such places and the crop in a measure has secured relief. The new crop months are at such a discount under prevailing cash prices that naturally on declines they exhibit a great deal of resistance; on the advances the maximum price acts as a restraint, so that conditions are such as to check both declines and advances and keep prices moving within a certain radius.

**Cotton**—The outstanding and about the only feature influencing cotton prices this week has been the breaking of the drought in the Southeast, Texas and Oklahoma both having received good rains, and as this was the part of the belt where the situation was critical, prices at this writing are about a cent a pound lower. Trading has been light, however, and the decline was made on only moderate liquidations. The market shows a disposition to hold around 23½ cents, but just how much of this is due to local congestion in the near months is hard to say. The fact that October in New York is a full cent a pound over New Orleans shows that the difficulty in getting supplies to this market has much to do with the disparity in quotations. The continued unfavorable export situation has come in for more comment as probably necessitating the financing of a few million bales in the South until ships can be secured to take the usual quota to Europe. The reported elimination of cotton from the Food Bill was regarded as favorable. Although at the moment the situation would seem to warrant a further setback, we do not look for low-priced cotton, and are inclined to favor purchases on good reactions. Considering that the Government is paying prices for cotton goods equivalent to 40 to 46 cents a pound for raw cotton, 25 cents for the producer does not look too high.

## Signals for Home-Coming Husbands

**Doormat at Top of Front Steps**—The hall has just been cleaned. Don't you dare to bring in any mud or dirt!

**One Upstairs Window Shade Down**—My bridge club is meeting here this afternoon. Sneak in the back way and put on a clean collar.

**Both Upstairs Window Shades Down**—The collector from your tailor is sitting in the front hall with a large bill. He is waiting for you, and he is not in a good humor.

**Rubber Plant in Living Room Window**—We cannot go to the theatre tonight, because your rich Aunt Maria is here, and you will have to

stay at home and pretend to be interested in her talk of foreign missions.

**Front Door Ajar**—The minister is here for tea. Don't forget to ask him to say grace.

**House Darkened**—Cook has left, the furnace fire has gone out, baby is unusually cross; I was never much in love with you anyhow, and I have gone back to mother.

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\$9,705,058.99

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Assets	\$64,566,290.79
Deposits	61,381,120.63
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,185,170.16
Employees' Pension Fund	259,642.88
Number of Depositors	65,717

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.  
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## God Save Ireland

(Continued from Page 7)

was honored by an invitation to break bread with the Galway Club in New York City. I presented myself at the feast as an avowed enemy of its promoters. These were the late Patrick Ford, editor and proprietor of that fire-eating organ *The Irish World*, the local chiefs of the Clan-na-Gael, and a goodly contingent of ex-Fenian convicts. That night, at Sherry's restaurant, when the table cloths had been removed, Hiberno-American oratory outpoured itself, and when a certain General O'Beirne stood up and proposed that, to the toast of "To Hades with Queen Victoria," the contents of our wineglasses should travel down their duly appointed paths, I thought it was time for me to discover that I had a pressing appointment elsewhere that particular evening. Actuated by this timely memory, I sent up my card to the chairman of this most, to my mind, treasonable function and asked permission to withdraw. My pencilled message on the back of my paste-board was understood by old Pat Ford, who, despite his ravings, was in private life a most kindly old Galway man. He sent me back a sympathetic message regretting that the "boys" had commenced their display of fireworks: "Of course, I cannot in the least expect you, as a British officer, to stay with your ears open." I had proceeded to a vestibule wherein to invest myself in the fur coat necessary to a New York winter night, when came to me one Captain Edward O'Meagher Condon, who blurted out: "Are you going to leave us like that, Captain?" I received his remark with somewhat mixed feelings, as this particular member of the Clan-na-Gael of grim purposes had been sentenced many years before in Manchester to the pleasant experience of being hanged, drawn and quartered. This was when, on receiving his sentence, he advanced to the front of the dock and, with uplifted right hand, his voice rang through the fog-shrouded court, "God save Ireland!" and it was that defiant expression of faith in his nationality and religion that afterwards served as the motif of the late T. D. Sullivan's world-famed Hibernian "Marseillaise," the hymn of the "Manchester Martyrs;" and to this day wherever Nationalist Irishmen dine, whether in Cork or Calcutta, their reunion on the name-day of holy Saint Patrick finishes with the crash of "God save Ireland!"

Whether on the battlefield or  
Or the battlefield we die,  
That shall matter when the hour comes to die.

I endeavored to excuse myself; but it was little use, for before I could ejaculate "God save the Queen!" an Italian waiter had, in some mysterious fashion, smuggled into the cloak room a couple of chairs and a small table which proudly bore on its upper surface a bottle of James Jamieson's Dublin whisky and

a syphon of Manhattan mineral water. While the British Empire was being demolished in theory in the dining hall of festivity, a British officer and an ex-Fenian convict (Condon on his respite from the death sentence had served nearly a score of years' penal servitude) sat and drank to each other's healths as members of a not too docile race. From which it may be inferred that the writer gets on with all sorts and conditions of his countrymen, as he has done and as he hopes he will do when attending, for *The English Review*, the belated Irish Convention.

Let me now, at this date (I am writing on June 18th), anticipate a proposed scheme for the administration of a new Ireland. God save her! The plan of certain of my friends who have honored me with their confidence is one based on the Constitution as conceived by the signatories of the American Declaration of Independence. A Federal scheme of government tempered by the conservative safeguards of one of the greatest of Columbia's statesmen, time-honored Hamilton. Ireland would be composed of States, not counties, each having its governor, and each sending Congressmen to a Central College Green, the county and city of Dublin being, as Washington, erected a territorial entity similar to that of Washington, D. C. A President, who might suitably be Prince Arthur of Connaught, would be elected for a term of five years—a period which would possibly be sufficient to allow the new order of things to shake down, so to speak. A second, and after-presidential, election would be for the purpose of electing the Chief Magistrate for three years. The question of Ireland's foreign relations would, as with the Boers until the retrocession of their Republic, be left in the possession of Downing Street. But the control of the customs, inland revenue, the various city police forces, and that superb semi-military body, the Royal Irish Constabulary, would be at the disposal of the new Irish Congress or Parliament. Such a Constitution to the "distressful country" would be a bold, indeed an audacious, experiment in statesmanship; but it would be worth the trial, as events have since proved that master-stroke of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's when dealing with our once valiant enemies and now equally valiant fellow-subjects, the Dutch Afrianders. The materialization of the scheme thus outlined would, I am heart and soul convinced, indeed save Ireland. And call the country a Republic if the majority of its people so desire. What would it matter? All our great dominions are so many Republics, of isles in fact, if not in name, otherwise if they had not been allowed to become so, they would have become by this time a number of independent, unconnected States, bearing but little relation to the motherland, instead of being, as they are now, true daughter States.

Let us for a moment look at the lessons of their creation in the structure of our sea-spanned empire. When Queen Victoria ascended that long and gloriously-kept throne of

hers, Canada was in the throes of revolution British and French Canadians were cutting each other's throats with cheerful unanimity. The Parliament Houses of Montreal were burned down. It looked as if Our Lady of the Snows was about to separate from her imperial family. A Home Rule Constitution was granted to the divided dominion, and since then we know how our possession in North America has grown up to be one of the foremost pillars of the British commonwealth.

Then, again, the miserable story of our defeat at Majuba and its aftermath, that terrible Boer War, where our friends and comrades, the soldier statesmen, Botha and Smuts, carved for themselves an imperishable record on the road of famous heaven-born soldiers. Home Rule has been by a brilliant stroke of genius granted to so long a turpid austral Africa with the result that our great outpost of empire on the route to India has been saved to Britain.

Queen Victoria had hardly occupied Windsor Castle more than a dozen years when revolution broke out in Australia, a revolution thinly disguised as "Mining Field Riots." We were then within an ace of losing that island continent, when the timely gift of Home Rule prevented another secession from the parent country.

The lesson stands written before us today. How will it be applied? God save Ireland indeed that the application of these lessons may be received in that spirit that alone will satisfy a country that was never destined geographically to separate her interests from the larger neighboring island.

## Petrograd and Moscow

(Continued from Page 12)

west, entitles her to the fulfilment of her request.

The Slavonic side of the Moscow school blames Petrograd for the recent troubles, for the German influences, for the "dark forces," and is proud of the fact that in a time of crisis it supplied Russia with men who, though progressive, remained Russian, and have through their influence averted, even during and after the revolution, excesses, prevented chaos and anarchy, all foreign to Russian temperament, and so far successfully crushed all attempts at a counter revolution. On the question of "sea outlets," so longed for by inland countries, it is Moscow and not Petrograd that is in agreement with Russia's Western allies, by strongly advocating that Constantinople should be placed under Russian control. In education Moscow is far in advance, because it has striven to give the best educational facilities at home, and thus avoid the emigration of its youth to foreign universities. No matter what the political capital may be, the real capital of Russia, in my opinion, is the soul of the Slav race which will continue in the future to control its destinies whether through Petrograd or Moscow.

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## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81190; Dept. No. 10.

ALICE M. FOSTER, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE E. FOSTER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CLARENCE E. FOSTER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this tenth day of April, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

LOUIS ONEAL,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
San Jose, Calif.

6-9-10

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81480; Dept. 14.

WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, Plaintiff, vs. CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFLER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants.

Action, for settlement of account, brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFLER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, including judgment that his accounts as such Trustee from and including the 1st day of January, 1912, to and including the 31st day of December, 1916, as submitted and set forth in the said complaint, are full, true and correct and are settled and allowed.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of April, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1101 Alaska Commercial Building,  
San Francisco, Cal.

7-21-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY ASCROFT, deceased.—No. 22962, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of HENRY ASCROFT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at its office, junction of Grant Avenue and Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY ASCROFT deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,

Executor of the last will and testament of Henry Ascroft, deceased.

By H. G. Larsh, Secretary.

Dated, San Francisco, California, July 21, 1917.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,  
Attorneys for Executor,  
San Francisco, Cal.

7-21-5

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 22027; Dept. 10. In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGIANA EMILY TOTTENHAM, Deceased.

It appearing to the said Court from the verified petition this day presented and filed by Edgar M. Wilson, as Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Georgiana Emily Tottenham, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the said real estate belonging to the estate of the deceased to pay the debts outstanding against the estate, and to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate, and those interested therein, that such a sale be made:

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on the 28th day of August, 1917, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the court room of Department No. 10 of said Court, in the City Hall of said City and County, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of said real estate as shall be necessary, or as shall appear to be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein; and that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open court this 16th day of July, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of said Superior Court.

Filed: July 16, 1917.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

POWELL & DOW,

Attorneys for Administrator,  
10th Floor Mills Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

7-21-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of PAUL FLEURY, deceased.—No. 22929; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of PAUL FLEURY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of PAUL FLEURY, deceased.

LEONIDE G. AUZERAIS,

Administratrix of the estate of Paul Fleury,  
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, July 7th, A. D. 1917.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Administratrix,  
333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

7-5-7

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTHOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as C. CUNEO, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTHOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as B. CUNEO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of William Penn Humphreys, Rooms 530-540 Holbrook Building, 58 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of BARTOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as BARTHOLOMEO CUNEO, also known as B. CUNEO, deceased.

CATHERINA CUNEO, also known as

CATHERINE CUNEO,

Executrix of the estate of Bartolomeo Cuneo, also known as Bartholomeo Cuneo, also known as B. Cuneo, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 7th, 1917.

WILLIAM PENN HUMPHREYS,

Attorney for Executrix,

58 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

7-7-5

## Applied Science

"I've called, Mrs. Barton, to learn why Tommy has not attended his class lately," began the sweet, young Sunday school teacher, a frown on her pretty face.

"Well, Miss Kelly," answered Mrs. Barton, "the reason why I've kept Tommy away from Sunday school is because the knowledge he received there was making him a wicked boy."

"A wicked boy!" gasped the amazed teacher. "Really, Mrs. Barton, I cannot imagine to what you refer."

"You see, it's this way, Miss Kelly," explained Mrs. Barton determinedly. "The last time Tommy went to Sunday school you taught him that people are made of dust. Well, when he came home he nearly frightened me to death by trying to draw his little baby sister into the vacuum cleaner."

## Mistreated Foodstuffs

Beaten Biscuit.  
Whipped Cream.  
Deviled Eggs.  
Pulled Taffy.  
Jammed Berries.  
Paddled Butter.  
Sliced Tomatoes.  
Smothered Chicken.  
Panned Oysters.  
Roasted Beef.  
Pounded Steak.  
Mashed Potatoes.

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 82325; Dept. 4.

JAMES J. FALK, Plaintiff, vs. MAUDE EVELYN FALK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAUDE EVELYN FALK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of June, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-16-10

## NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 82655; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Dissolution of THE PETER WINDELER COMPANY (a corporation).

Notice is hereby given that THE PETER WINDELER COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, has filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court its application for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation; that said Court has fixed the time and place for hearing of said application for Friday, the 3rd day of August, 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, at its Court Room in the certain building known as the City Hall, Civic Centre, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California; and that said Court has directed the Clerk of said Court to give thirty days' notice of said application and the hearing thereof.

The time of publication of this notice will expire July 28, 1917, and before the expiration of said time any person may file his objections to said application.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 16th, 1917.

(Seal) I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy County Clerk.

LEON SAMUELS,  
Attorney for Applicant,  
434-436 Phelan Building,  
San Francisco, Calif.

6-23-6



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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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## Inksome Justice

Unfortunately for the dear people of San Francisco who inevitably defray the cost of pampering politicians the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution has not yet been struck out of that venerable instrument. The fourteenth amendment was adopted back in the days when there were no Christian Soldiers and progressive principles of government had not been substituted for fundamentals. In its implications the fourteenth amendment imposes the obligation of what the vociferous demagogue vaguely describes as "common honesty;" also it puts restraint on the Progressive mob and accords certain rights to the minority upon the theory that after all justice is really the end of government. These things are not explicitly set forth in the fourteenth amendment, yet they may be read by the intelligent man at whatever pace he runs. Politicians like Mayor Rolph and the average city attorney are blind to the implications of the fourteenth amendment; never, indeed, so incapable of reading aright as when in the guise of civic patriots they are appealing to the dishonesty of the mob. Hence the courts, as in the Spring Valley case, are frequently called upon to keep the mob in the straight path. We have no right to confiscate the property of a corporation. So says the Master in Chancery. Presently perhaps we shall learn that Spring Valley is not to be crowded out by Hetch-Hetchy without a red cent. *Town Talk's* prediction that the Hetch-Hetchy enterprise would turn out to be a sinister deal made by ostensibly virtuous servants in the interest of Spring Valley millionaires may come to be so true as to be obvious. At any rate Spring Valley is not to be confiscated either by rate-fixing or by political competition. Even the United Railroads may get a square deal much to the agony of the mob that is now eating out of the hands of public-spirited Mr.

Rolph. How sad to think that this great man's contemporaries may not live to celebrate him at an Indian dance around a lamp post!

## Meaning of a Patched-up Peace

We hear so much nowadays of "peace without indemnities, without annexation" it may be interesting to consider what precisely the phrase means. Obviously it would mean self-rehabilitation to the countries that have been overrun by the modern Huns, who, themselves, have in a great measure escaped the ravages of war. It would mean that Germany would start with an enormous economic advantage over her enemies. France, Belgium and other countries that have been crushed under the German heel would have no immediate means of paying their war debts. For many years they would be at the mercy of foreign competition, struggling under a load of taxation. What a great victory a patched-up peace would be for the Power that started the war in the hope of dominating the world! Surely the Kaiser in the event of a patched-up peace would be justified in pointing with pride to the success of his great adventure. At any rate the Germans would in a measure have attained the war-purposes which were outlined in Tannenberg's *Greater Germany* and Bernhardt's *Our Future*.

## The Four Track Proposition

According to the big and prosperous daily journal that reflects the views and personal ambitions of the heir to the Hearst estate, the merchants on the south side of Market street are a foolish lot of men; they evidence their lack of sense by their opposition to the Market street four-track proposition. The Hearst heir kindly informs the merchants that the proposition has much merit, and shrewdly observes that an extra set of tracks along the full length of Market street will greatly improve business and increase real estate values on that thoroughfare. He knows because he has observed that property values are high in State street, Chicago, in the Strand and in Fifth avenue. The editorial is a gem of the satanic wit in which Mr. Hearst excels, and the irony in which the editor deals at the expense of our Chamber of Commerce is intensely mirth provoking. We see no reason why the mischievous Hearst heir should not amuse himself in this manner notwithstanding the gravity of the subject. Through the years he has done a great

deal of injury to this city, but he has prospered. He has demonstrated that it is profitable for a newspaper owner in San Francisco to play the demagogue and pamper union labor at the expense of the city. The prejudices of union labor, which have proved incalculably detrimental to the city's best interests, Mr. Hearst has successfully cultivated without rebuke from the merchants whom he now ridicules or from the Chamber of Commerce that now gives edge to his irony. Why should he not pursue the policy that pays? Conscientious scruples are not to be restrained in his case; he is an unleashed and unhampered materialist. Now, the unions hope some day to control the carmen's union, and the more business they deprive the United Railroads of the more men must be employed to pay union dues, for the Municipal Railroad will need them. Hence the present attitude of *The Examiner* on the four-track proposition.

## A Hero Appreciated

As a result of our participation in the war the French have discovered the greatness of Lafayette. A great national hero is Lafayette, but not in France. French school histories have never celebrated Washington's friend. He is remembered in French history chiefly for the small part he played in the French Revolution which has always been more interesting to Frenchmen than our little affair; of more tremendous importance, too. And Lafayette did not figure as a hero to the masses in the French Revolution. A royalist, true to royalty, his memory has not been cherished by the French democracy of the twentieth century. But he fought for our freedom and we love him; and now that Frenchmen understand that our sympathy for them is in a measure inspired by the affection we bear to Lafayette they too esteem his memory as of a hero to whom his country is indebted for a precious heritage.

## Was Hearst Rebuked?

"God Almighty hates a quitter," says *The Chicago Tribune*, speaking of Mr. William R. Hearst's sympathy with the propaganda for a patched-up peace. In this *Tribune* editorial we find some interesting news and also a complete misunderstanding of the psychology of our 'darling native son. The news is that when the thrifty publisher first began preaching of "German invincibility and American folly" and advocating "an abandonment of our European allies upon the assumption that



they were licked" he received a rebuke that gave him pause and for a time halted his pro-German propaganda. This is the first we have heard of this rebuke. We should like to know the nature of the rebuke and its source. We have been under the impression that our complaisant President in his apparent indifference to the treason of the millionaire publisher reasoned that, given enough rope, the much coddled heir of the Hearst millions would eventually hang himself to the delight of all his patriotic fellow citizens. On no other hypothesis could we account for official toleration of mischievous behavior that we regard as not less beneficial to the common enemy than the anarchy and incendiarism of the I. W. W. We don't believe Mr. Hearst was ever officially rebuked, and therefore our belief that *The Tribune* is in error in saying that he "plucked up courage when stimulated by a false report that American officers who had inspected battle front conditions regarded the German line as unbreakable." "Wily Willie," as a New York writer has dubbed him, has misled *The Tribune*, has given that journal the false impression that stung and scared by a rebuke he had ceased his treasonable propaganda when, as a matter of fact, he had only suspended it. An occasional hiatus is characteristic of the policies of the chameleon of journalism. Nothing forthright and unprofitably fearless about the patriot of one day and the traitor of the next. In the pursuance of hazardous policies he finds it advisable to be shifty, to be prepared to sidestep and dodge responsibility. No, Mr. Hearst did not cease; he merely rested on his oars.

#### Flattering the Yellow Kid

In expounding the bewildering Hearst *The Tribune* comes nowhere near an understanding of his conduct; far from it. For instance it explains his attitude thus:

"Mr. Hearst is at war with Great Britain, and the United States is at war with Germany. Mr. Hearst has not seceded, but he has quit. He is ready for a German peace. He is conducting a private war with our most powerful ally, and he hopes to lead as many as possible of his subscribers into it. Mr. Hearst, for reasons good or bad, is in bad with the British. His news service has been denied the privileges of news gathering in British territory. British control of the news has been neither truthful nor tactful, but that is not a cause of war between the United States and Great Britain. Mr. Hearst has gone to war with Great Britain. His papers are barred out of Canada, and a person found with one on his person or in his possession is liable to severe punishment. Mr. Hearst consequently is at war with Canada. He may invade Canada soon and force the Canadians to eat the Sunday editions of his publications. There may have been no justification for the order barring the Hearst publications from Canada, but, just or unjust, it again is not a cause of war."

From all of which it is clear that *The Tribune* regards the abnormal publisher as a quite normal individual, when as a matter of fact he is peculiar. It may be asked, as Shylock asked respecting the Jew, hath not Mr. Hearst eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections? To be sure he has, but passions? alas, no; not as a Jew has passions. Mr. Hearst is not subject to emotions like other men. Mr. Hearst is unique; his blood is not so warm within that he may not like his grandsire sit at his ease as one cut in alabaster. He bears no grudge toward England that he would feed fat within him. Long before he was metaphorically kicked out of England he was attending strictly to the business of unspeakable Potsdam in the United States. And he is attending strictly to business now with nobody in authority to say him nay. *The Tribune* really flatters Mr. Hearst.

#### The Firebrand in Our Midst

Though *The Tribune* has a very imperfect conception of Hearst it quite correctly appreciates his potential worth to the Government that has made the Turks seem less impossible than formerly as residents of Europe. *The Tribune* tells us that he is particularly effective with a "class which does not reason but imitates," and it adds:

"He is teaching this class that the United States has been betrayed by its government and that the British have been allowed to use the men of the United States to gain their end in a spiteful war with the Germans. In doing so he is destroying what loyal Americans are trying so hard to build up—an American morale and an American understanding of the tremendous issues affecting the United States. There are many men who do not understand why they should be taken from their homes and from the orderly habits of their lives and sent to some dismal French battlefield to go over the top into the entanglements of No Man's Land. Mr. Hearst is telling them there is no reason for this, and he is telling them that they cannot win if they try it. Mr. Hearst has quit before the American soldier has begun to fight. He has thrown up the sponge before his fighter has the gloves on. He has hoisted the yellow flag before the red, white and blue has been unfurled. He attacks the confidence and courage of his fellow countrymen. He urges them to indecision and grumbling. He incites them to protest against the treasonable policy which the government has adopted—that of fighting this war on other soil than the soil of the United States."

Yes, this is precisely what Mr. Hearst is doing, and he is not beyond reach of a silencer that the President might use were he so disposed.

#### Vacation

Coming to the close of the vacation season the thought occurs what a lot of time is wasted, what a lot of hardship is endured in the futile exercise of that so-called inalienable right, the pursuit of happiness. Parenthetically let us observe that

in this free country where the greatest of all tyrants, the people, rule, it is not an inalienable right, rather one that is more exposed to alienation every day, all the while growing less sacred as time runs on, so irreverent are we growing not only respecting things spiritual but even toward the gods of our creature comforts. But after all there are so few individualists in the world what boots it that we are careless of our rights? Being mostly sheep in our doings, even what is irksome we come to think we like anyway; so why mourn over rights that the policeman is employed to take from us? The most sacred of them it will please us to surrender in time while persuading ourselves that we are doing ourselves good. Hence it is that pretending to pursue our happiness we go on vacations into the country and suffer the most enervating thoughts and inconveniences. We do this because we are governed by the opinions of others. We all fancy that nothing is so desirable as to be able to enjoy ourselves in our own way, but we go right along day in and day out doing very much as our neighbors do. Many a man wears himself to a frazzle driving a Ford through the country and perforce eating food from a delicatessen store in his mad efforts to make both ends meet. Such is the temperament of some men that they enjoy life along these lines, and it is well enough for them to play the economical tourist, but to imitate them is far from wholesome to the average imitator. The same is true of many a hunter, many a dancer, of many a person devoted to strenuous forms of exercise; and it is especially true of men who fail to act with reasonable intelligence in going far from home to cultivate happiness under the impression that it is wholly a state of mind. The state of a man's mind depends in no small degree upon the conditions of his body and on things that really contribute to his intellectual joy. It is of course well to rest the mind in the country, but a man's mind is not rested at a summer resort where he is bored by intolerable discussions, never permitted to forget that physical ailments are on all sides of him and made irritable by inconveniences that are ever on his nerves.

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## Varied Types

344—MRS. HARRIET A. FAY RICHARDS

By Edward F. O'Day

"We must do it all over again, children, because you didn't sing."

"I sang," says Happy.

"And Myron, you were not polite."

"I was polite," says Happy.

Whereupon the piano strikes up and they do it all over again, singing this time, and Myron is careful to be polite. That is, they all do it over again except Happy who, having done it once to his own satisfaction and placed himself on record in the matter, prefers now to hug the teacher and watch the rest go through with it. Happy is not easy to describe, for the simple reason that he is just plain boy, all boy—he even wears a red sweater.

"Happy is a character," comments Mrs. Richards as we sit in the Blue Room of the St. Francis and watch the afternoon circle of singing, rhythm and folk dancing.

To me they are all characters, these pupils of Mrs. Richards' school. Character seems to assert itself early, for some of these tots are only three years old and the oldest cannot be more than twelve. Yet everyone is individual, everyone holds the eye and engages the mind for some note of personality that makes him just a little different from the others. There are all sorts of tykes here: fat and skinny; tow-heads, brick-tops and brunettes; Dutch cuts and curls; crickets and lazy-bones; sober-sides and frivols; baby dolls and rough-housers; soldier boys and sailors, rompers and ballet skirts—all the sorts and conditions of children with which the good Lord gladdens this our world.

"You must love children," I had said to Mrs. Richards a few minutes before, upstairs in one of the class rooms. Instinctively, before she answered, her gaze moved for a second to the photographs of three handsome children on the top of her desk. She has more than a hundred children at present, but these three are her very own.

"Yes, I love them," she answered.

Alike in voice and in smile Mrs. Richards makes a peculiar impression upon one. There is nothing of weakness or indecision in her voice, yet when she speaks you feel that she is hiding large stores of energy, schooling herself to say less than she would like to say. And so of her smile. You feel that her smile is deliberately dimmed. Thus, when she said that she loved children, the tone and the smile conveyed to me that here was a woman who did not care to tell me, a stranger, just how much she loved children. Perhaps that is the way with teachers. I do not know. Are they expected to tame their exuberance? Or do they husband their resources against the incessant drain made upon them by their exhausting work? Whatever be the reason, I should say that Mrs. Richards is a woman of much greater force, of much stronger personality than she permits herself to seem.

The Richards schools are now three in number—the Hotel St. Francis, the Hotel Oakland and the Mount Diablo school. At least two other local hotels have tried—unsuccessfully so far—to pay Mrs. Richards the compliment of imitation—a compliment dubiously framed since it involves appropriating her methods. It is hardly to be doubted, therefore, that the Richards schools have come to stay. Hence it is interesting to learn their genesis. They were inspired by those three handsome children whose pictures brighten the top of Mrs. Richards' desk.

Mrs. Harriet A. Fay Richards was a school teacher in New Hampshire and Massachusetts before she came to San Francisco. She never taught school in Boston, she told me, because one must be of a certain age to teach there and she had not attained that age. It is not necessary to suppose that that age is very far along, because Mrs. Richards is quite young. Coming to San Francisco with three little children Mrs. Richards was troubled by the problem of a nursemaid.

"Most nursemaids are ignorant and therefore undesirable," she says. "To keep my children from the influence of an ignorant nursemaid I was in the habit, when I lived in New England, of hiring a school teacher to live with me. When I came to San Francisco with my three children I had to face the situation all over again. And so I decided to attempt what I had thought of many times—the establishment of a hotel school. I laid my plans before Mr. Woods of the St. Francis and he placed at my disposal, free of charge, all the rooms I needed. I started with five pupils including my own three children; now I have one hundred at this school alone."

The daily school period of these children is from nine to four. They are brought from home every morning in limousines and taken home again in the afternoon. If their parents wish them to go home for lunch, the limousines are at their disposal. But Mrs. Richards provides a hot lunch such as the most exacting parent cannot object to, so few go home in the middle of the day. Only a small percentage of the children live at the hotel; most of them are of families established in San Francisco. The course begins with kindergarten work and continues on through the primary grades; the California school text books are used and the teachers are Normal graduates. I asked Mrs. Richards about the kindergarten course.

"It is not Froebel and it is not Montessori," she answered; "it is my own, worked out through experience."

I learned that the little children take most readily to folk dancing and clay modeling—the latter being, I suppose, an extension of the mud pie idea which has absorbed children, doubtless, from the time when Cain and Abel were puttering around outside the walls of the Garden of Eden. But from what little I have seen of the St. Francis school, I should say that these delightful little kiddies take readily to everything. The singing circle is one huge lark to them, and even the class rooms do not seem to weigh at all upon their spirits. Certainly there is everything to make them happy—plenty of fresh air, beautiful surroundings and

the skilful guidance of smiling girls who seem to have as much fun as the youngsters.

"Some of these children are spoiled when they come to you," I surmised.

"A great many," said Mrs. Richards. "But we do not humor them. At first some of them demand that this be done for them and that they be given that, but there is one rule for all. When the parents object to this method I ask them to withdraw their children. The most trying time is when the children return from their vacations. They are apt to be obstreperous then."

"Do the boys or the girls give more trouble?"

"The boys," said Mrs. Richards, "naturally—they have more animal spirits. But the boys do things in the open; the girls are more deceitful."

There is one thing about these children which claims attention immediately. They are not the least bit self-conscious. The presence of their elders watching them bothers them not a bit; they take it for granted. There is no painful shyness on the one hand; no "showing off" on the other. They are as natural as children at play with no eyes upon them.

Just before I left the Blue Room where the children were gathered for the afternoon circle the young lady at the piano played the national anthem and the children stood up to salute the flag.

"We are all Americans," they chanted, and I looked about the circle to realize suddenly that the Richards school is a very charming melting pot.

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(Continued on Page 181)



## The Prison Gates

(Being the first chapter of the story of Belgium's woes entitled "Through the Iron Bars" written by the Belgian poet Emile Cammaerts)

The English-speaking public is generally well informed concerning the part played in the war by the Belgian troops. The resistance of our small field army at Liège, before Antwerp and on the Yser has been praised and is still being praised wherever the tale runs. This is easy enough to understand. The fact that those 100,000 men should have been able to hold so long in check the forces of the first military empire in Europe, and that a great number of them, helped by new contingents of recruits and led by their young king, should still be fighting on their native soil, must appeal strongly to the imagination.

If it be told how the new Belgian army, re-organized and reëquipped after the terrible ordeal on the Yser, is at the present moment much stronger than at the beginning of the war, how it has been able lately to extend its front in Flanders, and how some of its units have rendered valuable help to the cause of the Allies in East Africa and even in Galicia, the story sounds like a fairy tale. There is, in the history of this unequal struggle, the true ring of legendary heroism; it seems an echo of the tale of David and Goliath, or of Jack the Giant Killer; it is full of the triumph of the spirit over the flesh, of independence and free will over fatalism and brute force, of Right over Might.

I feel confident that some day a poet will be able to sing this great epic in verses which shall answer to the swinging rhythm of battle and roll with the booming of a thousand guns. But, in the meantime, I should like to say a few words about a much humbler, a much simpler, a much more familiar subject. It awakes no classical remembrances of Leonidas or Marathon. My heroes risk their lives, but they are not soldiers, merely prosaic bourgeois and workmen. They have no weapon, they cannot fight. They have only to remain cheery in adversity and patient in the face of taunts. They cannot render blow for blow, they have no sword to flourish against an insolent conqueror. They can only oppose a stout heart, a loyal spirit and an ironic smile to the persecutions to which they are subjected. They can do nothing—they must do nothing—only hope and wait. But there are as much heroism and beauty in their black frock coats and their soiled workmen's smocks as in the gayest and most glittering uniforms.

It is the plain matter-of-fact story of Belgian life under German rule. Many more people will be tempted to praise the glory of our soldiers. But, if the incidents of conquered Belgium's life are not recorded in good time, they might escape notice. People might forget that, besides the 150,000 to 200,000 heroes who are now waging war for Belgium on the western front, there are 7,500,000 heroes who are suffering for Belgium behind the German lines, in the close prison of guarded frontiers, cut off from the whole world, separated alike from those who are fighting for their deliverance and from those who have sought refuge abroad.

These are the people whom America, England, Spain and many generous people in other allied and neutral countries have tried to save from material starvation. If I could only show to my readers how they are saving themselves from despair, from spiritual starvation, I should be

well repaid for my trouble, for, among all the wonders of this war, which has displayed mankind as at once so much worse and so much better than we thought, there is perhaps nothing more surprising than the way in which the Belgian people have kept up their spirits.

One can, to a certain extent, understand the bright courage and the grim humor of the fighting soldier; he has the excitement of battle to sustain him through danger and suffering. But that an unarmed population, which, having witnessed the martyrdom of many peaceful towns, is threatened with utter destruction, which, ruined by war contributions and requisitions, is on the brink of starvation, which, persecuted by spies and subjected constantly to the most severe individual and collective punishments on the slightest pretext, is obliged to refrain from any manifestation of patriotic sentiments—that such a population, completely cut off from its government and from most of its political leaders, and, moreover, poisoned every day by news concocted by the enemy, should remain unshakable in its courage and loyalty and should still be able to laugh at the efforts made by its masters to bring it into submission, is truly one of the most amazing spectacles which we have witnessed since the war broke out. General von Bissing has declared that the Belgians are an enigma to him. No wonder. They are an enigma to themselves. I will only attempt to show how inexplicable, how miraculous, it is.

The German occupation of Belgium may be roughly divided into two periods: Before the fall of Antwerp, when the hope of prompt deliverance was still vivid in every heart, and when the German policy, in spite of its frightfulness, had not yet assumed its most ruthless and systematic character; and, after the fall of the great fortress, when the yoke of the conqueror weighed more heavily on the vanquished shoulders, and when the Belgian population, grim and resolute, began to struggle to preserve its honor and loyalty and to resist the ever increasing pressure of the enemy to bring it into complete submission and to use it as a tool against its own army and its own king.

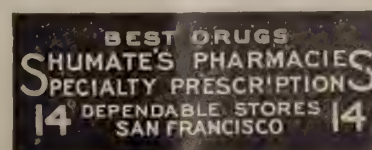
I am only concerned here with the second period. The story of the German atrocities committed in some parts of the country at the beginning of the occupation is too well known to require any further comment. Every honest man, in Allied and neutral countries, has made up his mind on the subject. No unprejudiced person can hesitate between the evidence brought forward by the Belgian Commission of Enquiry and the vague denials, paltry excuses and insolent calumnies opposed to it by the German Government and the pro-German press. Besides, in a way, the atrocities committed during the last days of August, 1914, ought not to be considered as the culminating point of Belgium's martyrdom. They have of course appealed to the imagination of the masses, they have filled the world with horror and indignation, but they did not extend all over the country, as the present oppression does; they only affected a few thousand men and women, instead of involving hundreds of thousands. They were clean wounds wrought by iron and fire, sudden, brutal blows struck at the heart of the country, wounds and blows from which it is possible to recover

quickly, from which reaction is possible, which do not affect the soul and honor of a people. The military executioners of 1914 were compassionate when compared to the civilian administrators who succeeded them. The pen may be more cruel than the sword. Considered in the light of the recent deportations, the first days of frightfulness seem almost merciful.

Observers have found no words strong enough to praise the attitude of the Belgian people when victory seemed close at hand, when news was still allowed to reach them. What should be said now after the twenty-seven months for which they have been completely isolated from the rest of the world? The ruthless methods of the German army of invasion which deliberately massacred 5,000 unarmed civilians and sacked six or seven towns and many more villages has been vehemently condemned. What is to be the verdict now that they have succeeded, after two years of effort, in sacking the whole country, ruining her industry and commerce, throwing out of employment her best workmen and leading into slavery tens of thousands of her staunchest patriots? The horrors of Louvain and Dinant were compared, with some reason, to the excesses of the Thirty Years War, but modern history offers no other instance of forced labor and wholesale deportations. If, fifty years ago, the conscience of the world revolted against black slavery, what should its feelings be today when it is confronted with this new and most appalling form of white slavery? We should in vain ransack the chronicles of history to find, even in ancient times, crimes similar to this one. For the Jews were at war with Babylon, the Gauls were at war with Rome. Belgium did not wage war against Germany. She merely refused to betray her honor.

Let us watch, then, the closing of the prison gates. Up to the beginning of October, the Belgians, especially the people of Brussels, had been kept in a state of suspense by the three sorties of the Belgian army, which left the shelter of the Antwerp forts to advance towards Vilvorde and Louvain, a few miles from the capital. At the beginning of September, the sound of guns came so close that the people rejoiced openly, thinking that deliverance was at their gates. To sober their spirit—or to exasperate their patience?—the governor general ordered that a few Belgian prisoners, some of them wounded, with their quickfiring guns drawn by a dog, should be marched through the crowded streets. The men were covered with dust, their heads wrapped in blood-stained bandages, and they kept their eyes on the ground as if ashamed. Some women sobbed on seeing them, others cursed their guards, other plundered a flower shop and showered flowers upon them. At last two stalwart workmen shouldered away the escort, and, helped by the

(Continued on Page 18)





## Poems About Oaklanders

1—JACK LONDON

By George Sterling

Oh! was there ever face, of all the dead,  
In which, too late, the living could not read  
A mute appeal for all the love unsaid—  
A mute reproach for careless word and deed?

And now, dear friend of friends, we look on thine,  
To whom we could not give a last farewell—  
On whom, without a whisper or a sign,  
The deep, unfathomable Darkness fell.

Oh! gone beyond us, who shall say how far?—  
Gone swiftly to the dim eternity,  
Leaving us silence, or the words that are  
To sorrow as the foam is to the sea.

Unfearing heart, whose patience was so long!  
Unresting mind, so hungry for the truth!  
Now hast thou rest, O gentle one and strong,  
Dead like a lordly lion in its youth!

Farewell! although thou know not, there alone!  
Farewell! although thou hear not in our cry  
The love we would have given had we known.  
Ah! and a soul like thine—how shall it die?

## The Spectator

## Templeton Crocker's Play

The fifteenth grove play of the Bohemian Club has had its single presentation and now lives in the memory of Bohemians and between the covers of a book. The author of this year's drama is Templeton Crocker who enjoys the distinction of being the first millionaire to indite a grove piece for Bohemia. Crocker calls his play "The Land of Happiness" and lays his scene in a remote part of China many years ago. The action is mythological, Crocker being the myth-maker, creating Chinese gods and mortals of his own fancy to participate in a story of love and fear, hate, revenge and apotheosis. To summarize the argument of a grove play is nearly always to make it appear bald and unconvincing, and this is more than ever the case with Crocker's play which is fantastic, spectacular, a play of pageantry, of riotous color and gorgeous costume. Nevertheless, those of us who are not Bohemians and yet are curious to know what happens on the

hillside stage on "the big Saturday night of Bohemia" would rather see the skeleton of the grove drama than nothing at all.

## Defying the Fox-God

It seems that in the remote corner of Cathay to which Crocker transports us the benighted Chinks adore the Fox-God who is none other than Dick Hotaling. And a tough divinity he is. For peevish the chief god of the Chinese pantheon this Fox-God has been impounded in a shrine for one hundred years. He can only be liberated when some mortal has enough gumption to call him down. This nervy mortal appears in the person of George Hamlin the tenor who came all the way from New York to sing in the Bohemian Grove. When Hamlin turns up at the shrine of the wicked Dick Hotaling, otherwise the Fox-God, a beautiful young virgin (Kenneth Cook), the daughter of the viceroy (Judge Melvin), is about to make her spiritual devoirs. Before he went on his travels to the distant lands of the "red-haired barbarians" George Hamlin had loved this maiden and as he is still true to her, he interrupts her spiritual exercises long enough to pay violent court to her. In doing so he tells Dick Hotaling what he thinks of him, and thus liberates that wicked divinity from his century-long incarceration. There's the devil to pay then. Hotaling swears by his fox-godhead to get revenge.

## The Kiss of Death

In the second act George Hamlin is at the country seat of the viceroy Justice Melvin, telling travelers' tales. Most of the entourage of the viceroy regard him as an awful liar; but Judge Melvin reminds them that once upon a time during a tong war with the neighboring Chinks George's father had saved his (the viceroy's) life. So he decides to let Hamlin marry his beautiful daughter. Nothing could suit George and the fair virgin quite so well. But just when everything seems to be going nicely a great procession heaves in sight. It is an embassy from the Emperor of China, and the ambassador wants nothing less than the daughter of the viceroy for his bride. Of course he has to have her. George Hamlin doesn't like this at all, but his protest is useless; they

shove him unceremoniously off the stage. The ambassador clasps his bride-elect, and as soon as he kisses her she drops dead. Then the ambassador reveals himself as none other than Dick Hotaling the wicked Fox-God, and having thoroughly enjoyed his revenge he exits laughing fiendishly.

## Happiness in Heaven

The third and last act is at the shrine of the Fox-God once more. The lovelorn Hamlin is there feeling pretty blue over the death of his love, but spunky just the same. He tells the Fox-God what he thinks of him and sets fire to the shrine. At first there is a tremendous to-do of the elements, but after that a peach tree is revealed in the place of the shrine—the Peach Tree of Happiness in full bloom. The spirit of his lady-love appears and leads George Hamlin up to heaven; the goddess of love and happiness is seen; and the chorus sings that China is awake, the Fox-God banished and "happiness reigneth in all Cathay."

## An Opulent Imagination

I have treated the plot lightly because the plot, though superior to the plots of several recent Bohemian grove dramas, is really of minor importance. Crocker used this plot as a frame on which to drape the vestments of a glowing imagination, as an easel on which to support a picture of opulent colorfulness. "The Land of Happiness" is like a tapestry unwinding before the eye picture after gorgeous picture. It must have reminded the Bohemians who saw it of those rich oriental murals which

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Albert Herter painted for the dining room of Templeton Crocker's Hotel St. Francis, or of the pageantry of that wonderful oriental ball which Mr. and Mrs. Templeton Crocker gave their friends some years ago. The costumes of this grove drama were so rich in material, so rare in color that Templeton Crocker, I am given to understand, freely offered to "put in" with the club in paying for them, knowing of course that there are limits to the size of the fortune which Bohemia is able to spend on a grove play. There were one hundred and sixty Bohemians in the chorus of this stupendous spectacle! There were students, priests, guards of the viceroy, chair-bearers, trumpeters, lantern carriers, insignia and shield bearers, banqueters, musicians, lictors, gong-beaters, slaves with chests (not in the anatomical sense), swordsmen, litter bearers, handmaidens, dancers, celestial beings and populace, all garbed in vestures that "far outshone the wealth of Ormuz or of Ind." And there were sixteen principal actors who wore fortunes on their backs—for one night only. We have some daring pageant-makers in this little old town—witness Edgar Walter, Sam Berger and others—but none who ever dared to exhaust a lavish imagination the way Crocker did in this play.

### The Blank Verse and Lyrics

This play reveals Templeton Crocker to us for the first time as a writer. He need not be ashamed of the exposure. Professional writers, some of them at least, have done no better than this amateur when they tackled the ticklish job of writing the blank verse which is the conventional medium for grove drama. Here is a fair sample of Crocker's blank verse, exhibiting, as might be expected, lots of "end-stopped lines:"

One hundred years imprisoned now am I.  
And yet this dismal spot suits well my mood.  
There are no birds. Those cheerful messengers,  
Bred in the Land of Happiness, here find  
Their melodies are choked within their throats.  
I hear but music of the gibbon's howl!  
My sole companion is the bird of gloom,  
The owl, grim harbinger of death, itself!  
Incarcerated thus, yet have I power,  
Where'er my temple hides the brilliant sun,  
To shrivel all that grows inside that spot.  
Behold the sorry emblem of man's hope—  
The Peach of Happiness! Within my shade  
No blossoms sprout upon that withered tree.  
I am supreme!

Of Crocker's lyrical essays I shall give two examples. This is George Hamlin singing his heart out to his virgin lady-love:

Fei-Yen-Fah, my woodland dove,  
Dare I tell to thee my love?  
Red thy lips as ruby rings,  
Small thy feet as fairy wings,  
Fair thy cheek as light above;  
Fei-Yen-Fah, my woodland dove.

The other example, I'm afraid, won't mean much to most of us. I don't know whether Crocker faked it, or had it written for him in one of the poetry shops of Chinatown:

Nan-mo O-mi-to po-ye,  
To-ta-kia to-ye,  
To-ti-ye-ta O-mi-li-to po-kwan,  
O-mi-li-to,  
Sih-tan-po-kwan,  
O-mi-li-to, etc., etc., etc.

### Joe Redding's Music

They tell me that Joe Redding's music was a surprise, it was so good. You have to hand it to Joe. He will try anything—once—and generally gets away with it. Fancy Joe writing Chinese music! Well, he did it. I am as-

sured that it was very pleasing. Joe says in his explanation of the score that Chinese music "is very definite, very accurate; it is nowise lacking in technical form and development." This is something for which a lot of us who sometimes hear a Chinese funeral band or go to a Chinese theatre have to take Joe's word. By combining Chinese with occidental music, however, Joe is said to have achieved some very pleasant effects, although I am told that a few of his bars defied the nimblest voices in the club. There has been more or less complaint in the Bohemian Grove that by putting the orchestra in a pit the proper effect of the music is diminished. I should think that anything which would diminish the strength of oriental music would be justifiable; but Bohemians stoutly aver that Joe's music was so worthy that they could have stood the full effect of it. However, they'll be able to hear it all at the public concert—and on that occasion our musical critics will have a chance to say their say about it.

### The Critics Were Absent

Last year and for several years before that, the dramatic critics of the daily press were invited to attend the grove drama and criticize it for the benefit of the general public. This year the critics were overlooked when invitations were sent out. It is said that their criticisms had been getting too severe . . . . The attendance at the grove this year was the largest ever, with the single exception of 1915, the Exposition year, when distinguished strangers from all over the world were invited to witness "Apollo," the grove play written by Frank Pixley and Edward F. Schneider . . . . Paderewski left during the second act of "The Land of Happiness." The query in Bohemia is: Was the night too cold for his health which is not very robust, or didn't he cotton to the Chinese music? . . . . The quietus has been placed definitely on the proposal to repeat the play at the grove for the benefit of the women-folk of the Bohemians. Joe Redding was strong to have the ladies up to the Russian River retreat at twenty dollars a ticket, but three-fourths of the club membership was against the idea. . . . . As usual, there is nothing but the highest praise for the stage direction of that wizard Frank Mathieu and the lighting effects of that magician Eddie Duffy.

### Hotaling and Robertson

Who made the individual hits of the jinks? The answer is: Dick Hotaling and Harry Robertson. Dick made the big hit in the grove play; Aleck Robertson's son in the Friday night entertainment or low jinks. Hotaling's acting as the Fox-God was said by those who ought to know to be so good that no professional actor in the country could have hoped to better it. He was particularly effective in the second act when the Fox-God appeared in the disguise of an ambassador from the emperor. Dick Hotaling has won many laurels on the boards; this time, I am told, he surpassed himself. Harry Robertson's voice is an instrument new to Bohemia. There were Bohemians, doubtless, who did not know that it had had the best training that the teachers of Milan could give it. It proved a veritable sensation. Robertson had the trying task of starting the low jinks (which was conducted by Harry Leon Wilson, the author of "Bunker Bean" and "Ruggles"). He began with Tosti's "Ideale," and almost at once he held Bohemia in the palm of his hand. As the last beautiful note

floated off amid the redwoods the deep hush of the audience gave way to thunders of applause. Then he sang "Si vous l'aviez compris" by Danza, and once more he enthralled his hearers. This was with 'cello and violin accompaniment. He ended with George Sterling's "River of Sleep." Harry Robertson was the big discovery of the jinks. Another big hit of the Friday night entertainment was Clay Greene's skit in which the author played a leading part.

### Distinguished Guests

Of course there were a lot of the illuminati and cognoscenti and dilettanti on hand to see Crocker's play. The playwright's uncle Will Crocker was host extraordinary on this occasion. His guests included Charles B. Alexander of New York, President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, Professor J. D. Prince of Columbia, Dr. H. L. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation, Walter D. Hines, chairman of the Santa Fe board, Professor Henry F. Osbourne of the American Museum of Natural History, Samuel A. Perkins of Tacoma and Benjamin Lawrence of New York. Other guests at the jinks included Theodore N. Vail of the Bell telephone corporation, Newcomb Carlton, president of the Western Union, Welles Bosworth, the New York architect, C. K. G. Billings, gas and racing magnate, G. O. Knapp and Floyd K. Tod, Chicago corporation executives, P. H. Holyoak of Hongkong, J. M. Davis of Baltimore, Lloyd Osbourne, William H. Crane, Arthur Maitland, Julian Eltinge and last but not least, the great Paderewski. There were some dearly beloved Bohemians missed at the grove this year, Bohemians who will never gladden the redwood forest with their presence again. The list included Jack London, Frank Unger, "Billy" Barton, Dr. Philip Mills Jones, Jere Lynch, Ellis Parrish and William Greer Harrison. Morse Stephens who had been near death since last year's outing, was warmly congratulated on his recovery.

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### Wheeler's Strange Talk

One of the things about which Bohemians talked emphatically but rather reticently when they returned from the grove was the strange attitude toward the war taken by Benjamin Ide Wheeler. The president of the University of California has a son in the army, and his patriotism is sound at the core; but it has some strange externals. President Wheeler has been a personal friend of the Kaiser, and it seems that he cannot forget that. His attitude toward Great Britain in this world war is a good deal like that of the Kaiser himself. He freely states that Great Britain through her superb diplomacy, is using the world as her catspaw in this great struggle. As one Bohemian expressed it:

"Wheeler talks like a Hearst war-editorial."

### Temperance in Bohemia

It is not so long ago that eight hundred Bohemians sitting down to the Friday night dinner in the grove—the big dinner of the annual outing—would consume twelve hundred bottle of imported champagne. That time has passed. At the Friday night dinner this year not more than a hundred quarts were drunk. Instead of the bubbly beverage mineral water, light sauterne and cafe au lait were much in evidence. Of course there was a great deal of conviviality in the big camps with their private entertainments, but the hard-drinking days of Bohemia seem to be over.

### What Gregory Saw in Belgium

The average German is not essentially a Hun. So says Warren Gregory the attorney, member of the local bar, who entertained the members of the Bar Association at their weekly luncheon the other day with a talk on the doings of Germans in Belgium. As one of Herbert Hoover's staff in Belgium Mr. Gregory had many opportunities of studying the methods of the German Government in civil and military administration. The methods are of course the methods of ruthlessness, and according to Mr. Gregory they are not only cruel but stupid. Germany has made enormous blunders from the standpoint of her own interests, and today, whatever the material benefits she has gained, they have been offset by the disadvantages incurred by her almost inconceivable ineptitudes. But Mr. Gregory would differentiate the individual German from his Government; that is, he would ascribe German ineptitudes and atrocities not to the German soldier or administrator but to the Government. In other words, he holds that barbarism is not a characteristic of the Teutonic nature, that the ordinary German is as susceptible to human emotion as the average man, but that discipline has rendered him servile rather than callous. And so he does whatever he is ordered to do. Instinctively he obeys like the soldier who never stops to reason why, and it doesn't matter

what order he receives, or how repugnant the duty demanded.

### Punishing the Germans

In consequence of the German administration of Belgium, says Gregory, the oppressed people are now treating their enemies with dignified contempt, and the effect on the Germans is obvious. It is evident that the Germans themselves are suffering. Their souls have been seared. They have been made sensible of the ignoring they have brought on themselves. No Belgian would condescend to address a German. The soldiers walk the streets in silence and are utterly ignored. It is obvious from the expression on the countenance of the average soldier that he is undergoing something of spiritual torture. His manner contrasts strangely with that of his victims, the people who have been treated most inhumanly by their conquerors. The Belgians have maintained a cheerful disposition, and having a fine sense of humor they have found means of visiting their irony on their oppressors. Indeed they have seemed to enjoy themselves at the expense of the Germans, and even in some instances when fines have been imposed they have been ostentatious in paying them as though indicating that the acts complained of were well worth the money extorted.

### Three Fighting Figures

The three fighting figures in France today are Ribot the Premier, M. Painlevé the Minister of War, and General Petain. All have been active from the beginning of the war and have played important parts, but at present they compose a group on which a white light is beating. All are interesting characters, and each has a past from which is reflected a very broad hint of what may be expected in the councils of the immediate future. Ribot is a man free from the extremist spirit which characterizes so many politicians in France. He has steered the middle course through parliamentary shoals and gained the esteem of those who love fair play. In the Dreyfus case he believed in the innocence of the captain, but disbelieved in some of the methods for establishing it. His love of compromise caused him to be accused of sheltering General Mercier, the War Minister of the day, who was behind the famous trial; in reality he sought only a sound and unsensational way out of the difficulty. His moderate spirit also was shown in the Church versus State controversy. Though a Protestant M. Ribot objected to separation on the ground that the State had incurred certain obligations towards the Church, which could not be disregarded, and he resented also the harsh methods of the Combes Ministry in driving out the religious orders. That he was right is now generally conceded by his countrymen, for the war has brought a truce to anti-clericalism. Ribot's

strength lies in his experience of public office as Minister of Finance and Minister of Foreign Affairs. In the one field he found out the resources of the country and induced Jacques Bonhomme to bring forth his gold for the War

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Loan, from his legendary bas de laine; in the other he found out the thoughts of Europe and, incidentally, signed that great contract with Russia which is the basis of the Grand Alliance: thus it is not inappropriate that today he should be the representative of that policy.

#### Painlevé and Petain.

Premier Painlevé, the Minister of War, is a statesman of uncommon erudition, also a great mathematician. Much learning has not robbed him of his action; he is as decisive and unequivocal as a proposition of Euclid. His mathematical talent contributed to the victory of Verdun. He was Minister of Education and Inventions at the time—under the Briand Ministry—and, with the aid of M. Borel, revised the old artillery tables for range-finding with the result that the guns had a new accuracy in destructive force. It was Painlevé who settled the Greek business. He, too, was on the side of the defendant in the Dreyfus case and he led demonstrations in the Latin Quarter, where he was professor of mathematics at the Sorbonne. By the natural order of events, he became deputy for this Pays Latin, the nearest approach that France possesses to a university constituency, and remained in that position for ten years. He interested himself in army questions, but resisted the Three Years Bill, holding with Jaurès, the Socialist orator, that it was better to have a small, highly-trained army and a full developed reserve than a large and loose general system—a huge “barracks” army, in fact. But when war came, there was none more determined than he to secure “peace with honor” by force of arms. Like M. Ribot, he is a member of the Institute of France, his department being the Academy of Science. General Petain, like Painlevé, is distinguished as a mathematician and scientist. Everyone knows that he sprang into world-wide prominence for his defense of Verdun, where, without sufficient means, he resisted the Germans during weeks of ferocious attack. A man of exceptional bravery, people have wondered that he has survived so many hairbreadth escapes. But a special Providence seems to watch over him, delivering him, at the critical moment, from mortal harm. Legends have grown up about his invulnerability as well as about his methods for retaining youthfulness. He is sixty, but he has the face and figure of fifty. Someone started the story that he skips every morning; he believes, certainly, in the sovereign virtues of diet and exercise and measures his food and drink as carefully as if he were a jockey training to weight. If he has a fault, it is his lack of self-assertion. He lives a life of retirement amongst his books and problems. None the less he had a great reputation in army circles before the war for his theories on attack; practice, particularly the fierce fights around Vaux and Douaumont—the forts to the north of Verdun—have but confirmed that estimate. His rise to the highest post has been startling, even in this startling war, for in August, 1914, he was simply a colonel with thoughts of retirement.

#### Saving Money at the City Hall

The long neglected practice of economy is to begin under the great maladministration of our four-track Mayor. His Board of Health has

resolved to cut down expenses for the benefit of the taxcaters of the Board of Public Works and to that end will dispense with the emergency hospital at the Potrero. This hospital is a luxury inasmuch as it provides quick service for workmen injured in the heart of our great industrial centre. It is right in the neighborhood of such big industrial plants as are maintained on the Potrero by the Union Iron Works, the California Barrel Works, the Western Sugar Refinery, the Tubbs Cordage Company, Montague & Co., the Kress Shipyards Company, the American Can Company, the United Railroads Company and many others. With an emergency hospital far removed from the Potrero many a man will die on his way from the scene of an injury to the nearest operating table, but all the injured will have a longer ride and more bumps and besides there will be an apparent reduction in the city's overhead expenses. The only objection to this stroke of economy is that it will not seem to be consistent with the principle of saving mortals rather than money. It might be well for some supervisor to invoke this principle and keep the hospital where it is and where it is more urgently required than in any other section of the city.

#### Woods and Tait

So James Woods and John Tait are two of six men selected by Herbert Hoover to confer with him on the national food situation. That two men should be drawn from this much maligned city and only four from the rest of the country gratifies local pride. Incidentally, it must be an awful shock to Paul Pry Smith and his coterie of busybodies that these two men should be the manager of the St. Francis Hotel and the proprietor of Tait's Cafe. These are institutions against which paulsmithery has manifested a decided grudge. It's a wonder Paul does not wire Hoover protesting against their appointment and back his protest with a few burning words from the ineffable Stidger.

#### Earl's Newspaper Failure

When Millionaire Earl of Los Angeles embarked in the newspaper business I predicted that the venture would greatly diminish his income, but I said also that Mr. Earl was well able to keep a costly toy. It never occurred to me, however, that he might become a “welcher,” for I knew that after absolving himself of the sin of rebating he became an uncompromising idealist, a reformer of resounding principles, an exemplar of all the virtues of civic patriotism. Besides I was told he was what practical, unpolished politicians call a “game guy.” But now I hear of a law-suit growing out of the newspaper venture, and being imperfectly informed I am wondering. According to the testimony in the case Mr. Earl lost \$275,393.80 in 1916 and \$222,609.56 in 1915, and it was to improve business that the plaintiff in the action was lured to Los Angeles from Omaha. He came under contract and the contract has been abrogated. Perhaps the Omaha man failed to make good and perhaps Mr. Earl was justified in letting him go, but whatever the truth, the interesting fact is that the Earl papers have not received the support they deserved from the Progressive cause in California. And it was as a Progressive publisher that Mr. Earl started out to put a crimp

in the Hearst and Otis bank accounts and to offset the influence of the anti-Progressive press. In a letter negotiating with the plaintiff Mr. Earl indicated the fine prospect arising from the circumstance that his Morning Tribune was the “only metropolitan Progressive morning newspaper in the entire State.” The only one indeed, but alas languishing from non-support. The Progressives are good voters and very zealous in the cause of good government, but apparently they lack the intelligence to appreciate a good organ. It remains to be seen whether Mr. Earl will welch on the whole crowd of Christian soldiers and change the complexion of his paper.

#### Another Costly Journal

Speaking of the Earl misadventure, my interesting friend, The Knave, of the Oakland Tribune, observes that “newspapermen fail to recall any other instance of a newspaper publishing venture in California losing more than a quarter of a million dollars a year.” Have they forgotten The Examiner in the days of “Uncle George” Hearst? Or am I in error in giving credence to the estimates of the losses of The Examiner in the days of old and for several years after the precious son of the former Senator took hold of the losing daily? Young Hearst depended on his enormous wealth to put The Examiner on its feet, and like Earl he imported an experienced business manager, not from Omaha but from Minneapolis, I think it was, and it was reported that he paid the man an enormous salary. That chap went out for the money and got it. It was he that got the Southern Pacific contract which Hearst found it expedient to repudiate after a time. That was when Wily Willie was building up a reputation for impeccability.

#### Urgently Needed

A doctor sat in a front seat in a theatre the other night. In the breathless silence, as the third act neared its climax, there was a commotion near the door and then a grave voice said:

“Is Dr. Blank in the audience?”

Dr. Blank rose calmly. He passed down the aisle with the serious, self-contained air of one on whom the life of a fellow creature depends. A young man awaited him at the door.

“Well?” said the doctor. “Well, sir, what is it?”

“Doctor,” said the young man as he drew a large wallet from his pocket, “I'm Cash & Payup's new collector. Would it be convenient for you to settle that small account this evening?”

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# Gas

By H. P. Pitts

"Its potential powers learning,  
Soon industry's wheels were turning  
And myriad lights were burning  
In illuminating mass;  
Night to day became transition  
By the simplest ignition  
Of a match to that condition  
That is gas.

Wooster.

For more than a hundred years now the unseen giant has been doing his work quietly, faithfully and without cessation. He was discovered and harnessed by a man of Scottish birth by name of William Murdock. We read from Hunt's "History of the Introduction of Gas Lighting" that the original Murdock family, who came from Flanders, were "ecclesiastical builders or architects of repute." Murdock inherited from his father a taste for mechanics and derived from him much technical knowledge. He left home in his twenty-third year to seek his fortune amongst strangers. This was in the year 1777, and he found employment in the Soho Works near Birmingham owned by James Watt and Matthew Boulton, the former celebrated for having put into operation the first steam engine.

It was little wonder that with his natural genius and by being surrounded by such people as his employers he developed the different apparatus that has been ascribed to him. He is given credit for having invented the first steam carriage, the "Sun and Planet wheels" and a number of other appliances, but the invention from which he achieved the most distinction was that of producing gas from coal and utilizing it for illuminating, hence we see one of his first demonstrations in the illumination of Soho Foundry in 1798.

The people of these times, however, were very skeptical, as is always the case when any development is about to revolutionize the world, and it required numerous experiments and demonstrations to convince the moneyed people to put their money into any project for its ultimate utility. It is said that Murdock inflated bladders with his gas as a means of carrying it about for demonstration purposes.

About this time a man named Winsor, a native of Zuaim who had taken up his residence in Paris, left this latter city in disgust for London in the year 1802. He seems to have been the Rufus Wallingford of the gas industry, and from what we read of him he was just about one hundred years ahead of his time. He claims to have been the discoverer of coal gas, and, having more of a promotion than a development brain, busied himself by forming lighting companies on a large scale throughout England. Winsor met with more or less success, for his enthusiasm was unconfined, and he went about his work of promotion after the fashion of some of our more recent mining schemes, some of which, of course, were disastrous. His efforts, however, were not without some good results for he had dreams which were away beyond his time. It is interesting to read of the criticisms which were hurled at him, for instance when he dreamed of using gas lights for "hot and green houses," some clever poet produced the following:

"Hesper of Science! philosophic light!  
Like Newton sent to illumine Britain's night,

To pure caloric change A gust's smoke,  
Her soot to ether, and her coal to coke,  
Big noxious fumes impart a vital gale,  
And morbid lungs Carbonic breath inhale,—  
Thee I address! dispel the frown severe,  
Nor deem the opposer of thy patent, near;  
Know! that 'gainst genius of such giant size  
(A blaze of evidence beaming my eyes),  
Committees, gifted with discernment keen,  
And faith (the evidence of things not seen)  
'Gainst proof and inference of such high pretense,  
'Twere vain to urge the doubts of common sense,  
And far from me the wish, with satire's jibe,  
To censure schemes to which I can't subscribe;  
Mine be the task to fumigate thy fame,  
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

There all the vegetable world shall praise,  
And on thy altars hot-house incense blaze,  
Exotic seedlings rising from their bed,  
Shall o'er thy flues their early perfumes shed,  
No leaf for lack of Hydrogen complain,  
No flow'ret droop 'in aromatic pain';  
The heat more genial than the solar ray,  
Shall vivid hue and fragrant scent convey;  
Cheer'd by the Gas hall groves of cresses rise,  
And ginkgos rival cucumbers in size;  
Mushrooms no longer skulk in earth like moles,  
But like impatient buttons burst their holes;  
Young thistles forced, shall artichokes become,  
And laurels 'drop a medicinal gum';  
Heaths turn'd to underwoods for lopping call,  
And groundsel and ground-ivy top the wall,  
Toadstools and puff-balls, which, for want of care,  
Now 'waste their sweetness on the desert air,'  
Shall with their tribe of fungi quit the field,  
And, stoved by thee, cephalic odors yield;  
Mustard unmade its pungent powers disclose,  
And peppers take the gard'ner by the nose;  
To meet thy fame the Heliotrope shall turn,  
And for thy gas with Clytie's passion burn;  
Nourished by thee each plant to seed shall run,  
And in thy system hail another sun!

The concluding stanza runs thus:

"And when—ah Winsor! distant be the day,  
Life's flame no longer shall ignite thy clay;  
Thy phospor nature, active still, and bright,  
Around us shall diffuse post obit light;  
Perhaps, translated to another sphere,  
Thy spirit like thy light refined and clear,  
Ballooned with purest Hydrogen shall rise,  
And add a Patent Planet to the skies;  
Then some sage Sidrophel, with Herschel-eye,  
A bright Winsorium Sidus shall descry;  
The vox stellarum shall record thy name,  
And thine outlive another Winsor's fame!"

It was not many years before gas lighting became general throughout England and France and in America. The city of Baltimore, Maryland, only a year ago celebrated its centenary of gas lighting, and it has held its own all of these years. The cities of London and Paris, as also the large cities of the United States, are quite extensively lighted by gas today.

The history of the development of gas for use for purposes other than that of lighting is a most interesting one. It was not long before its heat values began to be recognized, hence the development of the kitchen range and its other uses for domestic purposes, until today we see the kitchen fully equipped with gas appliances, viz: the kitchen range, the water heater, the garbage incinerator, and everything that goes to make up an all-gas kitchen. We now find very attractive appliances for heating our houses; there is the gas radiator in which gas is consumed, giving off its heat through the radiator, the products of combustion passing off through the flue; the system of radiators by which the whole house may be piped as with

a steam radiator system, with the exceptional advantage that any one of the gas radiators will automatically shut itself off when the room has reached a predetermined temperature, all of the products of combustion being drawn off by means of an electrically operated fan. There is the hot air gas furnace, which may be located in the basement and provides hot air for warming the house through ducts to floor or wall registers. There is the very attractive radiant heater which is made to set in the grate and to throw its ray of heat across the room, the gas fumes being drawn up the chimney by a specially developed arrangement.

There is not a convenience in the household where heat is a feature that gas is not performing its duty faithfully and without a peer.

As time went on the mechanical claims of gas were discovered and developed, and the power hidden within its forces was made to do its work, for has not the scientist told us that "light is heat and that heat is power."

The gas engine has been doing its work for over fifty years, and the high state of perfection to which the highest grade of automobile engines has attained is but a step in advance of the earlier developed gas engine which turns hundreds of thousands of horse-power in our country and in other countries. We have gone beyond the dreams of Winsor and are utilizing gas for purposes which were not existent in his time. We are galvanizing submarines by the use of gas, heat dipping all of the plates which go to make up these pesky little dodgers in the metal which is kept molten by gas heat. Springs for automobiles are made and tempered by gas heat, also other automobile parts such as gears are heat treated and tempered by its heat. The accurate regulation of temperatures makes it a peer of fuels for all steel work, for it is a known fact among steel and iron specialists that the very life of steel depends upon the accuracy of temperatures at which it must be worked. The drying of enamels on steel, iron and brass, or other metals, claims gas heat for its accomplishment; for such work as enamel beds, automobile bodies and enamel ware gas is indispensable. The melting of metals, brass and the soft metals, requires an even gas flame, as also does the art of brazing and numerous other mechanical operations.

The domestic use of gas has in recent years led up to its use for heavier purposes, viz: for general use in restaurants and hotels. A large proportion of cooking in these places is done by gas. Recent years have brought out gas ranges of the French type for use in these places which are rapidly taking the place of ranges using other fuels. Ease of regulation, together with cleanliness and a cool kitchen, make these large institutions demand gas for cooking. The largest and most prominent hotel on the Pacific Coast is now using gas entirely in its kitchen.

There is no prophesying what its ultimate use will lead to. It has held its own through all these years of competition with its worthy rival, electricity, and the demand is growing each year. New uses are being found for it every day and things undreamed of at present will find it working for them when they arrive to help create and expand.



# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Some Who Will Be Officers

Among the men who applied themselves to hard mental and physical work at the Presidio in the hope of obtaining commissions as officers of the American army in France there is now many an anxious heart. What has the verdict been? This is the all-absorbing question. Each is anxious to know what recommendation was made in his case, and also what action is to be taken in Washington. There has been some leakage, not much, but though a man may have an inkling to the result of his examination it does not follow that he will get precisely that for which he was deemed fit. The higher-ups in Washington have the last word, and no man knows whither he will be sent for duty or for more intensive training. Hence there is palpitation of many a sound heart. There is to be said, however, that some of our young men have earned the respect and admiration of regular officers at the Presidio. There is John Parrott, for instance. Few of John Parrott's friends had any idea of the earnestness with which he entered upon his duties at the training camp. He was not only full of enthusiasm, he had capacity for industry and concentration and he came through with flying colors. I have it on pretty good authority that competent judges pronounced him fit for a first lieutenant in the field artillery, which is "going some;" for a man has to have considerably more than the average brains to qualify for that branch of the service. Now Parrott may not get a commission higher than that of second lieutenant, but it will certainly be gratifying to his friends that he more than "made good."

## A Captain and Some Majors

Among other successful students are Thomas A. Driscoll, Bert Cadwalader, Henry Breckenridge and Neil Powers. Driscoll, I believe, is slated for captain of cavalry, Cadwalader and Breckenridge for majors of infantry and Neil Powers for a staff position in the Judge Advocate's court. Driscoll and Powers, by the way, are two zealous champions of Ireland's cause who may be justly regarded as two fine

examples of the patriotism and sense of humanity that can rise superior to the prejudice of nationality. There are no men hereabouts with warmer sympathies for Ireland than Driscoll and Powers. They have none at all with England except in so far as she is fighting for the ideals of civilization. Each has the temperamental Irishman's prejudice against England for the sufferings that have been inflicted on the people of Ireland, but as Americans they are eager to fight for their country wherever they are sent and under whatever officers they may be assigned to obey. Theirs is the sort of case that should appeal to the common sense of English statemen and enable the most narrow of them to perceive that in coming to America for help they might greatly improve the cause at stake by doing justice to a people whose sons find it difficult to enter the struggle wholeheartedly.

## Swift's Generosity

Louis Swift is becoming such an important factor in our commercial life that it is interesting to "get a line on him," as the saying goes. Recently Swift attended an affair in Chicago at which subscriptions were being solicited for the Red Cross. The speaker thought to startle Swift with a demand for one hundred thousand dollars, and the audience thought that he was asking a good deal. But Swift laughed and pledged himself to give five hundred thousand. The whole Swift family has been very generous in giving to war funds, but among them all Louis is "facile princeps" in generosity.

## The New Golf Course

There is no reason why San Francisco and the region hereabouts should not be the golfer's paradise. Climate and geography combine to make ideal conditions for the healthy game; and our people have that hearty way about them which means so much to the success of the sport. Golf means exercise; it also means hospitality, sociability, fun—and in these things we are deeply interested. Hitherto, however, the best resources of our peninsula have not been taken advantage of in the laying out of a golf course. Now that has been remedied. Our newest golf course takes notice of the fact that our rolling hills are not the only interesting feature of our landscape, that there are also golfing delights associated with our wonderful sand dunes and with our ocean beach. The new Lakeside course, named from Lake Merced, has nine inland holes and nine oceanside holes. Golfers who have played all the great courses say that its landscape features cannot be surpassed anywhere. For nine holes the Lakeside player may feast his eye on hill and lake; for the other nine he has the ocean before him, the salty breeze in his nostrils. The course is 6464 yards long. Par is 76. It was laid out by Walter G. Fovargue, James Donaldson of Chicago and Wilfrid Reid of Wilmington, Delaware. A fine club house is nearly completed, with all the very latest conveniences. There will be no women members of the Lakeside Club, but women will be allowed to play the course three days a week, excluding Saturday and Sunday. The board of directors: president, James S. Webster; vice-president, Justice M. C.

Sloss; secretary, John J. Robertson; directors, John Lawson, W. S. Rheem, Charles F. Hunt and Elmer Cox.

## The Death of Marshall Darrach

Having had no warning of his illness, the friends of Marshall Darrach in this city were dreadfully shocked by the news of his death. The great Shakespearian reader was stricken after a reading given to raise funds for the ambulance unit which Mrs. Darrach has been trying to send to France in memory of her dear friend the late Mrs. John J. Pershing. It was a heart attack. He did not rally, and died Tuesday at Enfield, Conn. There were two outstanding reasons for Marshall's Darrach's popularity in this city. One was his own charming personality; another was the fact that he married Mrs. Marie L. Walton, one of the best liked and most intellectual of our matrons. It was a marriage of ideal happiness, and friends of the Darrachs are naturally worried as to the effect on Mrs. Darrach of this sudden crushing grief. Marshall Darrach had no superior in the field he chose for himself, that of Shakespearian reading. His was a versatile talent, and he was equally successful in the interpretation of tragic and comic parts. His readings here were always well patronized, and were social events of importance. In addition to his preëminence in this work, Marshall Darrach had a real poetical talent, though he was too modest to circulate his poems beyond the circle of his intimate friends. A member of the Bohemian

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Club, he was one of that inner circle which maintains the genuine Bohemian traditions of that organization. He was gay, light-hearted and lovable; in all respects a man. It is tristic to say that he will be profoundly mourned and greatly missed.

#### Hollanders Learning to Dance

The one-step is going to Batavia. The fox-trot will be trotted in the ball rooms of Samarang. Java will hear the music manufactured on Broadway, and the popular dances of the latest musical comedies will stir the feet of the colonials of Borneo. The fact is that the Hollanders who are stopping at the beautiful Whitcomb Hotel on their way from The Netherlands to their homes in the Dutch East Indies, have contracted the dancing mania. The contagion was in the air of the "Sun Room" on the roof of the Whitcomb when the Hollanders arrived, and they permitted themselves to be inoculated with the germ. Night after night the Holland visitors repaired from the Arabesque dining room to the magnificent lounge on the roof to listen to the strains of the latest compositions. Pretty soon they decided to try the new dances themselves, and when they discovered that the one-step and the fox-trot were more difficult than they looked they lost no time in seeking private teachers. Some have graduated into the dancing set; others are still hard at it under individual

tuition; but all are crazy about the latest dances. When they sail for the Dutch East Indies, they will take the new steps with them, and also piles of American sheet music and phonograph records to be turned loose in Java, Borneo and less well known islands belonging to Holland.

#### The McGowan-Clausen Wedding

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McGowan announce the marriage of their daughter Gertrude Clara to Mr. Paul Edward Clausen. The wedding which took place at the home of Mrs. Mary Berding in Ferndale, Mrs. Clausen's grandmother, afforded the bride the happy privilege of being married in the same house in which her father and mother were married. The young couple spent their honeymoon in the mountains of Northern California.

#### At Hotel Oakland

Among prominent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland during the past week were Mrs. J. Otis Smith, Minneapolis; Wilson A. Ried, Seattle; Chas. L. Hayes and wife, Bridgeport, Conn.; A. Long and wife, El Paso, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. Reynesent, Fresno; Mr. and Mrs. J. Paul Miller and child, Sacramento; Dr. Ryer J. Wahrhaft, Sacramento; L. G. Water, Los Angeles; Mrs. L. M. Page, Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Wood, New York; C. D. Blackledge, New Bern, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Soden, Kansas City; Mrs. E. M. Dunbar, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Ray Bradley Wheeler, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jones, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Erwin, Portland. Mrs. D. S. Rosenwald, family and nurse of Albuquerque have taken up their residence, also Victor E. Tull of Seattle. Miss O. E. Moors of Honolulu entertained at an elaborate dinner party during the past week, having about sixteen guests. The affair was given in honor of her father who is on the coast for a brief stay.

#### At the Cecil

Captain and Mrs. H. S. Kilbourne, U. S. A., dispensed their hospitality at a beautifully appointed dinner Tuesday. Twelve guests were entertained. Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Gunn of San Rafael will sojourn for a month. Miss Edith Bull who has been visiting the O'Connor girls returned Tuesday to Redwood City. Dr. and Mrs. George B. Orr of Cincinnati accompanied by their sons-in-law and daughters Messrs. and Mesdames M. T. Irwin and Howard Rodgers are registered. Mrs. Charles Grimwood is receiving a cordial welcome from her San Francisco friends. She arrived from Los Angeles and will be at the Cecil for several weeks. Mrs. Edward Vogt of Fresno is being extensively entertained during her visit. Mrs. H. G. Miller and her daughter will make an indefinite stay. Ten friends enjoyed the hospitality of Captain and Mrs. C. T. Riggs Wednesday. Mrs. M. S. Brolaski of St. Louis is occupying an attractive suite.

#### Goldsmith Bros. Move

After fourteen years in charge of the news stand in the Hotel St. Francis, Goldsmith Brothers have discontinued the business in the hotel, and from August first will be pleased to meet all their former patrons at 240 Powell street, one-half block below the Hotel St. Francis. Here tickets can be secured for all theatres. A splendid line of stationery, kodaks and candies are in stock, in addition to newspapers, periodicals and novels.

In a patriotic rally in a Puget Sound city recently a mixed audience was in attendance, when one of the speakers, pausing for a moment

to let the effect of his words sink in, lowered his tone and asked impressively but quietly: "What can be more sad than a man without a country?"

"A country without a man," replied a hard-featured unmarried lady in the audience.

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## The Stage

### "So Long Letty" Continues

With the performance of Sunday night "So Long Letty" enters upon the final fortnight of its successful return engagement at the Cort, marking the beginning of its thirteenth week here. In its revised form this musical farce has caught the favor of local theatregoers in even more decided fashion than it did two years ago. New scenery, costumes, jokes and songs have combined to make almost a new "Letty."

### New Morosco Show Coming

An interesting announcement is the one pertaining to the big new Oliver Morosco success "What Next" which opens at the Cort on Sunday evening, August 26, for a limited engagement. "What Next" is the "big sister" of "So Long Letty" and "Canary Cottage" and is by the same authors, Morosco and Elmer Harris. Harry Tierney and Al Bryan are responsible for the music and lyrics. The new play is said to be a surprise from start to finish. A fine cast will be seen. Blanche Ring, the famous comedienne, is the star and others of note are Charles Winninger, Eva Fallon, Flanagan and Edwards, Dainty Marie, the three Du-for brothers, Al Gerrard and a chorus of beautiful girls.

### "America First" at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will be headed by "America First," a martial musical pageant presented by a large company. Scenically it is one of the biggest productions ever witnessed in vaudeville. It is more of a spectacle than a musical comedy. But there is plenty of song and dance. "The Headliners," a merry playlet by Aaron Hoffman, will be presented by Henry B. Toomer assisted by Esther Drew, Frank Merrill and Frank Mitchell. Toomer is a genuine comedian. Helene Hamilton and Jack Barnes are a clever and versatile team of comedians. Lottie Horner, singing comedienne, entitles her act "A Musical Corner in Vaudeville." Special lyrics have been written for her by Clyde Westover. Bert Melrose, the international clown; Hufford and Chain in their duologue; and the Three Jahns, European equilibrists, will be in the programme. George White and Emma Haig will present a new programme of dances.

### The Bohemian Concert

The annual concert given by the members of the Bohemian Club for their ladies and other friends will take place at the Cort next Friday afternoon at 2:45, when selections from "The Land of Happiness," this year's Grove Play, music by Joseph D. Redding and book by Charles Templeton Crocker, will be the principal feature of the programme. Those who were privileged to hear the music of the fantastic creation at Bohemian Grove last Saturday night are ardent in its praise. The symphony orchestra which will interpret the selections will number picked musicians, and the Bohemian chorus of sixty voices will be heard in several selections from the work. Numbers from Grove Plays of previous years, each directed by the composer, will also figure in the programme, and among the soloists will be Harry Robertson and Charles Bulotti. The concert committee is composed of W. H. Leahy, chairman, W. H. Smith Jr., secretary, Joseph D. Redding, Chas. Templeton Crocker, J. B. Landfield, J. B. Leighton and J. S. Thompson. The reception com-

mittee will consist of Ed M. Greenway, Leroy T. Ryone, Haig Patigian, George S. Garritt, Frank L. Mathieu, Richard M. Hotaling and Walter S. Martin. Seats will be ready at the Cort Theatre Monday morning at nine o'clock.

### "The Boomerang" Continues

"The Boomerang" with the original New York cast continues at the Columbia. This Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes comedy is doing the biggest business of the season. In fact, the local response has been such as to necessitate extending the engagement from two to four weeks.

### K. and E. Players Coming

The Klaw and Erlanger players will make their first appearance on the Pacific Coast when they open at the Columbia on the 27th inst. in the new comedy "Here Comes the Bride," which, by the way, will receive its Eastern premiere simultaneously.

### Kolb and Dill Continue

Kolb and Dill have "come back" to the scene of their original triumph at the Alcazar and scored a real "knockout." They will start on their second week of hilarity Monday night presenting "The High Cost of Loving" with new

song numbers, more girls and a general air of speed and pep. It is the funniest and best vehicle that Kolb and Dill ever have had in their long career. Matinees on Thursday and Saturdays.

### Tip Arithmetic

Fourteen thousand six hundred per cent is a pretty high rate of rent! But it's just what you pay when you hand the cloakroom pirate a jitney for watching your hat for an hour. Do you get us? Well, it's just like this: When you pay 10 cents for the loan of a dollar for a year, you pay 10 per cent. But if you pay 10 cents for the loan of a dollar for a day, you pay 365 times as high a rate or 3650 per cent. It's just the same way with your \$3 hat. When you pay 5 cents on it for an hour you are paying at the rate of \$438 a year, counting only twelve business hours a day. And this is at the rate of 14,600 per cent. Tell this to the cloakroom girl today and get her "comeback." But don't blame us if she's a bit snippy.

Victim—What has happened? Where am I?

Doctor—You have been seriously injured in a trolley accident. But cheer up—you will recover.

Victim—How much?



HELENE HAMILTON AND JACK BARNES

Versatile entertainers who come to the Orpheum next week



## Letters

### A New England Story

"Bromley Neighborhood" is another of the good books we have learned to expect from Alice Brown. The story deals with the inhabitants of a New England township all of whom have been located there for generations, and the interest lies in their peculiarities and their influence on one another quite as much as with the main plot. Principally there is the Nash family, Thomas, the father, is autocratic and tyrannical. His wife Mary is a fine type of womanhood who does her best to conceal his tempers and petty meannesses from her neighbors, and to bring up her two sons to be obedient and respectful. The boys, almost young men, have been so "kept down" that they are only beginning to know they have souls of their own, and the outcome is evident enough, either that they will revolt openly or else find means to circumvent parental bullying. There is an old maid sister whose father has provided for her by willing her "a home" with Nash, and she is so brow-beaten and terrified as to be on the verge of imbecility. Another family group is the Gleasons, once preachers and professors, but now degenerating, easy-going and indifferent. The Greenes are another type, Larry, defrauded of his patrimony by the trickery of his brother, taking to drink and idleness, ruining his own life to spite Abiel, who, grasping and none too honest, craves the honors withheld from him that Larry might easily gain were he not dissipated. The Brocks present another picture. David Brock, now dead, was gentle, from a material standpoint unsuccessful. His wife had been a village beauty who depended entirely on her physical charms, and now, widowed, with a half-grown girl, she has to fall back on her old coquetties and frivolities. Ellen Brock is a fine type, shy, self-conscious and retiring. Spiritually she is her father's child, but her natural inclinations are emphasized by a proud shame of her mother's silliness. The dominating desire of Thomas Nash is to regain possession of a small holding, once part of the Nash farm but now held by the Brocks, and it is this, together with his determination to prevent his sister from realizing anything from her own small estate, a "wood lot," that brings about all the disasters which eventually gather upon him and his. The characters are all strongly marked but not exaggerated, and easily recognizable as natural to their section of the land. That trick of refusing to speak for months and years at a time, with which Nash rounded out his life,

### NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF TRAUNG LABEL & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of TRAUNG LABEL & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a special meeting of said board, duly held on the 31st day of July, 1917, at the office of said corporation, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of the said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation, 962 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meets), on Thursday, October 11th, 1917, at 2:00 P. M. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand (\$100,000) Dollars, divided into twenty thousand (20,000) shares of the par value of Five (\$5.00) Dollars each, to Five Hundred Thousand (\$500,000) Dollars, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of Five (\$5.00) Dollars each.

The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock is Five Hundred (\$500,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated August 3, 1917.

LOUIS TRAUNG,

Secretary Traung Label and Lithograph Company.  
L. W. LOVEY,  
Attorney at Law,  
1101-7 Hearst Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

8-11-5

is as characteristic as going to bed or refusing to go out of the house in daylight to record a protest against Heaven knows what. From the Macmillan Company.

### Sandhya—Songs of Twilight

Those who have found pleasure in the verses of Dhan Gopal Mukerji will be interested to know that Paul Elder and Company announce a new book for early publication, entitled "Sandhya: Songs of Twilight." This is a companion volume to the "Rajani: Songs of the Night," which was published last year and which, with "Layla-Majnu," aroused much attention. Mukerji is very young to have won recognition.

### Dolores of the Sierra

Dolores of the Sierra, a collection of one-act plays suitable for amateur performance as well as reading, by Harriet Holmes Haslett, is soon to be published by Paul Elder. In this volume will be found serious drama, farce and comedy.

## CORT THEATRE SPECIAL!

Friday Afternoon, August 17, at 2:45

### Midsummer Music of Bohemia

Selections from

### "THE LAND OF HAPPINESS"

Music by Joseph D. Redding  
Book by Charles Templeton Crocker  
and

GROVE PLAYS OF OTHER YEARS

### Symphony Orchestra of 70—Chorus of 60

Reserved Seats \$2 on Sale at Cort Theatre, Monday Morning

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19765 New Series; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET M. FARMER, deceased.

Mary Coleman, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, having filed her verified Petition in this Court, setting forth facts on which she bases a claim that John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, are entitled to the specific performance of a contract made with them by the aforesaid Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, in her lifetime to convey certain real estate which contract is set forth in substance in her petition, and praying for an order authorizing and empowering her as such Executrix to convey to said John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, the said real estate which is described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Southerly line of California Street distant thereon ninety-five (95) feet Easterly from the point of intersection of said Southerly line of California Street with the Easterly line of Twenty-ninth Avenue; running thence Easterly along said Southerly line of California Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of California Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of outside Land Block Number 154 of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Tuesday, the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 9 thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition and all persons interested in the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at the time and place hereinabove specified and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted authorizing said Executrix to convey the real property hereinabove described to JOHN McCONVILLE and MARY A. McCONVILLE, his wife.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks prior to the date of said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court and dated this eighth day of August, A. D. 1917.

J. V. COFFEY,

Judge of the Superior Court.

ANDREW G. MAGUIRE,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
281 Page St.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

8-11-5

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

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## Alcazar Theatre

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Commencing Monday Evening, August 13

Sold Out Houses the Rule

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With Enthusiastic Crowds and the S R O Sign Much in Evidence

Matinees Thursday and Saturday  
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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The market did not get very far last week, the extreme heat being given as a reason for a dull, listless market. The undertone, however, was good and what changes there were, were at higher prices, led by the steel issues. There was no important liquidation last week, and some of the specialties like Central Leather and the equipment stocks, were quite strong and active at times. The U. S. Steel statement for the third quarter was the best statement ever issued by this company, and was even better than the trade had expected. The usual dividend of 1¼% and 3% extra was declared. Copper stocks were quiet and showed very little activity, although news from the mines was more encouraging, as labor troubles have practically disappeared. Weak holders of copper stocks have been frightened out by labor troubles and a short interest has been established. The technical position of the copper share list is declared in active market channels in touch with specialists to be better than it has been for months past. It is estimated in quarters well informed as to copper facts and figures that the past, present and future earnings of Utah Copper justify the assertion that the market value of its shares is near \$150. The market was helped some by the general feeling that the Government will not be drastic in the way of price fixing. The outlook at the moment seems to justify conservative purchases of steels, equipment issues and the copper shares. The underlying market foundation seems to be strong enough to make the market responsive to bullish news rather than to bearish influences. The sugar stocks seem to be in an exceptionally strong position, as the price of this commodity has been on the upward trend for some time and has not been reflected in the stocks. With the season just beginning for the beet sugar industries, and with raw sugar commanding the highest price on record, there can be only one side to the sugar stocks, and that is much higher prices. Taking the situation as a whole the bullish factors outweigh the bearish ones, and we believe the market is getting ready for the usual upturn in prices that we get every year at this time. Reactions can be expected from time to time but the trend is upward.

**Corn**—Price changes in this grain last week showed an advance in the active future, the bulls showing little inclination to abandon their theories at a time when crop scares are so available and effective. The seasoned traders are to be pardoned for some expressions of incredulity concerning the claim that the very few hot days credited to this developing season have placed the corn crop in danger of annihilation. The cold, wet weather complained of in May and June gave the crop its weapon

of defense against high temperatures in a strong, healthy root growth, and outside of Kansas, or that part of it which was reclaimed from the great American desert and never dependable, there is little to criticize, for even in that territory the harvest promises 85,000,000 bushels more than last year. In former years Sangaman and adjoining counties were in a deplorable condition, resultant from a moisture deficiency in August, which was neutralized in September, and resulted in normal yields. The immense acreage planted in corn this year makes it unnecessary that the fence corners and swamp lands shall produce in order to raise a bumper crop. The difference, however, between cash and December is so radical that it outweighs the influences of perspective abundance, and until this is modified or eliminated the futures will hold around present levels. Any relaxation, however, of the nearby demand will, we think, result in a quick break to lower levels.

**Cotton**—Under the pressure of offerings, due to improved weather and some liquidation of October early in the week, cotton worked as low as 2361 for that option, but on the decline trade interests were good buyers, particularly Japan, and a rally of one hundred points took place, on which shorts covered. The market, speculatively at least, appears to be fairly well evened up, and traders were disposed to await the Government's condition report. The report showed a condition of 70.3 which was not as good as expected. The European export situation appears as bad as ever, but the market pays little attention to the possibility of several million bales having to be carried and financed awaiting ships to carry it abroad. This indifference may be due to the large purchases in the future market credited to Japan and the probability that that country will take a large share of the cotton that ordinarily would go to Manchester. The exigencies of the war have thrown a big percentage of Manchester's Far Eastern trade into the laps of the Japanese, and the latter will spin both American and Indian cotton to the limit of their spindles. Another factor contributing to the strength of the local market is the small stock of cotton in New York and the belief on the part of many that owing to transportation difficulties it will be no easy matter to bring sufficient cotton to New York for October delivery to tender on contracts bought by trade interests. Until this situation is relieved we are inclined to favor purchases on any fair-sized setback.

For six years a bitter feud had existed between the Browns and Robinsons, next-door neighbors. The trouble had originated through the depredations of Brown's cat, and had grown so fixed an affair that neither party ever dreamed

of "making up." One day, however, Brown sent his servant with a peace-making note for Mr. Robinson, which read: "Mr. Brown sends his compliments to Mr. Robinson and begs to state that his old cat died this morning."

Robinson's reply was bitter: "Mr. Robinson is sorry to hear of Mr. Brown's trouble, but he had not heard that Mrs. Brown was ill."

## INVESTMENT SECURITIES

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Interest on Savings Deposits  
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JUNE 30, 1917

Assets	\$64,566,290.79
Deposits	61,381,120.63
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,185,170.16
Employees' Pension Fund	259,642.88
Number of Depositors	65,717

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock  
P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock P. M. and  
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## Impressions of Germany

(Continued from Page 6)

which they would not give up for love or money to their necessitous brethren in the towns. For this reason they are not in very good odor. Strong measures were lately taken to trace these hidden stores and to confiscate them, soldiers and officers being employed for this purpose. Very great fear exists, however, that if the farmers are too much pressed they will not put forth all their efforts, for farmers are stubborn folk.

There is a shortage of other things also. Small change is extremely scarce. There is much put into circulation, but it disappears again immediately. No one can say precisely where it remains, but it is suspected that the agricultural population bury it in the earth in order not to have to change it for paper.

The large numbers of war prisoners employed on the land as laborers are mostly French and Russians. Both give satisfaction. The French are the most appreciated. My impression was that the prisoners of war working on the land have an excellent life.

The English prisoners whom I came across in great numbers when I was in the western industrial region are badly spoken of. They are considered sullen and unmanageable. The Germans do not seem to have an idea that their bearing must be regarded as an expression of national pride which will not admit of doing service for the enemy. One could wish that most of the prisoners were put into new clothes for once, for they often seem to be in rags. But it is questionable whether the Germans themselves are much better off. No article of clothing is now to be had without a clothes card.

The other regulations are not less drastic. Toilet soap has now become so costly that home made soap is made out of butter which, it is true, is extremely scarce, but is still provided. Those who have no money to buy the extremely dear article must use a powdered earth which can only be made to lather with the utmost difficulty, and which long after being used leaves a nasty smell behind.

I will, however, leave the subject of domestic cares and give my impression of the mental state of the population. Germany is tired of the war—there is no question about that. In spite of themselves the Germans long ardently for peace. One hears nothing more of the lust of conquest; but I must say that I have never heard anybody in Germany say, "We must give it up." I do not know what the people imagine will be the end of the war, and I believe they do not know themselves. They are depressed, and how can it be otherwise with the frightful losses they have suffered? I know cases of young men who are the sole survivors of the class with which they left school. There is not a municipal, police or railway office where one does not see bending over a desk a woman in black who has lost her breadwinner and who

must now provide a precarious subsistence for herself. I have never heard terms of reproach associated with the name of the Kaiser, any more than with those of the statesmen of lower rank, although a general democratic, if not socialistic, spirit has penetrated the people. I have heard dignified men of high position say that all this fuss about princes must be done away with after the war—that the times would not admit of so much money being wasted in this way any more. The worst is expected of the demands which the people, especially the soldiers returning from the field, will make after the war.

There is no question of the prevalence of a revolutionary spirit in Germany, but that there is sometimes tension here and there is a fact. Popular entertainments are given regularly in all towns to which the people can go without payment. We have returned to the days of old Rome—rather less bread but more circuses. The late spring, which made an early harvest impossible, caused much disappointment. One often heard it said with emphasis, "No, we cannot go through another winter."

On my return from Germany someone asked me, "Whom do they abuse the most?" He meant which country do the Germans say the worst things about. I answered: "They abuse the Algemex most." The Algemex is the central body which trades with foreign countries and looks after the distribution at home. There is not a German who believes anything about the great imports which are said to take place from Denmark and Holland. "We see nothing of them; they let them spoil, as has happened with so many supplies already. That is the fault of the members of Algemex," they say, for it is asserted that the members of that body do business together and help their friends to nice little careers, for which purpose they are exempted from military service. But to answer the question as it was meant—England must console herself for losing first place in the matter of being hated. America now stands at the top. The explanation of the intervention of America is generally this—America was afraid that England would not win and was then alarmed about her ammunition orders. That is why she came in; but also because she wanted to sit at the green table when the peace negotiations came on.

## The Prison Gates

(Continued from Page 7)

crowd, which paralyzed the movements of the Germans, succeeded in kidnapping the prisoners, and getting them away to the neighboring streets. They could never be discovered, and it was the last display of the kind which the governor gave to Brussels.

During the siege people had learnt to recognize the voice of every fort of Antwerp. They said to each other: "That is Lizele, Wavre Ste. Catherine, Waalhem." One after the other the Belgian guns were silenced, first Wavre, then Waelhem . . . . and the vibrating boom of the German heavies was heard louder than ever. The listening Bruxellois grew paler, straining every nerve to catch the voice of Antwerp. It was as if their own life as a nation was slowly dying away, as if they were mourning their own agony. But still the valiant spirit of the first days prevailed. "They will be beaten for all that. What was Antwerp compared with the Marne? All forts must fall under their artillery. After all, the nest is empty; the king and the army are safe."

Since those days a kind of reckless indifference has seized the Belgians. If we must lose every-

thing to gain everything, let us lose it. The sooner the better. It is the spirit of a poor man burning his furniture in order to shelter his children from cold, or of a saint suffering every physical privation in order to gain the kingdom of heaven. It is an uncanny spirit composed of wild energy and bitter-sweet irony. "First Liège, then Brussels, then Namur, now Antwerp. The king has gone, the government has gone. If all Belgium has to go, let it go. It is the price we have to pay. The victory of our soul shall be all the greater if our body is shattered and tortured."

Henceforth the voice of Belgium reaches us only from time to time. Its sound is muffled by the enemy's strangle-hold, which grows tighter and tighter. Before the fall of Antwerp the German administration of General von der Goltz had merely a temporary character. We knew that most of the high officials were stopping in Brussels on their way to Paris. On the other hand, any skilful move of the Allies, any successful sortie from Antwerp, might have jeopardized all the conqueror's plans and necessitated an immediate retreat. The Yser-Ypres struggle barred the way to Brussels as well as to Calais. The Germans knew now that they were safe, at least for a good many months, and began systematically to "organize the country." All communications with the uninterrupted part of Belgium were interrupted. It became more and more difficult and dangerous to cross the Dutch frontier without a special permit. The economic and moral pressure increased steadily, and the conflict between conquerors and patriots began, a conflict unrelieved by dramatic interest or excitement from outside, which carried the country back to the worst days of Austrian and Spanish domination.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19765 New Series; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET F. FARMER, deceased.

Mary Coleman, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, having filed her verified Petition in this Court, setting forth facts on which she bases a claim that John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, are entitled to the specific performance of a contract made with them by the aforesaid Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, in her lifetime to convey certain real estate which contract is set forth in substance in her petition, and praying for an order authorizing and empowering her as such Executrix to convey to said John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, the said real estate which is described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Southerly line of California Street distant thereon ninety-five (95) feet Easterly from the point of intersection of said Southerly line of California Street with the Easterly line of Twentieth Avenue; running thence Easterly along said Southerly line of California Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of California Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of outside Land Block Number 154 of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Tuesday, the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 9 thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition and all persons interested in the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at the time and place hereinabove specified and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted authorizing said Executrix to convey the real property hereinabove described to JOHN MCCONVILLE and MARY A. MCCONVILLE, his wife.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks prior to the date of said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court and dated this eighth day of August, A. D. 1917.

J. V. COFFEY,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

ANDREW G. MAGUIRE,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
281 Page St.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

8-11-5

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## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81190; Dept. No. 10.

ALICE M. FOSTER, Plaintiff, vs. CLARENCE E. FOSTER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CLARENCE E. FOSTER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's extreme cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this tenth day of April, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

LOUIS ONEAL,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
San Jose, Calif.

6-9-10

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81480; Dept. 14.

WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, Plaintiff, vs. CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFLER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LANE LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants.

Action, for settlement of account, brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFLER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LANE LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, in an action entitled as above brought against you, in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, including judgment that his accounts as such Trustee from and including the 1st day of January, 1912, to and including the 31st day of December, 1916, as submitted and set forth in the said complaint, are full, true and correct and are settled and allowed.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of April, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1101 Alaska Commercial Building,  
San Francisco, Cal.

7-21-10

## NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, WALTER H. LINFORTH, trustee under that certain Deed of Trust executed to the undersigned Walter H. Linforth, as trustee by Otto A. Brown, and which said Deed of Trust bears date the 19th day of November, 1915, and was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 22nd day of November, 1915, in Volume 917 of Deeds, page 13, Records of the City and County of San Francisco. That the said undersigned will, as such trustee, under and pursuant to said Deed of Trust and the provisions therein contained, and to accomplish the purposes and make the payments therein specified, sell at public auction to the highest cash bidder, on the 5th day of September, 1917, at 11:00 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Van Ness Avenue entrance of the City Hall in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the premises described in said Deed of Trust, and which said premises are more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

All of Lot No. Six (6) in Block Twenty-eight (28), as said lot and block is delineated and so designated upon that certain map entitled "Blocks 27 to 34 Forest Hill Extension," San Francisco, California, filed December 21st, 1912, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, and recorded in Liber "G" of maps at pages 91 and 92.

Together with all estate, interest, homestead, property or other claim or demand in law or equity which the said Otto A. Brown now has or may hereafter acquire in and to the said premises with the appurtenances.

Terms of Sale: Sale will be made in one parcel at public auction, to the highest cash bidder, and all bids and payment for said property shall be made in United States gold coin, purchase price payable twenty per cent (20%) on the fall of the hammer at the conclusion of the sale, and balance within two days thereafter at the office of Alfred L. Meyerstein, 611 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California. If balance is not so paid, said 20% to be forfeited and sale to be void. Acts of transfer and examination of title at expense of purchaser.

Upon the sale made, the undersigned as such trustee will make, execute and after due payment made deliver to the purchaser or purchasers at such sale, his or their heirs or assigns, a deed of the premises so sold.

The owner of the indebtedness secured by said Deed of Trust, or any other person, may bid and purchase at such sale.

Said sale is made because of default in the payment of a certain promissory note in the principal sum of \$1875, referred to in said Deed of Trust, as having been executed by the said Otto A. Brown on the 19th day of November, 1915, to Alfred L. Meyerstein, who is now the owner and holder thereof, and which said promissory note together with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent (6%) per annum payable monthly from the 19th day of November, 1915, is past due and unpaid.

Said sale is made upon demand of said Alfred L. Meyerstein, the owner and holder of the promissory note secured by and referred to in said Deed of Trust.

Dated: This 31st day of July, 1917.

WALTER H. LINFORTH, Trustee.  
ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,  
Attorneys at Law,  
110 Sutter St.,  
French Savings Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

8-11-4

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE ALLEQ, deceased.—No. 23072; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the last will and testament of EUGENE ALLEQ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of J. Henry Meyer & Co., No. 440 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EUGENE ALLEQ, deceased.

J. HENRY MEYER,  
ALFRED CELLIER,

Executors of the last will and testament of  
Eugene Alleq, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 11th, 1917.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY ASCROFT, deceased.—No. 22962, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of HENRY ASCROFT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at its office, junction of Grant Avenue and Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY ASCROFT, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN  
FRANCISCO,

Executor of the last will and testament of Henry  
Ascroft, deceased.

By H. G. Larsh, Secretary.  
Dated, San Francisco, California, July 21, 1917.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,  
Attorneys for Executor,  
San Francisco, Cal.

7-21-5

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83334.

GERTRUDE R. KNOPLE, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN KNOPLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

G. C. RINGOLSKY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 805 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN KNOPLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
8-11-10 By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 82325; Dept. 4.

JAMES J. FALK, Plaintiff, vs. MAUDE EVELYN FALK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAUDE EVELYN FALK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of June, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

6-16-10

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 22027; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGINA EMILY TOTTENHAM, Deceased,

It appearing to the said Court from the verified petition this day presented and filed by Edgar M. Wilson, as Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Georgiana Emily Tottenham, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the said real estate belonging to the estate of the deceased to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate, and those interested therein, that such a sale be made:

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on the 28th day of August, 1917, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the court room of Department No. 10 of said Court, in the City Hall of said City and County, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of said real estate as shall be necessary, or as shall appear to be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein; and that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open court this 16th day of July, 1917.  
THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of said Superior Court.

Filed: July 16, 1917.  
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

POWELL & DOW,  
Attorneys for Administrator,  
10th Floor Mills Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

7-21-5





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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXX. No. 1304

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, AUGUST 18, 1917

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## SOUTHERN PACIFIC



# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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## The German Theory of State

What a lot we are reading these days of the abominable German theory of State! Since the outbreak of the war this theory with its absolute claims upon the individual citizen and its absolute denial of the claims of other States, even to the elementary rights of life and liberty has been the subject at once of much caustic criticism and much humorous comment. Only since the outbreak of the war have men with a capacity for high thinking come to realize that the German theory of State is the logical result of a German philosophy that has been much admired and applauded by men of learning for many years. Until recently German philosophers set the pace for our high thinkers, and our high thinkers accepting the German formulas of a pompous fabric of German transcendentalism never suspected that these misty abstract formulas were nothing more than showy garments that covered a naked lust of power. At first this German philosophy seemed far removed from what is now the gospel of State absolutism. Yet the German conception of a State may be traced right back to Goethe's egotism in literature and art and to Luther's proposition of the right of private judgment for each person and the submission of authority to the light of personal religious experience. All this is made quite clear by Professor Santayana of Harvard in a series of brief studies under the title "Egotism in German Philosophy." Nothing hitherto written on the subject may be compared in illuminative power to this little volume from the hands of a scholar who is probably one of the most brilliant of living American thinkers.

## Origin of Our Fads and Fancies

Somebody has spoken of egotism as more like an offense than a crime, but as-

surely the egotism of German philosophy has done more evil in the world than any criminal teaching that preceded it. And the end of it is not yet, nor is it confined to the war zone or to German philosophers. The seeds of it are to be found in the teachings of many so-called intellectuals the world over; indeed, wherever the "will" is raised to the dignity of the driving force in the great drama of life. How many of our half-baked philosophers are endowing the organic urge—the will to live, to grow, to exercise power—with a spurious "right" or "authority." Even religious philosophers are doing this very thing. They identify the will with the divine spirit and teach us that the secret of life is to differentiate the will from the imagination. Everything worth while according to their teaching is the offspring of this spirit. Now it is no trick at all to mobilize this originally individual egotism under the banner of a State. It is simply a matter of substituting the collective for the individual will. Obviously as a consequence of this doctrine the will to live becomes the will to dominate the will of others. It was the consecration of the individual will to power which produced the "right" to make one's own religion and which facilitated the extravagances of Nietzsche's blond beast and superb immoralist. It furnished the groundwork of many of Ibsen's plays and is today at the bottom of the arguments of our birth control cultists and of every anarchic cult in the land. And so it is, as Professor Santayana tells us, that now there are inner circles in which Nature is pronounced an artificial symbol employed by life, while art is an expression of personality and where will is regarded as above morality. In short it appears, according to the logical end of German philosophy, that civilization has become merely a question of heathenism or Christianity.

## Pro-German Celts

How true the observation of Major Stuart-Stephens as quoted in *Town Talk* recently, that for the Irish Celt to become a pro-German would involve a change of soul so radical as to amount to de-Celticization. The only really comic development of the tragedy of the war is that which is marked by an apparent sympathy between Irishmen and Germans. It is a phenomenon that in happier times would provoke shrieks of laughter. Pondered casually nothing could strike one as more

impossible of assimilation than the two races that have come together for political purposes in the great struggle that rocks the foundations of the world. The incongruity of such an alliance might best be symbolized by a picture of two corner groceries of other days with Hans at one entrance and Pat at the other. The idea of this incongruity has been made vivid in a comic song that lately went the rounds of vaudeville, one of the verses of which describes the intermingling of the participants in two picnics—one German, the other Irish. As a matter of fact there are no pro-German Celts in the world; only anti-British. The Celtic character is essentially semi-mystical and romantic, the German character essentially scientific, prosaic and unemotional. The Celt is all sentiment and passion, the German all matter-of-fact and logical. The Celt has no end of imagination and is therefore poetic, the German has none at all and is therefore above all things metaphysical. The Celt could never have made the mistake of going to war on the plausible theory that victory was ensured by the lack of scientific preparedness of the enemy. Besides the Celt has a humor which is the quintessential of common sense and the German has only a philosophical spirit that induces a fatal cynicism. Whatever is noble in the English character is ascribed by Englishmen themselves to the mysterious influence called Celtic, and it is because of the Celtic influence underlying English character and enabling Irishmen to see a pure if vague reflection of themselves that the two races are more or less assimilable in despite the antipathies engendered by politics and religion. The pro-German Celt is an anomaly with too much humor to take himself seriously.

## A League of Peace

The patched-up peace idea is one of the pacifist illusions that have given a twist to many well-meaning minds and that have been bobbing up every little while, like delusive phantoms rising above the innumerable dead and the ruins heaped on ruins, waving the withered branch of cowardly compromise. Listening to the patched-up peace advocates (the seemingly honest ones) one is inclined to cry in despair that they have learned nothing from and forgotten nothing of the illusions that cradled the conflict. Peace in the accepted sense means no more than a truce



between national interests, but the pacifists who pose as the intelligentsia, who, like Mr. Bryan, used to tell us that in the event of war we could raise an army of a million over night, they are now apparently persuading themselves that hereafter war is to be exorcised by democracy. So they are for putting the power of proclaiming war in the hands of the people, as though the people were not to be inflamed by demagogues. War has never been concerned with definitions of government. All history teaches us this, even the history of the past one hundred and fifty years. The two most destructive wars of the period were launched by the democracies of France and the United States, and it was demagoguery that plunged this country into the ridiculous war with Spain. However, according to the sanguine Pacifist, we shall end war forever by means of a League of Peace or of some such shadowy conception that may form a breakwater against wars in the future. A League of Peace at this time would only save one of the belligerents from utter exhaustion and humiliation (at a price to be exacted from the future) by inducing a compromise before the other belligerent had deployed his maximum effort. Then, as after Waterloo, exhaustion might compel peace for two generations. Meanwhile the case of Germany would vindicate villainous principles of war that man in the lowest depths of barbarism has scorned to adopt. Thus it is proposed that the human race should take a long stride backward into the

abyss for the greater glory of the conscienceless Disturber of the Peace. We see no difference between the League of Peace as now proposed and the Concert of Europe which started the grand symphony under the leadership of the greatest concert master of all time. But a League of Peace?—why enter into a serious discussion of such silliness! Peace must begin her work in civil life. Nations may embrace one another until doomsday while retaining in their civil life the primitive susceptibilities of individuals. If war between nations is to be abolished by democracy, as canting publicists assert, why not private war between trade and trade, men and men, family and family? Why should finance remain pitiless if nations are to orchestrate their rivalries into harmony? Let democracy put an end to commercial and industrial warfare and then we may consider the possibility of successful arbitration in international affairs.

#### The Fatidical Scientist

Notwithstanding the topsy-turviness of the world as revealed to us by the war the old-familiar oracles of the passing generation are abating not at all their gift of vaticination. Here is one of the most notable of them, Mr. Havelock Ellis, arguing with his usual confidence and dogmatism that after the war science will do thus and so. Just as before the war, we are given to understand, the claims of biology will assert again an authoritative voice in the "larger issues" of public policy." From

this it is to be inferred that maternity centres will be recognized activities and that while such questions as divorce and birth-control will receive attention Eugenics will resume its arrogant demands as a scientific guide of life. Of course Mr. Havelock Ellis is sure that the remnants of prudish inhibition will be swept away and that all the naked realities of the situation will rally all the resources of science and practical experience. It may hardly be doubted that mankind will sooner or later come to recognize the importance of uniting special knowledge of biological roots with a broader and richer humanism, but the common error of men like Havelock Ellis is the belief that scientists will presently take over from the fumbling hands of blind nature the guidance of man's destiny. The war in all probability will force the birth-rate problem into immediate prominence, but the related questions of the quantity and quality of children is another matter. Special selection with a view to the development of virile racial qualities is in itself a problem regarding which even scientists do not agree. There is much false generalization on one hand, much disparagement on the other. The so-called educated mind is as badly stuffed with theories, dogmas and prejudices as the ignorant; and aside from the fact that the issue of sex involves not only powerful emotions but enthusiasms far from scientific we are far from certain that our cocksure scientists have quite satisfactorily fathomed the divine purpose.

## "Died of Wounds"

By H. W. P. Danter

I don't know why you look so frightened, dear.  
What, mother, what? You say I'm looking queer?  
I'm quite all right, only I'm drenched and cold.  
The old mare chucked me in the pond. I told  
Tom Darby's boy to catch her, and walked home.  
Jack, if you grin I'll punch your head. Now come,  
I'll have a tub and change; then let's have tea  
And some of Dolly's jam. I can't quite see  
You clearly, and the clock does tick so loud—  
And why the dickens are you in a cloud?

What did you say? What's that? "The Major's gone?—  
Damned Boches!"—Who's that groaning?—"Only one?"  
Only one what?—She's caught on Dixie farm!  
I say, I can't get up; my side's all warm  
And sticky, but my feet are beastly cold—  
It's blood!—Who'd have the old mare sold?—  
Hark! Hear the wind awhistling in the trees;  
I shan't bike home in this infernal breeze.

Why, you're a padre. What's your name? I've seen  
Your—"Doesn't matter!"—Yes, it does. I've been  
Hard hit, you said.—Capper of Corpus! Cap—  
Capper of Corpus! Why, the very chap!  
I'm jolly glad. Don't lift me; let me try—  
The water bottle's smashed. I'm jolly dry.

What's that? "It's hopeless, leave the rest to you;  
You'll see it out?" Capper of Corpus do—  
"What art in Heaven"—yes. "Thy will be done"—  
Capper of Corpus, but I'm not your son!  
Don't bother, I'm so comfy. Mother, Jack,  
So jolly tired; do turn me on my back—  
So jolly tired. "Our daily bread. Forgive  
As we forgive them." But if I don't live?  
Do I remember?—"Us from evil"—yes.

Good Lord; why, padre, you've got in a mess!  
You're badly hit; your hands are both pierced through,  
And bleeding, too! Why! what's that Light as though  
Your' hair's on fire?

I—Jesu Mercy, save!  
As we do them forgive, I pardon crave  
Thy hands upon my brow, unworthy I.  
Thanks be to God; thanks be to God. I die!



## Varied Types

345—CARL H. BROCKHAGEN

By Edward F. O'Day

Every large city in the United States has an ad club with a membership in which keen young live wires predominate. The slogan of these youthful fellows is "Truth in Advertising," and they make that their rule in advertising as well as their motto, provided their employers let them. In other words, the ad club members usually have ideals, and live up to them when they are permitted to do so.

The effect which these young men of the ad clubs have had on American advertising has been very great. There is more truth in advertising now than there used to be. There is less quack advertising, less bunco advertising than there was twenty years ago. The ad club enthusiasts have, doubtless, suffered many an individual disillusionment; but in the long run they have made their ideals tell, they have made their slogan stick, they have made their method respected.

The ad club, therefore, is an important institution. So it is interesting to know that it originated in San Francisco. Before the San Francisco Advertising Club with its motto of "Veritas" was organized in 1903, there were no ad clubs in the United States. Today there is a national association of ad clubs. This association which grew out of the San Francisco club, will hold its national convention here next year: it will come west to honor the parent club. The importance of conventions is measured by the money they drop as they go their junketing way. Here is what an expert tells me:

"The national convention will bring five thousand here. Each man will spend a minimum of one hundred dollars in California. For transportation and Pullman tickets he will spend one hundred dollars more. That means an expenditure of a million dollars."

The expert who told me this was Carl H. Brockhagen. He is president of the San Francisco Advertising Club. And he's a live wire. Brockhagen was business manager of The Call when W. W. Chapin was running that paper. He is now advertising manager of The Bulletin. I think we shall hear of him soon in another enterprise of interest and importance.

I went to talk with Brockhagen the other day about ad clubs and advertising. Not specially about truth in advertising. That is a difficult subject for the advertising manager of a daily paper in San Francisco, as Samuel Hopkins Adams made very clear when he kicked up a row in the San Francisco Advertising Club by muckraking the advertising columns of all the local dailies, morning and evening. They tell me that every member of the Ad Club was tickled to death to see the newspaper proprietors of San Francisco "get theirs" from Adams: the malodorous advertising in local papers is a tender subject with newspaper advertising solicitors as it is with newspaper reporters. But it would be too much to ask a newspaper advertising man to discuss this subject for publication. What I went to Brockhagen for was some information concerning the "national advertisers" of the Pacific Coast.

A "national advertiser" is a concern which advertises nationally, buying space on the billboards throughout the nation and in magazines and periodicals of national circulation. There

is a respectably long list of these "national advertisers" on the Pacific Coast, and they all spend a lot of money every year. Their number and their annual appropriations are used by ad men all over the country to gauge the importance of the Pacific Coast in the advertising business of the nation.

Here is the list of "national advertisers" whose products belong to the Pacific Coast, together with the approximate amount they spent last year for advertising, as tabulated for me by Carl Brockhagen:

Hotpoint Electric Iron, California, \$200,000  
Sunkist Orange, California, \$120,000  
California Packers Association (Del Monte brands), \$100,000  
Sunmaid Raisins, California, \$90,000  
Red Cedar Shingle Association, Washington, \$60,000  
Peach Growers Association, California, \$60,000  
Northwest Fruit Products Company (Loju and Appleju), Washington, \$50,000  
Pheez Brand of Loganberry Juice, Oregon, \$50,000  
Carnation Milk, Washington, \$50,000  
Garden of Eden Grapes, California, \$40,000  
Hood River Apple Growers Association, Oregon, \$25,000  
Northwest Fruit Exchange (Skookham apples), Washington, \$21,000  
English Walnut Growers Association, California, \$20,000.

"The pioneers among these national advertisers," says Brockhagen, "were the Sunkist Orange men and the Sunmaid Raisin men. Those two national accounts began when 'Rollie' Ayres conceived the idea of the ad club."

"For some time Rollin C. Ayres of the Johnson-Ayres Company had been corresponding with L. H. Mertz of Los Angeles on the subject of national advertising. Mertz who is now advertising manager for the Hotpoint concern, was then running an advertising paper called Mertz's Magazine. In 1903 Ayres got a number of advertising men together at the old Poodle Dog, and it was decided that an advertising club would be a good thing. So the San Francisco Advertising Club was formed and held a convention in San Jose, the object being to induce the prune growers of the Santa Clara Valley to go into the national magazines as advertisers. But the growers said the packers should spend the money on advertising, and the packers were just as positive that the growers should appropriate the money. One prune grower got up in the convention and said:

"The growers pay for advertising prunes? You might just as well go to the sheep-growers and ask them to pay for advertising Hart Schafner and Marx clothes."

"After that the convention broke up in a row. That was fourteen years ago. This year the prune growers have formed an association and have appropriated \$25,000 to begin national advertising. They will appropriate \$75,000 more after the first of next year.

"Having failed with the prune growers, the newly formed Ad Club tried the raisin growers. With this prospective account in mind, 'Rollie' had seen to it that the first president of the Ad Club was a raisin grower—Harry Stapler of Yuba. Here the efforts were successful, and

the result was the Sunmaid account, followed shortly afterwards by the Sunkist.

"The number of accounts has increased steadily ever since. To the list I have given you will soon be added the account of the aforesaid prune growers, the account of the Redwood Lumber Association and the account of the Rice Growers Association, all of which will be handled by local advertising agencies. And we must also add the counties of Southern California which are about to advertise themselves nationally. It has been decided to spend \$125,000 in newspapers alone. The railroads have contributed generously to this fund.

"The year after the local Ad Club was formed, a national association of advertising men was organized, and the San Francisco club affiliated with it. 'Truth in advertising' is the motto of the national body, and to obtain truth in advertising is one of our aims. When Samuel Hopkins Adams addressed us on truth in advertising and excoriated all the local newspapers for their malodorous ads, he was not telling us anything we didn't know. We have been roasting dishonest advertising for fourteen years. We have a vigilance committee in the club to discourage crooked and shady advertising.

"Sam Adams has been conducting his campaign for honest advertising in the columns of the New York Tribune for a long time. And yet even The Tribune publishes an objectionable ad once in a while. Only the other day I noticed a diamond ad. It contained the half-tone picture of a diamond purporting to be nine-tenths of a carat and selling for \$90. I took the ad to Albert Samuels who is a member of our vigilance committee, and he put his micrometer on the diamond (which was supposed to be reproduced in exact size). He said he'd buy a thousand diamonds such as this purported to be, for ninety dollars apiece, because the market price of them was \$142.50. I wrote to Sam Adams about the ad. You see, it's hard even for a man who specializes in these things to keep all the dishonest ads out."

Advertising has grown to be such a highly specialized business that nowadays the advertising manager of a big newspaper must be an all-round salesman and a thoroughgoing investigator. Brockhagen gave me instances.

"Some time ago I received advertising copy for a carpet sweeper manufactured in the East. The instructions were that if I could sell twelve hundred of these carpet sweepers, the company would spend \$600 for advertising in The Bulletin—fifty cents for every sweeper I sold. I went out and sold the carpet sweepers to a department store, and The Bulletin got the ad.

"Another time I received a letter from the Carter's Liver Pill people requesting me to find out why the pills were not selling any more. Everybody knows Carter's Liver Pills, and the little ad with the picture of the raven. Brent

(Continued on Page 17)

Phones Market 483, Park 1781  
Perfect Pasteurization Courteous Service  
**COLUMBIA DAIRY**  
GEORGE H. PIPPY, Proprietor  
231 FRANKLIN STREET, NEAR HAYES  
A Modern Plant Fully Equipped to Meet the Most  
Exact Requirements



## Perspective Impressions

Now let's give Hoover a chance

Once more we are reminded that Rumania used to boast of her fine army.

Bob La Follette must get lonesome for John D. Works.

Is Hearst going to adopt Baer of North Dakota, "the baby congressman," the way he did Ashurst?

Wonder how Police Lieutenant Charley Goff likes his "moral" job?

With four tracks on Market street a lot of political ambitions will be run over.

The motto of the irresponsible worker: Strike while the ire is hot.

Municipal ownership may not pay, but think what a lot of excitement it gives us.

Is James Jr. mayor of the Mission or of San Francisco?

We're getting a little too much of the De Saulles shooting.

Starr Jordan objects to the word "slacker." Well, how about "coward?"

These daring fellows who swim the Golden Gate will have their courage tried when they try to walk across a four-tracked Market street.

Four tracks on Market street! Let's all take out accident policies.

The Chamber of Commerce put up a good fight for Market street, but demagogism won the day.

President Wilson remarked on a famous occasion that he had a single-track mind. Mayor Rolph beats him by three tracks.

"San Francisco knows how," said Taft. It certainly knows how to take punishment from its office-holding politicians.

Wonder if the Mission Improvement Association would be in favor of four tracks on Mission street?

## Utah's Last Wet

By Tod Goodwin

Salt Lake on the last night of legal wetness just naturally discarded the anti-glare ordinance and proceeded to get lit up like the pioneer monument. The bars came down and folks who hadn't had a drop in years took up the prohibition slogan of "Down with liquor!" It was a New Year's celebration multiplied by three and thoroughly mixed with a combination of individual birthday parties and group wakes for the dear departing spirits.

Those who merely went to the cafes and saw a few bottles thrown or wild women and men dancing on tables or paying \$5 a quart for California champagne didn't get to see all there was of the concluding performance. In the saloons—from the sawdustiest joint of the West Side to the gilded retail thirst departments of the leading hotels—extra bartenders who were nothing extra, simply threw drinks to men who fought for mahogany places and, having got them, stayed right there so as not to miss anything.

The bartenders got badly mixed, of course—but so did the drinks. As late as 4 or 5 in the afternoon it was still possible to get draft beer at a few places and mixed drinks at one or two of the better bars. But along about 8 o'clock, beer was a premium everywhere and nothing but straight drinks were dispensed. Devotees of such as Manhattan cocktails or silver fizzes were simply out of luck—it was whiskey or gin or nothing. Even highballs were served without the customary measuring glass.

"Tom Collins, not too sweet," ordered an indiscreet customer at the New Grand bar along about 8:30.

The bartender glared.

"Wait till I wait on these other customers before I start on any such junk," he snapped.

The "other customers" being numbered about thirty and the number increasing with each inward door swing, the Tom Collins fan decided he wanted straight gin with a water chaser.

Speaking of bartenders, I stood in the First South saloon and watched one who was giving the proprietor an exact 50-50 shake on the money' with this method: Every other drink payment went into the cash register and the rest into his side pocket. Once or twice, however, when a round of drinks brought the payment to a dollar or more on the house's turn

he decided he hadn't had a square deal and so switched the order of deposit, taking that sum himself and giving the cash register the next quarter or dime. The boss and a bosom friend were up in front dampening the cigars with their tears and telling "what a shame" it was that the State was going dry.

Two Salt Lake automobile men decided that the night would be a bit too rough for their wives so they left them at home and went out for a good time alone. Their travels finally took them to the Louvre where they proceeded to sink a few tall ones. Finally one wanted to dance. He couldn't see very well by that time but neither could anyone else and he figured his feet might track.

"I'm goin' to ask that chicken at that next table f'r a dance," he told his friend.

"Go ahead, I'll keep the table," agreed the other.

"That chicken," when the auto man reached her, proved to be his friend's wife and across the table, hugging a champagne bottle, was his own Mrs. They joined forces then and there, which is the reason two girls from American Fork are wondering why those fellows with that big car didn't keep their dates.

A lot of the boys from a certain town in Utah county who came into Salt Lake on the eight o'clock interurban for the grand windup (intending of course to get wine up) were somewhat confused to see the town marshal, a perfectly good and moral man, on the same train. Some were a bit worried and afraid he would go back home and spill the beans about their lark. But on the last train back they were highly elated to find the marshal, thoroughly marshaled and organized, so that he couldn't have recognized them if he had wanted to.

I am not at all mathematically inclined nor am I an average man in the sense of one who digests the tabulated records of ball players and teams in the daily sport pages, but I have figured it out like this: Salt Lake may be bone dry and the amateur and professional drinkers unable to get anything more, but if some figures I know don't get another drink for ten years the quantity consumed on that last night will keep their batting average up around .500.

John James, who is just as careful as most

Welshmen and not any less so, has been known in his time to take a wee nip just because friends insisted on buying it. The point is this—that you couldn't hardly blame a man for celebrating the death of old D. Rum and the birth of a grandchild on the same day.

Anyway, about 9:30 Wednesday morning I met John over on First South and Main. He told me the happy news about that grandchild. I felt just like he looked and I'm certain that I looked just like he felt.

"Where can a fellow get a cold gin fizz?" he asked.

"Search me," I said.

"Aintitell?" we chorused, and our ways parted.

That's the nearest John ever came to buying a drink.

The newspapers came out just as usual Wednesday morning despite the fact that Tuesday was payday for two of the two a. m. dailies.

Lotta fellows drinking water now who never knew it was a drink—thought it just a chaser.

The touring bureaus will now probably be rushed with inquiries concerning the auto roads to Evanston, Wyo., or Wendover, Utah, the latter being near the Nevada line.

Well, anyway, you can order lemonades in the ice cream cabarets after midnight without having to cache them under the tables.

Under the influence of five or six chocolate ice cream sodas, of course, there is a bare chance that some persons might buy a drink for the house.

It certainly was a spirited occasion.

### H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

TAILORS and IMPORTERS  
of WOOLENS

110 SUTTER STREET  
Above Montgomery

French American Bank Building  
Fourth Floor Phone Kearny 4210

SAN FRANCISCO



## The Lowered Flag

(Being the second chapter of the story of Belgium's woes entitled "Through the Iron Bars" by the Belgian writer Emile Cammaerts)

The contrast which I have endeavored to indicate, in the first chapter, between the attitude of the German administration before the fall of Antwerp and its behavior afterwards is nowhere so well marked as in the measures taken for the purpose of repressing all Belgian manifestations of patriotism.

During the two first months of occupation, the Germans made at least a show of respecting the loyal feelings of the population. In his first proclamation, dated September 2nd, in which he announced his appointment as General Governor of Belgium, Baron von der Goltz declared that "he asked no one to renounce his patriotic feelings." And when, a few days later, the Governor of Brussels, Baron von Luttwitz, issued a poster "advising" the citizens to take their flags from their windows, he did this in conciliatory words, giving the pretext that these manifestations might provoke reprisals from the German troops passing through the town: "The Military Governor does not intend in the least to hurt, by such a measure, the feelings and self-respect of the inhabitants. His only aim is to protect them against all harm." (September 16th.) Every Belgian was still wearing the national colors, pictures of the King and Queen were sold in the streets, and the Brabanconne was hummed, whistled and sung all over the country. The people had lost every right but one: they could still show the enemy, in spite of the declarations of the German press, that they were not yet ready to accept his rule.

This apparent tolerance is easy to explain. After the massacres of August, the German authorities were anxious not to exasperate public opinion, and not to spoil by uselessly vexatious measures the effect which had been produced. During the Marne and the three sorties of the Belgian army, they had only a very small number of men at their disposal to garrison the largest towns. The slightest progress of the Belgian army might have endangered their line of communications. We know now that the withdrawal of the seat of the government from Brussels to Liège was at one moment seriously contemplated, and that the same troops were made to pass again and again through the streets of the capital in order to give the illusion that the garrison was stronger than it really was (Frankfurter Zeitung, August 22nd, 1916). Besides, Germany had not yet given up all hopes of coming to terms with King Albert, since a third attempt was to be made at Antwerp to separate the Belgian Government from the Allies. In these circumstances it seemed wiser to let the Belgian folk indulge in their harmless manifestations of loyalty, so long as they did not cause any disturbance and did not complicate the task of the military.

Let us look now at the next phase. As soon as the Belgian army has achieved its junction with the Allies on the Yser and all communications are cut between the Government and the people, the Germans cease to consider Belgium as an occupied territory, and seize upon every pretext to treat her as a conquered country, which will, sooner or later, become part of the empire. They no longer take the trouble to explain or justify their oppressive measures, or to reconcile them with their former promises. They simply ignore them. First in Namur (November the 15th, 1915), then in Brussels (June the 30th,

1915), it becomes a crime to wear the tricolor cockade. The Te Deum, which is celebrated every year, on November 15th, in honor of King Albert's saint's day, is forbidden. From the month of March, 1915, it is practically a forbidden thing to sing the Brabanconne, even in the schools. All patriotic manifestations, on the occasion of the King's birthday (April 8th) and of the anniversary of Belgian Independence day (July 21st) are severely prosecuted.

In some of the orders issued there is still a weak attempt at "respecting," in a German way, "the people's patriotic feelings." The Governor of Namur, for instance, discriminates with the acutest subtlety between wearing the national colors in private and in public, and the Brabanconne can for a time be sung, so long as it is not rendered "in a provoking manner." In fact the Belgians are free to manifest their patriotism so long as they are neither seen nor heard. They are generously allowed to line their cupboards with tricolor paper and to hum their national tunes in the depth of their cellars. But in most of the orders made under Governor von Bissing's rule (his reign began on December 3rd, 1914), this last pretense of consideration and respect disappears entirely. "I warn the public," declares the Governor of Brussels on July the 18th, 1914, "that any demonstration whatsoever is forbidden on July 21st next."

More than that, the German Administration frequently goes out of its way to hurt the people's feelings. The fact of helping a patriot to join the army is not merely punished as a crime against the Germans, it is delicately called "a crime of treason," and when people are condemned because they are suspected of belonging to the Belgian intelligence service, the public posters announcing their condemnation speak of them as supplying information "to the enemy."

The sham tolerance of the first days has given way to a restless repression, and even, during the last year, to deliberate persecution. Schools may be inspected at any time by the authorities and every "anti-German manifestation" (that is to say, any pro-Belgian teaching) is severely punished. Shops are raided so that every patriotic picture postcard (especially the portraits of the royal family) may be seized, and even the intimacy of the private home is not respected. To begin with, the Belgians have been allowed to show their loyalty—with discretion; next, every patriotic manifestation is excluded from public life; and last, the Germans, through their spies, penetrate the homes of every citizen, and endeavor to extirpate by a reign of terror these same feelings which they so emphatically promised to respect.

\* \* \* \* \*

People who are leading a quiet life and who enjoy the blessings of an autonomous government will perhaps not appreciate the importance which the Belgians attach, at the present moment, to these patriotic manifestations. They may imagine that, so long as national life is assured and citizens are otherwise left alone by their conquerors, public affirmation of loyalty to king and country is of secondary importance.

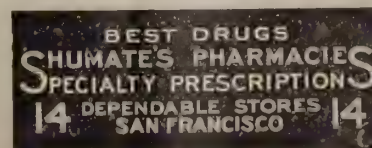
God knows that the economic situation of occupied Belgium is bad enough, and the endless and tragic lists of condemnations and deportations are there to prove that her people are living under the most barbarous regime of modern times. But even if this was not the

case, anybody with the slightest knowledge of their national character would understand the extraordinary value which the Belgians attached to their last privilege and the deep indignation roused by this German betrayal.

Von Bissing shrugs his shoulders and calls them "big children." So they are. And his son, with a scornful smile, declares in the "Suddeutsche Monatschrift" (April 15th, 1915), that it is in "the people's blood to demonstrate and to wear cockades." So it is. The love of processions and public pageants of all kinds is deeply rooted in Belgian traditions. But what does it prove? Simply that the people have preserved enough freshness and joy of life to care for these things, enough courage and independence to feel most need of them when they are most afflicted. This is how they think of it: "Our bands used to pass through the streets, shaking our window panes with the crashing of their trombones, our flags used to wave in the breeze—in the happy days of peace. Should we now remain, silent and withdrawn, in the selfish privacy of our houses, now that the country needs us most, now that we want, more than ever, to feel that we are one people and that we will remain independent and united whatever happens in the future?" Baron Friedrich Wilhelm von Bissing sneers at the Belgians because on any and every pretext they display the American colors. If they do, it is because they feel somehow that the best way to show that they have still a flag is to adopt the colors of the great country which has so generously come to their help. It may well be, as the baron informs us, that most of the "small and big children" who wear the Stars and Stripes do not know a word of English. What does it mean again? Simply that heart may call to heart and that it is not necessary to talk in his own language to understand a brother's mind. It is true that only children—children small and big—know how to do it.

If the Germans had had the least touch of generous feeling for the unfortunate country upon which they thrust war in spite of the most solemn treaties, they would not have obliged the Belgian citizens to lower the flags which they had put up during the defense of Liège, they would not have torn their tricolor cockades from their buttonholes, they would not have silenced their national songs, they would not have added these deep humiliations to the bitter cup of defeat. One wonders even why they did it if it was not for the mere pleasure which the bully is supposed to feel when he makes his strength felt by his victim. They might have gone on gaily plundering the country, shooting patriots, deporting young men, doing whatever seemed useful in their eyes. But the petty tyranny of these measures passes understanding. Governor von Bissing is certainly too clever to believe that the satisfaction of making a few cowards uneasy by such regulations can at all outweigh the danger inherent in the resentment and the deep hatred which the bullying

(Continued on Page 18)





# A Voyage of Peace in War Time

By Rachel Q. Henriques

There is a general idea in India that the safest way home is round the cape. This may be because by the old-time route one does not get into the danger zone proper until the end of very nearly two months' sea voyage. Danger two months ahead looms a good deal smaller than that which confronts the traveler only ten days after he leaves Bombay, when he takes the customary journey through the Suez Canal and across the Mediterranean.

I came by the Japanese steamer San Maru. It is said that among the 7,000 German prisoners the Japanese took at Kiau Chau, and whom they have threatened to shoot if their passenger ships are sunk without warning, are certain notabilities dear to the German authorities. They were described to me as "some knuts" by a fellow passenger. Whether Germany would really have any consideration for the lives of those exiled sons, now prisoners of war, can only be conjecture, but it is quite certain that the Japanese would not hesitate to carry out their threat with calm deliberation if incensed by Hunnish "frightfulness" at sea.

Our purser bore out this idea when I asked him why we carried no guns. "It is our Government's policy," he said. When I suggested there might be one on board hidden somewhere disguised as a champagne bottle, but only waiting to be rigged up later on, he smiled his Japanese smile, which means at once so little and so much, and offered me a cigarette. He was a man of over six feet, bigger than one ever expects a Japanese to be, and he had the most wonderful bow in the world, equally imposing whether he were in naval uniform, or with the kimono every officer flies to the minute that he comes off duty.

At all events, the San Maru, when we boarded her at Colombo, was a much less flustered boat than the British steamer which had brought us from Bombay to Ceylon. The latter had by no means got over a practical joke a British submarine had played on her in emerging almost alongside one fine day somewhere in the Mediterranean. She was still shivering and chattering, so to speak. Her sides were festooned with coiled ropes and rope ladders, and big rafts much like floatable platforms with railings, hung ready to be dropped into the sea at a moment's notice. It seemed that on her outward voyage, at least during the first part of it, all passengers had been compelled to keep their lifebelts within grabbing distance day and night, and about every other day they had been treated to a lecture upon what to do in such and such an emergency, and if the boat were struck in such and such a region.

They told us nothing on the San Maru, and made us do nothing beyond mustering in life belts at our allotted boats every Sunday morning after church time. It was as if the graceful black and white steam palace had been wound up at Yokohama and bidden to stroll across the oceans of the world as an emblem of the modern skill and ancient daring of the East. As we neared England she hoisted her flag, the rising sun of Japan, thus proclaiming her name and race to all she strolled on, unarmed and unconcerned, never stopping, never hurrying, for her speed at no time exceeded fourteen knots. She skirted the Bay of Biscay, crossed the English Channel by night, and landed her load of £1,000,000 worth of cargo and some

two hundred human souls, safe and sound in England only one day beyond her scheduled time.

We were among the last batch of women allowed to travel from India by sea, the new regulations limiting passengers being passed two days after our departure. Some of us came on board in perturbation, but as days lengthened to weeks, and even to months, pure air and limitless water and sky did their work. Uneasy nerves were soothed, vexed questions pushed aside, we almost forgot the war. It seemed as though this sea life must last forever. Nothing in existence appeared more important than our concert, and we stopped complaining of the heat to arrange sports, in which far the most popular "turn" was "bolster-bar" over the swimming bath, an excellent excuse for an extra dip beside the regulation morning and evening ones. A sense of security, false though it may have been, conquered every other feeling. We sat on deck in one harbor and watched every other craft but our own being armed to run the gauntlet of the "last lap" with scarcely a qualm. Our Japanese goddess must surely bear a charmed life. And so with a confident spirit we dropped away from our last port of call one soft evening, and the French cruiser, watching the mouth of the harbor, dipped her flag in salute as we passed. One evening in the swimming bath I felt suddenly an exhilarating nip in the hitherto tepid lifeless water. I pulled myself up to look out across the waves we were rushing through. The sun had changed from fiery red to pale yellow, he was slipping down into the sea with a haze across his face. We had left the cruel sunsets of the south behind and were beginning to get the long twilights of the north. Our boat was now traveling through chilly seas; the flying fish and dolphins that had played round us had long since left us to our journey. All this came home to me suddenly with a thrill. Only another week and then— But a week was too far to look ahead: one lived from day to day these times. By the morrow the bath had been emptied and Norfolk jackets and sports coats appeared after five o'clock. The little Japanese sailors laughed about their work as much as ever, but they and the officers already wore navy serge. Our captain, whose face wind and sea had dyed their own colors so that nobody could have guessed his nationality from the tint of his skin, still had the eternal cigarette between his lips. He photographed our children sometimes as they played along the well-deck. He still joked with the passengers when he passed among them, but he no longer took part in deck quoits. A careful observer from the boat-deck could have seen him hour after hour, a squat figure against the spotless white railings of his bridge, his glasses glued to his eyes, looking out to sea.

There came a day when the few gulls which had seemed to follow us all the way, were joined by flocks of friends, and people said to each other: "We can't be far off land." But the tiny flag which marked our course had been taken off the big map, and none could tell with any certainty where we were, though some of the men talked very wise about it. They felt rather anxious about us women, so they said, not a bit for themselves, of course. We watched the crew lowering the boats to promenade deck level, and lashing them in the most convenient

positions for us to get into, and they stocked each with a cask of water and a barrel of biscuits as gaily as though preparing for a picnic. A bold lady passenger had the temerity to ask the captain where we were, as if it had been the most innocent question in the world. We quite expected him to call forth a typhoon or at least one of those fearsome dragons the Japanese paint on their fans and screens to swallow her up, but he only said: "Getting towards London," and ran up the steps to his bridge, puffing away at his cigarette.

That night the sea rose, and the next morning those of us who "did not like the motion," stopped in our comfortable staterooms or took to long chairs again, covering ourselves now with thick rugs resurrected from trunks, and creased with long disuse. Chairs had all been turned about to face the sea, for an odd sensation seemed to prevail that if one stopped watching it even for a second "something might happen." Conversation was punctuated with the wistful sigh of "I wonder where we are now," and the inevitable reply, "I expect this is the bay." Tempers grew shorter as the hours grew longer. People came to have a fixed look in their eyes. In some cliques the word "submarine" was barred altogether, others discussed the danger boldly and comforted themselves by saying that the German sea murderers were powerless in any sort of rough weather. But I think we all realized that the weather was hardly bad enough to prevent them from operating, while the choppiness of the sea would have made the lowering of the boats an extremely precarious undertaking. In any case, the life of a small boat in such a sea could hardly have lasted as long as the increasing cold would have spared those of the men and women within her, to say nothing of the children! Though we said nothing to one another, not a soul among us but wondered how it would be in a cockleshell, with that devouring mass of gray water leaping all around. And still our engines throbbed with a regular reassuring throb and still breakfast time, lunch time, tea time, dinner time came and went, and a greedy passenger raised a laugh by saying even if we were torpedoed today, she hoped it wouldn't be before luncheon. For the food was excellent.

The wind fell towards evening, and the next day dawned upon a calm sea, calm at least to a steady old rock like the San Maru, though possibly very different in its treatment of a smaller, lighter vessel. As we came upon deck the whisper went round, "We shall sight land today." Most of us merely grunted, we had almost come to disbelieve in the existence of any more land. And then one of the passengers, a transport captain, whose boat had been mined about three weeks before, and who was on his

(Continued on Page 18)

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# Poems About San Francisco

216—ONE OF THE EXILES

By W. O. McGeehan

(Some years ago the Portola Committee invited "San Francisco exiles" to return for the celebration. As one so invited "Bill" McGeehan replied with the following verses. McGeehan was one of the most brilliant of our newspapermen; he is now a star on the New York Tribune. His beautiful "Little Bronze Ship" has been published in this series.)

Though the lights are bright on Broadway when the city is astir,  
There's a call from 'cross the Rockies, and my sight begins to blur;  
I can see the little sunbeams on the dear old hilltops play,  
I can see the Twin Peaks greening and the ocean and the bay,  
I can see the same old faces, I can hear the pattering feet,  
And I wish that I were with them—home again on Market street.

Yes, the call is at my heartstrings;  
There's an itching in my feet  
For the pressure of the pavement  
Back at home on Market street.

Every flick'ring light and shadow that has played about her hills  
Somehow dances now before me, and the haunting memory thrills;  
I can hear the noisy clangor of the speeding trolley cars,  
And the merry shouts of laughter ringing underneath the stars.  
Yes, it rings across the Rockies, does old San Francisco's song,  
Calling back the weary exiles to the place where they belong.

Yes, the call is at my heartstrings;  
There's an itching in my feet  
For the pressure of the pavement  
Back at home on Market street.

They have cleared away the ashes, they have conquered the debris;  
It's a radiant, happy city now that sends the call to me.  
I can hear the merry laughter in a gleaming new cafe,  
I can see the Twin Peaks towering, I can see the peaceful bay,  
I can see the moonlight softly on the Coast Range Mountains fall,  
And the voice is growing stronger—and I can't resist the call.

Yes, the call is at my heartstrings;  
There's an itching in my feet  
For the pressure of the pavement  
Back at home on Market street.

## The Spectator

### Viscount Ishii's Message

"We are here as the representatives of Japan on a mission of friendship and good will," said Viscount Ishii in the rotunda of the City Hall. The ambassador plenipotentiary from Japan was received by an assistant Secretary of State and was accorded a presidential military guard of three thousand men—an unique honor for a foreigner. And why these expressions of mutual good will? Broadly speaking, because the wise men of the United States and Japan are aware that unless every precaution is taken by both Governments the Pacific may not remain a peaceful ocean. The wisdom of the two nations is pitted against the jingoism of the two nations. The mob in America is hostile to Japan, and the mob in Japan is hostile to America. Both countries have jingoes; both countries suffer from yellow journalism. But both Governments are striving sincerely to surmount these obstacles, to subdue these menaces of peace. And in these efforts both Governments are entitled to the best help of all right-minded men. Those among us—they are too many—who talk loosely about the Japanese, voicing an unreasoned hostility, are sowing seeds which wiser men will have to pluck out of the ground if we are to avoid some day a terrible harvest. But I am not a pessimist. I think that wisdom will win the day. The fact that the Great War has made the United States and Japan allies gives our wise men an opportunity to bind the ties of friendship at a time when jingoism, perhaps, may be construed as treasonable conspiracy and punished as such.

### The Striking Platform Men

"The platform men are on strike," said Bowbeer, their spokesman, "because they have not

been receiving a wage upon which they could decently feed and clothe themselves and their families." At the time that this statement was made there were about 180 men on strike. Of these men General Manager von Phul said: "Fully ninety per cent were men hired recently." The strike, it would therefore seem, was engineered by newcomers on the payroll. It would be interesting to know how many of these newcomers have families to clothe and feed. It would be enlightening to see a list of their addresses. The chances are that a very large part of that ninety per cent of which von Phul speaks are men without home ties, that they live in lodging houses and have only themselves to look after. This is not mere guess work; I speak from some knowledge of the class from which platform men are recruited. Unattached men are more likely to be agitators than family men; that we know from our long and bitter experience with strikes. But of course, when the agitators point to some prospects of success they intrigue the minds of the more settled men, and the strike spreads. And if the strike is lost, the agitators move on and the family men suffer. The agitators "should worry."

### Lilienthal's Statement

Jesse Lilienthal must be a saddened man these days. Ever since he accepted the presidency of the United Railroads he has tried to make the condition of the platform men comfortable. As he said in his statement to the public the other day: "We have three times during the last four years, without any compulsion on the part of the men, raised their wages, the last raise having been made to take effect only a little over a month ago. We have insured the lives of our employes without any cost to them and

whatever their physical condition. We have made hundreds of loans to our employes, charging only 5 per cent per annum, and practically leaving it to their convenience to repay." The public knows all this to be quite true. But these efforts of the company to help the men do not appeal to newcomers in the service who take jobs with no intention of settling down and who are quite as willing to wreck the United Railroads as some of our city officials and city bosses have shown themselves to be.

### O'Connell, Jordan et Al.

The long and tireless arm of the Government didn't waste much time in gathering in that mischievous agitator Daniel O'Connell. Ever since Daniel O'Connell has been in this city he has made trouble, generally of the busybodyish E. P. E. Troy brand. Sometimes he has made a bigger splash than usual, as when it served the purpose of William R. Hearst to make him a political leader in the dead and gone Independence League or "Doodle Dee" organization. From the start of the Great War Daniel O'Connell has been a nagging foe of England and a friend of Germany. However, his opportunity for making mischief was very small until our country was precipitated into the struggle; thereupon he gravitated naturally to the ranks of those pacifists, "conscientious objectors," draft resisters, anti-conscriptionists, I. W. W.s and others who have had the bad sense to go counter to national policy and patriotism. It must have surprised nobody when this pernicious agitator was taken off a platform from which those meddling cranks Starr Jordan and John D. Works were addressing an assemblage of their kind. What does a man who used to be chancellor of Stanford think of himself



when it is borne in upon him that he is working shoulder to shoulder with such an enemy of his country as O'Connell? What does a man think who used to be United States Senator? Do these men think at all, or are they mere tongue-waggers? One of the good things which is coming out of this war is the segregation of undesirable Americans. Such men need not be tagged; they ticket themselves in the face of the right-thinking public. Another associate of O'Connell, Jordan and Works is that Miss Israels who was expelled from the school department for refusing to have her pupils salute their flag.

#### The Humor of Diabetes

During the recent spiritual retreat of the Catholic clergy of the archdiocese held at Menlo Park, Father Joseph F. Byrne, pastor of St. Columba's Church in Oakland, who is one of the wags of the diocese, made known the fact that medicos had convicted him of diabetes. He announced the news in rather a startling fashion.

"Well, boys," he said to his fellow priests, "they have me in one way. But the hand of God is in everything. With the present high cost of living, I consider it absolutely providential. The fact is that I have been changed from a consumer into a producer."

#### A Fake Healer

There is a revivalist holding forth on Ellis street near Fillmore who claims to be "used of God in healing the sick." His name is A. J. Lankin, and he has a large following. In the dodger distributed among those who attend his revival meetings are a number of testimonials to his healing power. Thus, a man in Brandon, Canada, testifies that Brother Lankin cured him of a cancer of the nose. A man in Winnipeg testifies that Brother Lankin cured him of leprosy. Two local testimonials are typical. One is from Mrs. Tate, 1754 O'Farrell street:

When dying from heart failure and wholly unconscious, and my friends and relatives believed I was stiff in death, Bro. and Sister Lankin were hurriedly called and rebuked the monster, death, and in a few minutes I was quite recovered. All glory to God for this wonderful modern miracle!

Another is from Mrs. Ensor, San Francisco, street address not given:

I want to testify, to the glory of God, that when I became converted, a year and a half ago, I was miraculously and instantaneously healed of an obstinate chronic bowel trouble.

Lankin told me himself that only a few days ago he cured a man instantaneously of a rupture. The man, he said, had paid twenty dollars for hospital treatment, but came to Lankin instead and was healed. And one of his women assistants told me that she had been cured of "fits" which had defied the skill of Dr. Osler

(no less) when he was at Johns. Hopkins in Baltimore. Is there no way of reaching and stopping this mischievous quackery?

#### The Cult of Hysteria

I attended Lankin's revival meeting out of a curiosity aroused by what I had heard of the doings there. I saw enough in the course of a couple of hours to convince me that the place needs watching by the police. The revival meeting part of the proceedings is just the ordinary crude affair. But this is followed by "prayer" in a long, narrow, stuffy room behind closed doors. I entered this room with about a score of devotees. I was by no means welcome. The devotees, men and women, including young men and young women, threw themselves on their knees and proceeded to pray out loud, to groan, to shriek, to weep—in a word, to go through all the usual grades of religious hysteria. One young fellow on his knees winked at me when nobody was looking. He may have been there for fun, or for some worse reason. Another young man worked himself (or pretended to work himself) into a high state of nervous excitement. I noticed that he knelt close to the comeliest girl in the room: she was crying bitterly, and all but leaning against him. Another young woman after shrieking and moaning, fell headlong, and was laid prone on the floor with a dirty rag quilt over her. The assistant revivalists squatted around her, praising God and (if she was conscious) working up her condition of nervous excitement. She was still in this posture when I left. How long this "prayer" meeting behind closed doors lasted I do not know; but it is not necessary for me to point out what can happen in such a place. I saw two girls in there who were nicely dressed and refined looking. I couldn't help wondering whether they had fathers or big brothers.

#### Sam's Leg and Sara's

Poor Sam Davis! He has had to have a leg amputated. The popular veteran of Nevada journalism will be commiserated by all who know him, and I hereby offer my sympathy. At the same time I cannot help thinking that Sam will take his misfortune cheerfully, if not jovially. He was ever a jester, even at his own expense. His last prime bit of waggishness was at the expense of his life-long friend Sara Bernhardt when she suffered the loss of a leg. At that time Sam was in charge of the unsuccessful Forty-nine Mining Camp at the World's Fair, and he told a Town Talk interviewer of the cablegrams which had been exchanged between the world's greatest actress and himself. Sam declared that he cabled Sara to let him have her leg for exhibition at the mining camp on the Zone and that she replied: "Which leg?" This is one of the many Town Talk stories which have gone around the world.

#### The Irby Mystery

This is how we understood the situation: John S. Irby, Senator Phelan's secretary, went to Secretary McAdoo and applied for the post of Surveyor of the Port vacated by Justus Wardell when he took Jay Scott's position. Secretary McAdoo took it for granted that Senator Phelan backed Irby's application and sent his name to the President. The President thought that Phelan wanted Irby appointed and sent the name to the Senate. The Senate confirmed Irby. In other words, we were given to understand that it was all a horrid mistake—that Irby "put one over" on Phelan and on the other candidates for the job. We were told that Phelan was trying to straighten out the tangle by having Irby appointed minister to Siam. But now comes Irby who ought to know, and declares that Phelan did actually back him for the post of Port Surveyor. In other words, McAdoo and the President made no mistake, and Irby did not "put one over." The question now is: Did Phelan "put one over" on the Californian Democracy? His protegee Irby makes it look as if he did.

#### The Death of Gillis

For nineteen years James L. Gillis, better known as "Jim" Gillis, occupied the position of State librarian. His salary was \$3,600 a year. During the last four sessions of the legislature efforts were made to raise this salary to \$5,000. The bill always passed both houses, but always died of that distressing complaint known as "pocket veto" until the last session. At the last session it was passed and was signed by Governor Stephens. It went into effect on Tuesday, July 31. And "Jim" Gillis died on Friday, August 3. This was indeed an office-holder's tragedy.

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**His Successor?**

With a salary of \$5,000 attached the post of State librarian has become a most desirable position; but it is to be hoped that it will not be given out as a political plum. Should genuine deserving instead of political influence command the place it will go to a librarian. There is a librarian in the field as an avowed candidate, and he has the backing of men who know books and the science of book handling. This is Milton J. Ferguson, now assistant State librarian. Ferguson was librarian at the University of Oklahoma for four years. As part of this highly specialized work he took a course in bookbinding in Chicago. He was the first president of the Oklahoma Library Association, and belongs to the American and California Library Associations. Ferguson, I am told, would carry on efficiently the work of the county library system as "Jim" Gillis planned it.

**High Praises for Hiram**

The London Observer recently published an article about Senator Johnson in which our Hiram was rated very high among American statesmen. "He is as certain to become a national leader if he lives as any man ever has in American history," says this article. And again: "To watch Johnson will be a good policy for Germany as long as the war lasts." I wonder whether Germany has taken the tip. Germany has been pretty busy watching other things, but if it was watching Johnson recently the Imperial German Government must have been tremendously impressed by his stand during the debate on the food bill. Senator Johnson arose one day and asked to be told how many bushels of wheat there were in a barrel. He was told, four and a half bushels. He deduced from this that with wheat at two dollars a bushel a barrel of flour would cost nine dollars. And then he demanded whether, with flour at nine dollars a barrel, the plain man of these

United States might hope to have a five-cent loaf of bread. Senator Johnson expressed himself as mightily concerned about the plain man and the five-cent loaf. He said that for "ten long, long weeks" he had been sitting on a committee charged with settling a street-car strike in the city of Washington, and he had found that some of the platform men got low wages, very low wages. Could these men hope to have a five-cent loaf of bread with flour at two dollars a bushel and nine dollars a barrel? Senator Johnson was informed that they might; whereupon he sat down happy: the plain man was safe. If Germany watched this incident, Germany must have trembled in its Hessian boots.

**Another Incident**

One other little incident in which I have noted the participation of Senator Johnson was equally calculated to give Germany the cold shivers. Senator Phelan had made a speech on "Why America Went to War." It was a good speech, and it must have warmed the cockles of many hearts, for it contained a lot of temperate but forceful criticism of Starr Jordan's Siamese twin, former Senator Works. At the conclusion of Phelan's speech Johnson obtained recognition to utter these epoch-making remarks:

There are very few of the views of John D. Works with which I am in sympathy. There are fewer still of my views with which he is in sympathy. I am in little sympathy with what has been quoted today by my colleague from California; but I feel that there is one thing that ought to be said: When this nation was in danger, when the call came from the President of the United States for volunteers in 1861, John D. Works shouldered a musket, and, in the old uniform of blue, he fought through the war for the preservation of the United States of America.

Three cheers!

**Crowder Praises Our Draft Workers**

Provost Marshal General Crowder seems to have meant what he said when he declared that the draft work being done in San Francisco was "one of the very finest evidences" of co-operation for the success of the selective service law that had come to his attention. The creation of the bureau of lawyers and notaries for the giving of free legal services to men and women affected by the selective service law was certainly felicitous. It's a good thing the idea was not copyrighted, for it is being taken up all over the country. I suppose that there are some few lawyers and notaries who hailed the selective service law as an opportunity for making a few extra dollars—some indeed may have seen a veritable harvest in sight when the law was passed. I am a little surprised that the Government officials in framing the rules and regulations covering the draft did not make some sort of requirement that legal and notarial assistance be given gratuitously. Our lawyers and notaries get their authority to act from the State and there is no good reason why the State should not enlist their services in the draft work. I am told that it was Tom Mulvey, secretary of the County Council of Defense and one of our court commissioners, who first offered to take affidavits required for the draft free of charge and I would not be surprised to hear that it was he who suggested that the services of all notaries be commandeered.

**Paul in the Headlines Again**

Have you noticed the nonchalance with which the Rev. Paul Smith, sidetracked by The Exam-

iner now that he has started out to recall District Attorney Fickert, has turned to The Bulletin for his usual front-page publicity?

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Spurned by the paper which made him—as far as he could have been made in a publicity sense—he turns in his search for notoriety to that paper's bitterest rival which in the heyday of his glory as head of our muckrakers, had denounced him from its headlines! The Examiner used Paul Smith while he was catspawing in its own puritanical campaign, but when he paid a personal visit to the editors of The Examiner the other day in the interest of his fight on Fickert and sought the same publicity he was given in the vice crusade he got the cold shoulder. Thereupon he went without apparent compunction to The Bulletin, and was "played" right under the war headlines. Hearst who glutted Paul the exposé with publicity, gives him a poor position on the back pages with what newspapermen call a "dingus," while The Bulletin which condemned him almost to the point of vilification, parades his latest campaign in a six-column head!

#### An Amateur Exposer

Ever since the original Paul found his way to the front pages prying paulsmiths have been active everywhere, and their latest field of invasion is the domain of amateur athletics. For now has come one John Desch, a young man with a future, asserting that Norman Ross of the Olympic Club, one of the most likeable champions of all times, is not an amateur but a professional who has sold his talents for cash. Desch is quite like the original Paul in many ways, but the chief resemblance lies in his inability to make good on his charges. At a meeting of the Pacific Athletic Association a few days ago, at which Desch, according to newspaper talk, was to have hurled his thunderbolts at Ross and the Olympic Club, the case fell flat and the charges weren't even made, Desch making what sporting writers call his "out" by claiming that he had been misled by certain commercial influences who upon finding they were unable to exploit Ross had determined to ruin him. This of course is cause for congratulation, since Ross is beyond doubt as clean an amateur as ever wore the Winged O, and aside from his athleticism has proved himself a very capable newspaperman, perhaps the first and only champion who can write his own "copy."

#### Another Hard Luck Car

The records of the famous hard luck automobiles—Jim Brennan's Buick six and Tom O'Connor's car of the same make—have almost been eclipsed by that of a Stutz recently bought by Howard Mallen, vice-president and general manager of the real estate firm of W. B. McGerry and Company. Mallen bought his Stutz less than a month ago—bought it second-hand from a stranded Ecuadorean señor—and more things have happened to it since he bought it than have happened to the cars of Brennan and O'Connor combined. Mallen has had the car stolen three times, its tires stolen twice, the tool-box pried open and all the tools stolen once; he has been stalled in the middle of Powell street on three separate occasions (and to a sensitive man to be stalled on Powell street, where the cuties promenade, is quite humiliating) and he has wrecked the car twice. All this within the space of a month! The only thing that hasn't

happened to Mallen is an arrest for speeding, but he expects that too—as soon as he gets the hang of driving the blamed thing.

#### R. O. T. C. Commissions

There are some very well known San Franciscans in the long list of those commissioned from the first R. O. T. C. Three of the men who won major's commissions are Dean Barrows of the University of California, Henry Breckenridge of San Mateo, a former assistant Secretary of War, and Bert Cadwalader who has been associated with Charles F. Hanlon in the practice of law. Among the captains are Tom Driscoll, polo player and banker; Adolphus E. Graupner, formerly an assistant of City Attorney Percy Long; and Wharton Thurston, erstwhile king of the Mardi Gras. Among the first lieutenants I noted the names of Leonard C. Hammond who drove an ambulance in France during the earlier days of the war; and Ray P. Saffold, a lawyer who had the quaint distinction of being consul for Monaco. Among the second lieutenants a hasty reading revealed the names of Phil Bancroft, brother of the former supervisor Paul Bancroft; Fred H. Beaver, son of the well known family; Andrew Carrigan Jr., son of the head of the big hardware concern; Eustace Peixotto, one of the clever brothers; John Parrott Jr., of the old and honored family; D. E. Koshland, L. H. Tryon, Ashfield Stow, L. M. Mintzer, Elmer Cox and C. S. Morbio. There are some men whose names are missing because they failed to measure up to the very rigorous requirements of the camp. Flat feet account for a lot of them dropping out. Among the men who failed to get commissions and are heart-broken in consequence are Felton Elkins, Vail Bakewell and Louis Ghirardelli. You may be sure that these men will find some way of serving their country; they longed to be officers but will not disdain the ranks: they are real Americans.

#### Leonardo and the Tanks

And now it appears that the "tank" is not a modern invention after all. Ages before there were any Holts to dream of the caterpillar engine a poet-architect-painter-engineer conceived the idea of the death-dealing juggernaut which has played so important a part in the trench fighting of Flanders. So at least we are given to understand by an Englishman who has been reading the letters of the great Leonardo da Vinci and who was so excited by something he discovered there that he couldn't rest easy until he wrote and told the dear ole Lonnnon Times all about it. Here is the first mention of a tank, he would have us understand, found in a letter da Vinci wrote to Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan:

"I can also construct covered waggons, secure and indestructible, which, entering among the enemy, will break the strongest bodies of men; and behind these the infantry can follow in safety and without impediment."

Of course the discovery won't rest there. The Times will be flooded with letters, all beginning (I'll wager) with the words "There is nothing new under the sun" and proving that the tank was invented by Hannibal, by Alexander the Great, by Rameses, by Solomon, etc., etc. And then some Oxford professor will write to say

that in a fragment of a Greek play just dug up at Oxyrrynchus the "tank" is accurately described by some forgotten dramatist who wrote a play about the Seven against Thebes. Three cheers for Dryasdustia!

#### S. P. Bonuses for Soldiers

Eighty-six employees of the Pacific system of the Southern Pacific who left the service of the company to enter the army or navy have been made happy by the announcement that nearly \$4,000 in bonuses will be paid them by the railroad. By leaving the employ of the company the eighty-six employees forfeited all claim to the second half of the ten per cent bonus, which was payable June 30 to employees in active service. Notice came recently directing that such break in the service as was occasioned by enlistment be waived, and the bonuses paid. This action is in line with the Southern Pacific's policy to lend every possible support to the Government in the national crisis.

#### The Superb Grizzlies

California is justified in pointing with pride to the thousand or more young soldiers now in active training at Tanforan Park. Enlisted from all sections of the State, and from almost every field of human endeavor, they fairly represent the fine material of which Pacific Coast manhood consists. Physically and intellectually, they are surpassed by no corps of Uncle Sam's fighting forces. In their ranks are professional and business men, noted athletes, experienced soldiers, miners, cowboys, men with brain as well as brawn. "We do not want a 'machine army,'" the commander of our forces in France has said. "We want an army of thinking men—men with individuality; men fully capable of taking command of units should necessity require; men who realize that war is neither sport nor play; men who keep their morals clean and can learn to obey orders promptly, implicitly and willingly." Of such are the Grizzlies, now in camp, with Lieutenant-Colonel Thornwell Mul-lally in command.

"I never knew such a complaining lot of customers," growled the baker.

"Same here," answered the butcher. "They seem to take advantage of the fact that we can't get along without 'em in our business."

"Bobbie, your face wants washing. Did you look at it in the glass this morning?"

"No, mother, but it seemed all right when I felt it."

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## The Poetry of Marshall Darrach

Last week in expressing my sorrow over the death of Marshall Darrach, the distinguished Shakespearian reader, I mentioned the fact that he possessed a real poetical talent. This talent was known to his intimate friends in the Bohemian Club and other circles, but his fame as a poet was quite circumscribed, since he never published anything. The nearest approach to the publication of any of Darrach's poems was in 1910 when the late Frank Unger who was a dear friend of Darrach's, illuminated a number of copies of an album containing three poems under the general name of "Vital Moments." This work was done in Yokohama where the two men, both globe-trotters, chanced to meet. The poems are of an appealing kind, so I am going to quote them from a copy of the scarce album which is highly treasured by its possessor. The first is called "Ah, Sweet! I Was Asleep."

I was asleep; you came to me,  
And to my lonely soul you sang.  
The cadence rare doth move me yet—  
So plaintive pure and low it rang.

Throughout my dream a waving veil  
Was lowered o'er my spirit sight;  
Behind the mystic filmy weave  
Your eyes kept vigil in the night.

I called to you. You answered me;  
You bended low your golden head;  
I felt your lips upon my cheek—  
It seemed you were not longer dead.

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I reached my arms to draw you close,  
To hold and kiss you as before;  
Then rose an evil, mocking laugh,—  
I clasped the air and nothing more.  
Ah, sweet! I was asleep.

## The second is "The Flame Words."

This was my dream. And, in it, I beheld  
One who with pen of fire did indite  
Words that, like stars of golden, burning flame,  
Blazed in the inky firmament of night.

"She was to you the perfect better part  
Of all you hoped that you might grow to be,"  
Words flamed: "Could you but have her wholly thine  
Your life would glow; and she would be to thee

The light by which thine eyes would see the bliss  
Of Paradise; such as those mortals know  
Who, in themselves and with their otherselves  
United, live their full lives here below."

Words flamed: "The weakness that you know is yours  
She, in her strength, would vitally sustain;  
And that fine strength you drew from her, you would,  
When she had need, return to her again.

"Yes, where your strength were great and she were weak,  
You'd courage her and strengthen her until  
The heavy burdens given her to bear  
Would be tasks easy for her new-found will."

But brighter blazed: "It is not thus to be.  
Thine is the life alone—with her elsewhere."  
And then, the flame words blazing in the sky  
Dimmed to a cold fog-cloud of dull despair.

## The final poem is "Night Visions."

Surely our meed of sorrow here below  
Is not the best that life can comprehend.  
If so, why loved we thus, as we have loved,  
As we do love, and will love without end.

There must have been some country in the past  
Where we have lived, though now beyond our ken;  
Where we were one, and mayhap, yet as one,  
We may return to that fair land again.

Should they exclaim, "They had no right to love,  
We will but laugh to think they think they see  
Things as they are; but only our hearts know  
Things as they were, and are, and are to be.

Things as they are, are love divine and pure;  
Love for you, dear, and your warm love for me;  
Sorrow it is when distance separates;  
Joy, when my heart returns again to thee.

And though the miles, uncounted, intervene,  
Dear, there are times when, in the quiet night,  
I seem to draw you to me, soul to soul:  
Know what you know, and think your thoughts aright;

Learn of your grief the sting of bitterness,  
Joy in your joy and feel the love you feel;  
Hold spirit forms of you within my arms;  
See you, as though you in the flesh were real.

Why should your spirit come unto me thus  
In those dread nights of yearning and of grief,  
Did not you sense my utter loneliness  
And send your spirit so to bring relief?

Ah, dear! were it not for those moments blest;  
Could I not sometimes thus your soul compel;  
Could I not feel you with me, though a dream,  
Day were a void and sleepless nights a hell.

But do not think that I would make complaint,  
"There is no peace for me because I love  
Her who must ever unattained be,"  
No, love its own transcendent joy will prove.

Prove that it is above all carking care,  
All grief, all woe, all yearning, all distress;  
And that those vital moments, soul to soul,  
Are more and must be more than all the rest.

## A Trench Yarn

"Did you hear about the two Australians in the trenches?" asked Father James of Sydney, New South Wales.

"I've heard about lots of Australians in the trenches; which two do you mean?" demanded Loring Doe.

The conversation took place in the marble lobby of the Whitcomb where Father James, a jovial priest with a gift for story-telling, is stopping and where the well known capitalist who owned the old St. Nicholas Hotel makes his home.

"I mean Bill and Jack," said Father James. "The Germans were sending over a shell barrage, and a few clouds of asphyxiating gas and a few dozens of hand grenades and one thing or another to make life exciting but uncertain. Bill and Jack were not exactly good risks for a life insurance company at that moment. In the midst of it all Bill called to his pal Jack:

"I say, Jack, do something to frighten me. I've got the hiccups!"

## Prominent Oaklanders Engaged

The engagement is announced of Lorena MacIntyre and Clarence Quinn of Oakland. Miss MacIntyre is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. G. MacIntyre of Oakland. She is the only woman attorney with offices in Alameda county. She is a member of the advisory board of the Alameda County Woman's Committee of Defense; a director of the Traveler's Aid; and a director of the Oakland Center of the Cali-

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California Civic League. Mr. Quinn is the representative of a large manufacturing company in Oakland. He is a graduate of Santa Clara College, and an architect by profession. Both Miss MacIntyre and Mr. Quinn belong to prominent Canadian families. After their marriage they will spend part of each year in Santa Barbara and part around the bay region. The marriage will take place the latter part of September. Miss MacIntyre is giving up her law practice.

#### An Organ Recital

A feature of the blessing of the bells of the splendid new Carmelite Monastery at Santa Clara was an organ recital by Dr. Maurice W. O'Connell. Before a large and distinguished

audience the noted organist rendered the following: Marche Pontificale, J. Lemmens; Communion in G (Song of Hope), E. Batiste; Largo, G. Haendel; Offertoire de Ste. Cecile, E. Batiste; Evensong, E. Johnston; Offertoire, Th. Salome; Toccata, Th. Dubois; Andantino in D, E. Lemmare; Idyll, R. Kindes, Queen of Sheba, C. Gounod; Andante, W. Volckmar; Wedding March, F. Mendelssohn.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Barrett and their daughters, the Misses Gertrude and Irene Barrett, have returned to town after a delightful sojourn at Del Monte.

#### At the Cecil

Major and Mrs. L. C. Munson, U. S. A., are residing at the Cecil. They are accompanied by their two sons and daughter. Mrs. Dora Alhborn of Honolulu gave an enjoyable luncheon Wednesday. Mrs. C. A. Hampton and Miss Hampton have come down from Marysville and will be at the hotel for a month. Mr. and Mrs. Gunn were dinner hosts Thursday in one of the private dining rooms. Mrs. Frederick Danforth and her daughter Miss M. Danforth have returned from Honolulu. They will be guests for a fortnight before leaving for their home in Gardiner, Maine. A distinguished party of Southerners are stopping at the hotel. They include Mesdames J. E. Cannon, E. G. Leigh Jr., Joseph Miller, Misses Ivor O'Connor, Ella Benford, Sara Wilson and Sara Crump. They are all residents of Richmond, Va. Mrs. S. M. Zeigler who made her home in Paris until the opening of hostilities in Europe, was hostess at an elaborate dinner Thursday evening. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Mulcahy, Mesdames C. B. Weeks and Robert Crombie of Paris and Mrs. Alice Boyd of New York.

#### The Techau Tavern

That determined seeking after perfection is the essence of achievement is proven by the success of Techau Tavern, San Francisco's highest class family restaurant and cafe. For in the many years of its existence Techau Tavern has never failed to continue to grow in patronage, in influence and in the estimation of its friends and patrons so that at present it is seldom one enters it without finding a capacity throng. For this the Tavern thanks its friends and patrons, who in turn wish the management to take the credit for the unceasing efforts which have brought about so gratifying a condition. In addition to perfect service and cuisine the Tavern has the best show of any restaurant in San Francisco. The latest music can be heard by the Techau's justly famous "jazz" orchestra under George Gould, and dancing may be indulged in on a superb floor. Vocal and instrumental artists are included in the Revue. Women patrons are presented every afternoon at 4, 4:40 and 5 with costly art boxes containing Le Lilas de Rigaud face powder, sachet and perfume.

#### At Atlantic City

You look for some things and find them not. For example, the daring bathing suit that we are told about in the papers. It does not exist. I didn't see one in four days, and I hope no one will think I am so old that I didn't look. Everybody is modest in attire and demeanor. If you are looking for a shock at Atlantic City don't expect it until you come to pay your hotel bill. And if you are a connoisseur of pulchritude in women you will be disappointed. I

will find lots of beauty in calf and ankle. It seems to me that women have been neglecting their faces for some years and putting all their art and grace into their lower limbs. How they show them! If legs were so displayed the last time I was in Atlantic City, which was in July, 1893, the exhibitors would have been arrested. And true to the woman spirit, I believe that the legs are shown not for themselves but for the hosiery and boots or slippers. The lady is not proud of her legs and feet, but she is proud of what covers them. Since fashion has concerned itself with the feet of women, they neglect their faces. Millinery is not as important as shoes, nor as costly, I am told. Yet it's an old, old story. There's a girl in Shakespeare who says, "With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, I can win any man in the world." So she goes saecula saeculorum, and we follow. —William Marion Reedy.

#### There Used To Be—

There used to be fairies in Germany—

I know, for I've seen them there  
In a great cool wood where the tall trees stood,  
With their heads high up in the air;  
And nobody seemed to mind;  
They were dear little things (tho' they didn't  
have wings),  
And they smiled and their eyes were kind.

What, and oh! what were they doing

To let things happen like this?  
How could it be? And didn't they see  
That folk were going amiss?

Were they too busy playing,  
Or can they perhaps have slept,  
That never they heard an ominous word  
That stealthily crept and crept?

There used to be fairies in Germany—

The children will look for them still;  
They will search all about till the sunlight slips  
out  
And the trees stand frowning and chill.  
"The flowers," they will say, "have all vanished,  
And where can the fairies be fled  
That played in the fern?"—The flowers will  
return,  
But I fear that the fairies are dead.

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## The Stage

### Low Brice at the Orpheum

Low Brice, a great favorite in this city, has associated himself with the beautiful Barr twins and the result is a fine singing and dancing combination which will be seen at the Orpheum next week. They entitle their act "A Little o' This and a Little o' That." It is described by the New York press as delightful from beginning to end, and registered one of the biggest successes of the present vaudeville season in the East. The music was composed by Dave Kaplan and the lyrics by Arthur J. Jackson. Harry Girard and his company who divide headline honors, will present an Alaskan incident entitled "The Wail of an Eskimo" which was written from actual experiences. For three years Girard was a gold-seeker in Alaska, and in 1900 he made the trip from Dawson to Nome, a distance of 1670 miles, with a dog team, being thirty days on the journey. He has been identified successfully with musical comedy and was leading man with Lulu Glaser in her greatest success "Dolly Varden." He was also starred in "The Alaskan" of which he is the co-author. Girard will be supported by a specially selected company which includes the delightful young actress Agnes Cain-Brown. Rita Boland who has established an enviable reputation in vaudeville and musical comedy, will appear in song sketches the words and music of which were written for her by Evelyn Blanchard. Edwin House whose basso cantante voice has made him a great favorite on the concert platform will be heard in popular selections. Miss Imogene Peay will be his accompanist. Anita Peters Wright's Rhythmic Dancers consisting of twelve attractive, graceful and clever girls, will be seen in solo and ensemble dances. "The Headliners" with Henry B. Toomer and company; Hamilton and Barnes in their clever and diverting skit "Just Fun;" and the patriotic spectacle "America First" will be the other acts.

### Last Week of "Letty"

With next Sunday night's performance "So Long Letty" enters upon the fourth and final week of its successful engagement at the Cort. Capacity business obtains at the playhouse. With the conclusion of its run at the Cort "So Long Letty" will have had fourteen weeks in San Francisco, a total of 126 performances.

### "What Next" Is Next

Oliver Morosco will present another big comedy with music at the Cort Sunday evening, August 26, when "What Next" will receive its first presentation here. It is by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris. Its twenty song and musical numbers are by Harry Tierney (music) and Al Bryan (lyrics). An augmented orchestra under Alfred Matthews Goodman of New York will be heard. The scenery is by Robert McQuinn, futurist artist, and was executed by John Collette of Los Angeles. The costumes represent the last word in New York plumage. Stage director Fred Bishop, aided by Oliver Morosco, is responsible for the magnificent production. Blanche Ring, noted singing comedienne, is the star. Others are Charles Winninger, Dainty Marie, Ed Flanagan and Neely Edwards, Eva Fallon, the three Du-For brothers and Al Gerrard. A basket of California "peaches" make a splendid chorus.

### Last Week of "Boomerang"

The clever Victor Mapes and Winchell Smith comedy "The Boomerang" continues in high favor at the Columbia where it enters on its fourth and last week Sunday evening. The engagement has been marked by a series of the largest and most appreciative audiences of the entire season. With such popular players as Arthur Byron, Martha Hedman, Wallace Edginger, Ruth Shepley and Gilbert Douglas appearing in the same roles they created in New York more than two years ago, the performance is delightful.

### "Here Comes the Bride"

The Klaw and Erlanger company will make their initial appearance at the Columbia on Monday night, August 27, in "Here Comes the Bride," a new face by Roy Atwell and Max Marcin, authors of "Cheating Cheaters." The play will be given here about the same time that it receives its Eastern premiere. The cast will include Bertha Mann, Harrison Ford, Grace Travers, Susanne Morgan, Phillip Gastrock, James R. Liddy, Beatrice Nichols, William G. Quinn, George L. Spaulding, Howard Scott, William Henry and A. Burt Wesner who is to have the direction of the stage. The comedy is said to be full of ginger.

### Kolb and Dill for Another Week

Those inimitable comedians Kolb and Dill having returned to the scene of their first

triumphs, the Alcazar, are registering one of the biggest hits of their long and successful career. They will start their third week Monday night presenting "The High Cost of Loving" with new song numbers, more girls and a general air of exuberant vitality. It is the funniest vehicle that Kolb and Dill ever figured in before San Francisco audiences. Matinees on Thursday and Saturday.

### His Fall Not Unchecked

Two insurance agents—a Yankee and an Englishman—were bragging about their rival methods. The Britisher was holding forth on the system of prompt payment carried out by his people—no trouble, no fuss, no attempt to wriggle out of settlement.

"If the man died tonight," he continued, "his widow would receive her money by the first post tomorrow morning."

"You don't say?" drawled the Yankee. "See here, now, you talk of prompt payment! Waal, our office is on the third floor of a building forty-nine stories high. One of our clients lived in that forty-ninth story, and he fell out of the window. We handed him his check as he passed."

"Have you been studying the science of efficiency?"

"Yes; and had to quit reading about it. Got so interested that I found it was interfering with my regular work."



HARRY GIRARD AND AGNES CAIN-BROWN  
In "The Wail of an Eskimo" next week at the Orpheum



## A Baby in the Trenches

Edgar von Schmidt-Pauli, a Prussian cavalry officer, who has been on the western front, has written for the German newspapers the following remarkable incident which he and his men witnessed recently:

"Donnerwetter—what a hellish noise! Above me shells are bursting and all around me is the rat-tat-tat of machine guns.

"It is just before dawn and the fog is so thick that one can scarcely see a yard ahead. All we know is that our troops during the night stormed and captured the French village over yonder. I want to see how our left wing is situated, and therefore ride to the village, where the enemy's bullets are falling as thick as hailstones during a heavy thunderstorm. The fog continues thick, but it is not cold.

"I find a shelter where other cavalymen are taking a little rest and at once proceed to get some needed sleep myself, ordering the lieutenant to rouse me in case of necessity.

"Suddenly I am awakened by a peculiar, uncomfortable stillness—as is the case often where a sleeper is awakened either by a sudden noise or the cessation of noise. As I emerge from the dugout the lieutenant winks at me somewhat mischievously and points directly in front of him. Carefully I raise my head over the top of the trench to get a view of things.

"The sun has risen and the fog has disappeared. In front of us is a meadow, and there, midway between our trenches and those of the enemy, is—God, it is impossible, it must be a delusion!—a Fata Morgana; but no—there in the middle of the field, crawling on hands and knees, is a little child, a baby. It appears perfectly happy and contented, and seems to be enjoying itself. Not a sound is to be heard, not a shot is fired. Every man has become dumb from amazement.

"A child has fallen from heaven! cries a soldier near me.

"Well, that is about the case, for where else could that child have come from?

"Before my weary brain can summon up any convincing reasons how that child got out there—whether some poor mother lost it in the panic due to the battle of the night before—a German soldier jumps out of the trench and runs to where the child is crawling about. Absolute stillness prevails in the trenches, and only to our right, from which this extraordinary sight is hidden by a clump of trees, is the sound of gunfire heard.

"And this spot, which all through the night has been a veritable inferno of shot and shell, is now like some peaceful island or a cool, friendly oasis in a burning desert.

"Over there in the enemy's trenches we can

see the helmets of the Frenchmen as they peer over the edges. No one is any longer thinking of the enemy or the war or of danger. All eyes are on the tall soldier and the child which he is approaching. And as he picks up that little, frightened, helpless piece of humanity and fondly takes it in his arms, a laugh, a low, friendly laugh, passes along our entire column. The laugh is infectious, and we can feel how it is going along the ranks over yonder. And suddenly—what, are they going to shoot?—no, on the contrary a great wave of applause with shouts of 'Bravo!' from thousands of French throats breaks the stillness. Then, as the soldier jumps back into our trench with the child safely in his arms, our ranks, too, burst into a triumphant shout which passes all along the line.

"Even for some time after not a shot is fired. It is as if we felt ashamed of ourselves, and no one touched a gun while that child was in our midst.

"When the firing did start again it was rather desultory and indifferent, and there was nothing dangerous about it. That little child had worked a wonderful change in the hearts of both friend and foe that morning."

### For the South's Gone Dry

Lay the jest about the julep in the camphor balls at last,  
For the miracle has happened and the olden days are past;  
That which makes Milwaukee famous does not foam in Tennessee,  
And the lid on old Missouri is as tight locked as can be;

For the eggnog and the rye has gone awry,  
And the punch bowls hold carnations, and the South,

"By Gawd, Sir, 's dry."

By the still side of the hillside in Kentucky all is still,

For the damp refreshments must be dipped up from the rill;

N'th C'lina's stately ruler gives his "Cola" glass a shove

And discusses local option with the South C'lina's Gov.

For the mint bed makes a pasture and the corkscrew hangeth high

And the cocktail glass is dusty and the South,  
"By Gawd, Sir, 's dry."

All the nightcaps now have tassels and are worn upon the head,—

Not the nightcaps that were taken when nobody went to bed;

When the Colonel and the Major and the Gen'l and the Jedge

Met to have a little nip to give their appetites an edge,

Now each can walk a chalkline when the stars are in the sky,

For the fizz glass now is fizzless and the South,  
"By Gawd, Sir, 's dry."

Though she still has pretty women and her horses still are fast,

"Old Kentucky's" crowning glory is a memory of the past;

Now the partisans of "Straight goods" and the "Rectified" speak well,

For what's the use of scrapping when the business' gone to h—;

In those lovely tasseled cornfields all the crows are living high,

Each distillery's a graveyard, for the South,  
"By Gawd, Sir, 's dry."

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"HERE COMES THE BRIDE"

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## Alcazar Theatre

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#### CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, Ng. T. Quai, is transacting a business of manufacturing noodles in the State of California, under the name of Red Band Paste Co.; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that he is conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Red Band Paste Co., and that he is the sole owner of said business, and that his full name is Ng. T. Quai, and that he resides at 1135 Stockton Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

NG. T. QUAI.

State of California,  
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 13th day of August in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Seventeen, before me, THOMAS S. MULVEY, a Court Commissioner of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, personally appeared Ng. T. Quai, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

(Seal)

THOMAS S. MULVEY,  
Court Commissioner of the City and County of  
San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Aug. 13, 1917.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

L. W. LOVEY,

Attorney at Law,

1101-7 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-18-5

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The action of the market last week has been confusing. Moves in either direction have not been long sustained. The decline toward the end of the week seems to have, technically at least, changed the position of the market. What the ultimate outcome will be is still uncertain, because we have nothing definite to work on. The tax bill now comes up for discussion in the Senate; and until that is finally passed by both Houses there is no certainty as to what the tax will be on excess profits. Cost of products are still being investigated, and no one knows today when a final decision will be rendered, and when rendered what the price will be. Under such circumstances it is hardly surprising that the confidence of the public has been shaken, and it will require something new, definite and decidedly beneficial to revive confidence on the part of the investors. The only branch of the market that shows real stability is the railroads. These stocks have been thoroughly liquidated during the past year. Prices are down to a point where the dividend return is very attractive, and it would not be at all surprising if, in view of the many uncertainties, investors would turn their attention from the industrial to the railroad list and thereby take hold of this class of stocks that they know are cheap and that will be leaders in the market when peace in the world is again restored. However, with a six billion dollar loan coming along, at the rate of interest of 4 to 4½ per cent, investment securities will probably suffer some more. Not many stocks are being carried by brokers, less than for several years. This has prevented excessively bearish news having any great effect. On the other hand, no one is going to attempt a big market in the war and industrial stocks until they know how these companies are likely to be affected as to the earnings and taxes. Accumulation continues in the tobacco stocks. The same thing applies to the marine issues. The right people have been picking up Southern Railway, and in the first decent market this stock will make a good account of itself. Southern Pacific is another property that is on the bargain counter. Peace talk is very prevalent, just as it has been every thirty days for the last three years.

**Corn**—The recent run of favorable temperatures has evidently taken some of the bullish vitality from this season's futures, for it is acknowledged that the backwardness so confidently claimed has entirely disappeared and an early gathering is predicted. It is very seldom that frosts appear previous to the 26th or 28th of September, and if they hold off until that calendar period this year, it is not thought that any damage can be done. Farmers from all parts of the corn belt unite in saying that the plant has the strongest growth in years, as

shown in its color, the size of the leaves and the length of the ears. The close top filling is noticeable which is always absent in poor years, and which is thought will lead to underestimation this season, for its addition to general results is difficult to estimate. We think that the anxiety of the trade is now centered upon the possible continuation of the car shortage more than upon the possibility of a reduced production. The Government will doubtless take a hand in distribution, but what it can do more than was done this year, even if the railroads enlarge their present equipment, is difficult to tell. No doubt the same thing will menace the movement this year, but not to the extent of last. We expect the new crop to move early, and we think that sales of May and December will be found profitable if initiated on good bulges.

**Cotton**—The past week has been a perplexing one, as we always find it during the month of August. It is a strictly weather market, and wide fluctuations may be looked for. An elegant market for the traders. Hester places the consumption of Southern mills at 4,358,000, showing an increase of 311,000 over last year. National Ginners' report shows an improvement of one per cent since July 25. Private reports show rain from Sherman to Texarkana, Fort Worth, Dallas, Waco, Austin and Oklahoma. The weekly weather report last Wednesday was very favorable and rather surprised the traders as the daily reports and some private reports showed excessive rains in parts of the eastern belt and droughty conditions in Texas. The spot situation is very strong and may hold during this month, but when cotton commences to move who will take care of it? While we look for lower markets, do not advise selling on declines, but purchases made on any good breaks may show good profits.

## Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5)

Good made millions out of those pills, and left the business to his son. The son discovered one day that the pills were not selling. And he wanted to know why. I interviewed all the big druggists in the city, and found the reason. People don't take pills any more. They use lubricants like Nujol and Ameroil and the Phenolax preparations instead. It looks as though Carter's pills are dead.

"Nowadays there is close coöperation between newspapers and advertisers for the purpose of selling goods. For instance: I receive from the East advertising copy which is to be used on a certain date. Prior to that date I notify dealers interested in that particular line that the ad

is coming out. I arrange with them to take the literature explaining the particular product in question, to make window and shelf displays and to use 'cut-outs.' If the ad creates a demand, the goods are on the shelves ready to be sold and the dealers are posted about them. Some big concerns notify dealers all over the country prior to taking space in a paper like the Saturday Evening Post; the dealers put in their orders in anticipation of the demand sure to be created by the ad; and by the time the ad appears the big concern has sold its output. The ad has done its work for the wholesaler before it appears; now it does its work for the retailers."

Curate—Shame on you for beating up Mike that way. Don't you know that you should pray for your enemies?

Denny—But he ain't me enemy, father; he's a friend uv mine.

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Interest on Savings Deposits for year 1916 was paid at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

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(THE GERMAN BANK)

Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial  
526 CALIFORNIA ST. San Francisco  
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The following Branches for Receipt and Payment of Deposits only:

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JUNE 30, 1917

Assets	\$64,566,290.79
Deposits	61,381,120.63
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,185,170.16
Employees' Pension Fund	259,642.88
Number of Depositors	65,717

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending December 30th, 1916, a dividend to deposits of 4% per annum was declared.

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## The Lowered Flag

(Continued from Page 7)

has aroused against Germany. You may take the children's bread, you may take their freedom, but you might at least leave them a few toys to play with, and you would be wise to do so.

Such narrow-minded tyranny always defeats its own objects. Burgomaster Max's proud answer to General von Luttwitz's "advice" to remove the flags became the password of the patriots. Every Bruxellois henceforth "waited for the hour of reparation." A great number of women went to prison rather than remove the emblems of Belgium which they wore. Stories passed from lip to lip. Their accuracy I would not guarantee, but they belong to the epic of the war and are true to the spirit of the people. A young lady, who was jeered at by a German officer because she was wearing King Albert's portrait, is said to have answered his "Lackland" with "I would rather have a King who has lost his country than an Emperor who has lost his honor." Another lady, sitting in a tram car opposite a German officer, was ordered by him to remove her tricolor rosette. She refused to do so, and, as he threatened her, defied him to do it himself. The Boche seized the rosette and pulled . . . and pulled . . . and pulled. The lady had concealed twenty yards of ribbon in her corsage.

When the tricolor was forbidden altogether, it was replaced by the ivyleaf, ivy being the emblem of faithfulness; later the ivyleaf was followed by a green ribbon, green being the color of hope. The Brabanconne being excluded from the street and from the school took refuge in the churches, where it is played and often sung by the congregation at the end of the service. There are many ways of getting round the law. The Belgians were forbidden to celebrate in any ordinary way the anniversary of their independence. Thanks to a sort of tacit arrangement they succeeded in marking the occasion in spite of all regulations. On July 21st, 1915, the Bruxellois kept the shutters of their houses and shops closed and went out in the streets dressed in their best clothes, most of them in mourning. The next year, as the closing of shops was this time foreseen by the administration, they remained open. But a great number of tradespeople managed ingeniously to display the national colors in their windows—by the juxtaposition, for instance, of yellow lemons, red tomatoes and black grapes. Other emptied their windows altogether.

These jokes may seem childish at first sight, but when we think that those who dared perform them paid for it with several months' imprisonment or several thousand marks, and paid cheerily, we understand that there is more in them than a schoolboy's pranks. It seems as if the Belgian spirit would break if it ceased to be able to react. One of the shop managers who was most heavily fined on the occasion of our last Independence Day declared that he had not lost his money: "It is rather expensive, but it is worth it."

If patriotism has become a religion in Belgium, this religion has found a priest whose authority is recognized by the last unbeliever. If every church has become the "Temple de la Patrie," if the Brabanconne resounds under the Gothic arches of every nave, Cardinal Mercier has become the good shepherd who has taken charge of the flock during the King's absence. The great brotherhood, for which so many

Christian souls are yearning, in which there are no more classes, parties and sects, seems well nigh achieved beyond the electrified barbed wire of the Belgian frontier. Are not all Belgians threatened with the same danger, are they not close-knit by the same hope, the same love, the same hatred?

When the bells rang from the towers of Brussels Cathedral on July 21st last, when, in his red robes, Cardinal Mercier blessed the people assembled to celebrate the day of Belgium's independence, it seemed that the soul of the martyred nation hovered in the church. After the national anthem, people lifted their eyes towards the great crucifix in the choir, and could no longer distinguish, through their tears, the image of the Crucified from that of their bleeding country.

## A Voyage of Peace in War Time

(Continued from Page 8)

way home to take another command, trotted up to our rather mournful group, his face all one smile. I say trotted, for we all of us raced and jumped to keep ourselves warm. One word, and we rushed to the other side of the boat. There it was, only a shadow on the horizon at first, and then as we watched, clearer and clearer, a range of smiling grass-covered cliffs flanked by a lighthouse, our first glimpse of Europe—the coast of France. And I shall never know a fairer landfall than that earliest sight of the broad fields of Normandy, between the blues of sea and sky.

We were speeding merrily across the Channel, the sun dancing on the ripples, the sharp air singing past our ears, depression fallen from us like a cloak. Incurable invalids came up out of their cabins and skipped about the deck; individuals who had been at loggerheads the whole voyage leant together over the rail and exchanged confidences. We thought ourselves safe! And then all in a moment a voice said, "What is that?" Over the horizon had popped a long grey boat; then another, and another! In an incredibly short time it seemed, the first was alongside us. She slid across our bows like an eel, and up ran a signal. We seemed to turn on our track like a hound and in scarcely more than a few seconds were scudding, all steam up in the opposite direction, towards that friendly shore. And as we steamed, the little destroyers circled around and about us like terriers conducting a mastiff, not going over the waves, but cutting straight through them, the sun glinting on their silver-gray armor, while every time one came near enough, we cheered and shrieked almost hysterically, waving caps, handkerchiefs, mufflers, sewing, knitting, anything, at the men in oilskins and queer French Tam-o'-Shanters, standing on the little drenched deck. On our notice-board appeared: "We have been ordered to put into port." We lay in port three or four hours, among a perfect fleet of smaller craft, each of which, like us, had evidently been warned and fetched back from the path of danger. We watched a convoy depart. A line of five or six ordinary transports—"three island boats" they are called, because when first sighted at sea, the bows, poop and stern look like three islands sticking up upon the horizon. Two fussy little tugs towing as many sailing ships, graceful beauties, most of their sails now sadly furled, as though in mourning for the fate which had befallen so many of their comrades. Our captain had come half round the world alone, and he said he would finish his journey

unprotected save by his skilful seamanship and his confidence in the gods of his ancient people. We slipped away under cover of darkness.

By nightfall we had passed through "the Gates" and were safely anchored. The pilot had come aboard and the captain was in bed. Next morning we glided up Channel with the crowd of transports, cruisers, destroyers, patrols, minesweepers and trawlers that throng here like traffic in Regent street on a May afternoon—for the Germans have still left us a few! And, oh, it was good to have exchanged translucent tropic seas for our own grim pitchy waters. We also saw at least three of those sea batteries called monitors, in which all is subservient to the one huge gun, guarding the mouth of the Thames.

Next day we were riding in omnibuses and shopping in Oxford street. That London life which our men at the front and on the fleet have enabled to roll on almost as smoothly and unconcernedly as ever, had absorbed us, exiles home from India. We were already beginning to forget our peaceful voyage home in war time.

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SECURITY 187, care TOWN TALK

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19765 New Series; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET M. FARMER, deceased.

Mary Coleman, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, having filed her verified Petition in this Court, setting forth facts on which she bases a claim that John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, are entitled to the specific performance of a contract made with them by the aforesaid Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, in her lifetime to convey certain real estate which contract is set forth in substance in her petition, and praying for an order authorizing and empowering her as such Executrix to convey to said John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, the said real estate which is described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Southerly line of California Street distant thereon ninety-five (95) feet Easterly from the point of intersection of said Southerly line of California Street with the Easterly line of Twenty-ninth Avenue; running thence Easterly along said Southerly line of California Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; and thence at right angles Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of California Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of outside Land Block Number 154 of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Tuesday, the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 9 thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition and all persons interested in the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at the time and place hereinabove specified and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted authorizing said Executrix to convey the real property hereinabove described to JOHN McCONVILLE and MARY A. McCONVILLE, his wife.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks prior to the date of said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court and dated this eighth day of August, A. D. 1917.

J. V. COFFEY,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

ANDREW G. MAGUIRE,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
281 Page St.,  
San Francisco, Cal.



# NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF TRAUNG LABEL & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of TRAUNG LABEL & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a special meeting of said board, duly held on the 31st day of July, 1917, at the office of said corporation, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of the said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation, 962 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meets), on Thursday, October 11th, 1917, at 2:00 P. M. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand (\$100,000) Dollars, divided into twenty thousand (20,000) shares of the par value of Five (\$5.00) Dollars each, to Five Hundred Thousand (\$500,000) Dollars, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of Five (\$5.00) Dollars each.

The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock is Five Hundred (\$500,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated August 3, 1917.

LOUIS TRAUNG,  
Secretary Traung Label and Lithograph Company.  
L. W. LOVEY,  
Attorney at Law,  
1101-7 Hearst Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 8-11-5

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81480; Dept. 14.

WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, Plaintiff, vs. CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFLER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LANE LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants.

Action, for settlement of account, brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFLER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LANE LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, including judgment that his accounts as such Trustee from and including the 1st day of January, 1912, to and including the 31st day of December, 1916, as submitted and set forth in the said complaint, are full, true and correct and are settled and allowed.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of April, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1101 Alaska Commercial Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 7-21-10

## NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, WALTER H. LINFORTH, trustee under that certain Deed of Trust executed to the undersigned Walter H. Linforth, as trustee by Otto A. Brown, and which said Deed of Trust bears date the 19th day of November, 1915, and was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 22nd day of November, 1915, in Volume 917 of Deeds, page 13, Records of the City and County of San Francisco. That the said undersigned will, as such trustee, under and pursuant to said Deed of Trust and the provisions therein contained, and to accomplish the purposes and make the payments therein specified, sell at public auction to the highest cash bidder, on the 5th day of September, 1917, at 11:00 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Van Ness Avenue entrance of the City Hall in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the premises described in said Deed of Trust, and which said premises are more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

All of Lot No. Six (6) in Block Twenty-eight (28), as said lot and block is delineated and so designated upon that certain map entitled "Blocks 27 to 34 Forest Hill Extension," San Francisco, California, filed December 21st, 1912, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, and recorded in Liber "G" of maps at pages 91 and 92.

Together with all estate, interest, homestead, property or other claim or demand in law or equity which the said Otto A. Brown now has or may hereafter acquire in and to the said premises with the appurtenances.

Terms of Sale: Sale will be made in one parcel at public auction, to the highest cash bidder, and all bids and payment for said property shall be made in United States gold coin, purchase price payable twenty per cent (20%) on the fall of the hammer at the conclusion of the sale, and balance within two days thereafter at the office of Alfred L. Meyerstein, 611 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California. If balance is not so paid, said 20% to be forfeited and sale to be void. Acts of transfer and examination of title at expense of purchaser.

Upon the sale made, the undersigned as such trustee will make, execute and after due payment made deliver to the purchaser or purchasers at such sale, his or their heirs or assigns, a deed of the premises so sold.

The owner of the indebtedness secured by said Deed of Trust, or any other person, may bid and purchase at such sale.

Said sale is made because of default in the payment of a certain promissory note in the principal sum of \$1875, referred to in said Deed of Trust, as having been executed by the said Otto A. Brown on the 19th day of November, 1915, to Alfred L. Meyerstein, who is now the owner and holder thereof, and which said promissory note together with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent (6%) per annum payable monthly from the 19th day of November, 1915, is past due and unpaid.

Said sale is made upon demand of said Alfred L. Meyerstein, the owner and holder of the promissory note secured by and referred to in said Deed of Trust.

Dated: This 31st day of July, 1917.

WALTER H. LINFORTH, Trustee.  
ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,  
Attorneys at Law,  
110 Sutter St.,  
French Savings Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 8-11-4

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE ALLEQ, deceased.—No. 23072; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the last will and testament of EUGENE ALLEQ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of J. Henry Meyer & Co., No. 440 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EUGENE ALLEQ, deceased.

J. HENRY MEYER,  
ALFRED CELLIER,  
Executors of the last will and testament of  
Eugene Alleq, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, California, August 11th, 1917.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY ASCROFT, deceased.—No. 22962, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of HENRY ASCROFT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at its office, junction of Grant Avenue and Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as its place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY ASCROFT, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,  
Executor of the last will and testament of Henry Ascroft, deceased.  
By H. G. Larsh, Secretary.  
Dated, San Francisco, California, July 21, 1917.  
HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,  
Attorneys for Executor,  
San Francisco, Cal. 7-21-5

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83334.  
GERTRUDE R. KNOBLE, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN KNOBLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

G. C. RINGOLSKY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 805 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN KNOBLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 82325; Dept. 4.

JAMES J. FALK, Plaintiff, vs. MAUDE EVELYN FALK, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: MAUDE EVELYN FALK, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of June, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-16-10

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 22027; Dept. 10.  
In the Matter of the Estate of GEORGINA EMILY TOTENHAM, Deceased.

It appearing to the said Court from the verified petition this day presented and filed by Edgar M. Wilson, as Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Georgiana Emily Tottenham, deceased, praying for an order of sale of real estate, that it is necessary to sell the whole or some portion of the said real estate belonging to the estate of the deceased to pay the debts outstanding against the estate, and to pay the debts, expenses and charges of administration, and that it would be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate, and those interested therein, that such a sale be made:

It is therefore ordered that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on the 28th day of August, 1917, at 10 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the court room of Department No. 10 of said Court, in the City Hall of said City and County, then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of said real estate as shall be necessary, or as shall appear to be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate and those interested therein; and that a copy of this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco.

Done in open court this 16th day of July, 1917.  
THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of said Superior Court.

Filed: July 16, 1917.  
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.  
POWELL & DOW,  
Attorneys for Administrator,  
10th Floor Mills Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 7-21-5





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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, AUGUST 25, 1917

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When Woods and Tait Struck Broadway

What an Editor Has Done with Stoddard's Poems

*Ask Your Newsdealer For the August Lantern*



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## SOUTHERN PACIFIC



# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXX

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No. 1305

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## The Vanity of Disputation

We are told the war is reviving religious feeling in the world but only among people who will neglect nothing in the quest of consolation; in other words that only those susceptible to the spiritual appeal are becoming religious; the rationalist is still proud of his so-called rationalism and remains as sceptical as ever. The rationalist, believing himself a profound thinker, is posing old problems in the belief that he is springing something new on the world. The war, he argues, disproves the doctrine of God's omnipotence. This doctrine he pronounces untenable in a world that presents all the horrors of war. Here is an argument that goes back to Job's time, if not a little anterior thereto. The conception of an imperfectly powerful God working on an imperfectly ordered world and very much in need of the collaboration of man in realizing the far-off Millennium has been discussed by theologians ever since the idea of the Millennium had its inception. It struck John Stuart Mill as a fine idea because it seemed to him to hold a great moral advantage since it made the humblest being who put forth an effort for good a co-worker of God. The conception has at least this advantage, that it induces thought of things above the world, but isn't the advantage offset by the amount of troublesome and futile busy-bodiness it stimulates, causing much discord and leading to war itself, which is a most prolific source of immorality? And after all wouldn't it be just as well to heed our old friend Thomas à Kempis who warns us against disputing of "high matters" because "these things (God's affairs) are beyond the reach of man," beyond "the power of any reason or disputation to search out the judgments of God."

## The Effacing Wings of Time

Is it as bad as the pessimists would have us believe in their gloomy vaticinations regarding the world after the war? Heaven

forfend! But let us not take the dolorous prophets seriously. Surely we can see as far ahead as the average prophet. We do not doubt that after desperate conflict and much frightfulness, with a vast hospital above ground and a vast cemetery beneath bitterness will dominate policy and social life. This much is not to be doubted. There will be much sadness in a world from which the youth of the great part of a generation with its capacity for love and laughter and all the possibilities of youth has been cut off as if by a pestilence. The work of reconstruction on the ruins of the old world will be in the hands of shattered cripples and nervous wrecks. But in twenty or thirty years the men who are now saying "we will never forgive" will have but little influence in the world. Napoleon was called "Monster" for ten years after his death; in a quarter of a century he was celebrated in romance, and then historians began disputing about his merits. No civil war was more bitter in its consequences than that between the North and South; the bloody flag was waved in the halls of Congress long after the birth of the present generation, and though General Sherman was the most detested of captains on account of his ruthlessness, in less than a generation he was borne to the grave with, for pall-bearers, three generals of the Union and three generals of the Confederacy. Thus do the beatings of the wings of time efface the hatreds of men. True there is much that is unprecedented in this war; little to captivate the imagination, much to appall and to leave disagreeable impressions of a whole people not only in the places where they practiced their infamies but in all countries where they barbarously abused hospitality by high crimes and misdemeanors. But the stains they have put upon their race are not indelible. They will come out in the wash of time even though the children of the dawning day "shall hold the reins we drop and wield the judge's sword." However, there may not be much consolation in this reflection for, let us say, the officers of the Hamburg-American Steamship Line.

## H. G. Wells, Tractarian

The war has impaired many brilliant minds in Europe, especially in the Republic of Letters. Among writers there has been too much concentration on topics of an hour that has been stretched into years. Too much thinking along one line

is not conducive to brilliant thinking. It is deleterious. In the case of Mr. H. G. Wells, as a result of absorption in the war he appears to be wasting intellectually to a shadow. We observed the decline of Mr. Wells more than a year ago when he got into a controversy with the Chesterton brothers who "put it all over him," as it were. A little while ago he involved himself in a controversy with George Bernard Shaw, and that brilliant wit, acutest of all controversialists in England, took easy advantage of the opportunity of putting all England on a broad grin. There was a time when Wells could hold his own in any controversy. That was when he won general respect and gratitude for his gifts of imagination and vision. In his scientific romances he rose to the level of Jules Verne. Later he became a successful realist, and then he developed sociological tendencies and went in for long analytical novels and tedious discussions of sex questions. Gradually he became a bore, for above all things his metier is that of a story-teller and he cannot be at all interesting as a writer of treatises on modern questions. But apparently he thought himself a genius as a tractarian, and yielding to the passion of the hot-gospeller who must have his word or explode poor Wells became something of a nuisance as a war prophet. His misfortune was that he made a few good forecasts and some good suggestions as to what should be done. His name brought ready sales, and at once he was tempted to become an all-round publicist. Having now the passion for writing letters to the press, the world appears to have lost a good story-teller in one who is just the ordinary Englishman bubbling over with patriotism and an eagerness to wind the big affair up with a fierce onslaught on the Germans.

## Our Linguistic Impotency

The news that a chair of Russian is to be established in a centre of learning on the other side of the Rockies reminds us that it is high time to broaden our linguistic talents. The Spanish War took us into foreign parts and made it worth an American's while to learn Spanish, but now we are in a war before the end of which our soldiers may have to acquire two or three new tongues. The citizen of the United States in whom the Anglo-Saxon traditions is imbedded is the poorest linguist in the world. All tongues go into our melting pot eventually, and we appear to be convinced that the English language



is sufficient for all the purposes of a big overgrown republic. True, languages are taught in our schools, but did anybody ever hear of a person who had learned a live language in an American school? Now the foreigner of the European continent who knows only his own tongue is an exception. Even many peasants in Europe have a smattering of at least one foreign tongue. In Belgium three tongues are spoken daily. In France or Russia or Italy a native may take the train and in half an hour he may be, over the border in another country hearing and speaking a foreign language. Thus it comes about that millions of Europeans speak two and three languages. Even more remarkable is the linguistic ability common in the Balkans, in Austria and in Hungary. When the Austrian Emperor shortly after the outbreak of the war visited a hospital to see his wounded soldiers he spoke with them in six different languages. In some Balkan villages many people living in one street speak three different languages. In Constantinople there used to be a Government almanac which told the Sultan's diversified subjects the things they ought to know in ten different languages. It must be perfectly obvious that an American going abroad cannot expect to do business unless he is versed in native speech. Yet we send consuls to Europe with no knowledge of any language but their own. The war may help to break down the wall of our linguistic aloofness. At any rate our soldiers will get a pretty good smattering of French in which language even our polished officers from West Point have had to brush up by a little intensified study. The study of French, by the bye, should be compulsory in all our universities as it is in England.

### The Patent Medicine Swindle

In that halycon period later on when democracy shall have banished the great

evil of war from the best of all worlds and man will have nothing to intoxicate himself with but his own conceit then perhaps we shall try to loosen the stranglehold of the patent medicine demon. Before we essay this great reform, however, we shall have to purify the press and render it a little more in sympathy with ideals which are now but the draperies of the average publisher's mind. This will be a very difficult task. The average publisher is an idealist, because life without ideals would be bare materialism, a barren rock for a soul to root upon; yet ideals sometimes rise to the level of inconveniences and they must be curbed, for even a publisher must eat. Fancy then how hard it will be for a publisher no longer to batten on the ads of the patent medicine manufacturer. Now it is the press that fosters this source of income by discouraging free discussion of the greatest, most pernicious swindle in the world. And it is only in democracies, where the press is all powerful, that the swindle is openly practiced. In England, for example, it is almost as bad as in this country. The evil is in proportion to the freedom and consequent vice of the press. The reason of this was made obvious in London just before the war when the matter was called to public attention by the British Medical Association. It was shown how advertising had made the press a valuable ally of the trade in patent medicines. It was pointed out that most newspapers drew a considerable proportion of their income from advertisements of these medicines and that it was chiefly the "religious press" that printed advertisements having a suggestion of impropriety. The case of one provincial Sunday paper was cited containing ads of nineteen drugs intended to be used as abortifacients. In this connection it was affirmed by *The New Statesman* that a volume issued by the British Medical Association entitled *Secret Remedies* was boycotted by the news-

papers. What vast sums the manufacturers of patent drugs are able to spend may be inferred from the fact that the number of medicine duty stamps issued in one year represented sales exceeding the value of £3,200,000. According to *The New Statesman* the turnover of Beecham's Pills in one year was about £360,000, more than a million pills having been sold daily; and from the same authority we learn that C. T. Fulford, the proprietor of "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," left a fortune of £1,110,000. These facts were brought to light by a report of a Parliamentary Commission containing the most damning exposure of commercial fraud ever issued in the form of a Government publication. It was shown that many of the most profitable drugs were absolutely worthless. "Munyon's Kidney Cure," which "cures Bright's disease," was cited as one fraudulent drug, its principal ingredient being plain sugar. It was shown also that many medicated wines, such as Booril's and Weincarius, contained a higher percentage of alcohol than is found in champagne, and that by taking them many persons in ignorance of the character of the wines acquired the alcohol habit. Now these frauds are tolerated nowhere but under the beneficent democracies of England and the United States where Puritanism is rampant. As an instance of the difference between English and French methods of dealing with quackery the case of a man by the name of Macaura was pointed out. In England he made a fortune of nearly half a million selling a vibrator machine to stimulate sexual weaklings; in France where he attempted the same fraud he was fined and sent to prison for three years. Is it an insignificant coincidence that the patent medicine swindle flourishes only in countries where the "religious press" and the most fragrant newspapers are the most virulent enemies of the Demon Rum?

## The Gulf Chantey

By Alice Williams Brotherton

"Yo-ho, Yo-ho, and a rumbelow!  
And ho for the Spanish Main,  
For the Devil has loosed his fiery leash  
And we're off to Sea again!"  
Then up they tumbled—Captain Kidd,  
Lafitte and Black Beard, too,  
And e-ve-ry wicked sailor man  
That ever has worn a queue!

It's "Ho, my lads, the waves run high!"  
And "Sniff the salt sea breeze!"  
"Lay off a point from the Spanish Reef,  
And make for the Caribbees!"  
The pirate bold, and the buccaneer,  
And the slaver grim and fell,  
"It's clear," says they, "there's the Devil to pay,  
When they summon the hosts of hell!"

Who sails to meet the grisly fleet?  
He flies the Union Jack!  
It's Drake from Nombre Dios Bay  
Where they sank him ages back:  
And "Ha!" says he, "will ye help a race  
Nor oaths nor treaties hold?"  
Then tales of murder, arson and lust,  
And the submarine, he told.

The tale of the sunken hospital ships,  
Of the Lusitania drowned,  
Deported millions, and starving hordes,  
And salt-sown harvest ground.  
Cried Coxon: "It raises a seaman's gorge  
When lies with canting mix!"  
Quoth Morgan: "That gospel of frightfulness  
Can teach the Devil new tricks!"

Lafitte he casts his eye above  
To the Black Flag at his peak;  
"By Bones and Skull, the measure is full;  
Let God His vengeance wreak!"  
The cruel Don and the Picaroon,  
Swore "Even we fought not thus!  
So it's back to the gates of doom once more;  
No aid they'll get from us."

Says Cap'n Kidd as he turned his quid:  
"I vote we'll not go back:  
For yon's no place, when that crew crowds in,  
For a self-respectin' Jack,  
So yo-heave-yo, and 'ware the reef,  
Sea sail and away we go!"—  
And the Devil he gave a sigh of relief:  
For he needed their bunks below.



# The Poems of Charles Warren Stoddard

By Edward F. O'Day

Until this volume was published the other day by the John Lane Company of New York we had only the slender volume of "Poems" brought out in San Francisco in 1867 when Stoddard was twenty-four years old. That volume contains some fine poems, but it has long been out of print and is very scarce, an item of Californiana prized by our collectors; and besides, the best of Stoddard's poems were the children of his old age. So when it was announced some little time ago that the poems of Charles Warren Stoddard had been collected by his life-long friend Ina Coolbrith, that they were to be edited by Thomas Walsh (himself a poet) and published through the kindness of Mrs. Morton Mitchell of California, all lovers of Californian literature must have rejoiced exceedingly. Without a complete and definitive edition of Stoddard's poems the corpus of California literature is incomplete, for Stoddard was one of our best writers and some of his best work was done in verse. Such an edition was a tribute due to Stoddard and not to be withheld without serious reflection being cast upon our literary standards. Appreciation of a dead poet is not adequate unless it takes the substantial form of a complete and definitive edition. Alas! that appreciation is still to be given Charles Warren Stoddard. This book called "Poems of Charles Warren Stoddard" is very far from being a complete collection. It is a selection only: a selection arbitrarily made by the editor, with many of Stoddard's exquisite poems strangely missing. On the ground that "something is better than nothing," perhaps we should be content with this book; yet one cannot but voice disappointment. We expected so much, and we have received so much less than we expected. And I cannot bring myself to think that we are unreasonable.

The volume before me contains fifty-five poems by Stoddard. Need I say that this is only a fraction of his poetical work? To repine is useless; any lover of Stoddard who chanced to possess the rare "Poems" of 1867 may compare that volume with this, and note what worthy poems have been omitted. I shall only mention the beautiful "In the Desert," and the "Gospel of Autumn" and the "Rhyme of Life," two poems which have found their way into anthologies (thus passing a very exacting test) but which seem to have measured below the standard of Editor Thomas Walsh. Stoddard's splendid blank verse poem "In the Sierras" which was published in *The Century* of July, 1885, is not to be found in this volume; neither is the fine "Robinson Crusoe: a Dream of Youth," written for the *Overland*. As an editor Thomas Walsh would seem to be a rigorous exclusionist.

In addition to fifty-five of Stoddard's poems, this volume contains five poetical tributes to Stoddard, two of them written by Editor Walsh himself. The other three are by Joaquin Miller, Ina Coolbrith and George Sterling, gems all. Miller's "Say, Charlie" has the place of honor, and rightly so. It was written in 1911, two years after Stoddard's death, at the request of Ina Coolbrith. Miller was himself face to face with death at the time, and told Miss Coolbrith that it was the best he could do. He told me shortly afterwards that it was "not a poem, particularly," only "a dear little thing from the heart." As a matter of fact it is one

of the finest things Miller ever wrote. It is Miller's appeal to his dear dead friend for a word on the great question of the Hereafter. Miller told me, the time I discussed this poem with him, that "Charlie had the sweet faith of a child; he never debated religion, he was so certain." Miller lacked faith, he was uncertain. "Say, Charlie" is beautiful partly because it is so sad. Ina Coolbrith's poetical tribute is called "At Anchor" and begins "Swing to the harbor from the deep of sea." It brims with that passionate affection which has always characterized Miss Coolbrith's friendship for Stoddard living and dead, as beautiful a friendship as is to be found in all the annals of literature. Sterling's tribute beginning "O Muse! within thy western hall" is known to all admirers of our great poet. It is taken from Sterling's third volume "The House of Orchids."

The complete and definitive edition of a poet like Stoddard would be incomplete without a memoir. This is not a complete or definitive edition, and there is no memoir. Instead there is a Foreword by Miss Coolbrith, so short that I cannot help suspecting that Thomas Walsh's editorial pruning knife was exercised in curtailing it. From this Foreword we learn that when Stoddard died, Miss Coolbrith volunteered to edit his poems. No better editor could have been selected. Ina Coolbrith was Stoddard's most sympathetic friend—his "lifelong pal" he called her in autographing his last volume for her. Stoddard and Miss Coolbrith corresponded copiously for half a century—a wonderful correspondence destroyed in the fire of 1906. Besides, Miss Coolbrith had demonstrated her editorial ability. She edited the humorous writings of Dr. Behr of the Academy of Sciences, supplying for that merry little volume of Bohemian papers its happy title "The Hoot of the Owl." And she edited the Poems of Daniel O'Connell. This latter was no easy task, since O'Connell had the remarkable habit of talking his poems into a leaky phonograph from which they were afterwards copied out by his daughters. In O'Connell's best and most famous poem "The Chamber of Sleep" there were lacunae which Miss Coolbrith had to fill in from her own poetical imagination. (Am I telling a secret?) Yes, Miss Coolbrith would have been the ideal editor for Stoddard. When she offered to edit his poems Miss Coolbrith believed, with others, that her friend Charlie (she never calls him anything else) had collected and arranged all the poems he wished to have preserved. When he died it was found that he had not done this; however, true to her undertaking, Miss Coolbrith set about the difficult task of assembling all that he had written in verse. Remember what a holocaust of newspaper and magazine files 1906 witnessed, and you may estimate the obstacles in her way. Nevertheless we know from this Foreword that Miss Coolbrith succeeded. How it came about that the editorial task was transferred to the hands of Thomas Walsh I do not know. I take it for granted that all the poems which Miss Coolbrith collected were placed at his disposal. Had he used them all the present volume would surely be twice its present size, at least. It would satisfy us; this volume does not. Who, it may be asked, is Thomas Walsh? He is a poet who has written this quatrain about Ina Coolbrith:

Unto the singer the laurel to cover the thorn  
That the nightingale finds on the rose:  
Never was coronal purer, more worthily worn  
Than your own from the morn to the close.

That was written when the World's Fair crowned Ina Coolbrith poet laureate of California. A man who wrote so of Miss Coolbrith would have shown editorial sagacity commensurate with his appreciation of her poetry had he consulted her before publishing this inadequate volume of Stoddard's poetry.

I have remarked on the absence of a memoir. How did Thomas Walsh resist the temptation of writing Stoddard's life, even briefly? A dozen pages would have sufficed. They would have been fascinating pages. Charles Warren Stoddard was notable in many ways, among others for his friendships. He belonged to the golden age of our literature, that age of which Ina Coolbrith is the sole survivor. He was the friend of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller. Robert Louis Stevenson was his friend in San Francisco and elsewhere; Stoddard has told us in his delightful "Exits and Entrances" (which he esteemed his best book) how R. L. S. used to call on him here and finding him out, scribble poems and slip them under his door. Stoddard, indeed, knew all the foremost literary men of his time in England and the United States. The career of such a man always reads well, and if Stoddard is not to have a formal biography (he deserves one), he should at least have a memoir.

Stoddard was a Bohemian born. The wanderlust was in his blood, he roved restlessly over half the world, making friendships everywhere. I never met him, but I am conscious of his charm, have caught some of it from many who knew him well. William Dean Howells has spoken of his "mustang humor," others tell of his "old world courtesy of manner," his gift for yarn-spinning and description. He had personality, poise; in photographs he looks like a member of the French Academy rather than an American, a San Franciscan. There are many of his friends still living, and Thomas Walsh could have captured much of his charm and perpetuated it in a memoir; but perhaps editors nowadays don't like hard work.

Do my readers know the outline of Stoddard's life? He was born August 7, 1843, in Rochester, New York, a descendant in the direct line of Anthony Stoddard of England who settled at Boston in 1639. In 1855 his parents brought him to San Francisco. Two years later he returned alone to New York to stay with his grandparents, coming back to San Francisco in 1859. His health was delicate, and on this account he missed collegiate training. He tried the stage, but bad health forbade this career—a good thing, as the world could better spare Stoddard the actor than Stoddard the writer. As a youngster he sent poems to the San Francisco newspapers under the pseudonym of "Pip Pepperpod," but dropped the disguise when he wrote for the Golden Era of glorious memory. When Anton Roman founded the *Overland Monthly*, Stod-

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dard joined the galaxy of writers who made it famous. In 1864 he made his first voyage to the South Seas, and the result was his inimitable "South Sea Idyls" contributed to the Atlantic Monthly, then under the editorship of William Dean Howells. They were published in book form in 1873 and again in 1892, with a dedication to "My dear old friend Anton Roman." "They are," says Howells, "the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that were ever written about the life of that summer ocean." And Kipling has said of the three who wrote about the South Seas, Herman Melville, Stevenson and Stoddard, that Stoddard was the greatest. He made four other trips to the South Seas, and put more of their charm into his "Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes" and "The Island of Tranquil Delights." He visited Molokai, and came to know Father Damien well. Those who love Stevenson's Letter should not neglect Stoddard's "Lepers of Molokai." In 1867 occurred two events of importance in Stoddard's life: his first and only volume of poems was published by Anton Roman of San Francisco, and he became a Catholic. The publication of that slim book must have meant much to the young writer, but it would seem that as the years rolled on he thought less and less of his poetical talent. Had it been otherwise he surely would have written more in verse, and would have collected his poems—we have already seen that he neglected to do this. But he was a severe critic, and liked to refer to himself late in life as a "reformed poet." That volume of 1867 has always been treasured by our collectors, for its own sake, for its scarcity, and for its vignettes made from engravings by William Keith. As all its treasures are not included in the new volume just published, it will now be held more precious than ever. The other event of 1867 was to Stoddard the transcendent

happening of his life. He was a deeply religious man, and a very good man—two things which, rightly understood, cannot be separated. From 1867 his Catholicism was more important to Stoddard than all the other facts of his life put together. The inward struggles leading to his profession of Catholicism he set forth in a beautiful little book called "A Troubled Heart and How It Was Comforted." "Here," he said, "you have my inner life all laid bare." In 1873 he received a commission from The Chronicle to rove around the world and write a weekly travel letter. He spent five years in this, the life he loved, exploring Europe, Palestine and Egypt. "Marshallah" and "A Cruise under the Crescent" contain many of these letters, but some of the best remain buried in The Chronicle files. In 1885 he took the chair of English literature at the University of Notre Dame in Indiana; from '89 to 1902 he occupied the same position at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C. Ill health interfered with the work, and he was never quite happy at it any way. He was a rover-writer, not a lecturer. But some who attended his lectures tell me they were the most popular at both universities, and the charm of Stoddard captured all who heard him. When he quitted this lecture work he moved to Cambridge, Mass., the region of his ancestors, intending to devote himself to intensive creative work. To this period belong "Exits and Entrances" and his only novel "For the Pleasure of his Company" of which he said, "Here you have my confessions." An almost fatal illness drove him West, however, and in 1905 he settled at his beloved Monterey where he wrote his two best poems "The Bells of San Gabriel," a poem whose music would have made Poe ecstatic, and "Old Monterey." Here also he wrote "In the Footprints of the Padres," which

Aleck Robertson published so beautifully. In Monterey he died on April 23, 1909. I have not mentioned all Stoddard's books by any means. There is his life of St. Anthony called "The Wonder Worker of Padua," there is the record of his physical sufferings called "My Hospitals," and there are a good many others. There should be a complete and definitive edition of Stoddard's prose books as well as of his poems.

In this volume, inadequate though it be, one may trace Stoddard through many climes, study him in many moods. His early San Francisco days are represented by a poem on Point Lobos, his later, by the fine lines on the first mummy which the late Jere Lynch gave to the Bohemian Club in 1890. His lingerings in the South Seas yield "The Cocoa Tree" which prefaced the "South Sea Idyls," "Utopia," "Lahaina" and others. The period of his teaching at Notre Dame is called up by the splendid poem "Indiana" which is probably new to most lovers of Stoddard. The closing years of his life are represented by the never-to-be-neglected "Old Monterey." Special attention should be directed to "One Life" as a curiosity of literature. It is a poem of eight four-line stanzas without a single sibilant. Does anybody know another example of this technique? Considering that he omitted so much from this volume I should like to know from Editor Walsh why he included here the poem "My Friend," to be found on page 140. It is almost stanza for stanza and line for line a duplication of the poem "One Life," to be found on page 29. This repetition by a poet of his own lines is also a literary curiosity. I have observed one other instance of it. I refer readers who have the authorized edition of Oscar Wilde's Poems published by John W. Luce and Co. to the two sonnets "Madonna Mia" and "Wasted Days."

## Beginners' Luck

By Wellesley Pain

Mrs. Arthur Byfield's left hand moved a little nearer to the counter. At that moment a man looking at a set of pearl studs turned to speak to the shop-walker. The shop-walker looked round, and, simultaneously, Mrs. Arthur Byfield's left hand closed over a gold watch on the counter and transferred it to the bag on her wrist.

She sauntered away from the counter and so out of the jewelry department. Then she hurried through the store and out into the street.

A bus stood on the corner. She climbed to the top and sighed with satisfaction when the bus turned the corner and she was out of sight of those hateful stores. Now that she had stolen the watch she loathed it.

She wished she had not taken it. She told herself that she must have been out of her mind for a moment. But she would put matters right. She would send the price of the watch to Drayford's. No one would ever know who had sent the money.

Her conscience was comforted for a moment. She would go home at once, get some money, and go out and buy a postal order. Until she had done that she would have the unpleasant conviction that she was a thief.

A man came to the top of the bus and sat down beside her. She turned slightly, and looked into the face of the man who had apparently been buying pearl studs when she had stolen the watch. For a second she saw ruin

before her. She had been caught by one of Drayford's private detectives.

Her first impulse was to stop the bus, get off, and run away; her next resolution was to stay where she was and to look unconcerned; she told herself that she could do that.

"I want to speak to you, privately."

The man sitting next to her was whispering, but she would not turn her head at once. The voice was not unpleasant. She waited, and in a few seconds heard it again.

"Wouldn't it be better for us to talk elsewhere?"

She shivered a little and stared over the side of the bus. She tried to think quickly of the best thing to do, and suddenly the whole thing seemed quite easy. She must be indignant with this stranger for daring to speak to her.

The man spoke again, urging her to get off the bus with him.

Her resolution tottered—fell. She turned her head and, with half-closed eyes, looked at Drayford's detective and tried to read his character from his appearance. His eyes were kind. He seemed to be a decent sort of man; perhaps he would listen to an appeal from her. She would tell him she had acted on a sudden impulse, as, indeed, she had. He would see that she was not accustomed to steal things from shops.

"Won't you come along?" There was just a suggestion of a command in his words.

"You're mistaken," she murmured. "You—

you are probably mistaking me for—for my cousin."

"Pardon me, but I'm not."

"Well, I don't know you and have no wish to speak to you. Kindly let me alone."

The indignation that she had been going to assume seemed to fizzle out.

"I saw you in Drayford's just now. You left in a hurry. So did I. It's to your interest that I should talk to you privately."

She rose at once. The man slipped down the stairs of the bus, rang the bell, and handed her on to the road.

They walked away, and for a few minutes neither spoke. Suddenly she put her hand on the man's arm.

"I've never done such a thing before," she whimpered. "Can't—can't we settle this now?"

"How do you mean?"

"If you'll just let me go home and get some money I'll pay for the—the watch—and any other expenses there may be—anything you like, in fact. Let me off, please—just this time."

She hoped that that did not sound too much like a bribe.

"It's all very well to say you've never done such a thing before," growled the man, "but you know you—"

"I haven't! I swear I haven't!"

"Then all I can say is that you did it jolly well for a beginner. You must have had be—

(Continued on Page 12)



## The Poisoned Wells

(Being the third chapter of the story of Belgium's woes entitled "Through the Iron Bars" by the Belgian writer Emile Cammaerts)

We must never forget, when we speak of the moral resistance of the Belgian people, that they have been completely isolated from their friends abroad for more than two years and that meanwhile they have been exposed to all the systematic and skilful manoeuvres of German propaganda. Not only are they without news from abroad, but all the news they receive is calculated to spread discouragement and distrust.

How true lovers could resist a long separation and the most wicked calumnies without losing faith in one another has been the theme of many a story. From the story writer's point of view, the true narrative of the German occupation of Belgium is much more romantic than any romance, much more wonderful than any poem. The mass is not supposed to show the same constancy as the individual, and one does not expect from a whole people the ideal loyalty of Desdemona and Imogen. Besides, we do not want the reader to imagine that, before the war, the Belgians were ideally in love with one another. Like the English, the Americans and the French, we had our differences. It is one of the unavoidable drawbacks of Democracy that politics should exaggerate the importance of dissensions. Therefore it is all the more remarkable that the sudden friendship which sprang up between classes, parties and races in Belgium, on the eve of August 4th, should so long have defied the untiring efforts of the enemy and should remain as unshakeable today as it was at the beginning.

We do not wonder that the German intellectuals who have undertaken to break down Belgian unity are at a loss to explain their failure. Scientifically it defies every explanation. Here was a people apparently deeply divided against itself, Socialists opposed Liberals, Liberals opposed Catholics, Flemings opposed Walloons; theoretical differences degenerated frequently into personal quarrels; political antagonism was embittered by questions of religion and language. Surely this was ideal ground in which to sow the seed of discord, when the Government had been obliged to seek refuge in a foreign country and a great number of prominent citizens had emigrated abroad. The German propagandist, who had been able to work wonders in some neutral countries, must have thought the task almost unworthy of his efforts. Every one of his theoretical calculations was correct. He only forgot one small detail which a closer study of history might have taught him. He forgot that, in face of the common danger, all these differences would lose their hold on the people's soul, that the former bitterness of their quarrels was nothing compared with the sacred love of their country which they shared.

The first action of the German administration after the triumphal entry into Brussels was to try to isolate the occupied part of the country, in order to monopolize the news. Rather than submit to a German censor, all the Belgian papers—with the exception of two small provincial journals—had ceased to appear. During a fortnight Brussels remained without authorized news. From that time the authorities allowed the sale of some German and Dutch dailies and of a few newspapers published in Belgium under German control. The Government itself issued

the "Deutsche Soldatenpost" and "Le Réveil" (in French) and a great number of posters, "Communications officielles du Commandant de l'Armée allemande," which were supposed to contain the latest war news.

To this imposing array the patriots could only oppose a few pamphlets issued by the editor Bryan Hill, soon prohibited, and copies of Belgian, French and English papers, which were smuggled at great risk, and consequently were very expensive. Still, before the fall of Antwerp, it was practically impossible for the Germans to stop private letters and newspapers passing from the unoccupied to the occupied part of the country. Besides, they had more important business on hand. Here again, it was only after the second month of occupation that the pressure increased. During October and November several people were condemned to heavy fines and to periods of imprisonment for circulating written and even verbal news. The Dutch frontier was closed, wherever no natural obstacle intervened, by a continuous line of barbed wire and electrified wire. Passports were only granted to the few people engaged in the work of relief and to those who could prove that it was essential to the interests of their business that they should leave the country for a time. The postal service being reorganized under German control, any other method of communication was severely prosecuted. At the end of 1914 several messengers lost their lives in attempting to cross the Dutch frontier. Under such conditions it is easy to understand that, in spite of the efforts made by the anonymous editors of two or three prohibited papers, such as "La Libre Belgique," the bulk of the population was practically cut off from the rest of the world and was compelled to read, if they read at all, the pro-German papers and the German posters. The only wells left from which the people could drink were poisoned.

The German Press Bureau in Brussels, openly recognized by the administration and formerly the headquarters of Baron von Bissing's son, set to work in three principal directions. It aimed at separating the Belgians from the Allies, then at separating the people from King Albert and his Government, and finally at reviving the old language quarrel between Walloons and Flemings.

The campaign against the Allies, though still carried on whenever the opportunity arises, was specially violent at the beginning, when the Germans had not yet given up all hope of detaching King Albert from the Alliance (August-September, 1914). It was perhaps the most dangerous line of attack because it did not imply any breach of patriotism. On the contrary it suggested that Belgium had been duped by the Allies, especially by England, who had never meant to come to her help and who had used her as a catspaw, leaving her to bear all the brunt of the German assault in an unequal and heroic struggle. It was accompanied by a constant flow of war news exaggerating the German successes and suggesting that, even if they ever had the intention of delivering Belgium, the Allies would no longer be in a position to do so.

According to the first war news poster issued in Brussels a few days after the enemy had entered the town, the French official papers had

declared that "The French armies, being thrown on the defensive would not be able to help Belgium in an offensive movement." I need not recall how, his name having been used at Liège to bolster up this false report, M. Max, the burgomaster of Brussels, found an opportunity of contradicting it publicly and, at the same time, of discrediting all censored news.

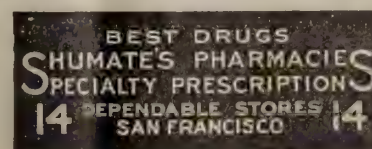
The effect was amazing. Henceforth the official posters were not only regularly regarded as a tissue of lies, but definitely ridiculed. The people either ignored them or paid them an exaggerated attention. In some quarters urchins climbed on ladders to read them aloud to a jeering crowd. The influence of M. Max's attitude was such that, eighteen months later, several people coming from the capital declared that, as far as war news was concerned, Brussels was far more optimistic than London or Paris, every check received by the Allied armies being systematically ignored and every success exaggerated.

When one reads through the series of German "Communications" pasted on the walls of the capital during the first year of the occupation, one wonders how they did not succeed in discouraging the population. For, in spite of some extraordinary blunders—such as the announcement that a German squadron had captured fifteen English fishing boats (September 8th, 1914), that the Serbs had taken Semlin because they had nothing more to eat in Serbia (September 13th, 1914), or that the British army was so badly equipped that the soldiers lacked boot laces and writing paper (October 6th, 1914)—the author of these proclamations succeeded so skillfully in mixing truth and untruth and in drawing the attention away from any reverse suffered by the Central Empires, that the effect of the campaign might have been most demoralizing.

After this first reverse, the Germans only attacked the Allies in order to throw on their shoulders the responsibility for the woes which they themselves were inflicting on their victims. When some English aeroplanes visited Brussels on September 26th, 1915, a few people were killed and many more wounded. The German press declared immediately that this was due to the want of skill of the airmen, who dropped the bombs indiscriminately over the town. We possess now material proof that the people were killed, not by bombs dropped from the air, but by fragments of shells fired from guns. This can only be explained in one way. The German gunners must have timed their shells so that they should not burst in the air, but only when falling on the ground. This method of propaganda may cost a few lives, but it is certainly clever. It might well be calculated to stir indignation in the hearts of the people against the Allies and at the same time to serve as a warning to enemy headquarters to the effect: "Whenever you send your aeroplanes over Belgian towns, we are going to make the population pay for it."

The same kind of argument is used at the

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## Perspective Impressions

What ever became of Prince Troubetzkoi?

When this man Cadorna hits he hits hard.

What a precious patriot Senator Gore is!

Sam Leake is all right, and will excuse us for not caring about his latest serial.

The local Congregationalists have chosen a pastor "to take Dr. Aked's place." As if anybody could take his place!

When Pershing talks we should listen; when he advises, we should do.

Charley Sweigert used to have a sense of humor. How he'd have spoofed Paul Smith ten years ago!

The dancing teachers are holding their annual convention, and are getting less attention than usual, if that be possible.

The Czar and Czarina are prisoners at Tobolsk, distinguished as the place where Rasputin was born. Do the dethroned pair curse the day which gave Tobolsk its sinister distinction?

"There is no sense in growing old; growing old is symbolic of decay," says Dr. Emily Noble, here from New York. Emily may be the beneficent apostle of correct breathing, but she talks like a herbertkaufman.

The Germans at Verdun must be beginning to understand that they can't get through.

No matter what happens, Jesse Lilienthal need have no regrets—he has acted like a man.

The Bowbeers and the McGuires regard a strike as their personal opportunity.

Why buy the United Railroads? Why not double-track every street on which it has a franchise?

It would be worth while to investigate the connection of the municipal carmen's union with the street-car strike.

## Julius Kahn's Sound Americanism

San Francisco's Congressman Tells an Interviewer for the New York Times Why He Is an Out-and-Out American with No Hyphen

A big American flag streaming in the breeze of the electric fan, a fine picture of a battery of United States artillery at firing practice in California, two big patriotic recruiting posters of the War Department on the wall, and a little marble bust of Goethe on the desk were the adornments particularly noticed by the caller in the private room of Congressman Julius Kahn in the House Office Building at Washington the other day. Neither the flag nor the pictures was in the least needed as evidence of the Americanism of the California Representative occupying that office, but nevertheless they were good to see; also unusual, so far as the general run of offices of Senators and Representatives is concerned. It was good, also, to see the bust of Goethe there. It seemed to drive home and clinch the impression given by the flag and the picture of American gunners. The fact that Goethe was still there in these war days, in this room of an American statesman who was born in Germany, symbolized a patriotism that had no pettiness about it.

Mr. Kahn was asked why he, a native of Germany, had been, since the war between America and Germany began, so much more than merely a good American citizen; how it was that he had led the Administration forces in the House for the enactment of the law to give us a great conscription army to fight Germany; how it was that he, a Republican, had been the chief advocate in the House of one of the biggest war measures of a Democratic Administration.

The last question was pertinent, too, because it is only a pleasant fiction with many members of Congress that politics end at the coast line. Even in these days there are Republicans who pretend to see no good in the war plans of the Administration, who will do what they dare to block these plans.

Kahn is not that sort of Republican.

Perhaps one way of indicating what sort of German-born American he is would be to state that he does not read the newspapers of this country printed in the German language. Of course, he can, for he is a master of both languages; but he doesn't see why he should. He said this in reply to a question as to whether he thought the German language press of the

country was loyal to the American Government at the present time.

"I don't think that all of it is," he said, "but I am not a fair judge of that, for I almost never see a newspaper printed in the German language."

But he had no doubt as to the loyalty of American citizens of German birth or parentage as a whole. "An overwhelming majority of them," he exclaimed, "are loyal to America and will support the country throughout the war."

Mr. Kahn was born in 1861 in Baden, one of the comparatively liberal States which were welded into the present German Empire in 1871. He was asked if he thought he was a better American than he could have been had he been born in Prussia.

"Perhaps I absorbed something of the love of liberty from the neighborhood of my birth which would not have been found in Prussia," he said, "but I was only a boy when we came to America, too young to appreciate the political and social differences between the various parts of Germany. I got it later, however, as I began to understand the traditions and memories of Baden which my parents brought with them to this country. My ancestors had lived for centuries in Baden. My grandfather took part in the revolution of '48. The Grand Dukes of Baden, for the most part, had been a liberal class of men, and the people of my faith, the Jewish faith, had much freedom in the worship of their God in their own way. I knew they were not persecuted, so, as a family, we had pleasant recollections of the land in which I was born.

"But it was in America that I began really to be an American and to love what America stood for then and stands for now. The Civil War had ended only a short time before we arrived. I saw young men in California (they seemed old to me then) who had been wounded in the South, and the American boys of the village told me that they had been shot in the war to keep the country as a union instead of letting it be cut up into separate States. And I was fascinated by what I heard. My first boyhood interest and enthusiasm in the new

country to which we had come was its history. I wanted to read all about a nation that these wounded men had lost their arms and legs to save.

"So I recall that, during all the days of my youth, I realized more and more how much this America did for all its citizens, what opportunities there were here for all of us. From my boyhood reading and study of history and travel and biography I knew how the people of my faith had been persecuted and crushed in many parts of the world. So it was driven into my mind and heart that a land which gave such opportunities for free life to people of all faiths, nationalities and circumstances had the right to demand the utmost loyalty and service from all these people. And it is the most elementary duty of all these people to go to the defense of this country when her rights are violated by any other nation on earth. If necessary, they must give all they have, even their lives, to defend this Republic of ours.

"There is nothing psychologically difficult about that. You ask about the psychology of a man born in Germany who is doing what he can to defeat Germany in this war. I do not think the place of birth is such an important factor in a man's life as many credit it with being. Our love of a land, and therefore our allegiance to it, seems to me to be more intelligently determined by whether or not we find anything in it worthy of our support and sacrifice. What I learned of American history and institutions as a boy in California, and the love of country which that knowledge inspired, was something that I, personally, had

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# Poems About San Francisco

217—THE PATH OF GOLD

By George Sterling

(The following poem was written by our famous singer on the occasion of the installation of the new Market street lighting system, October 4, 1916.)

Let foot and heart go free  
On this abundant pathway of the light!  
Let there be joy tonight  
In our dear laughter-city by the sea!

Oh! was there ever such  
In all the lands where men have found a home—  
By any ocean's foam  
Or valley that the singing rivers touch?

So young and brave she is—  
Clean from the fire as minted gold is clean!  
A sweet and wayward queen  
Whose crown is less to mortals than her kiss!

The Spaniard dreamt of old  
Of fabled cities somewhere in the north;  
The prows and hoofs went forth  
To seek those distant palaces of gold.

Far up the stranger coast  
He sought those phantom walls, and sought in vain,  
She waiting by the main  
A ghost like them, but soon to be no ghost.

He came, O port! and found  
Thy lonely sands, long given to the wind:  
That which he thought to find  
Lay hidden where the far Sierra frowned.

Year followed year, and then  
In Marshall's hand the fateful metal shone,  
What fame was then thine own,  
What hopes and homage of a myriad men!

A breath, and thou wast great,  
Who knowest not what greatness shall be thine.  
Let this night be a sign  
Of all the higher glories that await!

And let thy children throng  
The splendid ways, in hours without a care,  
And cast upon the air  
The flowers of laughter and the wreaths of song!

Little the pioneer  
Could dream of this rewarding trail of gold:  
As little we behold  
What lies beyond the Future's dim frontier.

But wonderment is there,  
Rest, and the ending of a thousand woes,  
When men no more are foes,  
And each one's care shall be his brother's care.

My gold it shall not be,  
That golden age, so nearer than we dream:  
Only by love the gleam  
Of that new day shall fall on land and sea.

Somehow our strife shall end,  
The blooms of peace be fair on breast and brow;  
We know not when nor how,  
But know no wealth is dearer than a friend.

In years of love and art  
Our sons shall keep their faith with humankind,  
Nor any fail to find  
The path of gold that leads to every heart.

## The Spectator

### The Sale of The Enquirer

When W. W. Chapin and Carl Brockhagen first decided to acquire the Oakland Enquirer they went to see Dr. Pardee about the matter, believing with many others that he controlled the paper. They found that Pardee had not been interested in The Enquirer for a long time. Their mistaken notion as to the ownership of his paper so incensed Gilbert B. Daniels that for a year he refused to negotiate with them. But now they have acquired the property, and expect to make it a big force in Oakland affairs. John F. Connors who had so much to do with making The Tribune a success under "Bill" Dargie, is associated with them in the deal. The Enquirer has been yielding G. B. Daniels a nice living for a long time. It was not sold because it was doing badly, by any means, but because Daniels got his price—or will get it when the deal is completed.

### Chapin's Spectacular Career

W. W. Chapin who reënters the local field of journalism by this deal, has had a spectacular career in "the game." He came originally from Sacramento where he was in the iron business. He is reputed to have made fifty or one hundred thousand dollars in Sacramento. He went to Seattle where he married the daughter of former United States Senator Wilson, owner of the Post-Intelligencer, and became business manager of that paper. It is commonly understood

that he acquired forty-nine per cent of the stock of the P.-I. That paper was successful under Chapin's management—indeed, one of the best papers in the Northwest. Then the Chapins were divorced and Chapin disposed of his P.-I. holdings to his father-in-law. He came to San Francisco and secured an option on the Morning Call from John D. Spreckels. He ran The Call for about a year. He raised salaries and claimed to have placed the paper on a paying basis for the first time in many years. But when the time came to act upon his option he affected indifference, and when the option lapsed Spreckels made the deal whereby F. W. Kellogg took charge of the paper. In this deal the morning circulation, presses, etc., were purchased by M. H. De Young for The Chronicle, the Associated Press franchise was retired, and The Call was converted into an evening paper. Chapin married again before leaving California, but the match was an uncongenial one and was terminated by divorce. Going to New York, Chapin invested in "war babies" and is said to have amassed a fortune in Wall street. Then he went to Chicago and engineered the deal whereby the Record-Herald was merged with the Inter-Ocean, becoming the Chicago Herald. His associate was "Jim" Keeley of the Chicago Tribune. Chapin and Keeley had a disagreement and Chapin retired from the paper. He next went to Newark, N. J., and at public auction bought the Newark News and Eagle, the prop-

erty of former United States Senator Smith who had been broken in Wall street and was compelled to realize on his assets. Chapin later sold these papers at a big profit to a St. Louis

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publisher. In all of his deals the amounts have run into hundreds of thousands of dollars. He is noted for the boldness of his enterprises and his ability as an organizer. Carl Brockhagen first became the associate of Chapin in Seattle where he was business manager of the P-I. He came to San Francisco with his chief to assume the business management of The Call. He joined him again in Chicago on The Herald. For some time now he has been advertising manager of The Bulletin. He is president of the local Ad Club and is regarded as a live wire in his field.

#### Celebrating the New Judges

It was not to be expected that the appointment of two new superior judges in Alameda County could be made without some outward ripple. Those who were "in" on the fight and who knew just what strings were being pulled to land the appointments for this man and for that, and who shared with the general populace on the east side of the bay the shock of surprise when the Governor announced his choice, were certain that the emotions were too great to be stifled. What did happen was anything from a street riot to a peace meeting, it depends upon who tells it. Certain it is though that both new judges, James G. Quinn and Joseph Koford, were spectators of what appeared to be a fight, and that Koford's law partner James F. McDonald was one of those who were taken to limbo. Active parties to the affair were: Thomas J. Carlson, deputy District Attorney of Contra Costa County; Joseph Donovan and Attorney James F. McDonald. The scene was Pat Kisich's Saddle Rock restaurant after a celebration to mark the appointment of the judges. It is certain that someone hit someone else and that a window was broken. It is also certain that Kisich sent for the police and that many persons though there was a riot in progress. As an indication of what a day or two may do to a story all of those who took part are telling of it as a playful game of tag. "It was really nothing at all," says Kisich.

"Friendly argument," says McDonald.

The whole affair is remembered now merely as the explosion that was due to follow the Governor's announcement.

#### Mayor Davie Exalts Himself

Oakland's mayor is surely not the only politician who has placed himself on a pedestal, but he has done it in a way none other has yet attempted. And it is a different kind of pedestal. It has been many times remarked that Mayor Davie makes an imposing figure sitting in the rear of his—that is, the city's—automobile, and there are reasons. The automobile, in the first place, is very high with a sort of Spanish galleon effect in the rear. Higher than any other rider on the street the mayor sits and in his

buttonhole is a red carnation and on his face a silky mustache blowing six inches in the wind on either side. It has been wonderful and it has been impressive—but not enough so. Now Mayor Davie has thought of the pedestal, the actual pedestal, and on the seat of his automobile is a thick cushion, the kind father used to throw at the cat. Seated on this the mayor all but has to dodge the trolley wires. He is to be seen of all—and he is happy.

#### Dr. Gallwey Will Be Busy

It looks as if Dr. John Gallwey will have to abandon not a little of his large practice for the moment now that the work of the district exemption board for the district of which the doctor is a member is under way. Certainly nobody in town is going to have more work than the district board for this division. For, it develops, the district board is going to have the main responsibility and most of the work in passing upon exemption claims. The local exemption board would seem to be performing merely a lopping off process—that is, granting exemptions in only the most clear-cut cases and denying them in most cases of doubt. Perhaps this is the best procedure for the local boards. They have not the machinery to make detailed investigations of all cases and it is a most difficult thing for them to agree upon uniformity of decision. So the district board will probably have to pass upon all difficult cases of exemption claims. It is going to be a long, long job and a hard one. Dr. Gallwey knows that it is going to keep him away from the operating room and the hospital but he looks upon his service on the district board as a patriotic duty and is ready to give it all the time and attention that it demands.

#### Exemption Hearings in Public

It seems to me that the local exemption board for the thirty-second district which has headquarters in the City Hall did a sensible thing when it decided to hold public hearings in all cases of claims for exemption on the ground of dependency. The man who makes a claim for exemption on the ground of having dependents is told to appear before the members of the exemption board in the thirty-second district and the testimony of himself and his witnesses is taken in shorthand and preserved for the district board. The holding of the oral examinations has resulted in the rejection of one out of every four claims for exemption. I am given these figures by John F. Brady who is the attorney for the Government in the thirty-second district. The taking of oral testimony in all cases in all local boards would, no doubt, result in a like percentage of rejections. It would likewise lighten and facilitate the work of the district board. It would not be surprising to find the Government re-

quiring local boards throughout the country to hold oral examinations in all exemption cases before long. Brady declares that the oral examinations have disclosed the fact that many husbands who have claimed exemption on the ground that they have wives dependent upon them have been separated from their wives for many months.

#### Hoover's Secretary

So Ben Allen has been appointed private secretary to Food Dictator Hoover. This is another instance of Hoover's loyalty to his old friends. Ben Allen knew Herbert Hoover at Stanford, but it was in London that they became well acquainted. It was when Hoover had tackled the seemingly impossible task of inducing Great Britain to reverse her decision not to participate in our World's Fair. Ben Allen was in charge of the Associated Press office in London, a post he had won through his conspicuously successful work for the A. P. in this city. When Hoover was enlisted to secure British participation in our Fair there seemed small prospect of success; but with Ben Allen as a silent aide Hoover convinced the British Board of Trade that it had made a mistake in advising against participation. The breaking out of the Great War nullified this brilliant victory of Hoover's. Ben Allen's worth was made so plain to Hoover during that fight that he enlisted the newspaperman in the great work for Belgian relief, and again Ben Allen proved himself a man of the highest efficiency. Ben Allen is modest to a fault, unassuming in appearance and manner; but he gets results. Those who know Ben here—and to know him is to love him—are certain that he will make a brilliant success in his new position.

#### Claim Made for Charley Creighton

Now comes Judge Frank T. Deasy and denies all and singular of the allegations in that cer-

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SAN FRANCISCO





tain article printed in last week's Town Talk in which it was stated that "Jim" Brennan and "Tom" O'Connor were neck and neck in the race for the distinction of having the most mishaps with their autos and that Howard Mallen, one of our real estate live wires, was pressing them hard for first place. According to the allegations of Judge Deasy's answer the only original mishap autoist in town is one Judge Charles E. A. Creighton. He avers and alleges and otherwise insists that Creighton is so far ahead in the race for having accidents that it is pure folly for any autoist in town to try to take the honor away from him. Brennan and O'Connor, it is pointed out, count their points on the number of times they hit something; Creighton, it is argued, is such a champion that he merely keeps tab of the trips on which he doesn't hit something. It is insisted that his method is simpler in that it saves a whole lot of figuring and a whole lot of time. Exhibit "A" introduced by Judge Deasy is a newspaper about two months old. Therein it is set forth on the second page how Creighton started out on a little trip down to San Mateo and rudely bumped into a fire hydrant at Twenty-fourth and Mission streets. The machine was hurriedly patched up, the story runs, and Charley continued the trip. On another page of the same paper is a little history of how our hero was returning from that self-same journey to San Mateo when a telegraph pole near the county line deliberately leaned over and took a kick at Charley's fender—or, rather, the fender of Charley's machine. Result: another garage bill. Exhibit "B" is a newspaper of the next day. Herein is told the sad story of how Creighton was leaving the City Hall in his machine when a pedestrian tried to commit suicide by hurling himself at the radiator. The pedestrian ended up in the hospital; the machine ended up in a very familiar haven. Exhibit "C"—but what's the use? Judge Deasy has made out a very strong case.

#### Farley after Polar Bear

Colonel John Farley will come back to San Francisco in a short time with the pelt of the biggest and finest polar bear ever shot in Alaskan waters. At least, I am given to understand that he will. The fact is, of course, that a polar bear is never shot until the bullet brings him low; but the Colonel says he killed the biggest and finest polar bear ever shot in Alaskan waters the last time he made a trip to the frozen North, and I see no reason why he shouldn't duplicate the feat. In company with Captain Harry Goodall and Mrs. Goodall and some Los Angeles people Colonel Farley left Seattle the other day on the steam yacht Rainier which belonged to the Rainier Brewery when there were breweries in Seattle. Now it may be rented by pleasure-seekers, and Captain Goodall rented it for the Alaskan cruise. Before leaving San Francisco, Colonel Farley promised his friend Captain J. H. Bennett that he would bring him the finest polar bear skin ever brought out of the North since the last time he (Colonel Farley) went hunting there, and the Colonel is a man of his word. Unless the seals at the Cliff House sent a warning to the polar bears to lay low when Colonel Farley arrived in the Arctic, that pelt will be forthcoming.

#### An Explosive Plant

Perhaps the most inconsiderate manufacturing plant in the world is the Butters one in Oakland, and it doesn't seem to be Charlie

Butters' fault. It is the plant that does all of the misbehaving and it is the plant that is keeping one-fourth of Oakland sleeping with one ear to the windward and in a constant state of apprehension. For the Butters factory has blown up eight times! The Oakland Council has been besieged by citizens who have asked that action be taken to prevent the regular and monotonous blowing up of the Butters plant. On every occasion the Council has also entertained representatives from the factory and have been assured that there is no cause for alarm. The Council has refused to close the plant, the nearby residents have been told that they may sleep in peace and—the plant has blown up again. It is a distressing situation. Butters says some disgruntled employes have been responsible for most of the trouble. Anyhow, no one has been seriously hurt. Aluminum dust for ammunition is being made in the factory—that is, unless it has again blown up.

#### How the Judges Hunted

Judge Thomas J. Lennon, presiding justice of the First Appellate District, Judge Frank H. Kerrigan, his associate, and Judge Henry A. Melvin of the Supreme Court went on a deer hunt over the week-end. They hunted the Sonoma County preserve of Leon Douglass, the San Rafael inventor, with its two thousand acres of wooded ground. Now I am told that the Douglass preserve, because it is hunted but twice a season, on opening and on closing day, is

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well stocked with deer. Yet not one of the judges even so much as saw an antler. For when the three had been stationed, about four in the morning, each on a separate ridge while the dogs bayed the brush, it is said that with true judicial concentration they all fell asleep. At any rate, when Douglass himself rode the ridges looking for his guests, he found them slumbering. The unsuccessful huntsmen readily admitted they all thought they were on the bench listening to argument, and had acted accordingly.

#### The Hunter Hunted

Pete Gerhardt, the ex-champion sprinter of the Olympic Club, has just returned with seven other Olympians from a two weeks' hunting trip through Calaveras County, and is telling what he considers a good story on Joe Niderost. Niderost, according to Gerhardt, is as bad a hunter as he is a judge of amateur boxing. Now this is a bold assertion, as anyone who has watched Niderost judging boxing at the Olympic Club will admit. But if what Gerhardt relates concerning Niderost's misfortunes be true, it may easily be swallowed. Here is the story in Gerhardt's own words: "The third day out Niderost, who had buck fever from the start and was so nervous every time he saw a deer as to keep everybody else from getting it, was separated from the party and lost. And we didn't locate him until the fifth day. During those two days he walked the soles completely off his shoes, fell into a river, cut his head, bruised both arms and sides, tore his clothes to tatters and gave himself up as gone. When we found him he had a note pinned on what remained of his shirt telling his name, his address and a few other important details, together with a farewell to his family and his friends. Altogether Joe was a great help to the party, and though we didn't get much fun hunting deer while he was with us we had a beautiful time hunting him while he wasn't with us." Others in the party were Tommy Smith, Heine Luschenger, Ned White, Geary Steffen, Ed Solinski and Edward Campi.

#### "Jim" Crawford and the Grizzlies

Judicious publicity has never been more ably handled or more satisfactorily rewarded than in the recruitment of the Grizzlies. Within one month the regiment was developed from a scanty nucleus to complete war strength, for which remarkable performance credit is mainly due to the State-wide publicity campaign conducted by James Crawford who was engaged for that purpose by Thornwell Mullally. Crawford is well known as a good all-round newspaperman who has had much experience as a publicity promoter. His excellent work for the special events department of the Exposition attracted the attention of Mullally, its director, so when the task of enlisting Grizzlies was inaugurated "Jim" was selected to keep the people of California informed as to what the regiment meant and the advantages it held forth to California boys who desired to serve their country as soldiers. In addition to furnishing the San Francisco newspapers and the Associated Press and the United Press with readable stories about the proposed regiment, he supplied seventy-five daily and weekly journals throughout the State with matter of like im-

port that they willingly printed. The result is twelve hundred fully officered, uniformed and equipped young soldiers in intensive training at Tanforan Park—a result that old army men pronounce a record-breaker.

#### Frederic Villiers to Lecture

San Francisco has always been favored in the fascination and brilliancy of its visitors. Just now it is entertaining Frederic Villiers, celebrated war artist-correspondent of the Illustrated London News whose interest as a lecturer is no less than his fame as a journalist. Villiers is the only correspondent on the lecture platform who has been at both the British and French fronts in the present war. Under the management of Paul Elder, Villiers is to lecture at the Columbia on Tuesday afternoon, August 28, and at Scottish Rite Auditorium on the following Friday evening. He will tell of "What I Saw at the Front with the British and French Armies," and will show official French moving pictures of battle scenes, together with stereopticon slides of his own sketches.

#### The August Lantern

Gilbert Frankau's "Inn of a Thousand Dreams," a splendid love poem, has the place of honor in the August Lantern. Frankau who is fighting in Flanders (he is the son of the late Frank Danby, author of "The Heart of a Child") wrote the great war poem "How Rifleman Brown Entered Valhalla" which proved so pleasing to Lantern readers last year. Edward F. O'Day in "Eyes and Tresses" tells of the peculiar penchant of poets and novelists in the matter of feminine beauty. "An Englishman" contributes an entertaining paper on American Humor. There is an excellent story by John Higgins, and a quaint conceit called "Why the Milkman Shudders when He Perceives the Dawn" by Lord Dunsany who is having such a vogue now.

#### At Techau's

Until such time as the management of Techau Tavern can find a feature that will prove equally as acceptable to its woman patrons it will continue to present every afternoon at 4, 4:30 and 5 the greatly appreciated costly art boxes containing a bottle of Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume, sachet and face powder. For sustained excellence the Techau Tavern is the equal of any institution of a like order in the United States. Nowhere else can one find more appetizing dishes and better service.

#### Beginners' Luck

(Continued from Page 6)

ginners' luck; they're always a lot cleverer than old hands. . . . Still, I saw you, didn't I?"

"Yes, but be kind, and let me off this time, please. I didn't know what I was doing."

"That's what they all say—when they're caught!"

"Have a little mercy! Think of the blow to my boy—my husband! I'll give you anything you like—if you'll only let me go!"

The man looked at her closely for a second.

"Do you mean that?" he said slowly. "You'll give me anything I like if—if I let you go?"

"Yes, yes—anything!"

"You're not fooling me?"

"On my word of honor—no!"

"Then give me—your promise that you'll never do this sort of thing again."

"Of course, of course I promise. How good you are. What can I do to show you that—"

"Keep your promise; that's all."

"You may trust me to do that. And the watch; you will take it back to—?"

"No, thanks," said the man with a smile. "I should advise you to pack it up nicely and return it to Drayford's yourself—by post, of course. You see," he added, "there has been a little misunderstanding. When I saw you take the watch I thought you were an old hand at the game; you did it so beautifully. It occurred to me that we might work together; I want a partner. On the bus you took me for a private detective, whereas"—he raised his hat as he stepped away from her—"I am, of course, only just an ordinary, common, despicable shop thief. I can't reform; you can. Remember your promise—never again. Good afternoon."

## The Lantern

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Intervals

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Jim Woods in New York

I gather from the New York Sun that James Woods of the St. Francis and John Tait of Pavo Real and The Porch had "some time" during the visit to the Atlantic seaboard which they made the other day at the request of Herbert Hoover. The Sun devotes two compact columns of space to their doings of one day in New York. The article is in the best vein of Frank O'Malley, the Sun's star reporter. This is the way Frank begins:

"Jim Woods not only owns the Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco but also is the Arthur Woods of his home town, inasmuch as Jim Woods is the Police C'mish of the metropolis of the Pacific Slope—just as Art is the Chief of Polecce of this town. Jim Woods is the biggest man on the West Coast, barring none. Besides owning the St. Francis and being Police Commissioner of the city of San Francisco Jim also is a member of Herb Hoover's Food Conservation Board. So Jim came to Washington last week to attend the Herb Hoover-Jack McE. Bowman food conservation conference. Then, like all humans with ordinary intelligence, Jim drifted toward Broadway."

## And Jack Tait

"Jim came to Broadway via Washington accompanied by a little friend," continues O'Malley of The Sun. "The friend's name is Jack Tait, who is the mightiest restaurant man on the Pacific Slope and also is a member of the Herb Hoover-Jack Bowman Food Conservation Board. Jim Woods, as has been hinted at, is the biggest, broadest, tallest man in the world. And Jack Tait is twice as big. Let anybody who doubts this statement buy a ticket to San Francisco and find out. Ask any San Franciscan cop on Market street with a lot of whiskers, 'Is there anybody in this town named Jack Tait?' One might just as well drop off a train at Niagara Falls and go up to the cop who regulates the traffic in front of McManus's cigar store, where the trolley cars that take excursionists over to Canada and around the Whirlpool and right past the Rapids and back to McManus's cigar store—one might just as well go up to the Niagara cop and say, 'Officer,' making a megaphone with the hands so that the noise of one's words arises above the roar of the falls, a block and three-quarters away. 'Officer,' my name is Barney Flynn. I'm traveling man for the Simmons Bed people; I have to kill an hour in your town while waiting for a train to take me to Buffalo. I've never been in this part of the country before and so I ask you as man to man is there any natural object of interest around here that I could visit—any natural phenomenon, say, such as a cave or a soldiers' monument or even a rushing river? What would happen to such a questioner at Niagara Falls would happen—all that and worse—to any one who would go into Market street, San Francisco, and ask a cop, 'Is there anybody in this town named Jack Tait?'"

## They Are Given a Party

"Anyway," continues The Sun man, "Jim Woods and Jack Tait came into Broadway from Washington yesterday morning, whereupon all the great hotel proprietors of the Western Hemisphere picked Jim and Jack up in the Peacock Alley of the Hotel Biltmore and led

Jim and Jack toward a waiting string of stalled automobiles and said, 'Boys, we're going to give you a party.' It had been planned originally by President John McGlynn of the State Hotel Men's Association, who is proprietor of the Hotel Rensselaer at Troy, and by President Tom Green of the Hotel Men's Association of the city of New York, who owns the Hotel Woodward, and by ex-State President Frank Bain, who owns the Palatine at Newburgh, which is a town up the Hudson—all these hotel men and all the other hotel men hereabouts had arranged to meet Jim Woods and Jack Tait and take them up to Ralph Gushee's Longue Vue restaurant, north of Yonkers, by way of Ralph Gushee's Claremont, near Grant's Tomb, and buy Jim and Jack their luncheon. It should be understood that the hotel men here were making all this fuss over Jack and Jim because the two noted San Franciscans are now giving all their time—neglecting their hotels and everything—to helping out Mr. Hoover and his Uncle Samuel in the matter of conservation of food."

## Behold the Menu!

Frank O'Malley is a careful reporter; he seems to have taken the menu down in shorthand as it was consumed. Here is his voracious report:

AT CLAREMONT					
Caviare		Cocktails		Bismarck herring	
Cocktails		Highballs		Pickles	
Cocktails					
AT LONGUE VUE					
(One hour is supposed to have elapsed.)					
Punch		Cocktails		Punch	
Pepper	Salt	Vinegar	Mustard	Butter	
Bread					
Silverware					
Jellied consommé					
Loaf sugar			Granulated sugar		
Pulverized sugar					
Corn muffins		Bran toasties		French bread	
White Rock		Whole wheat bread		White Rock	
Apolinaris					
Sauterne cup					
Some kind of fish		Sweet potato croquettes			
Green olives		Ripe olives			
Fresh clover honey				Three rousing cheers	
Rhine wine cup		Peanut butter			
More Rhine wine cup		More Sauterne cup			
More cheers					
Salted nuts					
Breast of chicken		Virginia ham		Mushrooms	
Individual pots of baked beans					
Stewed fresh corn		Stewed fresh lima beans			
Manny Chappelle's wine					
Three more rousing cheers					
Original poem by President John McGlynn of Troy					
Joe Gramont's Wilson Whiskey					
Speeches		Speeches		Speeches	
Grapefruit and orange salad					
French dressing					
Bar-le-Duc and cream cheese				Crackers	
Longue Vue pudding					
Demi-tasse					
Brandy		Brandy		Brandy	
White mint, frappe		Brandy		Green mint, frappe	

There was a lot more to the day's doings, but I haven't space for it all. But I judge that if all of Woods's and Tait's days in New York were like the one described by The Sun reporter it was a thoroughly "fed-up" pair of San Franciscans that boarded the Overland Limited for home.

## Pacific-Union vs. Family

By the widest stretch of your imagination can you imagine the Pacific-Union Club producing a baseball team? You will say at once that it can't be done; that the "chair-warmers" and the "figureheads" and the "family portraits in oils" as the irreverent are wont to dub the members of our haughtiest club can never hope to find uniforms to fit them, bats light enough and wide enough to suit them and sufficient surcease from gout and chalk stones to permit

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them to go through nine innings. But Willis Polk declares it can be done, and he has charged himself with the task of assembling a team of Pacific-Unionites to play The Family ball team at the Family Farm this coming Sunday. In order to make the arrangements for this game which is bound to set a new low standard for the sport, Willis the irrepressible gave a dinner at the Pee-You one day last week. Those who attended suspected that Willis was using a subterfuge to get a number of live wires together and address them on the "crime of the century," to-wit, the State Building in the Civic Center. And in truth Willis did introduce that topic during dinner, but was vociferated into his seat immediately. Then baseball was discussed, and it was decided that Willis should pick a team of Pacific-Unionites while Clarence Ward assumed the responsibility of signing up nine Family players. As the Family is full of young men who never heard of uric acid and think gout a high-toned name for rheumatism, Ward's is an easy task. It will be the first time that two rival ball teams were managed by architects. Those who attended the dinner were Willis Polk, Edward H. Hamilton, Justice F. W. Henshaw, Justice Henry A. Melvin, W. E. Travis, William A. Lange, Phil Bekeart, Haig Patigian, Louis Sloss, Harry Scott, William H. Fairbanks, Edwin M. Eddy, Charles Rollo Peters, Clarence Ward, Hugh Burke and Frank Mulgrew.

#### George Hamlin and His Wife

The Bohemian Club doesn't care how much money it spends when it gets started. When it was decided that only a New York tenor would do for the principal role of the Crocker-Redding grove drama, and that George Hamlin was the man, the Bohemian Club brought Hamlin out here, paying all his expenses. And as Hamlin likes his wife to travel with him, the club paid Mrs. Hamlin's expenses too, thereby showing that its generosity is in direct ratio to its appreciation of musical art. Hamlin hoped that his wife would be able to hear him sing his

role in the Bohemian Grove, and pleaded very hard to have her admitted, only desisting when it was explained that such a thing would break club rules and smash club traditions.

#### Durrant and Sword Go North

Cliff Durrant, the young millionaire racing driver, and Carl Sword, manager of Hotel Oakland, have started on a motor trip which will land them in Tacoma for the motor races in which Durrant expects to make some new records with his Stutz. The two friends are motoring north through the Sacramento Valley to Shasta Springs, and so on through Oregon and Washington to Tacoma. On their return they will cross the mountains from Oregon into Nevada and look in at Reno and Tahoe. It is the first vacation hardworking Carl Sword has allowed himself in a long time. Cliff Durrant holds a number of racing records, among others that for the fastest time between Los Angeles and San Diego. He is vice-president of the Chevrolet Motor Company, and the son of the multi-millionaire president of the General Motors Company.

#### Thigpen Buys the Cecil

William Gainer Thigpen, one of our most picturesque and most famous hotel men, has acquired the Hotel Cecil in Post street and will lose no time in introducing new ideas into its management. Thigpen and his wife were here on a vacation from New York where Thigpen was assistant manager of the big McAlpin when the investment was called to his attention. He wired his resignation to the McAlpin and immediately took hold of his new property. The Cecil is a hotel of one hundred and fifty rooms and needs no commendation; its standing is known to all of us. Manager J. F. Bortzmeyer will continue in active charge. Indeed, there are to be no changes in the staff. Thigpen has been connected with several hotels hereabouts, and is known to travelers from Coronado to Victoria on this side of the country, and from Maine to Florida on the other. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Crothers who have been spending the summer in Palo Alto returned this week to their apartments at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Willebrands of Los Angeles were hosts at dinner Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Kidder of Silver City, New Mexico, are registered. Miss Ruth Van Arsdale of Boston will spend the autumn season at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Phinney of Sacramento and the Misses Ruth and Jessie Phinney are guests. Mrs. C. C. Hakes of Los Angeles gave a luncheon and bridge Thursday.

#### The Fairmont Out-of-Doors School

Oh, we are Fairmont Kewpies,  
And we have a Kewpie home;  
You will see us in the garden, too,  
If you chance this way to roam.

We love to play our Kewpie tricks,  
They're only good ones tho';  
For Kewpie children all are good,  
Now don't you think that's so?

This is what the little "Fairmont Kewpies" will be singing on September 4. Already Miss Blythe Wallace who is supervising the activities of the school and Mrs. Florence Hines, director, have enrolled many pupils who are eagerly waiting for that date. The kindergarten proper is reached by the California street entrance and is wonderfully restful in its soft grays and greens, with a few lively splashes of orange which Mrs. Ryan is supplying with the goldfish and nasturtiums. The terrace is devoted to play, and here are the slides and swings and sand boxes, and the best air in San Francisco. The children will spend the greater portion of

the day on the terrace. During study time the primary and grammar grade children will take their chairs out there, and study in the open air, while the "kindergarteners" will do their color work, cutting and construction work, sewing, clay modeling, etc., under big umbrellas every sunshiny day. The baby folk will have regular kindergarten instruction, including story telling, dramatization of stories, construction work, clay modeling, singing and rhythm work. Mrs. Verna Hadley, pianist, composes the music used, and Miss Flora Sanborn, kindergarten director, writes the words for the songs, so the songs are written for each individual child, according to his ability. Mrs. Hadley will also teach music throughout the school. The primary department is very fortunate in obtaining Miss Gertrude McLaughlin for teacher and Miss Martin for grammar grade work. French will be taught in all grades. Violin instruction will be given by Mr. Rudolph Segar. Miss Fannie Hinman will have nature and fancy dancing. Mrs. Vida Anderson, dietitian, will plan the lunches for the "Kewpies."

#### At Hotel Whitcomb

One of the most enjoyable affairs given in honor of Miss Carmen Ghirardelli and her fiance George W. Baker Jr. was the dinner tendered them a few nights ago by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chalmers Easton. It was served in the Arabesque dining room of the Hotel Whitcomb, covers being laid for Miss Ghirardelli, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chalmers Easton, Dr. and Mrs. D. E. F. Easton, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ghirardelli, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hunter, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Mansfield, Mr. and Mrs. George K. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Will Barstow, Mrs. Olive Reed Cushman, Mrs. Howard Swales, Mr. Baker and Arthur Kelham. After dinner the party went to the Sun Room on the roof of the Whitcomb and enjoyed the dancing.

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## The Stage

### An Irrepressible Pair

Helene Hamilton and Jack Barnes in "Just Fun" at the Orpheum this week are more than just funny. Indeed, this irrepressible pair in a twenty-minute skit written around a pretty girl, a nervous man and a wheelbarrow, make just about the niftiest and cleverest vaudeville team seen in these parts in weeks. The act is a holdover, but still the best on the bill. Gentle satire directed upon the nation-wide tendency among drafted young men to evade military duty through flimsy, almost silly, exemption claims, is worth all the applause it evokes. And it is pleasant to note that San Francisco theatregoers are still able to appreciate comedy less obvious than the slapstick sort. Lew Brice who always could dance, and the Barr Twins, themselves quite accomplished terpsichoreans, in "A Little o' This and a Little o' That," divide the honors of the bill with Helene and Jack. Lew and the Barr girls—after the first few minutes the audience almost audibly spelled it Bare—uncork six dance numbers that are quite well arranged, though their singing can hardly be called compelling. There is a resemblance between the twins almost as close as the resemblance which is supposed to, but which really does not, exist between the famed Dolly sisters. Harry Girard's "The Wail of an Eskimo" is full of much good male quintet singing, marred only occasionally by agonizing barbershop chords. This "Alaskan Incident" has a plot, with a hero and a villain and everything, but the audience very considerably overlooks this defect. Edwin House, basso cantante, makes a very serious error in having a genuinely pretty girl for his accompanist. Imogen Peay resembles "sunlight on pale blue velvet," and House has to sing like the very deuce to keep the audience looking his way. "The Headliners," with Harry B. Toomer and Frank Merril, continues to evoke Gargantuan giggles. Rita Boland is still charming in her song sketches. "America First," a patriotic spectacle full of West Pointers and jack tars, is on its second week of success. And the Anita Peters Wright rhythmic dancers, leading the bill, though they mix their numbers with startling unconcern, are a very good looking lot of cuties.

—T. L. L.

### An Important Symphony Announcement

On account of the substantial increase in membership of the Musical Association of San Francisco which maintains the Symphony Orchestra, the board of governors have decided that a reallocation of seats for the forthcoming season under Alfred Hertz which begins October 12 at the Cort, would serve the best interests of the association. So the guarantors and music lovers generally arranged for a drawing last Wednesday by which the seats for members were apportioned after the manner of the great conscription drawing recently held in Washington. The drawing was in charge of Miss Lena Blanding, chairman of the Woman's Auxiliary, Mrs. Frank W. Griffin and Mrs. M. C. Porter. Names of the members of the various classes were drawn and numbered and the subscribers will be allotted seats in the order in which their names were drawn. Classes A, B and C represent subscriptions of \$5,000, \$2,500 and \$1,000 respectively, and these subscribers are required to purchase their seats by August 27. Members of Class D (those subscribing \$500 to \$1,000 per year) are entitled to purchase

six seats before August 28; members of Class E (those subscribing \$250 to \$500 per year) are entitled to purchase four seats before September 1; members of Class F (those subscribing \$100 to \$250 per year) are entitled to purchase two seats before September 21; members of Class G (those subscribing \$50 per year) are entitled to purchase a single seat before September 22. The sale is being conducted by Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham, at the offices of the Musical Association in the Phelan Building, where the sale of season tickets for the public will also be held, beginning September 24. The sale of tickets for single concerts will open at Sherman Clay on October 8. Season prices for the twelve symphonies range from gallery seats at \$6 to orchestra seats at \$22, with loges at \$150, and boxes at \$125, \$180 and \$240. Season tickets for the twelve Sunday symphonies range from gallery seats at \$5 to orchestra seats at \$11, with loges at \$80, and boxes at \$75, \$100 and \$125. Season tickets for the ten popular concerts range from gallery seats at \$2.50 to orchestra seats at \$9. The issuance of season tickets for the "pop" concerts, as well as the Friday and Sunday symphonies, is an innovation this year. The board of governors and Conductor Hertz were more than gratified at the interest displayed in the popular concerts last season, and this interest is again manifesting itself in the many inquiries and programme requests already being received at the offices of the association.

### "What Next" at the Cort

"What Next" is headed for the Cort Theatre. "What Next" is Oliver Morosco's new comedy with music, and begins its engagement Sunday night. In originality of settings, beautiful cos-

tumes, cast and "pep," "What Next" is said to be as big a success as "So Long Letty" which is delighting playgoers at the Cort for the last time this week. Blanche Ring, noted comedienne and a big favorite with San Francisco playgoers, is the star in "What Next." Others in the cast are Charles Winninger, Dainty Marie, Flanagan and Edwards, Eva Fallon, the three Du-For brothers, Al Gerrard, Leila Bliss and a lovely garden of beautiful girls—California girls. "What Next" was written by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris with music and lyrics by Harry Tierney and Al Bryan.

### "Here Comes the Bride"

Monday night local theatre patrons will be treated to a "first night" when "Here Comes the Bride," a new three-act farce comedy by Roy Atwell and Max Marcin, co-authors of "Cheating Cheaters," receives its premier performance at the Columbia. In their new comedy the authors are said to have outdone their last big success which was the hit of the season in New York, by concocting one of the most complicated and original plots seen in years. In an effort to give theatregoers of the West the best offerings simultaneously with their presentation in the East Klaw and Erlanger have established a producing office on the Pacific. The management has secured Bertha Mann and Harrison Ford for the leading roles and has spared no expense in an effort to make this one of the most elaborate attractions of the season. Matinee Wednesdays and Saturdays.

### The Matzenauer Concert

On Sunday afternoon, September 23, at 3 o'clock at the Exposition Auditorium, Margaret Matzenauer, "the greatest voice at the Metro-



BLANCHE RING

The star of Oliver Morosco's newest musical farce "What Next" at the Cort



politan," will open San Francisco's concert season. For this concert which will be under the direction of Frank W. Healy, special arrangements will be made to reduce the size of the Auditorium and instead of having the stage at the extreme end of the hall it will be moved near the center. No seat in the hall will be more than one hundred feet from the artist. This feature will make the Exposition Auditorium one of the best concert halls in America and will also make it possible to arrange a much more moderate scale of prices than when concerts are given in the theatres.

#### Louise Dresser at the Orpheum

Louise Dresser who will head the Orpheum bill next week is a great favorite with Orpheum audiences and her return to vaudeville is one of the most welcome events of the season. She is one of the few shining lights of the stage who is not only a brilliant actress but also a singer of quality. Miss Dresser is an exceedingly beautiful woman whose tasteful, handsome and stylish costumes make a strong appeal to the members of her sex. She will offer a brand new programme of songs which includes her most notable successes. William Gaxton, a dashing and popular light comedian who succeeds in amusing his audiences without having recourse to buffoonery, will appear in a novel one-act play entitled "Kisses," the author of which is S. Jay Kaufman, a clever contributor to the New York press. Charles Olcott will offer an original travesty entitled "A Comic Opera in Ten Minutes." He is everything from impresario to call boy, including the temperamental prima donna and the dashing young tenor. Ralph Dunbar's Maryland Singers are a quartet of charming girls who sing southern songs of the sixties. Rita Bolland, singing comedienne; Edwin House, basso cantante; Harry Girard and Co. in "The Wail of an Eskimo;" and Lew Brice and the Barr twins in songs and dances are the other acts.

#### Last Week of Kolb and Dill

"The High Cost of Loving," Kolb and Dill's newest and funniest laugh-riot, will start on the last week of its phenomenal success at the Alcazar Monday night. The return engagement is proving as big a triumph as the previous stay at the same playhouse early this year when Kolb and Dill broke theatrical records by remaining for ten capacity weeks.

### Julius Kahn's Sound Americanism

(Continued from Page 8)

much more to do with than in the matter of being born in Baden.

"Suppose my parents had not brought me here when I was a child, but that I had spent my youth in Germany. I should have learned of America a little later, by reading its history over there instead of on my father's cattle ranch in California, and then, no doubt, I would have come to America, not as a child because my parents moved, but of my own volition as a young man seeking a home in the country which had the fairest record to show in the history of the whole world. Please do not give me any extra credit for my love of America because of the fact that I happened to be born in Germany. The credit belongs to America for being what she is; a little to me, perhaps, for appreciating what she is.

"All the circumstances of my boyhood were

favorable to the awakening of that appreciation. There were the books of American history, but there were also the hills of California. My father bought for his ranch about 100 acres in Calaveras County, the country of Mark Twain and Bret Harte. Our home was two miles from the village. I drove the cows and I roamed over the hills and through the gulches. There were long distances to look, which a boy loves. The boy on the ranch or farm learns to see more of his country at one glance than the little shaver in the city tenement, and that is good for his future as a citizen.

"But America is the same to all of us, Jew or Gentile, native or foreign born. It means the right to live as free men. Never in the world's history has any other country conferred so much upon its people and never has any country demanded so little in return. So why shouldn't every American share with Nathan Hale the regret that he has but one life to lose for this America?"

Mr. Kahn was asked if, at the end of the present war, he still would be an advocate of universal military training, even though the war should end in a peace satisfactory to America and her allies and to those who hope that the present war will make future wars impossible.

By way of reply he quoted Shakespeare:

The time of universal peace is near;  
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world  
Shall bear the olive freely.

"That was what Octavius Caesar said to Agrippa in their camp before Alexandria," he continued. "It was something over two thousand years ago that that prophecy of universal peace was made and the world has been at war ever since. I do not think that the time has yet come for a repetition of that prophecy to be taken seriously as an excuse for neglecting the defense of a nation.

"Throughout my study of the country's history, and particularly since that study has been part of my proper business as a member of Congress, I have been convinced that our military system was wrong, that to depend on the volunteer system for the fighting of our wars was to rely upon a very weak reed. Neither have I ever been able to bring myself to the happy conclusion that war is a thing of the past or that it soon will become so. Therefore I have been an ardent advocate of military preparedness, with universal training and service on a basis of short-term enlistments. I believe that such a system not only would make this country safe, but prove of inestimable benefit, morally, mentally and physically, to all the young men of the country.

"Because of this conviction I found it an easy and natural task to take up the fight of the President in Congress for conscription. Conscription is the corollary of universal training."

Representative Kahn does not follow President Wilson in making a distinction between the Imperial German Government and the German people, and he thinks that it is too soon to speculate as to what benefits the Allies may confer upon the enemy people by defeating the enemy Government.

"There is no likelihood of a revolution in Germany," he declared, "while the present Kaiser is on the throne. All the German people love this Kaiser. There is nothing that he can ask of them that they will not do. If the Crown Prince should succeed him there might be a different story. But we are not to depend on remote contingencies of that sort

to give us a victory, nor a substitute for victory that we do not win ourselves.

"We have got to fight and fight hard for the rights of America and the rights of the world, and we have got to do the fighting as the followers of President Wilson, who is commander in chief of the army and navy and made so by the fundamental law of the Republic. There must be no war committee of Congress to hamper him in any way.

"Already we have clothed the President with great power. He has used it wisely, and is continuing so to use it every day. I was opposed to President Wilson on his Mexican policy. He had no severer critic than me in the House on that question, and I do not think that he realized the need of preparedness until long after the country should have had its preparations complete.

"But since America entered the war I believe that he has done everything that an American President could do and that he has done it well."

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The stock market experienced a period of extreme dullness the past week and closed Saturday with little or no change in prices from where the market started on last Monday. On the whole it has been a waiting market, and price fixing by the Government of leading commodities is being awaited with much anxiety. It is reported in well informed circles that \$68 a ton is what the Government is willing to pay for steel, with a bonus of \$10, or \$78 a ton for rush orders. It is generally believed that this will be satisfactory to the steel industry. Coppers have sagged under the suspense of price fixing, and many good investments are now presented in that group of securities. It is thought that when the prices for leading commodities are finally settled and announced, the market will emerge from its dullness of the past two months and a good bull market in the industrials will result. The rails have been under liquidation, and standard securities like New York Central and Delaware & Hudson have declined to new low levels. With operating expenses of the railroads ever increasing, and no power within themselves to adjust these differences by increased rates, it does not seem likely at present, or in the near future, that such a thing as a bull market in the rails is probable.

**Corn**—Liquidation has been the order of the day in corn. Tired longs have been unloading. While there has been a great deal of covering by shorts, there also has been more or less aggressive selling. Cash corn has led the futures in the decline. No. 2 corn has been sold to arrive Chicago delivery guaranteed September 30 at 1.65. This is the maximum price formerly fixed for September delivery by the board authorities. The weather over the corn belt is favorable for development of the crop.

**Cotton**—The cotton market has fluctuated within a range of 200 points, and closed Saturday at the lowest point of the week. Crop news from Oklahoma and Texas are very discouraging, but this is offset in part by better conditions existing in other portions of the belt. The crop will be in the neighborhood of 12,000,000 bales, which ordinarily would be considered extremely small, but with no signs of peace for at least another year, the situation resolves itself chiefly into a matter of home consumption. Under present conditions a level of at least 25 cents per pound would seem justified, and as the market will be subject to a trading range of say 200 or 300 points, we believe advantage can be taken of such fluctuations to buy cotton to all such breaks.

"Here's a substance which breaks down when exposed to light," remarked the chemist.

"That must be the stuff reputations are made of," observed the politician.

## STATE REGULATION OF RAILWAYS

(From the Chicago Tribune, July 30, 1917)

Chicago, July 27.—Editor of the Tribune: Your editorial of July 25, entitled "Help the Railroads," and relating to the proper loading of cars in order to get the highest use of them, serves me as a warrant for citing a single example of how very sorely in need of help in this respect the railroads are. It would probably be more exact to say that it is the nation which is in sore need.

I call attention to the fact that just now, when newspapers like The Tribune and far-seeing shippers and business men are making every exertion to increase the usefulness of the railway equipment of the country, the public utilities commission of the State of Kansas has refused the application of the carriers for leave to advance the minimum carload of flour and other grain products from 24,000 to 40,000 pounds. In the Western Advance case of 1915 the Interstate Commerce Commission permitted an advance of this minimum to 40,000 pounds on interstate shipments throughout the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Colorado, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico. But in the States the carriers had not been able to secure like advances; and this is called to your attention as an illustration of the impossibility in practice of getting anywhere with transportation in this country as long as States are thus able to block the way. Even the load of 40,000 pounds, which the commission in the Western Advance case authorized the carriers to require for interstate movement, is really only half a load, for it was shown during the trial of that case that flour and other grain products for export load from 70,000 to 85,000 pounds. In the interest of efficiency the carriers have increased the power of their locomotives and the carrying capacity of their cars, but their efforts have been balked by the toadying of politicians on State commissions to the selfishness of the shippers, who insist upon the privilege, at the expense of the commercial and industrial interests of the United States, of buying only a third of a load of flour at a time.

Let me show you what little loads the different States mentioned compel the carriers to transport in their large cars, notwithstanding that the Interstate Commerce Commission has held that a load of at least 40,000 pounds should be required for interstate shipments traversing those States:

	Pounds
Illinois	24,000
Wisconsin	40,000
Minnesota	30,000
South Dakota	30,000
Nebraska	24,000

Iowa	24,000
Kansas	24,000
Missouri (flour)	24,000
Missouri (other products)	30,000
Arkansas	24,000
Oklahoma	24,000
New Mexico	30,000

When it is considered that the average equipment of today will carry about 60,000 and most of it 80,000 pounds and over, the minimum of 24,000 pounds which the State of Kansas refuses to advance is nothing less than an outrage upon investors, a gross discrimination against shippers furnishing large loads, and in this time of war such an "aid and comfort" to the enemy as to be really treasonable.

Wisconsin allowed an advance to 40,000 pounds the other day, and recently Minnesota granted a miserly advance from 26,000 to 30,000. Kansas denies any relief. And there you have the conflict and confusion which beset us everywhere.

Applications for better loads are pending in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and many other States; but the progress—or, rather, the lack of progress—is discouraging.

You say that "we cannot create cars." But, in a sense, we can—instantly. For example, in the last year the Santa Fe handled 56,512 carloads of flour and other grain products, which loaded on an average about 39,000 pounds, the larger load of the interstate movement having been pulled down in the average by the smaller loads in the States. Had this average load of less than 39,000 pounds been increased by 11,000 pounds and made merely a fair load of 50,000 pounds, the Santa Fe would thereby have saved for other transportation uses and for other shippers about one car out of four—that is, in moving 56,512 shipments of grain products it employed about 14,000 cars more than were necessary for that transportation. What a stupendous waste for only one carrier on only one commodity! What I say about grain product is true in varying degrees of many other commodities moving in large quantities.

The main purpose of this communication is to impress upon your mind and upon the minds of your readers, by the force of concrete facts, the burning disgrace of so-called State regulation.

—E. P. Ripley.

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## The Poisoned Wells

(Continued from Page 7)

present moment with regard to the wholesale deportations which are going on in Belgium. To justify his slave raids, Governor von Bissing denounces England's blockade. It is the economic policy of England—not German requisitions—which has ruined Belgium and caused unemployment: "If there are any objections to be made about this state of affairs you must address them to England, who, through her policy of isolation, has rendered the coercive measures necessary." But the argument is used more for the sake of discussion than in the real hope of convincing the public. General von Bissing can have very few illusions left as to the state of mind of the Belgian population. He knows that every Belgian worker would answer, with the members of the Commission Syndicale: "All the Allies have agreed to let some raw material necessary to our industry enter Belgium, under the condition, naturally, that no requisitions should be made by the occupying Power, and that a neutral commission should control the destination of the manufactured articles." Or, more emphatically still, with Cardinal Mercier: "England generously allows some foodstuffs to enter Belgium under the control of neutral countries . . . She would certainly allow raw materials to enter the country under the same control, if Germany would only pledge herself to leave them to us and not to seize the manufactured products of our industry."

Such arguments are extraordinarily characteristic of the German mind, as it has been developed by the war: "Let Belgium know that she is suffering for England's sake. Let England know that, as long as she enforces her blockade, her friends in Belgium will have to pay for it." It is the same kind of double-edged declaration as that used on the occasion of the Allied air raid on Brussels. Literally speaking, it cuts both ways. The excuse becomes a threat and the untruth savors of blackmail. Healthy minds work by single or treble propositions. If we did not remember that our aim is to analyze the beautiful and heroic side of the occupation of Belgium, rather than to dwell on its most sinister aspects, we should recognize, in this last manoeuvre, the lowest example of human brutality and hypocrisy, the double mark of the German hoof.

In spite of the most authentic documents, of the glaring material proofs, it might be difficult to realize that the human spirit may fall so low. It seems as if we were diminishing ourselves when we accuse our enemies. We have lived so long in the faith that "such things are impossible" that, now that they happen almost at our door, we should be inclined to doubt our eyes rather than to doubt the innate goodness of man. Never did I feel this more strongly than when I saw, for the first time, a caricature of King Albert reproduced from a German newspaper.

Surely if one man, one leader, has come out of this severe trial unstained, with his virtue untarnished, it is indeed Albert the First, King of the Belgians. His simple and loyal attitude in face of the German ultimatum, the indomitable courage which he showed during the Belgian campaign, his dignity, his reserve, his almost exaggerated modesty, ought to have won for him, besides the deep admiration of the Allies and of the neutral world, the respect and esteem even of his worst enemy. There is a man of few words and noble actions, fulfilling his pledges to the last article, faithful to his word even in the presence of death, a leader

sharing the work of his soldiers, a king living the life of a poor man. When in Paris, in London, triumphal receptions were awaiting them, he and his noble and devoted queen remained at their post, on the last stretch of Belgian territory, in the rough surroundings of army quarters.

The whole world has noted this. People who have no sympathy to spare for the Allies' cause have been obliged to bow before this young hero, more noble in his defeat than all the conquerors of Europe in their victory. But the Germans have not felt it. Not only did they try to ridicule King Albert in their comic papers. Even the son of Governor von Bissing did not hesitate to fling in his face the generous epithet, "Lackland." As soon as the last attempt to conciliate the king had failed the German press in Belgium began a most violent and abusive campaign against him. The "Düsseldorfer General-Anzeiger" published a venomous article, in which he was represented as personally responsible for "the plot of the Allies against Germany and for the crimes of the franc-tireurs." He was stigmatized as "the slave of England," and it was asserted that "If he did not grasp the hand stretched out to him by the Kaiser on August 2nd and the 9th it is only because he did not dare to do so" (October 10th, 1914). He was said to have "betrayed his army at Antwerp. Had he not sworn not to leave the town alive?" And "Le Réveil," another paper circulated in Belgium by German propagandists, announced solemnly that, once on the Yser, the king wanted to sign a separate peace with Germany, but England had forbidden him to do so. The "Hamburger Nachrichten," the "Vossische Zeitung" and the "Frankfurter Zeitung" repeated without scruple this tissue of gross calumnies. The "Deutsche Soldatenpost," edited specially for the German soldiers in Belgium, went even a step further and violently reproached the Queen of the Belgians for not having protested against the cruelties inflicted on German civilians in Brussels and Antwerp, at the outbreak of the hostilities!

\* \* \* \* \*

Not being able to stir the people against the Allies or against their own Government, the German Press Bureau attempted to revive the language quarrel and to provoke internal dissensions. It is interesting to notice that the new campaign, whose crowning episode was the opening of the German university at Ghent, in October last, began two months after the surrender of Brussels and did not develop until the spring of 1915, when an important minority of Germans began to realize that it would be impossible to retain Belgium, and when a greater number still only hoped to keep Antwerp and Flanders, thanks to the "social and linguistic affinities of Flemings and Germans."

That is how Germany, who had never troubled much before about the Flemish movement and Flemish literature, suddenly discovered a great affection for her Flemish brothers who had so long been exposed to "the insults of the Walloons," how she suddenly espoused their grievances and put into effect, in spite of their strong protests, some reforms inscribed on the programme; how she tried by every means at her disposal to conciliate Flemish sympathies and to stir up antagonism and jealousies by treating Flemings and Walloons differently, whether prisoners in Germany or in occupied Belgium.

The German train of thought is clear enough: "If we are unable to hold Belgium, any pro-German demonstrations in the northern provinces may suggest the idea that it is the wish of the Flemings to be bound to the empire and give a pretext for the annexation of Antwerp

and Flanders. If even that is impossible and if we are obliged to give back his kingdom to King Albert, we shall have sown so many germs of discontent in the country that it will be impossible for the Government to restore Belgium in her full unity and power. She will never become against us the strong bulwark of the Allies."

All this Walloon-Flemish agitation started by Germany belongs to a vast plan of mismanagement. The day Germany knew that she would not be able to keep her conquest she deliberately set herself to ruin Belgium economically and morally. She succeeded economically, for nobody could prevent her from requisitioning whatever she wanted. She failed morally because the people understood her purpose and because the Flemish leaders proudly refused the German gifts. The reform of Ghent University was made in spite of them. It was made with the help of a few Germans, German-Dutch and Belgians without any reputation or following. The professors have been bought and the students (they only number eighty) have been mostly recruited among the Flemish prisoners in Germany and among a few young men threatened with deportation. They are obliged to wear a special cap and are under the ban of the whole population. No true "Gantois" passes them in the street without whispering "Vive l'Armée." This is the pitiful medley of cranks, traitors and unwilling students which General von Bissing is pleased to call a "university."

In his inaugural speech the Governor exclaimed, "The God of War, with his drawn sword, has held the new institution at the font. May the God of Peace be gracious to her for long years to come." The Germans' lack of humor surpasses even their ruthlessness. With one hand General von Bissing was baptizing the baby—rather a difficult operation—with the other he brandished his fiery sword over the heads of all the true Flemings who refused to adopt it. Many of them paid for this patriotic attitude by losing their liberty. With one hand Germany inflicted this unwelcome gift on the Flemings, with the other banished M.M. Pirenne, Frédéricq and Verhaegen from the sacred precincts of Flemish culture!

Most solemnly, on different occasions, all the prominent Flemish leaders have protested against the German Administration's action. They have declared that it was illegal and unjust. Governor von Bissing reminds them that, according to De Raet's words, "Two heroic spirits dominate the world: The Mind and the Sword." They may possess the first but he holds the second.

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# NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF TRAUNG LABEL & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of TRAUNG LABEL & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a special meeting of said board, duly held on the 31st day of July, 1917, at the office of said corporation, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of the said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation, 962 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meets), on Thursday, October 11th, 1917, at 2:00 P. M. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand (\$100,000) Dollars, divided into twenty thousand (20,000) shares of the par value of Five (\$5.00) Dollars each, to Five Hundred Thousand (\$500,000) Dollars, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of Five (\$5.00) Dollars each.

The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock is Five Hundred (\$500,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated August 3, 1917.

LOUIS TRAUNG.

Secretary Traung Label and Lithograph Company.

L. W. LOVEY,

Attorney at Law,

1101-7 Hearst Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

8-11-5

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81480; Dept. 14.

WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, Plaintiff, vs. CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOFFLER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LANE LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants.

Action, for settlement of account, brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOFFLER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LANE LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, including judgment that his accounts as such Trustee from and including the 1st day of January, 1912, to and including the 31st day of December, 1916, as submitted and set forth in the said complaint, are full, true and correct and are settled and allowed.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of April, 1917.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

1101 Alaska Commercial Building,

San Francisco, Cal.

7-21-10

## NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, WALTER H. LINFORTH, trustee under that certain Deed of Trust executed to the undersigned Walter H. Linforth, as trustee by Otto A. Brown, and which said Deed of Trust bears date the 19th day of November, 1915, and was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 22nd day of November, 1915, in Volume 917 of Deeds, page 13, Records of the City and County of San Francisco. That the said undersigned will, as such trustee, under and pursuant to said Deed of Trust and the provisions therein contained, and to accomplish the purposes and make the payments therein specified, sell at public auction to the highest cash bidder, on the 5th day of September, 1917, at 11:00 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Van Ness Avenue entrance of the City Hall in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the premises described in said Deed of Trust, and which said premises are more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

All of Lot No. Six (6) in Block Twenty-eight (28), as said lot and block is delineated and so designated upon that certain map entitled "Blocks 27 to 34 Forest Hill Extension," San Francisco, California, filed December 21st, 1912, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, and recorded in Liber "G" of maps at pages 91 and 92.

Together with all estate, interest, homestead, property or other claim or demand in law or equity which the said Otto A. Brown now has or may hereafter acquire in and to the said premises with the appurtenances.

Terms of Sale: Sale will be made in one parcel at public auction, to the highest cash bidder, and all bids and payment for said property shall be made in United States gold coin, purchase price payable twenty per cent (20%) on the fall of the hammer at the conclusion of the sale, and balance within two days thereafter at the office of Alfred L. Meyerstein, 611 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California. If balance is not so paid, said 20% to be forfeited and sale to be void. Acts of transfer and examination of title at expense of purchaser.

Upon the sale made, the undersigned as such trustee will make, execute and after due payment made deliver to the purchaser or purchasers at such sale, his or their heirs or assigns, a deed of the premises so sold.

The owner of the indebtedness secured by said Deed of Trust, or any other person, may bid and purchase at such sale.

Said sale is made because of default in the payment of a certain promissory note in the principal sum of \$1875, referred to in said Deed of Trust, as having been executed by the said Otto A. Brown on the 19th day of November, 1915, to Alfred L. Meyerstein, who is now the owner and holder thereof, and which said promissory note together with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent (6%) per annum payable monthly from the 19th day of November, 1915, is past due and unpaid.

Said sale is made upon demand of said Alfred L. Meyerstein, the owner and holder of the promissory note secured by and referred to in said Deed of Trust.

Dated: This 31st day of July, 1917.

WALTER H. LINFORTH, Trustee.

ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,

Attorneys at Law,

110 Sutter St.,

French Savings Bank Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

8-11-4

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE ALLEG, deceased.—No. 23072; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the last will and testament of EUGENE ALLEG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of J. Henry Meyer & Co., No. 440 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EUGENE ALLEG, deceased.

J. HENRY MEYER,

ALFRED CELLIER,

Executors of the last will and testament of

Eugene Alleg, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 11th, 1917.

## CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, Ng. T. Quai, is transacting a business of manufacturing noodles in the State of California, under the name of Red Band Paste Co.; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that he is conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Red Band Paste Co., and that he is the sole owner of said business, and that his full name is Ng. T. Quai, and that he resides at 1135 Stockton Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

NG. T. QUAI.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

On this 13th day of August in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Seventeen, before me, THOMAS S. MULVEY, a Court Commissioner of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, personally appeared Ng. T. Quai, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

(Seal)

THOMAS S. MULVEY,

Court Commissioner of the City and County of

San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Aug. 13, 1917.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

L. W. LOVEY,

Attorney at Law,

1101-7 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-18-5

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## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83334. GERTRUDE R. KNOPLE, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN KNOPLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

G. C. RINGOLSKY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 805 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN KNOPLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

8-11-10

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19765 New Series; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET M. FARMER, deceased.

Mary Coleman, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, having filed her verified Petition in this Court, setting forth facts on which she bases a claim that John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, are entitled to the specific performance of a contract made with them by the aforesaid Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, in her lifetime to convey certain real estate which contract is set forth in substance in her petition, and praying for an order authorizing and empowering her as such Executrix to convey to said John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, the said real estate which is described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Southerly line of California Street distant thereon ninety-five (95) feet Easterly from the point of intersection of said Southerly line of California Street with the Easterly line of Twenty-ninth Avenue; running thence Easterly along said Southerly line of California Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of California Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of outside Land Block Number 154 of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Tuesday, the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 9 thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition and all persons interested in the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at the time and place hereinabove specified and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted authorizing said Executrix to convey the real property hereinabove described to JOHN MCCONVILLE and MARY A. MCCONVILLE, his wife.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks prior to the date of said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court and dated this eighth day of August, A. D. 1917.

J. V. COFFEY,

Judge of the Superior Court.

ANDREW G. MAGUIRE,

Attorney for Petitioner,

281 Page St.,

San Francisco, Cal.

8-11-5



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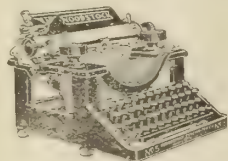
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## SOUTHERN PACIFIC



# TOWN TALK

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## Lonely Oxford

Great changes have been wrought the world over; not only where great guns have done much mischief but even far from the smoke of battle, even in the quiet retreats adapted to the spiritual needs of man where men of austerity and scholarship have devoted themselves to training the souls and minds of their fellow-mortals. We have been reading of old Oxford, about which the friends of all of us have written so lovingly in their books as to endear the place to a world of lovers of literature. Everything that was most vital in the life of Oxford has come to a standstill. Many of her sons have sacrificed their lives for their country; many also who had hoped to become her sons and whose studies were interrupted by the call to arms. The other day when the avenues in Christ Church meadows ought to have been full of pretty gowns and prettier faces; when the river should have been flashing with the light of oars, when twilight in the college gardens should have echoed laughter and the distant song; when in short the haunt of memories should have been crowned with glory, the walks were deserted, the halls also. The whole life of Oxford has been melted into thin air, peopled only with the phantoms of a banished youth and scattered dreams. The cataclysm of war has brought about a halt in the intellectual life of England, and it is now a matter of academic speculation whether Oxford ideals will have to yield to the imperative necessity of commercialism, whether the thing that pays will be the only thing in education for which, after the great readjustment, the nation will be prepared to pay.

## Napoleon as Critic

Strange as it may seem the study of Napoleon has not yet been exhausted. It has been thought that the personages of the present war would crowd the great Corsican off the map, but not so, he is still in the very centre of it. Is there

any aspect of the man, any facet of his genius that has not been presented to us through the medium of books? Evidently Hamil Grant has found a new lead worth exploitation. He has given us a book on *Napoleon as Critic* which reminds us that the soldier, the conqueror, the statesman was also a man. He enables us to view the temperamental Napoleon, and makes it plain that without this view of him all previous conceptions were incomplete, even those that were informed with a sense of his life in its lighter vein and with a knowledge of his appreciation of the fleshpots of Paris. We learn from Mr. Grant that Napoleon was a bad critic. Evidence of this is to be found in the fact that he was no great admirer of Shakespeare. He held that the "colonizing gifts of the English by spreading the English language, had done more toward universalizing Shakespeare than any intrinsic genius shown by his works." A bad criticism but at least it shows that the wise soldier was sensible of the power of language. And failing to appreciate the genius of Shakespeare he was no worse a critic than Voltaire who as a literary man might have been expected to know better, but who pronounced Shakespeare a barbarian. Knowing that this was Voltaire's opinion, how interesting to learn from Mr. Grant what Napoleon thought of the great French writer. Voltaire's style, says Napoleon, "was full of turgidity and tinsel." Taking Napoleon off his own ground his criticisms are somewhat imperfect, but how sure and correct he was when in his own domain! We get an illuminating touch from his criticism of Raynouard, the dramatist who in his tragedy of *Templiers* puts into the mouth of the king these words: "Choose between my clemency and my hatred, the scaffold awaits you." "That," said Napoleon, "is all wrong. A king does not talk of hatred but of his justice. And though he may consign to the scaffold, he never talks of one." Here is truly royal discrimination from which a Prussian Kaiser might learn something of kingly tact. There are many intimate touches of Napoleon in this book of a kind that give him a stronger hold on the imagination. Much that is revealing relates to his younger days when he was an unemployed ex-commandant in Paris. How encouraging to other young men in poverty to learn that the great Napoleon was once so hard up that he had to pawn his watch for a couple of pieces of gold and that one day he asked Talma, the actor, if he

could oblige him with the loan of a few dollars!

## Professor Freud of Vienna

To Dr. Brill of Columbia University we are indebted for an introduction to Professor Sigmund Freud's *Psychopathology of Everyday Life*. We are a little behind time in our introduction to Dr. Brill's introduction. We find that it was published just about the time of the Habsburg tragedy that served as a pretext for the war. It is probably too late to review either Brill's work or Freud's; for presumably both have been widely discussed in literary and scientific circles. But it is not too late for the reflection that not for many a long day will American college professors break into print to pay homage to German exponents of the ologies. One of the many good effects of the war is the abatement of enthusiasm for the Teutonic brand of culture. We have come to see that this culture was largely a matter of pedantry and pomposity, very impressive but not very profound except in its terms. It was all chiefly *Kultur*, and this is the thing in which German principles of war and diplomacy are grounded. It is the thing which may account for the intellectual taints of Professor Freud of the University of Vienna; also it may account for the peculiarities of mind and heart that made the war and its exotic iniquities possible. We assume that Professor Freud was more or less typical of German scholarship, for he is a man of exceeding eminence in the lands of the Central Powers, and his mind has a bent that many German minds have betrayed of late years. He revels in the study of sex. He is learned in the perversions of sex. He is one of the many German scholars who would cultivate tolerance of practices that Maximilian Harden exposed some years ago when he made disclosures of the disgusting behavior of many prominent members of the Court circle including personal friends of the Kaiser. Scientists of the Freud order argue that as these vicious practices are instinctive in some persons who were born defective they should not be punished for indulging their tastes. It is from Germany, by the way, that sexologists like Edward Carpenter and his disciples in this country get their arguments in favor of abrogating laws that were made to restrain the practices of pervers. Now from Dr. Brill's introduction to Freud's *Psychopathology of Everyday Life* we find that this work, though osten-



sibly for students of science, is likely to appeal chiefly to persons who are not interested in pathological psychology. Like Kraft-Ebbing's *Psychopathia-Sexualis* which pretends to be wholly a scientific work it intrigues the minds of the prurient. Indeed the book is revolting in the medical bluntness of the author and it is so sparsely obscured by technicalities that it will certainly reach a large number of readers with an appetite for the disgustingly exotic in literature.

—\*—

### The Two Swinburnes

We all know that Algernon Charles Swinburne wrote beautiful poetry and admirable prose when he was a young man and even later, and that when he quit drinking his Muse vouchsafed him such exiguous inspiration that he was hardly

worth reading. The Swinburne of the eighties and early 'nineties was not the Swinburne of *The Songs Before Sunrise*. But it is hardly reasonable to consider, as some critics are doing, whether the great writer's brilliance was dimmed by his reformation under the influence of his friend Mr. Watts-Dunton. Although when Swinburne was drinking rather too much he made some fine contributions to literature this is not a circumstance to be sincerely urged in support of an argument against teetotalism. Swinburne did his best work in the enthusiasm of his young manhood when his ideals were fresh, before his faith in them was weakened by a mature philosophy. The poet was a young Revolutionist and a middle-aged Conservative. This is the most familiar of all transformations. Like many another poet

Swinburne had very positive moral and political convictions that had as much influence on his temper as on his imagination. It was not because he stopped drinking that he wavered in his views; it was because he had seen more of life and of human nature. It is when the poet of the second order sees life dimly and not quite whole that he is seized with visions, which are the material out of which poetry is fashioned. When he has lived long enough to get something of a grasp on the secrets of life he masters the frenzies of other days, or rather he is no longer subject to them. That Swinburne had a hard time to reconcile the ideals of his Republicanism with the convictions of later life we may conclude from his rampant jingoism of the Boer War. In short Swinburne was a Shelley who never frankly recanted.



## THE BINDING OF THE BEAST

By George Sterling

He plotted in the den of his lordship over men;  
He wrought his grim array and he hungered for the Day.  
Then the loosing-word was spoken; then the seal of Hell was broken;  
Then its Princes were assembled for the feast;  
But against the Vandal night rose the star of Freedom's light,  
And a world was called together for the binding of the Beast.

They have seen it for their star; they have come from near and far;  
From the forges of the north go the men and young men forth,  
Having found the holier duty, found the true, the final beauty,  
As their brothers of the south and of the east.  
In the forests of the west they are giving of their best,  
With strong hands and patient for the binding of the Beast.

For his treason unto man in the War that he began,  
For the rapine and the flame, for the hissing of his name,  
Have the hosts gone up against him and with swords of judgment fenced him,  
With his coward clutch on woman and on priest.  
For the children he has maimed, for the maidens he has shamed,  
The nations gird their harness for the binding of the Beast.

Now frothing in his rage, a scourge to youth and age,  
Caked with blood he stands at bay, with his feet upon his prey.  
Ringed with surf of guns resounding, raw and fetid from the bounding,  
Smites he still in baffled fury and the roar of hate releast;  
But the huntsmen of the ranks, with their steel at breast and flanks,  
Give no truce nor sign of respite at the binding of the Beast.

He is cunning, he is strong, and the war shall yet be long,  
Where the seven thunders wake and the walls of Heaven shake.  
He is cruel, blind and ruthless; he is bitter, sly and truthless;  
By his will the Powers of Darkness are increast;  
But the shackle and the chain shall avenge the hurt and slain,  
Who have broken bread with heroes at the binding of the Beast.

For his pact with Death and Hell, let us bind the monster well,  
That the menaced world be freed from his arrogance and greed!  
By the pact he dared to sever, make we treaty with him never,  
Till the murder-venom in his blood has ceast!  
By his trust in force and war, end we those forevermore,  
As the nations sit in council for the binding of the Beast!



## Varied Types

346—MISS LAURA STEFFENS

By Edward F. O'Day

The Sutro Library! That name has been familiar to San Franciscans for the last thirty-two years. It was in 1885 that Adolph Sutro let it be known that he was collecting a library which would eventually become the property of the city. At that date he had amassed sixty thousand volumes. Thereafter his agents bought in the book marts of the world with freer and ever freer hands, and by 1893, it is probable, the Sutro Library had about reached the size it boasted at the time of Sutro's death. That is to say, it was a collection of the enormous total of 250,000 volumes. From 1885 various plans for placing the library at the disposal of the San Francisco public were announced in the newspapers. Each plan was received with enthusiasm, then abandoned. From time to time doubters expressed the conviction that San Francisco would never enjoy the collection. On the heels of a depressing statement of that sort would come another announcement of plans for housing the collection and permitting the book-loving public free access to it. The result was that the Sutro Library accumulated a legend. Very few indeed had ever seen the books; a great many professed to doubt their existence. The Sutro Library became a sore subject in some quarters.

At one time Adolph Sutro considered erecting a library building near the Cliff House, on Sutro Heights or thereabouts. But the Sutro electric line to the beach had not yet been built, and transportation facilities were inadequate. Besides, it was objected that fog and salt-laden air would ruin the books. At any rate, the project was abandoned. In 1893 when the library must have been about complete, the most ambitious plan of all was made public. Adolph Sutro was to erect a library structure near Golden Gate Park. It was to be large enough to accommodate half a million volumes, and was to cost \$300,000. Our book-lovers rubbed their hands over that programme. Many of them, in fancy, picked out their favorite seats in the great reading room provided by the plans, and saw themselves turning the hallowed leaves of priceless incunabula. That library building never assumed more substantial form than a castle in Spain.

Adolph Sutro died in 1898. His estate went into the courts where it rapidly accumulated layer on layer of litigation. Out of the maze of tangled court processes plans for the Sutro Library occasionally emerged long enough to tantalize our bibliopoles. By the time of the fire of 1906 the Sutro Library plans were forgotten or discredited by all but a few bookmen who never forget anything of a bookish nature.

When San Francisco began taking count of its losses the Sutro Library once more became a phrase to fire the imagination. Had it perished? That was (and I intend no pun) a burning question.

In common with all San Franciscans interested more than casually in the insides of books I have known all these things for a good many years. But my memory of them was refreshed and strengthened the other day when I made the acquaintance of Miss Laura Steffens and under her guidance explored some of the treasures of the Sutro Library. Yes, I have seen the Sutro Library! All San Franciscans may see it. Enwrapped in legend though it be, the Sutro Library is nevertheless a glorious, a heart-warming reality.

But not the Sutro Library of 250,000 volumes. Adolph Sutro waited too long. His heirs waited too long. The major portion of the magnificent, the enormous collection perished in the holocaust of that fatal eighteenth of April. The Sutro Library as it exists today is a collection of approximately 70,000 volumes.

When Adolph Sutro first began collecting books his purchases were housed at 107 Battery street. That must have been an interesting place in those days, for a staff of catalogers was employed there, segregating and tabulating the treasures as they poured in from Adolph Sutro's agents in London, Paris, Berlin and the City of Mexico, not to mention other cities whence the rare tomes were gathered. George Moss, a bookbinder whom Adolph Sutro had lured from the British Museum, was engaged in rebinding the books that needed attention, and at the same time making notations concerning their value out of his great stores of erudition. Dr. S. Roubin, a Hebrew scholar of high attainments, was cataloging the Hebrew manuscripts and printed volumes. After a time the collection outgrew the Battery-street quarters, so additional rooms were taken on the second floor of the old Montgomery Block. The fire destroyed the building at 107 Battery street which contained the larger portion of the collection. Here, we are told, were 4,000 volumes of incunabula (by which term bookworms understand books printed before or shortly after the year 1500), a most remarkable number of these precious specimens. Here were rare Bibles of every language and every century. Here were thousands on thousands of other treasures the very names of which, in all probability, we shall never know. As all San Franciscans know, the fire was defeated in its attack on the Montgomery Block. The portion of the Sutro Library which was housed in that building was spared.

So it is the Montgomery Block portion of the Sutro Library which remains to San Francisco. But not to San Francisco alone. To the mind of Dr. Emma Merritt it seemed proper that the Sutro Library should belong to the State of California rather than to the city of San Francisco. It was a good thought, for it resulted in San Francisco obtaining a branch of our great State Library. Dr. Merritt offered the Sutro Library to the State in 1913 on condition that it be housed in this city. The State Library authorities, all enthusiasm, asked the Legislature for \$40,000 to care for the books here.

They didn't get the money, but they went ahead with Dr. Merritt's plan just the same. The result was that at the beginning of this year the Sutro Library, safely housed in temporary quarters on the third floor of the Lane Medical Library Building at Sacramento and Webster streets, was thrown open to the public. The dream had become a reality. And when the State Building in the Civic Center is built, the Sutro Library will have a permanent abiding place there.

The Sutro Library is in the care of Miss Laura Steffens who is an assistant librarian of the State Library. Miss Steffens (Lincoln Steffens's sister) is an expert librarian, and possesses besides that gift of good nature which places her valuable time generously at the disposal of those who are eager to see the collection. I spent several pleasant hours browsing about the shelves in company with Miss Steffens. I cannot list here a tithe of the treasures I inspected. She showed me a fine copy of the First Folio Shakespeare, as well as copies of the only a little less valuable Folios of 1632, 1664 and 1685. She showed me the 1692 First Folio of Ben Jonson. She showed me rare 1616 quartos of Jonson's "Alchemist," "Silent Woman," "Volpone" and "Every Man out of His Humor." She showed me a beautiful second edition of Chaucer, 1561. She showed me a Psalter of 1672, said to have belonged to Charles II. She showed me sixteen vellum leaves from the "Shottrey Medow Book," the original rent book of Shottrey, Stratford-on-Avon, containing among other names those of Thomas Combes and Barthol Hathaway. She showed me what incunabula remain in the library—forty-two volumes which were in the Montgomery Block and so escaped the fate of the 4,000 volumes on Battery street. She showed me the extremely rare De Bry's Voyages. She showed me two book stacks crammed with pamphlets supposed to have been used by Macaulay when he was writing his History. She showed me some of the treasures of Latin and Spanish ecclesiastical literature. She showed me a "Biblia Sacra" which belonged to the sainted Junipero Serra. Miss Steffens showed me so many rarities that she sated me with them, and nevertheless sent me away with an appetite for more.

The Sutro Library is growing. Housed in fireproof quarters and cared for by expert workers it has attracted unto itself the smaller collections of the California Genealogical Society, the Astronomical Society of the Pacific and the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution (northern section). Walter Mansfield has deposited there the fine genealogical collection made by his late wife, a collection especially rich in Maryland material. And other collections will be added from time to time. These are not necessarily gifts; they are deposited by their owners with the privilege of

(Continued on Page 17)

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## Perspective Impressions

Our city officials will get a new angle on strikes upon that inevitable day when the municipal carmen walk out.

Of Jesse Lilienthal, erstwhile the most tender-hearted of men, it is perhaps not too much to say that the iron has entered his soul.

"Kickers in California have won a great victory," wired Aleck Vogelsang, apropos the Camp Fremont mix-up. A bit of sarcasm that ought to do us good.

We think less of Jimmy Gerard as an ambassador the more we read his stuff.

Consideration of Gerard's screed reminds us that our system of giving out diplomatic posts as political rewards is all wrong.

When has a public utility no rights? When it's the United Railroads.

Bryan has been heard from—saying nothing of importance, as usual.

Peary was misled by a mirage: there is no Crocker Land. Doc Cook must feel awfully sympathetic.

A movie actress arrested in a disorderly house in Los Angeles explained that she was looking for local color. The question is, did she find it?

Our labor agitators didn't succeed in arresting Lilienthal, but they are succeeding admirably in arresting development of this poor unfortunate city.

## Dr. Taylor as a Sonneteer

By Edward F. O'Day

Whenever Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor lays new sonnets before us it is advisable to go back to a sonnet he wrote a good many years ago and use it as a critical point of departure. I refer to Dr. Taylor's sonnet "The Passion for Perfection" which the curious reader will find in the best of the many books of verse Dr. Taylor has produced, namely: his translation of the sonnets from the "Trophies" of Jose-Maria de Heredia. This sonnet is worth rereading at this time because our worthy ex-mayor has just brought out a new volume ("To Arms;" Paul Elder) in which his versicular efforts are almost exclusively in the sonnet form.

"The Passion for Perfection" expressed Dr. Taylor's intense desire to attain perfection in sonnet writing. It is one of the doctor's best sonnets, and would be much better if it breathed passion instead of fervor. That is the trouble with Dr. Taylor: he lacks passion. He is a man of strong and lofty convictions, but the flame of passion is not in him; he has always written from the head rather than from the heart. While he was engaged in his best work—the translation of the cold, classical sonnets of Heredia—the doctor, perhaps, nearly attained to a passion for perfect work. He hunted for the perfect word; he spent hours correcting the "teasing imperfections" of his verse; he "inly bled" at the thought that "some vexing Llemish" remained in spite of all his care. All this he tells us in that sonnet "The Passion for Perfection," and because all this is honest confession it is well to hold that sonnet in mind when considering Dr. Taylor's more recent work. For that fervor, almost amounting to a passion, for perfect work, no longer belongs to Dr. Taylor. If that fervor still found an abiding place within him the volume of his recent work would have been greatly curtailed. A fervor for perfect work makes the worker severely self-critical; Doctor Taylor is no longer so. Dr. Taylor has been bitten by an inordinate desire

to see himself in print; he has the cacoethes scribendi.

In a prefatory note to his Sonnets of Heredia Dr. Taylor confessed his fondness for the sonnet form. He said that he loved the sonnet form, that he delighted to work in it. Undoubtedly he has written more sonnets than any of our San Francisco singers; hundreds of sonnets have flowed from his pen. And yet, if one were to compile an anthology of the best sonnets written by San Franciscans, Dr. Taylor could not claim a large representation in the collection. The truth seems to be that while Dr. Taylor loves the sonnet the sonnet does not love him. The body of the sonnet he understands; the soul of the sonnet escapes him.

Dr. Taylor, it goes without saying, is familiar with all that has been written on the sonnet by English critics. The doctor is a scholar of great erudition; undoubtedly he could write a good essay on sonnet writing. But—and I say it without malice—an essay on how not to write sonnets could be illustrated exhaustively by quotations from Dr. Taylor's books of sonnets.

Why is a sonnet? Theodore Watts-Dunton has answered: "That a single wave of emotion, when emotion is either too deeply charged with thought or too much adulterated with fancy to

pass spontaneously into the movements of pure lyric, shall be embodied in a single metrical flow and return." And why have so many of the greatest poets including Shakespeare, loved the sonnet? Let Watts-Dunton answer again. It is because "the too fervid spontaneity and reality of the poet's emotion may be in a certain degree veiled, and the poet can whisper, as from behind a mask, those deepest secrets of the heart which could otherwise only find expression in purely dramatic form." It will be noticed that Watts-Dunton lays stress on spontaneity; but Dr. Taylor is not spontaneous. Watts-Dunton speaks of emotion deeply charged with thought or much adulterated with fancy; but Dr. Taylor is not a deep thinker, is not emotional and is not very fanciful. Watts-Dunton speaks of the deepest secrets of the poet's heart; but if there are deep secrets in Dr. Taylor's heart, they remain there unsuspected by his readers. I make these statements on the strength of a critical consideration, extending over a number of years, of the sonnets of Dr. Taylor as they appeared in book or paper. His very latest sonnets in the volume "To Arms" bear out what I say.

All lovers of the sonnet know that its chiefest beauty consists in the "flow and ebb" of its rhythm. In reading a sonnet we expect that "flow and ebb;" if that "flow and ebb" are

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lacking the sonnet fails to give us pleasure. Turning once more to Watts-Dunton we find in his most famous sonnet this beautiful presentation of the sonnet's essence:

## THE SONNET'S VOICE

Yon silvery billows breaking on the beach  
Fall back in foam beneath the star-shine clear,  
The while my rhymes are murmuring in your ear  
A restless love like that the billows teach;  
For on the sonnet-waves my soul would reach  
From its own depths, and rest within you, dear,  
As, through the billowy voices yearning here,  
Great nature strives to find a human speech.  
A sonnet is a wave of melody:  
From heaving waters of the impassioned soul  
A billow of tidal music one and whole  
Flows in the "octave;" then returning free,  
Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll  
Back to the deeps of Life's tumultuous sea.

Now there are a number of San Francisco singers with whom the sonnet is emphatically "a wave of melody" flowing and ebbing. Let us look at some of their sonnets, and then consider some of Dr. Taylor's latest. It is not necessary to quote any of our dead poets, although the temptation to speak of Louis Robertson who loved "in the sonnet's sacred chalice" to "pour my tears and prayers until I weep no more," and of Nora May French who wrote that exquisite sonnet, "It is a silver space between two rains," is very strong. We have great living sonnet writers in Ina Coolbrith, George Sterling, Clark Ashton Smith and Clarence Urmey.

Notice the wave of melody flow in the octave and ebb in the sestet of Miss Coolbrith's beautiful

## COPA DE ORO

Thy satin vesture richer is than looms  
Of Orient weave for raiment of her kings!  
Not dyes of olden Tyre, not precious things  
Regathered from the long-forgotten tombs  
Of buried Empires, not the iris plumes  
That wave upon the tropics' myriad wings,  
Not all proud Sheba's queenly offerings,  
Could match the golden marvel of thy blooms.  
For thou art nurtured from the treasure-veins

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Of this fair land: thy golden rootlets sup  
Her sands of gold—of gold thy petals spun.  
Her golden glory, thou! on hills and plains,  
Lifting, exultant, every kingly cup  
Brimmed with the golden vintage of the sun.

Here is young Clark Ashton Smith at his best, the astonishing best of a very young poet:

## THE LAST NIGHT

I dreamed a dream: I stood upon a height,  
A mountain's utmost eminence of snow,  
Whence I beheld the plain outstretched below  
To a far sea-horizon, dim and white.  
Beneath the sun's expiring, ghastly light,  
The dead world lay, phantasmally aglow;  
Its last fear-weighted voice, a wind, came low;  
The distant sea lay hushed, as with affright.  
I watched, and lo! the pale and flickering sun,  
In agony and fierce despair, flamed high,  
And shadow-slain, went out upon the gloom.  
Then Night, that grim, gigantic struggle won,  
Impended for a breath on wings of doom,  
And through the air fell like a falling sky.

In this sonnet by Clarence Urmey the wave of melody flows and ebbs with a slumberous music that is exquisitely artistic:

## DREAMS IN THE REDWOODS

When early stars down twilight pathways rove,  
And deep-set, leaf-set canyon streamlets croon  
Their canticles unto the crescent moon,  
What rare enchantment fills this redwood grove!  
Gone is the net of care that Daylight wove,  
The toil and weariness of afternoon,  
And up from crimson sea and rose lagoon  
Night drives her dreams, a misty, drowsy drove.  
These redwood dreams! The silver Mission belis,  
The footprints of the Padres, fading fast,  
The sails adventurous that decked the shore;  
Then on and on into the purple past  
Where redwood after redwood softly tells  
Mysterious tales of immemorial lore!

Finally we have George Sterling, authentic master of the sonnet. Let me quote a sonnet of his on a theme which Dr. Taylor treats in his latest volume. Comparisons may be odious, but in criticism they are necessary. Written on the anniversary of the crime, when we were still "neutral," here is

## STERLING'S "LUSITANIA"

Above the grave the dipping sea-gulls cry  
To swift companion or to tireless mate;  
The impassive sea lies blue and desolate,  
Whose vacant shires reflect the vacant sky;  
And ocean winds pass on without a sigh,  
Fugitive, aimless, uncompassionate.  
Below, for witnesses of bestial hate,  
The bones and memories of our murdered lie.  
For do we still remember? Now the year  
Brings back the date of their unhappy day,  
And still the butcher and his lords go free—  
Go free, nor trouble to conceal the sneer  
For us whose irresponsible hearts betray  
The vast indifference of heaven and sea.

Is it necessary to point out that in these four sonnets the thought is one, as a wave is one? that in them emotion is deeply charged with thought or fancy; that there is spontaneity in them? Now consider

## TAYLOR'S "LUSITANIA"

A cultured tyrant sits upon a throne,  
And says to men, "You shall not sail the seas  
Except within the limits that I please,  
And see that you sail there, and there alone."  
A great ship dared to brave his lawless zone,  
When he, whom Belgium's blood could not appease,  
With his war engines struck her to the knees,  
And down she sank with multitudinous groan.  
Murder here loomed in all its fiendish pride,  
With Piracy loud shouting by its side,  
As unwarned hundreds drank of sudden death.  
Is there some lightning left in all the sky!  
Then let it come and with its fiery breath  
Blast these unnatural monsters low and high.

This sonnet cannot be called a wave of melody. It does not flow at all. Furthermore, the sonnet form was not the inevitable form for the thoughts which Dr. Taylor expressed here. He might have said his say in any other form of verse. Perhaps he might better have expressed these thoughts in prose. Textual criticism could be very severe on this sonnet. Textual criticism would not approve of "cultured tyrant" with its veiled and unpoetical reference to Kultur. It would not approve of "lawless zone" either. Nor of the distracting reference to Belgium, destructive of unity. Nor of the statement that the ship was struck to the knees. Nor of the awkward "unnatural monsters low and high." The fact must be stated; this is a very inferior sonnet.

And yet it is on the level of the other sonnets in this volume. Let me quote one more. Here is Dr. Taylor's tribute to

## KITCHENER

As silent as the mountain soaring high,  
As strong as any adamant tower,  
Kitchener stood out the symbol of a power  
That blazoned in the world's admiring eye.  
His country on his arm could but rely  
In these portentous times that round her lower,  
Till led by him the monumental hour  
Should strike for Victory to light her sky.  
O irony, that this great soul should be,  
By such a sneaking devil of the sea,  
Made to bow down its ever-conquering crest.  
Or that old England's ocean be the one  
To tear him rudely from her mothering breast  
And quench forevermore that radiant sun.

This is a sonnet in form only. It contains fourteen pentameter lines rhymed in the conventional sonnet fashion. Otherwise it is not a sonnet. It is not a wave of melody, there is no flow to it, no ebb. Taking it line by line, it is found to be full of those blemishes that used to make Dr. Taylor bleed inwardly—in the days when he wrote "The Passion for Perfection." In the first line Kitchener is compared to a mountain for silence; in the second line, to a tower for strength. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the comparisons lack that freshness for which great poets strive. The fourth line is just a line put in to eke out the measure; it contributes nothing to the sonnet. The fifth line is very awkward; what the doctor seems to mean is that K. of K.'s country could rely on his arm alone, but he doesn't quite succeed in saying it. "Portentous times" in the following line is another hackneyed phrase. And in the next line, why "monumental hour?" In the sestet there is a "nice derangement of epitaphs." A great soul is made to bow its crest. Old England's ocean tears Kitchener from old England's breast to quench him, not as a soul but as a "radiant sun."

As a sonneteer Dr. Taylor will not do. The best that can be said of his latest book is that the patriotism contained in it does him credit, but the sonnets do not. I cheerfully hail Dr. Taylor as a patriot, but not as a patriot-poet.

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# The Sacking of Belgium

(Being the fourth chapter of the story of Belgium's woes entitled "Through the Iron Bars" by the Belgian writer Emile Cammaerts)

There is one idea which dominates the Belgian tragedy: "The body may be conquered, the soul remains free." These words were uttered for the first time, I believe, by the Belgian Premier, Baron de Broqueville, in the solemn sitting of the House, when the German violation of Belgian neutrality was announced to the representatives of the people. The idea is supposed to have been expressed by King Albert, in another form, before the evacuation of Antwerp. It was used to great effect in one of the most popular cartoons published by Punch, in which the Kaiser says to the King, with a sneer, "You have lost everything," and the King replies, "Not my soul." It is so intimately associated with the Belgian cause that the image of the stricken country is scarcely ever evoked without an allusion being made to it.

We have seen, in the course of the earlier chapters, how Belgium succeeded in preserving her loyalty and patriotism in spite of the most ruthless oppression and the most cunning calumnies. We must now look at the darker side of the picture and see how she has not succeeded in preserving either her prosperity, or even her supply of daily bread.

We shall soon be confronted with the most tragic aspect of her Calvary. So long as her armies were fighting the invader, so long as her towns and countryside were ruined by German frightfulness, so long as her martyrs, men, women and children, were falling side by side in the market place before the firing party, so long as every symbol, every word of patriotism was forbidden her, Belgium could remain vanquished but unconquered, bleeding but unshakable. She enjoyed, in the face of her oppressors, all the privileges of the Christian martyrs of the first centuries; she could smile on the rack, laugh under the whip and sing in the flames. She remained free in her prison, free to respect justice in the midst of injustice, to treasure righteousness in spite of falsehood, to worship her saints in the face of calumny. She was still able to resist, to oppose, every day and at every turn, her patience to the enemy's threats and her cheerfulness to his ominous scowl. She had a clear conscience and her hands were clean.

There is one thing that can be said for the Roman emperors, they seldom starved their victims to death. Popular imagination revels in their cruelty, and the "Golden Legend" displays to us all the grim splendors of a chamber of horrors. But the worst of all tortures—starvation—is not often inflicted. The idea is, I suppose, that the conversion must be sudden and striking. But Belgium's oppressors do not any longer want to convert her. They have tried and they have failed. They merely want to take all the food, all the raw materials, all the machines and—last but not least—all the labor they can out of her. Their fight is not the fight of one religion against another. It is the fight of material power against any philosophy, any religion which stands between it and the things which it covets. The Germans do not sacrifice Belgium to their gods. Such an ideal course is far from their thoughts. They sacrifice Belgium to Germany—that is, to save themselves. It matters very little whether a slave is able to speak or to think, as long as he is able to work.

Here again, in spite of the wholesale plundering of the first days of occupation and of the enormous fines imposed on towns and provinces, I do not suppose that the German plan was deliberately to ruin the country. It might even have been to develop its resources, as long as there was some hope of annexing it, though this benevolent spirit had scarcely any time to manifest itself. After the Marne and the Yser, however, when it became evident that anyhow the whole of Belgium could never be retained and when the attitude of the people showed clearly that they would always remain hostile to their new masters, the systematic sacking of the country began without any thought for the consequences.

The best way of coming to some appreciation of the work accomplished during these two years is to remember that, before the war, Belgium was the richest country in Europe in proportion to her size. Relatively she had the greatest commercial activity, the richest agricultural production, and she was more thickly populated than any other State, with the exception of Saxony. Nowhere were the imports and exports so important, in proportion to the number of the population, nowhere did the average square mile yield such rich crops, nowhere was the railway system so developed. Pauperism was practically unknown and, even in the large towns, the number of people dependent on public charity was comparatively small. To this picture of unequalled prosperity oppose the present situation: Part of the countryside left without culture for want of manure and horses; scarcely any cattle left in the fields; commerce paralyzed by the stoppage of railway and other communications; industry at a complete standstill, with 500,000 men thrown out of work and nearly half of the population which remained in Belgium (3,500,000) on the verge of starvation and entirely dependent for their subsistence on the work of the Commission for Relief.

It is said that the tree must be judged by its fruit. Such then is the fruit of the German administration of Belgium. When he arrived in Brussels Governor von Bissing declared that he had come to dress Belgium's wounds. What would he have done if he had meant to aggravate them?

There is an insidious argument which must be met once and forever. We have seen how Germany is trying to throw the responsibility for the misery prevailing in Belgium and for the present deportations on the English blockade, which paralyzes the industry and prevents the introduction of raw materials. But if this were the case the situation ought not to be worse in Belgium than in Germany. On the contrary, thanks to the splendid work of the Commission for Relief, she ought to be far better off. How is it then that—according to General von Bissing's own declaration made to Mr. Julius Wertheimer, correspondent of the "Vossische Zeitung" (September 1, 1916)—how is it that "the average cost of life is much higher in Belgium than in Germany," and that "a great number of inhabitants (tens of thousands of them) have not eaten a piece of meat for many weeks?"

This inequality between the social conditions in Germany and in Belgium, in spite of the

advantages given to the latter by the introduction of food through the blockade with England's consent, can easily be explained: On the one hand, German industry has transformed itself, many factories which could not continue their ordinary work owing to the shortage of rawstuffs having been turned into war factories in which there is still a great demand for labor. On the other hand, Germany has not been submitted to the same levies in money and requisitions in foodstuffs and material; Germany has not been deprived, from the beginning, of all her reserve, she has not been depleted of all her stock.

We shall have to deal, in the next chapter, with the first question. Let us only consider the second here.

It is impossible to give more than a superficial glance at the matter. The particulars at hand are not complete and a full list of German exactions has not yet been drawn up. Let us, however, try to give an idea of the disproportion existing between the country's resources and the demands which were made on her.

On December 12th, 1914, a poster announced to the citizens of Brussels that the nine Belgian provinces would be obliged to pay, every month during the coming year, a sum of forty million francs, making a total of about 480,000,000 (over £19,000,000). In order to understand the indignation caused by this announcement it is necessary to remember:

1st. That the Belgians were at the time already paying all the ordinary taxes, to the commune, to the province and to the State, so that this new contribution constituted a super-tax.

2nd. That all the direct taxes paid to the State, in ordinary times, amount scarcely to 75,000,000, that is to say, to a sixth of this contribution.

3rd. And that the new economic conditions imposed by the war had considerably reduced the income of the most wealthy citizens.

As the Germans persist in invoking the text of the Hague Convention of which they have again and again violated every clause, it may be useful to point out that, according to the forty-ninth article, the occupying Power is only allowed to raise war contributions "for the need of the army," that is to say, to pay in money the requisitions which he is obliged to make in order to supply the army of occupation with food, fodder and so on. As, most of the time, the Germans only pay for what they requisition in "bons de guerre" payable after the war, and as, in spite of their sound appetite, we can scarcely believe that the few thousand "landsturmiers" who are garrisoning Belgium are eating 2,000,000 worth a month, the illegal character of the German

(Continued on Page 12)

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# Poems About Oaklanders

2—JACK LONDON

By Berton Braley

Here's to you, Jack, whose virile pen  
Concerns itself with Man's Size Men;  
Here's to you, Jack, whose stories thrill  
With savor of the western breeze;  
With magic of the south—and chill  
Shrill winds from icy floes and seas;  
You have not wallowed in the mire  
And muck of tales of foul desire,  
For, though you've sung of fight and fraud,  
Of love and hate—ashore, afloat—  
You have not struck a ribald note  
Nor made your art a common bawd.

Here's to you, Jack; I've loved your best,  
Your finest stories from the first,  
Your sagas of the north and west—  
But what is more—I've loved your worst!  
For, in the poorest work you do,  
There's something clean and strong and true,  
A tang of big and primal things,  
A sweep of forces vast and free,  
A touch of wizardry which brings  
The glamor of the wild to me.  
So when I read a London tale  
Forthwith I'm set upon a trail  
Of great enchantment, and I track  
Adventure round the world and back,  
With you for guide—here's to you, Jack.

## The Spectator

### The Latest Los Angeles Sport

She is the one city of her size in the United States, and perhaps in the world, whose personality is that of the rural pietist, of the rigid and uncompromising Puritan. Hence, the recent illumination and guarding of all public parks lest spooning, that lewd pastime, become prevalent. . . . Snooping is the popular pastime. . . . One may not even pay a visit in private—provided one's hostess lives in an apartment; for it is illegal for a man and woman (unless married) to be alone in an apartment, no matter where that apartment, under what circumstances or at what time of day it may be occupied. Do not imagine these incredible mandates are abrogated blue laws, composed years ago in an excess of religious emotionalism. Not at all. They are of recent instigation and are enforced daily by an alert police department. Thus is the fair virtue of Los Angeles sustained.

—Los Angeles, the Chemically Pure.

When Willard Huntington Wright wrote his famous diatribe Los Angeles had not reached the limit of pernicious meddlesomeness. The nasty mind of Mrs. Grundy had not yet exhausted its originality in the persecution of the flesh. There were further reaches of busybodiness still to be explored. The war on carnality was far from its last campaign. One must not play the prophet about Los Angeles. It is hazardous to say that she has gone as far along any path of righteousness as it is possible for her to go. And still, I am tempted to say that Los Angeles has at last achieved the ultimate in the typically Los Angeleno science of sexual snooper. For Los Angeles now employs her policemen to tempt women to the verge of sexual misconduct. It sounds incredible, but it is true. This is the very latest indoor sport in the southern city of citrus and sin.

### The Purity Squad

The city of Los Angeles maintains as part of its regular police force a body of tempters

known as the Purity Squad. The members of this Purity Squad are provided with money from the municipal treasury and sent forth into the streets of Los Angeles to hunt for women of easy virtue. It is the duty of the men of the Purity escadrille to make advances on the streets to likely looking women, to engage them in conversation, to suggest to them a visit to a room in some lodging house for an immoral purpose, to induce the women to disrobe, to give them the city's money (marked in such a way that it can be identified in court) and then to arrest the women as prostitutes. The Purity Squad has been pursuing this method of attack on sin for quite a while. It has yielded what the sin-chasers of Los Angeles regard as most gratifying results. The marked money found in the possession of the unfortunate women taken to the station house is evidence sufficient to convict when backed by the statements of the arresting officers of the Purity Squad. As a result of this system many women have been convicted and sentenced.

### Judge White Balks

These operations of the Los Angeles Purity Squad proceeded to the satisfaction of all Los Angeles Puritans until one of the police judges balked at the shameful system. This was Police Judge Thomas P. White. In his disgust at the proceeding Judge White announced that he would throw out of his court all cases of women arrested by the plain-clothes tempters of the Purity Squad. More than that, Judge White addressed a communication to Mayor Woodman and other officials demanding that the Purity Squad be abolished. Here is Judge White's letter, as published in the Los Angeles Times:

Honorable Frederic T. Woodman, Mayor,  
To the Honorable, the City Council,  
To the Honorable, the Board of Police Commissioners,  
John L. Butler, Chief of Police,

Gentlemen: After mature deliberation and careful study, begotten of experience in the Women's Police Court and as a judge in the regular Police Court of this city, I have decided to communicate with your honorable sirs with a view to stamping out and eliminating once and for all a despicable, un-American and immoral police system to which the city of Los Angeles is now a party—I refer to some of the methods of the Police Metropolitan or more generally and familiarly known, "Purity Squad."

I have no quarrel with the police department in their efforts to suppress vice; on the contrary the records of my court will show a hearty and unstinted co-operation with the police in the extermination of vice, but I do, in common with all decent, red-blooded, self-respecting people, strenuously object to the present system which makes the police officers common "stool pigeons." It is fitting and proper that the police should assiduously work to enforce the ordinances of the city prohibiting vice and they should make arrests when they discover a man and a woman, or both, committing a lewd act, but when the city furnishes police officers with marked money and then directs these officers to create a violation of the moral law by making advances to women on the street, engaging in conversation with them, suggesting they go to a room for an immoral purpose, permit the woman to disrobe, give her the taxpayers' marked money, and then arrest her it is absolutely wrong.

Such a system is not fair to police officers assigned to work on the vice squad for when you furnish them the money and instruct them to act as such "stool pigeons" you rob the officers of every vestige of manhood and decency under threat of losing their positions for insubordination if they refused to carry out the instructions and practices above outlined.

Further, every time a police officer takes a woman to a room and then arrests her for violating the rooming-house ordinance, he is endangering the rights of the owner of the rooming-house and the owner of the property under the severe provisions of the redlight abatement law of this State. This in my opinion is not fair to property owners nor rooming-house-keepers.

In the name of common decency I now call upon the Mayor and the City Council to refuse further appropriations of money for such iniquitous purposes; I call on



Chief of Police Butler to instruct police officers to discontinue the system of making advances to or approaching women, offering them money to commit an act of prostitution; and that officers be instructed to confine their efforts to the apprehension and arrest of those who willfully commit these offenses.

Whether you take such action or not, please be advised that hereafter I shall dismiss all cases filed in my court where police officers are compelled to act in the capacity of "stool pigeons" as above set forth.

(Signed) THOMAS P. WHITE.

### The Protest Flouted

It might be supposed that when such an iniquitous instance of the use of agents provocateurs was made public, the force of decent public opinion would immediately assert itself, even in Los Angeles, and sweep the vile system out of existence. This did not happen in the metropolis to the south of us. It is true that when Judge White's letter was read in the City Council of Los Angeles a sort of storm broke out. Some members of the council sided with Judge White. One of these, Councilman Mallard, made public—for the first time, I take it—how the nefarious operations of the Purity Squad were being financed.

"As a member of the finance committee," he said, "I will refuse to grant any further appropriations for this purpose. We have been approving demands for about \$400 a month for the police secret service work, and we'll hold these up until we are shown that the money will not be used in an improper manner."

But Mayor Woodman has something to say in these matters, and he did not hold with the councilmen who shared Judge White's disgust. He put the seal of his approval on the work of the Purity Squad. Here are his words:

The moral law of this city is going to be enforced. The police department must use the best means at its command for catching these offenders. A woman of the half-world is not going to tell the police what she is. So we must trap them to get evidence sufficient to convict them. There is no politics at all in this matter. We will be able to show this sufficiently before we finish. I have discussed this matter thoroughly with Police Chief Butler, with the police commission and with the city prosecutor. And I say that, notwithstanding the opposition of Judge White, the police department is going to enforce the city's moral law.

### The City of Topsy-Turvydom

When the chief executive of a municipality approves such police methods as those of the Los Angeles Purity Squad the terms in which he expresses his approval are quite unimportant. The fact that he places himself on record as countenancing an iniquity which revolts right-minded men, is everything; his reasons for so going on record are negligible. Ordinarily this prate about "the moral law of this city" would be comical. The only city I know of which has a moral law is the Civitas Dei, of which, doubtless, Mayor Woodman has never heard. Nor is Mayor Woodman intelligent enough to see that no moral law can be enforced by im-

morality. Indeed, I suppose he would be surprised to hear that his Purity Squad men are committing immorality every time they tempt a woman to her undoing—committing a more heinous immorality than the physical immorality they are trying to suppress. Los Angeles is the city of topsy-turvydom, and its mayor is a representative citizen.

### The Recall of Davie

With recall petitions being filled on every street corner in Oakland and quite a bit of confidence expressed that sufficient names will be secured there remains the perplexing question as to a candidate to make the race against Mayor John L. Davie. So far no one will say that he has aspirations to enter a fight that is connected with the recall movement as there has been nothing very serious charged up against his honor. The petition in many words sets forth that John L. receives guests in his shirt sleeves, makes the city appear ridiculous, and is extravagant. It would intimate that his personal automobile, driven by his son as city chauffeur, his \$75 chair and his grate fire are costly to the taxpayers and that somebody else should be holding down the job. The absence of any real and startling charge robs the affair of any great interest—but the names are being signed. Walk up Broadway in Oakland and you will pass an old man who sings "Here you are, recall petitions!" He is hawking 'em like gum and doing big business. Attorney Henry Skinner, former newspaperman, is directing the forces against Davie and expresses confidence. The Mayor expresses contempt. There are fireworks in the air, charges everywhere, but no candidate. The only names whispered about in connection with the race are those of Joseph Kelly, E. L. Vander Naillen and "Billy" Baccus, but they won't say a word. Says his honor:

"Aw, that bunch can't get a rise out of me."

### Davie's "Colonel House"

"Efficiency expert, personal adviser to the mayor, granddaddy to the city—or what?"

In Oakland they are asking the question as one duty after another is performed by George Kauffman, bewhiskered friend of the Mayor, member of the civil service board, and recognized power behind the \$75 chair. Way back when Davie was elected to office Kauffman appeared on the horizon, fresh from New York. He started in to help "friend John" run Oakland but, as the majority of the council was bent on not doing what Davie wished, Kauffman went back to the East. There came a new election and Soderberg and Morse stepped into the shoes and responsibilities of Baccus and Anderson. Kauffman came back. Since then he has been advising the Mayor eight hours of the day and hiding his purpose behind an air of mystery and his J. Ham Lewis whiskers.

It is understood that the Mayor would have George appointed efficiency expert or something of the kind and that the salary will come out of the Mayor's personal fund of \$12,000. The council, however, is not taking any too kindly to the idea. It was just the other day when, after one of the turbulent sessions that have made the meetings more popular than vaudeville, J. Henry Nedderman was named chief of police, that Commissioner Jackson voiced his wrath in these words:

"I am not afraid of the Mayor or his mysterious carpet-bagger Kauffman."

But Nedderman got the job and the mysterious stranger is, no doubt, smiling beneath his silky brush.

### The Resignation of Petersen

Oakland has been having so much fun trying to fire, or to prevent from being fired, Walter J. Petersen, chief of police, that, now the trick has been turned and a successor named, there is no more joy in life for a large delegation of politicians. "Pete" hung on to the job like a commuter to the last car for the ferry and assaults from all sides failed to make him budge. He had the advantage of a large acquaintanceship and the reputation of being a good policeman. Everyone remembers how utterances of Petersen's concerning marital relations and the justification of a man's possessing an affinity, were used to influence opinion against him. Then a scandal was stirred for him near home and he was threatened with divorce. It was charged that the chief himself had an affinity. "Pete" held fast through lottery and other exposures and whenever threatened with dismissal, flatly defied the council to oust him. "If I go I will have a statement to make that will shake up a few persons around this hall," he told newspapermen. Then came the call of war and the chief organized a company of home guards. They were turned into a battery company, E Battery, now in service, and Petersen has quit. Sergeant J. Henry Nedderman has been named to his place. He is a popular man with the rank and file in the department despite the fact that a police officer isn't supposed to part his name in the middle. But what is worrying the enemies of Petersen is what will take place when the warrior comes back from the front. Will he be elected mayor or will he be content merely to seize his old job and chase the newcomer out?

### Guggenheimer—Kelly—

Leon Guggenheimer Jr. is the son of Leon Guggenheimer, one of our millionaire oil men.



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Deposits	61,381,120.63
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,185,170.16
Employees' Pension Fund	259,642.88
Number of Depositors	65,717

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For the 6 months ending December 30th, 1916,  
a dividend to deposits of 4% per annum was  
declared.



Leon Jr. was drawn in the national draft. But his notification to appear for examination was sent by mistake to James Raleigh Kelly, the well known young lawyer who also was drafted. Kelly immediately sent the notification to young Guggenhiem, explaining that it had been misdirected. Kelly's note was formal, but it had a postscript, to this effect:

"Doubtless, this error was due to the similarity of our names."

Guggenhiem Sr. has a sense of humor too. He is showing the letter to all his friends.

#### Judge Goodwin Dead

So Judge C. C. Goodwin has passed away at Salt Lake City. He was indeed full of years, for he was past eighty-five. And full of the honors that come of sterling character, uncompromising honesty, undeviating independence. His grandfather fought under Washington; his father served through the War of 1812. Born in the State of New York, Goodwin came West in the days of gold. He was elected a district judge when Nevada was admitted to statehood. From 1880 to 1901 he was managing editor of the Salt Lake Tribune; thereafter he founded and ran Goodwin's Weekly which is still stamped with his individuality. Serially for that paper he wrote "As I Remember Them," recollections of the great men of the West which must be consulted by those who would know all about our San Francisco pioneers. An earlier book was "The Comstock Club." To the end of his life he was mentally vigorous, and he practically died in harness.

#### Goodwin and Stanton

To Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Stanton of General Pershing's staff "somewhere in France" the news of Judge Goodwin's death will be a great shock. "Major Charley" dearly loved C. C. Goodwin, and the affection was returned. Stanton tells many stories about Goodwin, most of them pointed at the teller. I remember two of them. "Charley" Stanton had been elected city clerk of Salt Lake. This office gave him the privilege of appointing the dog-catcher. One Galeazzi applied to City Clerk Stanton for appointment to this lowly billet. Stanton was troubled, and sought counsel of Judge Goodwin who was his political mentor.

"Judge," said Stanton, "Galeazzi wants to be dog-catcher."

"Well, appoint him," said Goodwin.

"Yes," said Stanton, "but Gally's a tough nut. He might not be a credit to my administration. I must be careful of my reputation."

"Hell," said Goodwin; "you lose the reputation you've got and it'll be the making of you!"

Galeazzi started dog-catching next morning.

When Major Stanton returned to Salt Lake from the Philippines in 1901, everybody turned out to greet and honor the conquering hero of the quartermaster's department. Stanton, in telling the story, admits that it was a proud occasion—until he met Judge Goodwin.

"How are you, Charlie," said Goodwin.

"All right," answered Stanton in a hoarse whisper, "only I've caught a cold and can't talk."

"Great Heavens," exclaimed Goodwin, "think what a relief it would be to Salt Lake if you never talked again!"

#### The Newspaper Strike

With some of the finest picture stories that any newspaper office might wish for, happening every week in San Francisco there isn't a single newspaper photographer on the job. They're all on an enforced vacation and have been for several weeks. The reason is the strike of the photo-engravers who walked out when they couldn't get their salaries boosted from about \$24 a week to \$30. Now the newspaper photographers can turn in all kinds of fine pictures but of course they are not available for newspaper use if the photo-engravers are not at hand to convert the pictures into metal. It looks like a long, long strike for the engravers. The fact is that they walked out at just about the very minute that the managers of our dailies were casting about to find a means of cutting down the overhead expenses in the engravers' division. The war has caused the prices of many of the materials used by photo-engravers to go sky-high and the newspaper proprietors were wondering how they could save themselves a little money when the engravers solved the problem by striking. For the newspapers the strike is a money-saving proposition—and a good one. In the news offices pictures are looked upon as a luxury, not a necessity. The strike has been on for many weeks and I doubt if pictures have been missed from the papers by many readers. The publishers, I am told, have entered into an agreement to discontinue the maintenance of photo-engraving departments until the end of the war. The theatres, amusement resorts and similar enterprises have pictures accompanying their reading matter in the papers, it is true, but the cuts from which these prints are made are supplied by the managers of these enterprises themselves. On rare occasions, such as the visit of the Japanese mission here, the newspapers engage private photo-engraving concerns to make cuts.

#### Wanted, Reporters

The war has brought about many changes in the editorial staffs of the local papers and there isn't a city editor in town who isn't on the look-out for an experienced and active newspaperman. Many of our local reporters are on the way to the front and many more are preparing to go. The number of newspapermen who know San Francisco and who can write good news stories has never been over large; just now it is smaller than ever. There have been lots of shifts in some of the news offices of late. "Bob" Heistand, until recently managing editor of The Call, is now on The Examiner and is succeeded by Emil Gough who is also acting as city editor. George North is assisting Gough in the managing editor's job, and Gene Block who has been doing general assignment work in The Call local room for several years, is assisting with the city editor's work. Colin Spangler who "did" all

of San Francisco for the Oakland Tribune for the past ten years turned in his last Oakland copy last Sunday morning when he reported off over the long-distance wire across the bay. But Spangler will still be seen scurrying around the court beat at the City Hall and the police beat at the Hall of Justice. He has accepted a flattering offer from the International News Association and will do for the Hearst news service the same type of work that he has been doing so well for The Tribune. This is the first time in San Francisco that the I. N. S. has engaged a man to gather news around the city. Hearst who maintains the International is still in town, and, I am told, has his eyes open for experienced news gatherers.

#### No Lack of Patriotism

Clarence Kolb, comedian, was standing with some friends in the lobby of the St. Francis the other day when the orchestra in the tea room, as usual every afternoon, played the national anthem. Every man in the lobby uncovered; every woman stopped talking; every soldier stood at attention. But at one of the writing desks a middle-aged man remained seated with his head lowered so that his eyes saw nothing but the words his pen was tracing upon the letter paper. When the orchestra had finished the national anthem, Clarence Kolb strode across the lobby and shook the seated man by the shoulder.

"Don't you know enough to stand when they play 'The Star-Spangled Banner'?" Kolb demanded indignantly.

The stranger raised his eyes from the paper, cupped his ear with his hand and said:

"You'll have to speak louder; I'm hard of hearing."

#### Ned Greenway Miscalled

Ned Greenway prides himself, with considerable justice, on being one of the best known men in the State of California. Not to know Ned Greenway argues oneself unknown. The other day, while standing in the wine room of the St. Francis, Ned had the shock of his life. A man rushed up to him, shook him violently by the hand and expressed the liveliest delight at the sight of him. This effusive man had a friend with him. Turning to this friend he said, with a great deal of animation:

"Jack, I want you to meet my old friend Ned Greenbaum!"

#### Positive Proof

Tiv Kreling, Olympian, and George Bond, a Winged O champion high diver, were in heated argument.

"I tell you," declared Tiv, "that if you don't stop diving you'll go daffy. I know, because I've seen many a diver whose head was cracked from hitting the water too much."

Alec Pape, the well known oarsman and swimmer, hearing the tumult, approached the twain and edged into the conversation.

"Why, Tiv," he said with an air of finality, "you don't know what you're talking about. Diving doesn't hurt a man, doesn't make him crazy. I guess I ought to know, I've been diving all my life."

"There," said Kreling, turning to Bond, "what more proof do you want!"

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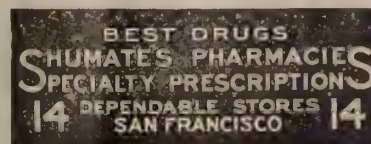
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Interest on Savings Deposits for year 1916 was paid at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.





### The Original of "Waddles"

I read in one of the papers that Ed Tufts of Los Angeles is expected in San Francisco for a visit. The well known merchant and golfer will be welcome. He is a popular man in the South, is Ed Tufts, and his sporting goods establishment, the Tufts-Lyons Co., is to "Loce" what the Ellery Arms is to San Francisco. But I wish to put Ed Tufts on his guard. He may expect to be called "Waddles" by his friends of the golf and country clubs in this vicinity. For those friends have read Charley Van Loan's golfing story "The Major, D. O. S." in a Saturday Evening Post of recent date, and in the "Waddles" of that story—the tricky golfer who wins his matches by skill plus mastery of the methods by which one "rattles" an opponent—they recognize Ed Tufts. Even the illustrations seemed to betray the identity of "Waddles," for they looked like Ed Tufts. I understand that Van Loan has been charged with putting Tufts into the portrait of "Waddles" and that his answer to the charge was a non-committal lifting of eye-brows and shoulders. Nevertheless, I warn Ed Tufts: he may expect to be called "Waddles" when he arrives in our midst.

### The Value of Publicity

Newspaper publicity, even on the sport pages, is productive of great results. Here, for example, is what happened to Sid Cavill, the swimming instructor of the Olympic Club, famed throughout the aquatic world as the inventor of the crawl stroke. A few days ago a squib appeared in one of the local dailies which related, in mock bavarde fashion, how Sid, arrayed in a new bathing suit "trimmed with exquisite ermine and old Florida corals," had appeared at one of the beaches and created a furore. The day following Cavill received a red silk bath robe, trimmed with green velvet cuffs and collar to match the suit, from Frank Schernstein, a San Rafael capitalist who commutes with Sid on the well known 5:15.

"Now," Cavill complains, "since I've got a bath robe to match a suit I never had I'll have to get the suit to match the bath robe."

### "Ernie" Smith Enlists

What a patriotic fellow Ernest Maynard Smith is! This young man who has been called the "champion press agent of the world" because of his marvelous ability to get sporting headlines for Neptune Beach, the Alameda swimming resort his publicity work has made famous, has just thrown away a five hundred dollar a month position—some income at twenty-five!—and enlisted with a New York field ambulance unit. Incidentally, to serve his country Smith is leaving a bride of less than a year, the former Miss Marguerite Brack of Alameda. What makes his volunteering all the more remarkable is the fact that "Ernie" hasn't been drafted, won't be drafted until the third or fourth call, and would have had a valid exemption claim if ever he were drafted. But he feels there are bigger things than individual success to be fought for these days.

### One Way of Finding Out

George P. Lovejoy, head salesman for the W. B. McGerry Company of real estate row, should have been a newspaperman or a detective or a vice investigator. He seems to have a

great faculty for finding out things. For some weeks Lovejoy has been puzzled by the various shoulder insignia of the military officers who are thronging the city. He has experienced great difficulty in differentiating captains from lieutenants, majors from commanders, and so forth. The other day he spotted a gray-haired officer walking along Montgomery street, a silver eagle on each shoulder. In a flash Lovejoy pounced upon him.

"Pardon me," he said, "but would you mind telling me what that eagle on your shoulder means?"

"That, sir," replied the officer with true military dignity, "means that I am a colonel in the United States army."

"Thanks," said Lovejoy, "I thought I had 'em all figured out, but those eagles were new ones on me."

And saluting he walked away satisfied.

### Los Angeles Imitates Our Bohemia

Cafeteriaville to the front! Rather a little late; but with true Los Angeles spirit, better late than never. Furthermore the secret's an artistic one; and in art, you know, it's quite the fashion to be late. So lo! Los Angeles, through the Los Angeles Athletic Club is out to emulate Bohemia. The sacred rites enacted each year at Bohemian Grove on the Russian river are going to find a counterpart in similar rites enacted in Hollywood Canyon, Southern California, if you please! Fred Baudissen, efficiency expert at the Olympic Club, has let the story out for publication; as though Los Angeles were prone to hide its light beneath a bushel. Frank A. Garbutt of the Paramount Film Company is the Angeleno behind the big idea. Frank is going to push the thing for all it is worth. The initial cost is going to be ten thousand dollars, and Frank, it is said, will put that up without a bit of murmur. The first performance in Hollywood Canyon is set for this month. And according to Los Angeles it will have the thrills of a real Bohemian Grove production.

## The Sacking of Belgium

(Continued from Page 8)

measure seems evilent. Besides, if any doubt were still possible, we should find it laid down in the fifty-second article that any service required from the occupying Power must be "in proportion to the country's resources."

As the announcement had provoked strong protests, Governor von Bissing announced a few days later that, if this contribution was paid, no further extraordinary taxes would be required and the requisitions would henceforth be paid for in money. Needless to say, none of these promises have been fulfilled, and the contribution of 480,000,000 was renewed at the beginning of 1915, and even increased to 600,000,000 lately, so that, from that source only, the Germans have raised in Belgium, after two years of occupation, a sum equal to one-fourth of the total State debt of the country on the eve of the war.

This is only one example among many. The communes did not enjoy better treatment. The reader will remember that during the period of invasion the enemy exacted various war taxes from every town he entered: Twenty millions

from Liège, fifty millions from Brussels, thirty-two millions from Namur, forty millions from Antwerp, and so on. Since then, he has never lost an opportunity of inflicting heavy fines even on the smallest villages. If one inhabitant succeeds in joining the army, if an allied aeroplane appears on the horizon, if, for some reason or other, the telegraph or the telephone wires are out of order, a shower of fines falls on the neighboring towns and villages. In June last the total amount of these exactions was estimated, for 1916, at ten millions (£400,000). If we add to this the fines inflicted constantly, on the slightest pretext, on private individuals, we shall certainly remain below the mark in stating that Germany succeeds in getting out of Belgium over £20,000,000 a year. Twenty million pounds, when the ordinary income of the State amounts to scarcely seven millions! And I am not taking into account the money seized in the banks and the recent enforced transfer to Germany of the 600,000,000 (£24,000,000) of the National Bank.

(To be continued)

### Secret of Success

The man who had made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a number of students at a business class. Of course the main theme of his address was himself. "All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck!" He made an impressive pause here, but the effect was ruined by one student who asked impressively:

"Yes, sir; but how are we to find the right people to pluck?"

Mother—Gladys, you stood on the porch quite a while with that young man last night.

Gladys—Why, mother, I only stood there for a second.

Mother—But I'm sure I heard the third and the fourth.

### Puzzled Ole

A new regulation in a certain coal mine required that each man mark with chalk the number of every car of coal mined. One man named Rudolph, having filled the eleventh car, marked it as 1 and, after pondering a while, let it go at that. Another miner, happening to notice what he thought was a mistake, called Rudolph's attention to the fact that he had marked the car No. 1 instead of No. 11.

"Yes, I know," said Rudolph, "but I can't think which side the other wan goes on."

## ALPHONSE SUTTER

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Viola Piercy Burnett's Dog

Great poems have been written, great essays penned in praise of the dog. The literature of anecdote is full of stories illustrating the attachment which the dog bears to his master or mistress. Authenticated cases of the efforts (which in a human being we should call heroic) made by dogs to save their masters or mistresses from death are so numerous that at least one or two of them have come to the knowledge of every person who reads. The dog is often a noble animal, and he is able to win great affection from men and women. We all know of the peculiar sympathy which exists between dogs and children. To the awakening consciousness of a baby the dog is an object of the deepest interest, and this interest grows with the child's growth, the dog seeming to develop affection step by step with the child. The love of dogs which we find in so many people nearly always begins in childhood. Such people become deeply attached to their pet dogs, and when these pets die the loss is felt grievously. We all know of dogs that have been mourned by their bereft owners with profound sorrow. A case of this kind, a very striking case, has just been called to my attention. It is the case of a dog owned by Mrs. Wesley Burnett of this city. This dog died last Sunday to the profound sorrow of its owner. Evidence of that sorrow was strikingly given in the elaborate plans made for the dog's funeral. To understand the case thoroughly we must go back some years to the time when Viola Piercy became the bride of Wesley Burnett, better known to all of us as "Babe" Burnett.

## A Friend of Fourteen Years

San Francisco society was greatly surprised in July, 1903, when one of its great belles, an heiress and a beauty—Miss Viola Piercy—was quietly married to "Babe" Burnett. Miss Viola Piercy was an orphan. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Piercy. Her father Sam Piercy was an actor of considerable local renown who won the heart and hand of Miss Dunphy, a daughter of the great cattle king of

California. Both Sam Piercy and his wife died when their daughter Viola was a little girl. The orphan was a great heiress, and there followed one of the bitterest guardianship contests that ever took place in our probate court, waged between the relatives of her father on one side and of her mother on the other. The relatives of her mother won, and Viola Piercy was brought up by her aunt Miss Jenny Dunphy. Miss Dunphy took the little girl abroad and gave her every advantage. Viola Piercy was studious and when she returned from Europe she went to Stanford to take a special course of study. There she met Wesley Burnett who was known on account of his great physique as "Babe" Burnett. "Babe" Burnett also belonged to a great cattle-raising family. He had come up to Stanford from the cattle country of central California with a thirst for learning and an aptitude for athletics. He became one of the most popular men at Stanford, and is still remembered as the star centre rush of the Stanford football team in the golden days of the old game. At Stanford he met Viola Piercy. It was a case of love at first sight. Then followed the pleasant surprise of their marriage, a marriage performed quietly because, it was said, Viola Piercy was not sure that her grandmother Mrs. Dunphy would approve of it. The marriage took place in July, 1903. About the end of December of that year Mrs. Viola Piercy Burnett received from a friend the present of a dachshund puppy. That was nearly fourteen years ago. That dachshund is the subject of this recital.

## Her Love for "Largo"

This is not the story of a childless couple lavishing affection on a dog because there was no baby in the house. The Burnetts have a child that is dearly loved; but they also came to love dearly the dachshund puppy with its ridiculously long body and its ridiculously short legs. This affection was particularly strong in Mrs. Burnett. She named the puppy "Largo." There are dachshunds and dachshunds, and "Largo" was an especially fine one. Mrs. Burnett knows dogs as a fancier knows them, and she frequently declared to her friends that there was not a finer dachshund on the Pacific Coast than "Largo." However that may have been, "Largo" took many prizes at bench shows. The Burnett ranch in San Luis Obispo County is a magnificent domain. The Burnetts divide their time between this ranch and San Francisco. They have always entertained there a great deal. And all the friends they entertained knew "Largo," knew too the strong affection in which he was held by Mrs. Burnett. Some time ago Charles Rollo Peters was a guest on the Burnett ranch, sketching and painting along its ocean boundary near Paso Robles. If he did not immortalize "Largo" on canvas it was only because he was so entranced by the landscape and waterscape possibilities of the Burnett ranch that he had no time for the field of art in which Landseer made himself famous. Fourteen years is a good ripe age for a dachshund. Some time ago "Largo" began to fail. He almost died about six months ago, but was tenderly nursed back to health. Recently the Burnetts came to San Francisco. "Largo"

came with them as usual. Last Sunday he was stricken again.

## Burial Honors for a Dog

Hoping against hope that "Largo" might be saved again, Mrs. Burnett summoned a well known surgeon. But before the veterinary arrived "Largo" died in the arms of Mrs. Burnett. Her grief was deep, and so was the grief of her husband. They determined that "Largo" should have the funeral honors to which, they considered, his long years of friendship entitled him. It was decided that "Largo" should be buried on the ranch in San Luis Obispo County. The exact place on the ranch has not been determined, but I should not be surprised if choice finally rested on the neighborhood of Morro Rock which is a landmark of the Californian coast located on the Burnett property. Morro Rock is a needle-shaped rock which towers to the sky near the Pacific. Thousands of sea birds circle about it. At the base of this natural monument, perhaps, "Largo" will be buried. The Burnetts motor to and from their San Luis rancho. The journey to or from San Francisco occupies two days, with a stop overnight at King City. They decided to take the dead "Largo" with them in their big motor car on this two-day trip to the home place down country. So "Largo" was embalmed by the veterinary. For his casket the Burnetts ordered an oaken box, zinc-lined, the interior draped in rich

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satin. On top of this costly box was placed a silver inscription with the following inscription:

LARGO  
Born December 6, 1903  
Dachshund and Beloved Companion  
of  
Viola Piercy Burnett  
His brave soul went forth on  
the Long Trail  
August 26, 1917

### A Wedding at Carmel

A romance of the literary world of California found its happy culmination at Carmel-by-the-Sea a few days ago when Adriana Spadoni became the bride of John Kenneth Turner. The romance had been successfully concealed, and the wedding was a great surprise. The happy couple set forth immediately after the ceremony to honeymoon in Turner's Ford. Adriana Spadoni is a talented writer of fiction whose stories must be familiar to all readers of the Smart Set. Her literary bent is toward stark, uncompromising realism usually darkened with tragedy. Her stories are powerful but not too pleasant. John Kenneth Turner is best known for his "Barbarous Mexico," a book which has had its influence in forming American opinion on the subject of our southern neighbor. As to whether it exerted a good or a bad influence there is still violent and bitter controversy.

### Mrs. Irwin Will Shock Us

Will Irwin and his bride who was Ynez Haynes Gillmore, author of "The Californians," are in neutral Switzerland, and very busy with their typewriters. While Will Irwin has been writing some of the best war articles given to the American public, Mrs. Irwin has been perfecting a novel. I hear that it is to be published soon by George B. Doran and Co., and that its author confidently expects that it will be suppressed, owing to its so-called "frank" treatment of sex matters.



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### At the Whitcomb

The Association of Pioneer Women held their seventeenth annual breakfast in the blue dining room of the Whitcomb last Saturday. One hundred and fifty were in attendance. . . . Mrs. Allan Green has returned with her little son after a month's sojourn at Long Beach and has rejoined Mr. Green at their apartments in the hotel. . . . Mrs. Adeline Day Shorô was hostess Monday at a luncheon in the Arabesque dining room. The guests were Mesdames E. Graham Parker, H. Morgan Power, Samuel Dunstan, Robert Forrester, Arthur Owen, Harry Maxwell, E. Frye, Bowditch Morton, R. H. Hay Chapman and Studebaker Johnson. . . . Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Will Magee registered at the Whitcomb last Saturday, and spent several pleasant hours in the Sun Room watching the dancers who are particularly numerous on Saturday night. . . . The first of the Whitcomb's Sunday evening "pop" concerts was a great success, the marble lobby being filled with music lovers. These "pop" concerts will undoubtedly become one of the Whitcomb's most attractive features.

### At Hotel Oakland

Mrs. Mark Requa entertained at luncheon recently Mrs. Frank Gilbreth, Miss Annie F. Brown, Miss Ethel Moore and Miss Louise de Fremery. People who have taken permanent apartments are: A. W. Sloan and wife, Oakland; P. O. Hobson, Oakland; Jules Krause, Oakland; C. Pacheco, Oakland; and Mrs. W. St. Clair Brine, Halifax. Prominent arrivals during the week were: Mrs. C. P. Dolan, Dawson, Alaska; Walter W. Evans Jr., Philadelphia; Harry White, Cleveland, O.; Mrs. George R. Potter, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mrs. H. B. Harker and children, Mill Valley; Mrs. Henry Morris, Oakland; Edna L. Arnold, Santa Rosa; Miss Florence Bogart, Fresno; L. W. Duch, Freemont, O.; Nathalie Sharp, Kansas City, Mo.; Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Maze, Modesto; Mabel E. Marshall, Terre Haute, Ind.; Victor de Patron, Madrid, Spain; Fred Turner, Pocatello, Idaho; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Whitmore, Visalia.

### At the Cecil

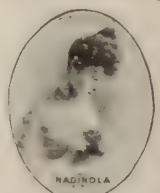
Mrs. Maxwell Howard and the Misses Juliet and Margaret Howard of Dayton, O., will spend the month of September at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Carter motored up from Los Angeles and will remain at the hotel for ten days. Mrs. John C. Campbell of Riverside is registered. A supper dance was given by James Wison Tuesday evening. Among the prominent Easterners registered are Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Patton of New York and Mrs. Cedric Loughton of Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crothers have returned to their apartments. Other arrivals include Mesdames Jane Scott, K. S. Vosburg, M. L. Chilberg, Misses Edith Doll and Etta Agie of Los Angeles.

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### The Best Art School

Best's Art School is resuming classes now that the vacation is over. Painting, drawing, illustrating—work in oil, pastel and pen and ink—is being taken up, and a number of new ideas will be introduced. Lectures on art and other interesting subjects will be frequent. On Saturday evening, September 7, George Wharton James will lecture on the Apache Trail, illustrating his talk with lantern slides. During vacation A. W. Best sketched in the high Sierra; his sketches will be on exhibition.

### A Tavern Gift to Ladies

The management of Techau Tavern announces that it has secured a large consignment of the Stearn's Suprema Toilet Preparations and that every afternoon, without competition of any sort, it will present to its lady patrons from twenty-five to thirty-five containers of Stearn's Suprema Toilet Water. This is an announcement that should meet with the approbation of every lady patron of the Tavern, as Stearn's Suprema Toilet Water is a greatly desired toilet acquisition. Nowhere can one find more enjoyment than at the Tavern on Sunday nights. In lieu of the public dancing there is a continuous entertainment by twelve of the most talented vocal and dancing artists.

"I once wrote on a blackboard," says a Philadelphia teacher, "these words: 'The toast was drank in silence,' and then asked my class, 'Can anyone tell me what the mistake in this sentence is?' The pupils pondered. Then a little girl held up her hand and at a nod from me went to the board and wrote the following correction: 'The toast was ate in silence.'"

"The doctor said he'd have me on my feet in two weeks."

"Well, did he?"

"He sure did! I had to sell my car to pay his bill."

A Jersey woman was at the employment bureau seeking the services of a general maid. "Have you," she asked the girl, "had any experience in taking care of children?"

"No, ma'am," replied the girl frankly. "You see, I've only worked for the best families."

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## The Stage

### A Chronological Account

At 8:15 Monday night, after a half-hour's meandering along the Rialto, the Tired Business Man and myself entered the Cort to see Blanche Ring in the latest product of the Oliver Morosco-Elmer Harris musical comedy machine "What Next?"

At 8:16, seated in the Cort while the orchestra moaned just before the rise of the curtain, the T. B. M. fell asleep. At 8:17 he was awakened by a loud clamor proceeding from the stage, and sat up to eye the chorus in the opening ode. We had heard a lot about this chorus, and a great expectation surged within us. We found, thank heaven, that we had heard aright! There was a pretty girl in it. It was rather difficult to locate her at first, of course, but the T. B. M.'s clever optic caught sight of her at exactly 8:19. Satisfied, he fell asleep again.

At 8:25 he was again awakened by the shouts and cries of the performers who were dancing and singing and running around, led by three young men hight Du For who used to be vaudevillians. At 8:27 an expansive flapper known as Dainty Marie, flapped in from the right wing and spread her daintiness before the eager audience. Dainty Marie also comes from vaudeville where she charmed and captivated multitudes with the sheer beauty of her biceps. Marie brought with her the germ of a plot, which, however, soon sensed the unwelcome attitude of everybody on the stage and quickly hid itself behind more singing and dancing.

At 8:40 Charlie Winninger, completely disguised as Gustave Brown, a good sport on his vacation, sidled in with a suitcase and a German accent. Charles immediately informed the audience, through the medium of a very, very witty conversation with Al Gerrard who also had a part in the piece, that he was off on a furlough from his wife and looking for a riotous time. The plot again put in appearance but was easily rebuffed by Charlie who began to burble a ballad entitled "When a Peeping Ankle Peeps at You," the windows and doors of the surrounding bungalows being lighted up the while with extended female lower limbs.

At 8:46 Blanche Ring appeared. She was disguised as Blanche Ring and looked just like Blanche Ring. Blanche sang a few songs assisted by the chorus, helped bring the plot out of hiding again, let loose a joke or two, and then, since the dimming of all the lights must have meant it was night time, she announced she was going to go to sleep. So did the T. B. M.

At 9:22 he was aroused by long and continued laughing on the part of the audience. It appeared, upon investigation, that one of the cast, known as Edward Flannigan, had made a new and startling joke, to-wit: "I went out to get myself a cigar and a man stepped on my hand," this causing the excessive merriment. Hurt to the soul, the T. B. M. slumbered again.

At 10:01 more laughter awakened him. Another new and startling joke had been made, this one by Mr. Winninger, as follows: "A man was standing on the sidewalk with one foot in his Ford automobile and the other out of it. A little boy ran up and said, 'Where is your other roller-skate?'"

This was quite too much; the T. B. M. resumed his slumber.

Finally, at 10:35 I shook the shoulder of the T. B. M. The crowd had gone, the stage was dark, the show was over. Offering thanks,

the T. B. M. led the way back to the Avenue de la Poullet.

The piece was made in Los Angeles and is full of southern California references about Santa Monica and Venice that are at times quite lost on the audience.

—T. L. L.

### The K. and E. Premiere

"We are going to give you the plays you want, and they'll be as good or as bad as you want," Marc Klaw told the audience at the Columbia Monday night. And then, thinking perhaps that he had put his foot in it, he added: "When I say 'as bad as you want' I don't mean morally bad." He must have meant artistically good and artistically bad. Under which designation "Here Comes the Bride" should be listed it is not necessary to consider. The Columbia was filled to the last row Monday night with an audience which took a great deal of delight in the farce by Marcin and Atwell. The public is the critic that counts with theatrical managers, and while a blasé dramatic critic might complain that "Here Comes the Bride" was too ingenuous in plot and too disingenuous in lines to satisfy an exacting taste, the fact remains that the audience had a bully

time from first curtain to last. To many of us the most pleasing feature of the performance was the ovation accorded Burt Wesner. Burt is the director for Klaw and Erlanger, and only played a small part; but his appearance was the signal for a spontaneous outburst of applause which continued unabated until it succeeded in embarrassing the well liked Alcazar-actor of other days. It was to avoid making a speech that Burt called Marc Klaw to the stage and gave Klaw the opportunity to voice his ready willingness to please the public with plays good or bad. "Here Comes the Bride" had its eastern premiere that same Monday night in Boston. By comparing the verdict there with the verdict here we should be able to make some interesting deductions concerning San Franciscan as opposed to Bostonian taste.

—E. F. O'D.

### Leona La Mar at Orpheum

Leona La Mar who will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week, is known as "The Girl with the Thousand Eyes." She is a mind-reader. She promises to tell you where you have mislaid an article, to predict events in your life. You ask her questions, not aloud, but in thought, and she answers them. Chester Spencer and Lola Williams are a clever team who sing, dance and talk. Their skit is entitled "Putting It Over." Katherine Murray, the singing comedienne who is styled "Uncle Sam's Girl," has made a reputation in musical comedy. The Lovenberg Sisters and the Neary Brothers have a dance act called "Around the Compass." It is a picturesque array of song and dance illustrating the modes and manners of the four points of the country. The Royal Italian Trio will be heard in operatic selections. William Gaxton and Company in the comedietta "Kisses," Chas. Olcott in his operatic travesty, and Ralph Dunbar's Maryland Singers will be included in the programme.

### Matzenauer in Concert

Margaret Matzenauer, "the greatest voice at the Metropolitan," will open San Francisco's concert season with her song recital at the Exposition Auditorium Sunday afternoon, September 23, at 2:30 o'clock. Attention is called to the fact that the time of commencing the programme has been advanced from 3:00 to 2:30 and that late comers will not be admitted until after the first group of songs.

### Second Week of "What Next"

Theatregoers have been crowding the Cort ever since the initial performance of "What Next" last Sunday night. Blanche Ring is singing three new songs. She appears in tights when she sings "Get a Girl to Lead the Army." Others of the cast are Charles Winninger, Flanagan and Edwards, Dainty Marie, famous for her beautiful figure, the three Du-For brothers, Al Gerrard and Leila Bliss. The second week begins Sunday night. There will be a special Labor Day matinee.

### Cohan Revue at Alcazar

The George M. Cohan Revue of 1916 comes to the Alcazar on Labor Day, commencing with the matinee. This is the first of a series of musical shows from New York to be shown at the Alcazar during the winter. The original



LEONA LA MAR

"The girl with the thousand eyes" next week at the Orpheum



star of the Revue, Richard Carle, heads the company. Boyle and Brazil, the dancers, will be with Carle. Other notable people are Percy Bronson, Ben Linn, Willie Archie, Mark Sullivan, Jane Urban, Evelyn Hambly, Marta Golden, James Gleason, Paul Byron, Orral Humphreys, Frances de Grossart, Eleanor Langham, Edith Allan, Mons. Rodolph, the dancer, and Sig. Friscoe, a xylophone virtuoso.

#### Second Week of "Here Comes the Bride"

"Here Comes the Bride," a new three-act comedy by Roy Atwell and Max Marcin, received its premiere at the Columbia last Monday night. It is a delightfully humorous play full of lively, well-mixed complications and lines that are bubbling over with wit. The reception accorded the Klaw and Erlanger company indicates that the play will enjoy a good run. The leading feminine role is played by Bertha Mann. "Here Comes the Bride" is playing to almost capacity audiences and will enter upon its second week at the Columbia next Monday night.

#### "Under Pressure" Coming

"Under Pressure," a new play from the pen of Sydney Rosenfeld, will be played beginning September 10 with Bertha Mann in the stellar role.

## Letters

#### Landmarks of Monterey

In a mantle of old traditions,  
In the time of a vanished day,  
The silent and shrouded city  
Sits by her crescent bay.

So Dan O'Connell sang of Monterey, California's town of towns, and Anna Geil Andresen of Salinas quotes his words in her "Historic Landmarks of Monterey," just published. Mrs. Andresen is the wife of one of Monterey County's best and most respected lawyers; she is chairman of the California History Committee of the N. D. G. W. and also chairman of the Landmarks Preservation Committee of the California Federation of Women's Clubs. Mrs. Andresen, therefore, is competent to compile a satisfactory guide book to the most picturesque of our historic towns, and she has done her work with scrupulous care. There is a resume of the history of Monterey since its discovery, a sketch of the old social life of the town and a series of brief but complete sketches of the landmarks. The book is illustrated with half tones. Once the tourist is enthralled by the charm of Monterey he is eager to master its history; this book will enable him to do so. But it is not for the tourist only; many Californians are lamentably ignorant on this subject, and among these the book will perform an educational work of great value.

#### New Footprints in Old Places

The experiences of an American girl abroad, under the title of "New Footprints in Old Places," will make one of the principal books on the fall list of Paul Elder. The author, Pauline Stiles, traveled under favorable auspices, with entree to the studios of celebrated sculptors and painters of Rome, with leisure to hear the big musical events, and with the time for outings and picnics. The book will be liberally illustrated from photographs taken by the author.

#### Joan of Arc

Paul Elder is soon to publish the stirring

story of the Maid, done into blank verse by James Henry McLaren. The story is said to be told in a form adapted for public recital which will make it of interest to dramatic readers. The book will be a most attractive gift volume.

#### The Thoughts of Hermione

I thought at first I would collect some bundles of clothes and things for the destitute, you know.

But later I decided I wouldn't.

One must be careful, don't you think?—how one runs the risk of pauperizing the needy.

We took up a new work on Sociology last week—our little group of serious thinkers, you know—and it laid particular stress on the danger of pauperizing people.

And then, you know, the sight is so sad I simply cannot bear it. I went down in the auto a number of times and looked over the lines—one must of course come into contact with these things personally—one must make that sacrifice—and it saddened me.

And, you know, if I am saddened I lose my poise.

Poise is everything!

One cannot live in harmony with the infinitudes if one loses one's poise. Can one?

And so I decided that I could best serve the unemployed by helping to abolish poverty entirely.

We are going to take that up seriously some time soon—our little group, you know—and give an entire evening to it, the abolition of poverty.

And if we can abolish poverty entirely, we will serve more truly—don't you think?—than if we merely gave alms.

And service is my ideal!

Service! Service! Isn't service wonderful; simply wonderful!

Nearly every night before I go to bed I ask myself whether I have lived up to my ideals of service that day or whether I have failed.

That is one thing that makes this age so different from all the preceding ages, isn't it?—I mean the willingness of the better classes to sacrifice themselves to serve the masses.

—Don Marquis.

#### OZA AND UDA WALDROP

What's in a name? Sometimes more than is apparent on the surface if it's a stage name. He who runs and reads the theatre news must frequently have marveled when he beheld the name Oza Waldrop. "There ain't no such name," many a reader must have argued, and yet there it stood in type. The next deduction was probably that since it was there it must be a real name, because no one would deliberately choose it.

Oza Waldrop is really the name of the star actress playing the title role in "Friend Martha," and this is how it happened. Joe Waldrop, a Southern minister of much originality of thought as well as oratorical brilliance, was so incensed that his parents had named him Joe and that his wife's folks had called her Sally that he decided if there should ever be any little Waldrops they would not be handicapped with bromidic names. The Waldrops lived in the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas when the first baby was born, and with the assurance of new fathers Mr. Waldrop decided to call the child Oza, an abbreviation of Ozark, on the assumption that it would be a boy. The Rev. Dr. Waldrop guessed wrong the very first time; he was not given a man to match his mountains, but he had become attached to the name, so the girl baby fell heir to it.

Mr. Waldrop continued coining original names,

and his three other children, all boys, were named Uda, Yda and Oda. In Oza, Uda and Oda only six letters have been utilized, so if Mr. Waldrop needs any more unique names he still has the major portion of the alphabet to draw on. Uda Waldrop composed the incidental music of "Friend Martha," and he has served as an accompanist for Fritz Kreisler, Mischa Elman, Nellie Melba and other artists. —N. Y. Times.

"Now," said the doctor to the young married man, "if you will take this medicine, you will sleep like a baby."

The patient surveyed the prescription doubtfully.

"Well, doctor," he answered, "if you mean like our baby, I guess I won't take it."

"I understand you have all been sick up at your house and had to have the doctor. Who was the sickest?"

"Pa, when he got the bill."

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#### LEONA LA MAR

"The Girl With the Thousand Eyes"

CHESTER SPENCER & LOLA WILLIAMS in "Putting It Over." KATHERINE MURRAY, the Magnetic Singing Comedienne. LOVENBERG SISTERS & NEARY BROTHERS in "Around the Compass." WILLIAM GAXTON in S. Jay Kaufman's One-Act Play "Kisses." CHARLES OLCOTT, a Comic Opera in Ten Minutes. RALPH DUNBAR'S MARYLAND SINGERS; THE ROYAL ITALIAN TRIO, in Operatic Selections. September 9 ELSIE JANIS, the Queen of Make-Believe.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

## Columbia Theatre

The Leading Playhouse Geary and Mason  
Phone Franklin 150

2d and Last Week Begins Sunday Night, Sept. 2

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

#### KLAW & ERLANGER COMPANY

In the 99% Joy Production

#### "HERE COMES THE BRIDE"

By the Authors of "Cheating Cheaters"

September 10th—Bertha Mann in a New Play  
"UNDER PRESSURE"

**CORT**

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2nd Big Week Starts Sunday Evening, Sept. 2  
OLIVER MOROSCO Presents

#### Blanche Ring

And a Typical Morosco All-Star Cast in

#### "WHAT NEXT"

A Worthy Musical Successor to "So Long Letty" and "Canary Cottage"

Nights, 50c to \$1.50

BEST SEATS \$1.00 AT SPECIAL LABOR DAY MAT. (MONDAY) AND REGULAR WED. AND SAT. MATS.

## Alcazar Theatre

PHONE KEARNY 2

Commencing Monday Evening, September 3

First of a Series of Musical Shows Direct from New York  
Coming to O'Farrell Street This Season

#### COHAN REVUE OF 1916

A Melodious Melange Heralding the Inauguration of a  
New Policy, the Alcazar Having Been Converted  
Into a Big Music Hall, and Headed by

#### RICHARD CARLE

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Popular Prices, from 50c to \$1.00  
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—It was rather a quiet week in the stock market, with lower levels being registered at Saturday's close. U. S. Steel made a new low for this move, selling at 118½, with others in the steel group following in sympathy. The Anaconda mine shut down last week as a consequence of labor troubles, and the coppers also suffered lower levels. There was a rumor that the Government price for copper would be 25 cents per pound. This would be entirely favorable to that industry, but it was at best only a rumor and it did not affect that group of stocks except for a temporary rally, when they again sold off. The rails have not been affected as much as the industrials, and it is argued that with a Government fixed price on steel the rails should benefit as well as the equipment issues. Rails at first felt the effects of the Government fixed price on coal, as it was thought the price was drastic, but a later analysis argued that it gave them a far better return than in times of peace. Price fixing is the big bear argument now and there can be none for railroads because this already has occurred. Certain of the low priced shares are showing marked strength. Southern Railway is one. The earnings continue to increase and on an enormous scale. They are saving in net a big part of their gross. Should the company be put in a position where they can finance on a reasonable scale, it would mean that the preferred stock would at once go on the dividend list for they are earning many times the required amount. Norfolk is another railroad property whose earnings are showing up well. The market promises to continue in a trading range with special movements the chief bullish activity. The state of professional sentiment which is not friendly, favors operations for the decline when unfavorable features appear. But we believe the general list is discontinuing price fixing and taxation "adversities" and when these matters become more definite, the active department will be found heavily oversold to a point suggesting sharp advances.

**Corn**—The crop being far from completeness causes a certain degree of uncertainty among traders. Weather conditions over the Northern and North Central and the uncertainties of it cause large professionals and prominent commission people to go slow on the bear side. Each day of warm weather will be a bear factor, while any indications for cool weather will work against any decline. There seems to be no question but crop is about three to four weeks late as a rule. The cash situation continues to be one of the ruling factors, but it is far from a settled basis. The market last week was anywhere from three to four cents off, with some movement of spot corn from the

South that sold at \$1.30. This was for October loading. The seaboard were bidding six cents over Chicago September, Atlantic ports. While the market offers nothing more than a traders' scalping affair at present, we think the best and probably the safest side would be to buy but only when weak spots are to be obtained.

**Cotton** has now declined over 500 points from the high point of the season. This is due in a measure to new cotton coming on the market, as well as improved conditions in the eastern belt. The outlook, however, in Texas is very poor, and report of boll weevil is making its appearance in the central belt. The Government on cotton will be issued August 31st, and we believe the market is a purchase on any decline prior to the issuance of this report.

## Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

withdrawal reserved. Meanwhile they are at the service of many who could not consult them if they remained in private hands.

The Sutro Library is doing research work. Among other things, Miss Steffens is compiling a catalogue of incunabula owned on the Pacific Coast, and she appeals to all who have items of this description to communicate with her. The work is being done in conjunction with the Bibliographical Society of America which is making a country-wide census of incunabula. Among the collections which Miss Steffens has thus far catalogued are those of Charles W. Clark, Judge Ralph C. Harrison, Dr. John W. Robertson, Henry Byron Phillips (of Berkeley) and F. V. Schmitt (of Fresno).

"In all our activities," says Miss Steffens, "we are working in harmony with the Public Library of San Francisco and all the libraries throughout the State. We strive not to duplicate their work, and we can save them expense by undertaking work not in the direct line of their service."

This Sutro Library is an institution of which we have reason to be proud. We should show our appreciation of it, and of its custodians. How many San Franciscans have inspected the library? How many are like me? It has been open since January, and my acquaintance with it began in August!

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23201, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. R. BOWHAY, executor of the Last Will and Testament of ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco,

or to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at the office of McCutchen, Olney & Willard, Room No. 1107 in the Merchants Exchange Building, situated at the southwest corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, September 1, 1917.

A. R. BOWHAY,

Executor of the last will and testament of

ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased.

McCUTCHEN, OLNEY & WILLARD,

Attorneys for Executor,

Room No. 1107 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,

San Francisco, California.

8-1-5

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REALTY IN RENEWAL OF EXISTING MORTGAGES

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 14141; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor.

Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, guardians of the person and estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, having this day filed herein a verified petition for authority to mortgage the real property belonging to the said estate in renewal of the existing mortgages for the period and upon the terms hereinafter stated and it appearing that the making of said mortgage in renewal of the existing mortgages will be advantageous to said estate.

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department Number Ten thereof, on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of October, 1917, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of said Court in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted and an order made authorizing and directing said Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, as guardians of the estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, to make, execute and deliver a promissory note secured by mortgage on the hereinafter described real property or some part thereof and for the sum of three thousand nine hundred (\$3,900.00) dollars or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge of the above-entitled Court shall seem meet, due one year after date with interest at the rate of six (6%) per cent per annum as set forth in said petition, for the purpose of renewing the existing mortgages thereon.

The said real property is situate in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and is bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. Beginning at a point on the Western line of Broadway, distant thereon Northerly fifty (50) feet from the intersection thereof with the Northern line of Fifth Street, as said streets are shown upon the map hereinafter referred to; running thence Northerly along said line of Broadway thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Westerly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Southerly thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Easterly seventy-five (75) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 20, and the Southern five (5) feet of Lot No. 19, in Block No. 54, as said lots and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland on file in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Alameda.

2. Beginning at a point on the Northern line of Fifth Street, distant thereon Westerly seventy-five (75) feet from the intersection thereof with the Western line of Broadway, as said street and way are shown on the map hereinafter referred to; running thence Westerly along said line of Fifth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 23, in Block No. 54, as said lot and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland, on file in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of Alameda.

For all further particulars of said petition you are hereby referred to the same, which is now on file in the above-entitled estate.

It is further ordered that this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 24th day of August, 1917.  
THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

G. GUNZENDORFER,

Attorney for Guardians,  
Holbrook Bldg., 568 Sutter St.  
San Francisco, Cal.

9-1-10

## E. F. HUTTON & CO.

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# TO THE PUBLIC:

(1) The United Railroads has in no case encouraged or counselled violence or law-breaking on the part of any of its employees. We demand that any infraction of the law on the part of any of our men be fully prosecuted by the proper authorities.

(2) Newspaper reports have misrepresented the facts and have given the public the false impression that this company is importing men as gunmen and thugs to violate the law.

(3) On the contrary, all violence has been against the employees of our company. In the last two days over fifty outrages have been committed against them, twenty-two of our cars have been damaged and lives have been endangered, and this notwithstanding that we have repeatedly called upon the police department for protection. In no instance has adequate protection been afforded by the authorities and no convictions have been secured. Numerous of our present and former employees have been and are being threatened and intimidated even at their homes.

(4) This company is prepared to furnish adequate transportation in the present crisis, but demands that law and order be enforced and further demands from the city and its authorities the full measure of protection to which it is legally entitled.

The United Railroads within its legal rights will run its cars. It should be furnished lawful protection by the Mayor, the Police Commission and the Chief of Police, whose sworn duty it is to afford such protection, in order that this corporation can perform its duty to the people and peacefully operate its cars.

WILL THE CITY AUTHORITIES CONTINUE TO  
DENY PROTECTION TO THE MAN WHO WANTS  
TO WORK?

## UNITED RAILROADS OF SAN FRANCISCO

JESSE W. LILIENTHAL, President.



## NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF TRAUNG LABEL &amp; LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of TRAUNG LABEL & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a special meeting of said board, duly held on the 31st day of July, 1917, at the office of said corporation, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of the said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation, 962 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meets), on Thursday, October 11th, 1917, at 2:00 P. M. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand (\$100,000) Dollars, divided into twenty thousand (20,000) shares of the par value of Five (\$5.00) Dollars each, to Five Hundred Thousand (\$500,000) Dollars, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of Five (\$5.00) Dollars each.

The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock is Five Hundred (\$500,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated August 3, 1917.

Secretary Traung Label and Lithograph Company.  
L. W. LOVEY,  
Attorney at Law,  
1101-7 Hearst Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 8-11-5

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81480; Dept. 14.

WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, Plaintiff, vs. CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOFELER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LANE LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants.

Action, for settlement of account, brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:

CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOFELER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LANE LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, including judgment that his accounts as such Trustee from and including the 1st day of January, 1912, to and including the 31st day of December, 1916, as submitted and set forth in the said complaint, are full, true and correct and are settled and allowed.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of April, 1917.

(Seal)  
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1101 Alaska Commercial Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 7-21-10

## NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, WALTER H. LINFORTH, trustee under that certain Deed of Trust executed to the undersigned Walter H. Linforth, as trustee by Otto A. Brown, and which said Deed of Trust bears date the 19th day of November, 1915, and was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 22nd day of November, 1915, in Volume 917 of Deeds, page 13, Records of the City and County of San Francisco. That the said undersigned will, as such trustee, under and pursuant to said Deed of Trust and the provisions therein contained, and to accomplish the purposes and make the payments therein specified, sell at public auction to the highest cash bidder, on the 5th day of September, 1917, at 11:00 o'clock a. m. of said day, at the Van Ness Avenue entrance of the City Hall in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the premises described in said Deed of Trust, and which said premises are more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

All of Lot No. Six (6) in Block Twenty-eight (28), as said lot and block is delineated and so designated upon that certain map entitled "Blocks 27 to 34 Forest Hill Extension," San Francisco, California, filed December 21st, 1912, in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, and recorded in Liber "G" of maps at pages 91 and 92.

Together with all estate, interest, homestead, property or other claim or demand in law or equity which the said Otto A. Brown now has or may hereafter acquire in and to the said premises with the appurtenances.

Terms of Sale: Sale will be made in one parcel at public auction, to the highest cash bidder, and all bids and payment for said property shall be made in United States gold coin, purchase price payable twenty per cent (20%) on the fall of the hammer at the conclusion of the sale, and balance within two days thereafter at the office of Alfred L. Meyerstein, 611 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California. If balance is not so paid, said 20% to be forfeited and sale to be void. Acts of transfer and examination of title at expense of purchaser.

Upon the sale made, the undersigned as such trustee will make, execute and after due payment made deliver to the purchaser or purchasers at such sale, his or their heirs or assigns, a deed of the premises so sold.

The owner of the indebtedness secured by said Deed of Trust, or any other person, may bid and purchase at such sale.

Said sale is made because of default in the payment of a certain promissory note in the principal sum of \$1875, referred to in said Deed of Trust, as having been executed by the said Otto A. Brown on the 19th day of November, 1915, to Alfred L. Meyerstein, who is now the owner and holder thereof, and which said promissory note together with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent (6%) per annum payable monthly from the 19th day of November, 1915, is past due and unpaid.

Said sale is made upon demand of said Alfred L. Meyerstein, the owner and holder of the promissory note secured by and referred to in said Deed of Trust.

Dated: This 31st day of July, 1917.  
WALTER H. LINFORTH, Trustee.  
ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,  
Attorneys at Law,  
110 Sutter St.,  
French Savings Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 8-11-4

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE ALLEO, deceased.—No. 23072; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the last will and testament of EUGENE ALLEO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of J. Henry Meyer & Co., No. 440 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EUGENE ALLEO, deceased.

J. HENRY MEYER,  
ALFRED CELLIER,  
Executors of the last will and testament of  
Eugene Alleo, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, California, August 11th, 1917.

## CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, Ng. T. Quai, is transacting a business of manufacturing noodles in the State of California, under the name of Red Band Paste Co.; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that he is conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Red Band Paste Co., and that he is the sole owner of said business, and that his full name is Ng. T. Quai, and that he resides at 1135 Stockton Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

State of California,  
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 13th day of August in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Seventeen, before me, THOMAS S. MULVEY, a Court Commissioner of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, personally appeared Ng. T. Quai, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

(Seal)  
THOMAS S. MULVEY,  
Court Commissioner of the City and County of  
San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Aug. 13, 1917.  
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
L. W. LOVEY,  
Attorney at Law,  
1101-7 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-18-5

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## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83334. GERTRUDE R. KNOPLE, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN KNOPLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

G. C. RINGOLSKY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 805 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN KNOPLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal)  
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
8-11-10 By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19765 New Series; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET M. FARMER, deceased.

Mary Coleman, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, having filed her verified Petition in this Court, setting forth facts on which she bases a claim that John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, are entitled to the specific performance of a contract made with them by the afore-said Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, in her lifetime to convey certain real estate which contract is set forth in substance in her petition, and praying for an order authorizing and empowering her as such Executrix to convey to said John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, the said real estate which is described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Southerly line of California Street distant thereon ninety-five (95) feet Easterly from the point of intersection of said Southerly line of California Street with the Easterly line of Twenty-ninth Avenue; running thence Easterly along said Southerly line of California Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of California Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of outside Land Block Number 154 of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Tuesday, the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 9 thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition and all persons interested in the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at the time and place hereinabove specified and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted authorizing said Executrix to convey the real property hereinabove described to JOHN MCCONVILLE and MARY A. MCCONVILLE, his wife.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks prior to the date of said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court and dated this eighth day of August, A. D. 1917.

J. V. COFFEY,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

ANDREW G. MAGUIRE,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
281 Page St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 8-11-5



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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXX. No. 1307

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, SEPTEMBER 8, 1917

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*Watch for the September Lantern*



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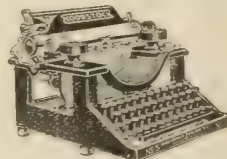
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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXX

San Francisco-Oakland, September 8, 1917

No. 1307

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John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## The Timidity of Capital

Again from the East come the voices of prophets who tell us it is unfortunate that we of San Francisco should neglect to make our city safe for capital. Again informing us that the Pacific is to be the world's big sea of the future and that somewhere on the shores of California great marts of trade are to rise, they view with amazement the folly of a city that seems to be logically located for commercial conquest. Even now we are told great enterprise is on the point of seizing opportunity, but that it has been given pause. Of course Capital is often absurdly alarmed. We know that everything will come out all right. But how unfortunate that Capital doesn't know it too. We are really becoming impatient of Capital in its timidity.

—\*—

## Long-Suffering San Francisco

In a world of discontent it was not to be expected that all would be smooth-sailing in a city of incessant feuds. Men who live under different skies seem to be ruled by the same impulses, and at present the passions that sway the human heart are epidemic. So let us not be too impatient of the present lamentable posture of affairs in this beautiful provincial city of ours. After all, the maintenance of law and order is but occasionally evidence of the apathy of forces that are normally in a lively state of agitation. This is a city of disturbances to thrill the general heart. We are seldom passive, rarely inert. Our temperament, like the crust we build upon, is volcanic. And so it is we are occasionally seized with paroxysms of indignation, as when at times we go in for moral crusades and at times for the improvement of our politics. But to relaxation from the restraints of law and order we are also occasionally inclined and riot becomes a feature of our tumultuous life. But let not the law-abiding despair. We are now in the midst of one of our periodic industrial

disturbances which may presently lead to better things. On this we have been induced to reflect by a cartoon in a Sacramento daily representing a figure of California standing over the bodies of murdered men and pointing to our jolly, irresponsible Executive, James Rolph Jr. In this manner the artist reminds us that when by reason of our follies our city is occasionally to be found behaving disgracefully the State at large takes cognizance of the truth and endeavors to lend a regenerating hand. San Francisco may not be sensible of the truth at present, may not be able to fix responsibility for the humiliating evils of the hour, but far from the madding crowd are people who are watching and waiting and drawing their own conclusions. They know James Rolph, the city's Executive, the man with the glad hand who has lighted many a Rodeo with his smiles, the genial, amiable Jeems, dapper figure in every parade, him they know as the pet of a thrifty coterie of amiable politicians, and they have not lost sight of the fact that he is on the job at a time when men are murdered in the streets of San Francisco for trying to make an honest living. Now, unpleasant as the situation is the folk who really have the interest of the city at heart may have reason to felicitate the community on the disorders by which the city has been once more disgraced. For maybe things are so bad that nothing short of a reign of terror in the metropolis would rouse the inhabitants to a sense of the urgent importance of getting rid of indulgent politicians. In the circumstances Mr. Rolph may be unfortunate. Generally speaking he is a well-meaning man, and at heart he is much opposed to strife and tumult.

—\*—

## A Straight-from-the-Shoulder Talk

President Wilson is said to have "created a profound impression on the world" by his note in reply to Pope Benedict. The President's utterance was impressive because of its forthrightness. The President gave the world a fine example of plain speaking; and the world having become accustomed to ambiguity and equivocation was much refreshed by the very simple and understandable collocation of words. The message has been described as a "masterpiece of literature." It is surely the most telling piece of prose that has emanated from the White House since President Wilson went to live in Washington. True it has no unforgettable phrases like "Too proud to fight" and "Peace

without victory;" nor is it spiced with the jargon of transcendentalism, which formerly won the President a reputation as a writer of "beautiful language," but neither is it marked by that elusiveness of words which in the early days of the war made us wish that statesmen would talk like the people in Gulliver, who to save their breath carried about with them not the names of objects, but the objects themselves. What could be plainer or more incisive than the sentence: "We cannot take the word of the present ruler of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure, unless explicitly supported by such conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves as the other peoples of the world would be justified in accepting?" This is the language of that shirt-sleeve diplomacy at which snobbish Americans blushed in the days when Grover Cleveland served unequivocal notice of intention on the precise statesmen of England. Without mincing words, President Wilson has informed the Pope that to have peace the German people must give assurance of their own sovereignty and get down to brass tacks.

—\*—

## The German Sense of Dignity

Thus Mr. Karl von Wiegand speaking of the reception of the Wilson note in neutral circles: "Some incline to the belief that despite careful wording the answer would be construed as a 'command' to the German people to change their form of government, regarded as interfering with the internal affairs of a sovereign people naturally proud, and bitterly resented." Mr. von Wiegand goes on to say that one diplomat (name omitted) fears that the German people would regard it as humiliating to do what President Wilson demands as a condition precedent to peace negotiations. In Mr. von Wiegand we have the typical German not to be dissociated from the Prussian militarist viewpoint. When Mr. von Wiegand speaks of sentiment in neutral circles he means sentiment in circles reflecting the views of pro-German propagandists. These propagandists have become somewhat less aggressive than they were several months ago, but they would still have us worry about the dignity of the German people. So Mr. von Wiegand warns us against doing or saying anything that might give the Germans a sense of humiliation. It does not occur to him that the Germans have gladly suffered humiliation at the hands of their rulers ever since they began



defying the world's opinion. If a sense of dignity is what they hope to manifest they should get busy with the work of self-rehabilitation.

### The Question of Punitive Damages

The President's letter, it is good to know, has received the hearty approval of Mr. von Wiegand's employer. Here is a gentleman who has become easy to please. He has read in the letter proof of the sourdness of his policies, proof that our Chief Magistrate has come to take his view of pressing international problems. He regards it as a fine concession to the people of Germany that no punitive damages are to be assessed against them. "Punitive damages we deem inexpedient," says the President. In a sense Mr. Wilson absolves the German people. According to his charitable opinion the people of Germany are to be regarded as victims of a dishonorable and unspeakable Imperial Government at whose hands they have suffered "all things in this war which they did not choose." And so, says our magnanimous President, though we have suffered intolerable wrongs we are not revengeful, we "desire no reprisals," but we believe, he adds, "that the intolerable wrongs done in this war by the furious and brutal power of the Imperial German Government ought to be *repaired* by way of vindicating "the sovereignty both of those that are weak and of those that are strong." Though this is plain speaking it may be somewhat euphemistic; for if the damage done is to be repaired the cost of repairs must be paid by the innocent tools of the Kaiser and his demoniac associates. In other words, while the President is not in favor of humiliating the haughty people of Germany by exacting punitive damages from them he is strongly in favor of "vindicating the sovereignty" of the weak and honorable people of Belgium and other lands. In short Mr. Wilson has given the devil a fine rhetorical whipping round the stump, but if there are sympathizers with Germany who deem it expedient to exploit the President's neat euphemisms for their self-vindication they are welcome to the solace thus derived. After all expediency is the keynote of the reply to the Pope. The President wishes it to be known that, like his Holiness, he is in favor of joining in negotiations for peace and that he has no desire of humiliating the Germans. But neither is he in favor of exempting them from responsibility for the injuries they have done. He considers it just as important to respect the feelings of the Belgians and the French and the Serbians and others of the Germans, and therefore his phrase: "vindication of the sovereignty of those that are weak and of those that are strong."

True, he would put all the blame on "the ruthless master of the German people," but he reminds us that the people "submitted with temporary zest to the domination" of its masters' purpose, and he makes it clear that he is not yet sure that those dear people have been chastened, for he says he is for peace with them only on condition that "they will accept equality and not seek domination." It is all very plain speaking, this letter of the President's, but to be appreciated it must be read from beginning to end and then read again and again.

### Hearst Pilloried in Chicago

Unjustly accusing *Town Talk* of an odd prejudice against a great patriot, an intemperate correspondent, writing from somewhere in Oakland, gives us pain and pause. The patriot is Mr. William R. Hearst of whose patriotism we have the assurance of himself, not to mention his divers publications. If our correspondent had omitted his epithet we should plead guilty to the mild impeachment. A prejudice in the broad sense of the word we have long harbored, but that we are not at all odd in our sentiments we are quite sure. Our views regarding the great wholesale publisher are shared by many notable editors and they are far from reticent as we shall presently show. Here for example is the editor of the *Chicago Daily Journal* uttering himself as follows: "Of all the purveyors of moral treason in America W. R. Hearst is unquestionably the chief." In several issues of *Town Talk* we have referred to Mr. Hearst as "the Benedict Arnold of the war," but not even in our choice of appellations have we been permitted to appear singular. The editor of the *Daily Journal* pronounces Mr. Hearst in big type "A Pupil of Benedict Arnold." "He has attained his bad eminence," says the Chicago editor, "partly by force of inherited wealth, partly, no doubt, by natural aptitude for the part, but in no small degree, *The Journal* believes, through diligent study of that arch-traitor of American history, Benedict Arnold." Quoting Arnold's address "To the Inhabitants of America" *The Journal* editor says: "Benedict Arnold is the originator, in modern times, at least, of that doctrine of a referendum on war, which is well nigh the corner stone of the Hearst temple of sedition." Notwithstanding all Mr. Hearst's protestations of loyalty to his country, in despite his belated conversion to confidence in our President, the editor of *The Journal* accuses the great publisher of "trying to poison the faith, the constancy and the courage of the American people." Thus we are reminded of the Hearst past: "Before the United States came into the war he was busy screaming about the danger

from Japan, calling for the conquest of Mexico, demanding an embargo on military exports, denouncing England, denouncing Russia, praising Germany, glorifying the submarines, urging that our navy be used to beat the blockade against Germany and give freedom of the seas." We submit that *Town Talk*, though it was the first paper to point out that Arnold was the prototype of our distinguished native son, has always been more restrained than *The Journal* in its criticisms. "He keeps sedition alive," says *The Journal*; "he encourages moral traitors braver though less fortunately placed than himself." Again: "If another weak-minded fanatic, crazed by Hearst lies, murders another president, does Mr. Hearst suppose the American people will be satisfied with social ostracism of the man morally responsible for the deed, or that they can be turned from the trail by 'weepy editorials' like those he published about McKinley—after McKinley was shot?" Wow! this is hot stuff from Chicago. No wonder that Mr. Hearst tore himself away from the New York cabarets a little while ago. Even there, by the way, he has been losing caste, for the New York, as well as the Chicago, papers have been enlightening their readers with reference to Mr. Hearst. *The World* of New York thought it a joke that Herr Wilhelm von Hearst should be mentioned for Burgermeister of New York and that journal started a campaign of ridicule which appears to have had some effect.

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## Varied Types

347—ROBERT E. COWAN

By Edward F. O'Day

Last week I presented on this page an interview with Miss Laura Steffens, the librarian of the Sutro Library which in January, 1917, was opened to the public as the San Francisco branch of the State Library. There were many things which Miss Steffens could not tell about that famous collection because her connection with it began quite recently. I thought it would be worth while to supplement her information, and so I sought out the one man who knows about all the libraries, public or private, that are or have been in San Francisco. That man is "Bob" Cowan, bookseller, book collector and bibliographer. "Bob" Cowan compiled the bibliography of Californiana published in de luxe format by the Book Club. With Boutwell Dunlap he compiled the valuable Bibliography of the Chinese Question. "Bob" Cowan's stores of book knowledge seem inexhaustible. And they are always at the disposal of those who are bookishly interested.

I asked Cowan about the men connected with the Sutro collection; about the two headquarters of it—107 Battery street and the Montgomery Block; about Sutro's methods of buying books; about many other points on which curiosity is rife. Out of a tenacious memory he answered all my questions. And first about the custodian of the Sutro collection:

"George Moss," said Cowan, "was a very unusual man. He was a bookbinder who had learned his trade from Francis Bedford, the greatest of all English bookbinders. Moss was more than a bookbinder. He was a scholar with a reading knowledge of three or four languages. He spoke French and German. He knew how to bind books, and also their contents and value. I knew him from 1891 till after Sutro's death.

"Fred Beecher Perkins was at the Montgomery Block rooms for two or three years. He had come from the Boston Public Library, and was librarian of our Public Library for a time. But he was irascible and lost his job. He was principally employed at the Montgomery Block in cataloging the collection. He was a highly cultivated scholar with a reading and writing command of seven languages. Perkins belonged to the great Beecher family, and was an unusual character.

"Dr. Roubin who had charge of the Hebrew books and manuscripts, I never knew. The best thing he did was to discover the manuscript of Maimonides, presumed to be the only one in existence. That discovery made quite a stir in the world of scholars. Roubin wrote a pamphlet of 35 or 40 pages on the subject. I remember seeing one copy of this. Doubtless there is a copy in the Sutro library itself or at Berkeley. I always had an idea that Roubin was a rabbi, or that he had, at

least, a rabbinical education. The 'Dr.' was most likely ecclesiastical.

"After Sutro's death Dr. Merritt appointed Mrs. Ella Weaver custodian of the library. Mrs. Weaver's husband was superintendent of the Alms House, and there was a sensational investigation of his administration. Mrs. Weaver did nothing at the library except keep the doors closed.

"Adolph Sutro was an educated man, to a great extent self-educated. He spoke French and German fluently. As you know, he was born at Aix-le-Chapelle, and came here in 1851. He was a very much misunderstood man. I don't think the people of California knew what a great man he was.

"In the 80's Sutro had a few books and manuscripts at Sutro Heights. He realized that there would always be general libraries. San Francisco had four: the Public, the Mechanics, the Mercantile and the Odd Fellows, all circulating libraries, and in the aggregate a magnificent lot of books. Sutro's idea was to form a library of classics and highly specialized features that could not be found in any other collection in California. He went to Europe about '83 or '84 and remained a couple of years. He liked to do things on a large scale, so he bought books en bloc.

"He bought a notably large collection from the Royal State Library at Munich. That's where he got the 4,000 incunabula. They were duplicates. The confiscation of the Bavarian monasteries had enriched this library. He bought a large collection from the Duke of Dahlberg; and the monastery at Buxheim yielded more. In 1884 occurred in England the sale of the library of Hamilton Palace which had belonged to the Duke of Hamilton and his son-in-law Beckford. Also the sale of the library of the Duke of Sunderland. Sutro bought at these sales, as well as from all the second-hand dealers of London.

"He had a queer way of buying which was particularly successful in Italy. He'd go into a book shop and see ten or fifteen thousand volumes, mostly in pigskin or parchment. He'd ask how much was wanted per volume for the whole collection. Perhaps the dealer would say, 'four lire.' He'd offer two lire, and get the whole stock. And usually it would be a bargain. Or he'd go to the old monasteries and ask the monks to sell their old treasures. They'd refuse, whereupon he'd draw from his pockets handfuls of American gold, and the impoverished monks would yield. These methods of buying account for the enormous heterogeneous mass of books in the Sutro collection. He didn't live long enough to round the collection out.

"How many books were there in the collection before the fire? I conversed on that subject several times with Moss. According to Moss there were about 125,000 volumes; he said the number had been greatly exaggerated. However, to say that there were 250,000 items in the collection would not be incorrect if you counted pamphlets, many of which would go to make an ordinary volume.

"All the incunabula were originally in the Montgomery Block. After Sutro's death the library was closed. The only will he left was dated 1882. A clause in this will devised all books and manuscripts to his daughter Emma Sutro Merritt. This clause was drawn before

the existence of the library. Dr. Merritt claimed the library constructively. There was endless litigation over the entire property, and the library was always a part of it. The precise reason why those 4,000 incunabula were lost was just this: Dr. Merritt does not entertain a large amount of faith in human kind. Scholars came from various parts to examine the incunabula which was the largest collection in the United States, and one of the ten largest collections in the world. In order not to be disturbed by these scholars Dr. Merritt had the incunabula (with the exception of about fifty) transferred to the Battery-street warehouse; and on inquiry the very easy answer was made: 'The incunabula are in storage and in chaotic shape, and cannot be shown.' The fire of 1906 obliterated all the 'chaotic features.'

"The Battery-street warehouse building was one of a row with iron fronts. The books there were on shelves, in boxes, piled up. Some were cataloged and stacked. Only Moss could put his hand on a book there. It was really a workshop. The condition was much better in the Montgomery Block. The books were housed in one large room and gallery. This had been the old two-story billiard parlor of the Montgomery Block, an adjunct of the Bank Exchange. The faded old murals and frescoes were still visible. Here the books were classified. Everything was orderly and well arranged. I first saw the collection there in 1891. The catalogue was a card index. What became of it I do not know; it should have been there still in 1906. There were about seventy or seventy-five thousand books in the Montgomery Block, and from the size of the catalogue I should say that 60,000 of them had been card-indexed. Quite a number of local people visited the collection. There was no difficulty about getting in when Moss was alive. I first went there with old Horace Moore the bookseller. He introduced me to Moss and to Sutro who was lying in great comfort on a sofa. Sutro's offices adjoined the library. I went there often, and Moss was always willing to let me stay as long as I wanted to.

"Personally I had a beautiful dream regarding the Sutro Library. In 1900 I saw a published statement of some appraisal of the estate in which the library was appraised at \$75,000. Immediately I got into correspondence with the biggest bookselling firm in the United States. I told of the number of volumes, of the features such as the incunabula, the pamphlets on the English civil wars used by Macaulay, the four folios of Shakespeare, the highly 'speculative' manuscripts in the collection and the large collection of Mexicana. The correspondence was a very hopeful one. The firm said they were able and willing to make the purchase, and authorized me to find out all about it. So I went to see Adamson who was co-executor with Dr. Merritt. Adamson, by the way, was a rare genius, an Englishman, highly capable and eccentric, above all superlatively independent. As a sort of business manager

(Continued on Page 17)

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## Perspective Impressions

Has anybody heard of a policeman using his club during the street-car strike?

Wonder if Rolph realizes how closely people all over the State are watching him these days?

A vintage festival at St. Helena! Was permission obtained from the Anti-Saloon League?

We used to say: "This war will be won on the Russian front." But we stopped saying that some time ago.

The strike communiques from the Labor Temple are about as accurate as war communiques from Berlin.

It occurs to some folks that Ambassador Gerard might have made a very good editor of a society page in a daily paper.

Do people still read Hearst editorials?

Said the Mayor of Chicago to the Mayor of San Francisco: "Let's toss up for first place."

"Johnson in New Drive on Wealth,"—Bulletin headline. Isn't it about time for Wealth to propose arbitration?

Now that David Starr Jordan is turning his back on Pacifists disclaiming sympathy with them he is in danger of finding himself without a constituency.

Where on earth is there a higher regard for the sanctity of individual rights than in a city where leaders of organized labor threaten to call a strike if in the midst of lawlessness union men are searched for deadly weapons?

Nobody seems to care whether "Bill" Denman will ever come back.

President Wilson appears to have as much confidence in Daniels as once he had in the Kaiser.

The soldiers are handling the mob in Springfield, Ill. And there is a street car strike in Springfield.

It would seem that "Jimmy" Gerard had nothing worth while except that telegram of the Kaiser's.

Billy Sunday trying to improve the morals of Los Angeles reminds us of something. We're not sure whether it's the text about gilding refined gold, or the story about Hercules cleansing the Augean stables.

## Politics in the Tropics

Life is romantic at all times and in all seasons; probably more so in the tropics than elsewhere. In the tropics there is much of the freshness of an untold fairy story in every fantastic cloud, much of the enchantment of mystery in every exotic shape that nature has taken. On a flying trip into the tropics, from which I returned the other day, I met romance at every turn; even at Waikiki Beach, famous in ragtime and lyric for sentimental adventure, the kind that poets regard as the very substance of romance. Even there, I say, because as a matter of fact, it is not romance but matter-of-fact that holds one at Waikiki. Imagination does the rest. You stare there at the Pacific with a wild surmise, like one silent upon a peak in Darien; for many a sad and melancholy song to the irritating accompaniment of the tinkleyalee, which you have groaned at somewhere "in the States," as they say in the Islands, has invested the beach with a vague sympathy and misunderstanding that give the scene of a well-worn theme a certain indescribable freshness. You stare at Japs here, there and everywhere, most unromantic Japs, and mayhap you feel the sting of a mosquito, and then you wake up and stare some more—but not with a wild surmise. Having seen beaches on many a Pacific and not a few Atlantic coasts I was not greatly thrilled at the romance of Waikiki. Yet it is not to be gainsaid that romance abounds in the tropics. You sense it first on the ocean approaches thereto, folks on shipboard seeming to have it in their system. They give manifestations of it on deck in the moonlight of the doldrums. They yield to it going and coming. To what extent the spirit of romance dominates the tropics, one may infer from the circumstance that romance is discussed even in the Commercial Club of Honolulu—the romance of politics. Yes, there is a romance even of politics in the tropics. There is, for example, the romance of Lucius E. Pinkham, the Governor of the Territory who, as a private citizen became a Republican overnight on a trip from Honolulu to "the States" and landed the gubernatorial job by virtue of his timely change of complexion.

The romance of Governor Pinkham interested me because of the part played therein by personalities with whom I am acquainted. Our

own fellow citizen, the Hon. Bill Kent, of Kentfield, the gentleman who sponsored the bewildering Shipping Board Commissioner from California, is one of Governor Pinkham's backers. How interesting to go far from home and learn of the activities of the neighbors we have left behind! Denman's friend Kent is not the only man from California who has put in a good word at headquarters for Governor Pinkham. Franklin K. Lane has busied himself in Pinkham's behalf, and will doubtless assist again now that the Governor's term is drawing to a close and his enemies are very busy. There is a movement on in Honolulu to separate Pinkham from his job. The head and front of this movement, it is said, is S. C. Huber, the Federal district attorney of the Islands who has the backing of W. A. Bryan, a professor in the College of Hawaii and chairman of the Democratic Central Committee. Now political intrigue in the Paradise of the Pacific is spiced with the very same ingredients that are employed elsewhere. When the visiting Japanese Commission was about to be given a reception in Honolulu some months ago the tip was given out that if wine were served at the banquet a complaint would be sent to Washington because of the military officers invited. Thus was Pinkham to be caught napping, and he called off the wine. When he made a speech to a company of Boy Scouts somebody perceived that his sentiments were pro-German and he was taken to task by Lauren A. Thurston, proprietor of the Commercial Advertiser, the same Thurston who served as Minister to the Provisional Government in the days of Grover Cleveland. From one group of partisans one learns that Pinkham stands in with the Big Five, the most powerful of the sugar planters who are prospering as never before. The Big Five are Alexander & Baldwin, Castle & Cook, Brewer & Co., H. Hackfeld and T. H. Davies. From Pinkham's friends one learns that the big sugar plantations are in the main controlled by the descendants of the old missionary element who are still powerful enough to direct the spirit of the community, but that when Pinkham was appointed Governor the office was for the first time made independent of missionary influence.

The fact is, however, that before Pinkham's appointment he was employed by the Planters' Association and sent to the Philippines to get labor for the plantations of Hawaii.

Whatever the truth as to the Governor's attitude toward the powerful planters they appear to be somewhat uncertain as to his intention respecting the homestead problem. The homesteading of lands has been very unsatisfactory, since the lands invariably fall into the possession of the planters, and it is felt that the system of disposing of the lands should be improved. Another pressing problem is that of the traction system which has not thus far yielded any revenue to the people. But all these are questions apart from the real romance of the Islands, which appear to be destined to grow in importance as a resort of tourists, especially of people with army and navy social connections. Before the war Honolulu was a great garrison town, and doubtless it will become much greater after the war. Certainly with its colossal new dry-dock it will be found to be of great importance to the navy. The general impression in the Islands is that our Government regards it of the utmost importance that Honolulu should become the Gibraltar of the Pacific and thus render the Pacific Coast secure from attack. By reason of this impression the people are inspired at the prospect of even greater prosperity than has prevailed of late. They feel that they are no longer to be dependent wholly on the sugar plantations; and in truth they have one other industry that is growing, that of the by-products of the pineapple, for which lately they have become indebted to the chemist's laboratory. Between these two industries great has become the prosperity of the Oahu Railroad which renders the plantations accessible to tide-water. The owners of this road, by the way, have availed themselves of the services of a crack traffic expert from San Francisco, Jack Butler, formerly of the Southern Pacific, a gentleman who has many friends in this city. Butler's talents have attracted the attention of railroad men all over the country, but he is under contract in Honolulu, and as he has become acclimated he is well satisfied for the present with his experiences in the Paradise of the Pacific.



# The Sacking of Belgium

(Being the fifth chapter of the story of Belgium's woes entitled "Through the Iron Bars" by the Belgian writer Emile Cammaerts)

If we remember that the total value of commercial transactions in Belgium, before the war, did not exceed ten million francs (£400,000) per year, we shall realize the absurdity of the German argument which shifts on to the English blockade the responsibility for Belgium's ruin. Even a complete stoppage of trade could not have done the country as much harm as the German exactions in money only. But the conquerors were not satisfied with fleecing the flock, they succeeding in robbing it of its food, in taking away its very means of life.

Quite apart from any sentimental or moral reason, the last step was a grave mistake, even from the German point of view. It would certainly have paid the Germans better in the end if they had allowed the Allies to send raw material to feed the Belgian factories, under the control of neutral Powers, and if they had not requisitioned the machines and paralyzed industry by the most absurd restrictions. It would have been a most useful move from the point of view of propaganda, and, while posing as Belgium's kind protectors, they might always have reaped the benefit through fresh taxes and new contributions. If they have killed the goose rather than gather its golden eggs it is because they could not afford to wait. It was one of these desperate measures, like the violation of Belgian neutrality, the ruthless use of Zeppelins and the sinking of the Lusitania, which did them more harm than good. From the beginning Germany has fought with a bad conscience, prompted in all her actions more by the dread of being defeated than by the clear intention of winning the game. The manifestation of such a spirit ought only to encourage her enemies; they are the sure signs of a future breakdown. In the meantime, they must cause infinite torture to the unfortunate populations which are not yet delivered from her yoke.

During the first months of occupation the requisitions extended only to foodstuffs, cattle, horses, fodder, in short, to objects which could be used by the army. They were out of all proportion to the resources of the country (article 52 of the Hague Convention) and therefore absolutely illegal, but they could still be considered as military requisitions. In a most interesting article published in Smoller's "Jahrbuch für Gesetzgebung Verwaltung und Volkswirtschaft," Professor Karl Ballod admits that the requisitions made in Belgium and Northern France have more than compensated for the harm caused by the Russian invasion of East Prussia. Not only the army of occupation, but all the troops concentrated on the northern sectors of the western front, "three million men," have been fed by the conquered provinces. Besides this, Germany took from Belgium, at the beginning of the war, "more than 400,000 tons of meal and at least 1,000,000 tons of other foodstuffs."

With Governor von Bissing's arrival the requisitions extended to whatever raw material was needed in the Fatherland, and all pretense of respecting the Hague Convention (article 49) ceased forthwith: One after another the stocks of raw cotton, of wool, of nickel, of jute, of copper, were seized and conveyed to Germany. The administration seized, in the same way, all the machines which could be employed, beyond the Rhine, for the manu-

facture of shells and munitions. I am afraid of tiring the reader with the long enumeration of these arbitrary decrees, but in order to give him an idea of what is still going on at the present moment, I have gathered here all the measures of the kind taken by the paternal administration of Baron von Bissing which came to our knowledge during one month only (October last). I have chosen the period at random, and it must not be forgotten that, owing to the difficulties of communication, these particulars are far from complete. They will, however, give a fair idea of the economic situation of the country after the second year of occupation:

October 5: The requisitions in cattle have been so frequent in Flanders that many farmers have not a milch cow left.

October 6: Owing to the lack of motors, bicycles and horses some tradespeople in Brussels are using oxen to draw their carts.

October 10: All the chestnut trees around Antwerp have been requisitioned. Potatoes cannot be conveyed from one place to another even in small quantities.

October 17: According to a decree dated September 27, any person possessing more than 50 kilos of straps or cables must report it under penalty of one year's imprisonment or a fine up to 20,000 marks.

October 19: The scarcity of potatoes is increasing, in spite of a good crop. The peasants were forbidden to pull out their plants before July 21, when the greater part of the crop was commandeered.

October 22: The boot factories in Brussels are forbidden to work over 24 hours per week.

October 27: A decree dated October 7 adds borax to the list of sulphurous products which must be declared according to the decree of September 16.

October 29: The Germans continue to take away the rails of the light railways ("vicinaux"). The line from St. Trond to Hanut has been demolished. A great deal of rolling stock has been commandeered. Owing to the shortage of lubricating oil it is to be feared that this last mode of conveyance left to the Belgians will have to be stopped shortly.

October 30: A decree dated September 30 makes the measures for the requisition of metals still more severe. All the steel material—in whatever shape it may be (including tools)—must be declared to the Abteilung für Handel und Gewerbe in Brussels, under a penalty of five years of imprisonment (25,000 marks).

October 31: The commune of Anderlecht has voted a credit of 40,000 francs for the purchase of wooden shoes as the shortage of leather prevents most of the people from buying boots.

November 1: A decree dated October 14 prepared for the seizure of all textile materials, ribbons, hosiery, etc. No more than one-tenth of the stocks can be manufactured, under a penalty of 10,000 marks. A decree dated October 17 makes the declaration of poplars all over Belgium compulsory.

It was unnecessary to underline any passages of this report. However bad may be the impression it causes, it would be twenty-six times worse if we had the leisure to follow step by step the progress of German economic policy in Belgium. It is evident that the German administration, in spite of its former

declarations, is resolved to ruin Belgian industry and to throw out of work the greatest number of men possible. All raw material must go to Germany in order to be worked there. As it has become evident that the Belgian workers will not submit to war work so long as they remain in their surroundings, they must be torn away from their country and compelled to follow the materials and machines over the frontier. Labor has become an inanimate object necessary to the prosecution of the German war. It is as indispensable to Germany as cotton, nickel and copper. It will be treated as such. If the men resist, they will be crushed. If the soul of Belgium will not yield to persuasion, it will be taken away from her, like her cattle, her corn, her iron and her steel. And so Belgium will become a weapon in Germany's hands, a weapon which will strike at Belgium. And the only thought of the deported worker turning a shell in a German factory will be, as is suggested by Louis Raemakers' cartoon, "Perhaps this will kill my son."

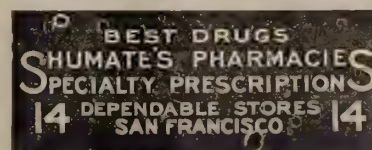
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We must now deal with the second factor which makes the conditions worse in Belgium than in Germany. While German peace factories, ruined by the blockade, have been turned into war factories, the majority of Belgian industries have remained idle. In spite of the high wages offered by the Germans—some skilled workmen were offered as much as £2 and £2 10s. per day—the workers resisted the constant pressure exerted upon them and preferred to live miserably on half-wages or with the help given them by the Comité National rather than accept any work which might directly or indirectly help the occupying Power. If a few thousands, compelled by hunger or unable to resist their conquerors' threats, passed the frontier, all the rest of the working population kept up, under the most depressing conditions, a great patriotic strike, the "strike of folded arms." If they could not, as the 20,000 young heroes who crossed the Dutch frontier, join the Belgian army on the Yser; they could at least wage war at home and oppose to the enemy the impenetrable rampart of their naked breasts. It should not be said, when King Albert should return to Brussels at the head of his troops, that his subjects had not shared the sufferings of his soldiers. They should also have their wounds to show, they should also have their dead to honor.

\* \* \* \* \*

When, at the beginning of November, last, the protests of the Belgian Government and the "Signal of Distress" of the Belgian bishops made known the slave raids which had taken place, most of the outside world was shocked and surprised. It had lived, for months, under the impression that "things were not so bad" in the conquered provinces. After the outcry caused by the atrocities of August, 1914, there came a

(Continued on Page 18)





## The Kings

By Louise Imogen Guiney

A man said unto his Angel:  
"My spirits are fallen low,  
And I cannot carry this battle:  
O brother! where might I go?"

"The terrible Kings are on me  
With spears that are deadly bright;  
Against me so from the cradle  
Do fate and my fathers fight."

Then said to the man his Angel:  
"Thou wavering witless soul,  
Back to the ranks! What matter  
To win or to lose the whole,

"As judged by the little judges  
Who hearken not well, nor see?  
Not thus, by the outer issue,  
The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the sovereign measure  
And only event of things:  
The puniest heart, defying,  
Were stronger than all these Kings.

"Though out of the past they gather,  
Mind's Doubt and Bodily Pain,  
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit  
That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief, in a cloud of banners,  
And ringleted Vain Desires,  
And Vice with the spoils upon him  
Of thee and thy beaten sires—

"While Kings of eternal evil  
Yet darken the hills about,  
Thy part is with broken sabre,  
To rise on the last redoubt:

"To fear not sensible failure,  
Nor covet the game at all,  
But fighting, fighting, fighting,  
Die, driven against the wall!"

## My Mexican Mozo

By Grenville Holms

He is a large man, girthing more at the paunch than at the chest. His fat legs are tailored in trousers so burstingly tight that it seems more than likely he first donned them in the days when he was a slim youth with the express purpose of some day filling them. He has done more, for above his belt it may be noticed that he overflows in one big wrinkle of pendulous flesh. I have called him at all hours of the night, and he invariably appears on the instant—in his trousers. This has set me thinking, but I lack the temerity to ask him if he ever takes them off. In addition, I somehow feel that the question would be superfluous. I know he couldn't!

His charro jacket is ridiculously short, giving from a hind view the impression of a boy's Eton jacket; but even this does not detract one whit from his dignity. His overweening pride is the most salient feature of his personality. As he struts down the narrow streets the peons jostle each other to make way for him. He carries a hidden insult in his manner. He does not strive to be ingratiating with anyone. Even with me he is rather distant. He looks down upon me because I am Scotch.

It appears that he was once moved to make inquiries of a former employer as to the differences that might exist between the various breeds of Gringos. This man, who was English, explained to him that all Gringos were not Americans, rightly or wrongly; and further, that even all Ingleses were not English, since some of them were Scotch, others Irish and a few Welsh, to say nothing of Canadians and Australians. My mozo was not satisfied until he had probed this matter to the heart. The Englishman granted details and said it was true that the Scotch lived in the same island with the English, but that they belonged to a totally different race and had been a savage and barbarous people until they came under the civilizing influence of the English. My mozo debated this matter in his own mind for the space of a whole day and, at dinner, delivered this astonishing opinion to his master: "Pues, señor"—this is the way in which he invariably prefaces a speech of any consequence—"it appears that these Scotch are to the English something like

what our Indians are to us!" Hence my fear that in secret he despises me, although he is himself only a simple Indian.

He possesses a courtesy that, where señoritas are concerned, amounts to positive gallantry. He takes pains to concoct a daily bouquet for my wife, for which she never fails to express surprise and thanks. In his lordly way he replies, "Por nada, señorita" ("For nothing, miss"). It is a polite fiction this that he adopts of calling my wife "señorita." I used to resent it hotly, as an aspersion on the validity of our married state, till it was explained to me that he desired by subtle compliment to imply that she seemed altogether too youthful to be married! The practice is common enough throughout all Mexico. I have frequently heard a woman of fifty with five children addressed quite irrationally as "señorita."

In referring to his fellow servants my mozo is most punctilious. It is "Don José" with him when he speaks of the boy-of-all-work; or "el señor jardinero" when he deigns to mention the gardener; "Doña Eusebia" is the cook. He would think shame to talk to me of any of them without these titles, but it becomes very vexatious at times. For instance, he will come and tell me that a señor is waiting to speak to me. When I inconvenience myself to go forth to greet this señor I often find a very dirty peon. Now I am wary enough to make particular inquiries as to the social standing of the señores before the granting of an interview. My mozo would not deem it respectful to put things bluntly to me.

In many ways he is superb. Whatever he lays his hands on—a saddle, a bit, my table silver, my boots—he leaves it shining with honest elbow grease. Perhaps he is honest, so I send him to market. There are often strange items in his rude accounts; for example: Jabon y gato (soap and cat), .06; Chinchere!, 3.00. I do not know why he will never consent to separate the cat from the soap. The cat is never washed and it does not feed on the soap, but between them there is—there must be—some mysterious link, known to, or perhaps only suspected by, my mozo. The word "Chinchere!" I failed to find in any Spanish

dictionary. I asked an American of twenty-five years' residence in the country if he was acquainted with it, but he shook his head. After all, it was only my mozo's way of writing ginger ale.

He believes in esprit de corps and is no informer. Once I missed Doña Eusebia the cook and made inquiries of him. Did he know where she was? Since she had neither grace nor youth, I felt no indelicacy in being curious, yet my mozo was obviously ill at ease. Probing the matter, it came out that her son was in jail and she had gone to visit him. People go to jail so often in Mexico and for such trivial faults that it was odd I ever troubled to ask the cause of the incarceration. As usual he toned it down: "Pues, señor, era nada más que una matacita" ("Sir, it was really nothing but a little murder"). And the son of the cook was seventeen years old, but nevertheless he had loved, been jealous and shown himself "muy hombre," or very much of a man, by way of a few drinks and a sharp knife.

My mozo costs me one peso per day in wages, and his food, frijoles and tortillas (beans and corncakes), may be set at twenty-five to thirty cents. In return for this he keeps my clothes tidy, brushes my boots and shoes, soaps the saddlery, polishes the silver, waits at table, runs errands (in a very stately way), checks baggage, attends me on journeys and gives me faithful service. When, in the course of events, he packs my trunks for the last time and I take my leave of Mexico, I shall part from my mozo with a regretful "Adios," which I would fain were "Hasta luego" ("See you later").

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# Poems About San Franciscans

## 40—THE PASSING OF BIERCE

By George Sterling

Dream you he was afraid to live?  
 Dream you he was afraid to die?  
 Or that, a suppliant of the sky,  
 He begged the gods to keep or give?  
 Not thus the Shadow-Maker stood,  
 Whose scrutiny dissolved so well  
 Our thin mirage of Heaven and Hell—  
 The doubtful evil, dubious good.

If, drinking at the close of day,  
 The staling wine at last displease,  
 And, coming to the bitter lees,  
 One take the sickened lips away,  
 Who shall demand the pilgrim keep  
 A twilight session with Disgust,  
 And know, since revellers cry he must,  
 A farewell nausea ere he sleep?

Were his a reason to embrace  
 The Roman's dignity of death,  
 Whose will decreed his final breath,  
 Determining the time and place,  
 Be sure his purpose was of pride,  
 A matter not of fear, but taste  
 When, finding mire upon the waste,  
 And hating filth, he turned aside.

If now his name be with the dead,  
 And, where the gaunt agaves flow'r  
 The vulture and the wolf devour  
 The lion-heart, the lion-head,  
 Be sure that head and heart were laid  
 In wisdom down, content to die.  
 Be sure he faced the Starless Sky  
 Unduped, unmurmuring, unafraid.

# The Spectator

### Our Little Storm of Anarchy

"This is what I call making the city safe for democracy," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, when Senator Hartman told him of another conductor whose head had been broken by a bolt from the blue. Senator Hartman raised his eyebrows.

"Yes," continued the clockwinder. "It's important that Democracy should have its fling, as it were, and far be it from Mayor Rolph to put a policeman in its way. The policeman is the symbol of authority and authority is a tyrant. The policeman is the enemy of popular rule."

"You speak as though you're in sympathy with the strike," said Senator Hartman.

The clockwinder smiled. "Don't call this little unpleasantness a strike, Senator. It's simply an ordinary case of civil war personally conducted by the Democracy of San Francisco. Who's striking? Nobody. Here we had a coterie of capitalists running a railroad which Union Labor, embodying the principles of democracy, wished to unionize. To do this it became necessary to separate men from their work by means of German frightfulness and scare the inhabitants away from the street cars. It's a case of improving the government by anarchy along democratic lines with the consent and approval of the authorities."

"But the authorities," Hartman exclaimed, "ought to stop these attacks on vested interests."

The clockwinder guffawed. "Why, Senator, you talk like a bloated bondholder," he said. "Why should the authorities interfere? You forget that we are living in San Francisco. This is a really democratic city. Union Labor has made it perfectly safe for democracy." Roaring with laughter the clockwinder continued: "I'll bet that you've been fooled by the committee of business men that waited on the Chief of Police last week. I'll bet you thought those bankers and merchants were on the level, that they really wanted the Mayor to interfere with the brave democrats from the Union Iron Works." Again the water-front sage emitted gales of laughter much to Senator Hartman's indignation.

### Our Merchants and Newspapers

"So you don't take those business men seriously," Hartmann observed when the clockwinder's mirth subsided.

"Listen," said the clockwinder, fixing Senator Hartman with a merry eye, "business men in San Francisco are never to be taken seriously. Hence we have precisely the kind of city government we deserve—a genuine, care-free, democratic government, the spirit of which is nicely reflected in our press. Our business men are satisfied with our newspapers, aren't they?"

"They seem to be."

"Precisely."

"And our newspapers are satisfied with our government, aren't they?"

"Not always," Hartman replied. "I saw the other day that they demanded that violence be stopped."

"Quite true. They were given the tip that merchants were thinking of withdrawing their ads, and at once the newspapers thundered and Mayor Rolph was given a shock. But Jim wasn't long in getting wise. He knew as well as the newspapers that the merchants weren't to be taken seriously for more than a day."

"But the press did demand that violence be stopped," Hartman repeated.

"Oh, yes indeed, they demanded,—but the bolts continued to fly, and the Supervisors proposed arbitration, and Rolph proceeded to increase railroad competition, and busses were bought and everything was done to make the railroad president understand that he was in wrong, and it was made a little clearer to the employees of the company who wish to work to support their families that so far as the authorities are concerned it would be advisable to quit, and—"

"And this is what you call democratic rule!" the little statesman exclaimed.

"Precisely; just as we like it in San Francisco and Russia."

"Well," said Hartman, "I'm disgusted with it."

### Sparing Sensitive Feelings

Once more the clockwinder showed signs of agitation, and with tears of laughter rolling

from his eyes he admonished Senator Hartman to be calm and philosophic. "This kind of popular rule is outrageous," Hartman exclaimed.

"Say not so, Gus," the clockwinder mildly pleaded. "You must never indict a whole community. Even the people—"

"I don't believe the people are sympathizing with anarchy."

"Tut! tut! my boy. Even the people, I was about to say, may for the moment be feeling as you do—that it's all very outrageous, for the people are unreasonable at times. Here are the merchants making absurd demands on the Mayor, demanding that violence be stopped, as though they would expect him to police the cars, which is of course the effective way of ending anarchy, but—"

"And why shouldn't he?"

"Nonsense, Gus. Phelan did something like that once, and it almost ended his political career, did end it for some years. Anyway it



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kept him busy rehabilitating himself and cost him something like a quarter of a million to make the labor leaders forget. And at that he had to write a letter extenuating his conduct. Now surely you wouldn't expect our Jim to put himself in jeopardy. Granted that the police on the cars would solve the little problem, but you don't see the newspapers suggesting anything like that, do you? And you don't find the big merchants making suggestions along that line, do you? It's our big merchants and their landlords that keep the newspapers alive and the newspapers are observing an eloquent silence except when they are encouraging the bolt-throwing Democracy. Then why in the name of all that's pure and holy should Rolph be guilty of inefficiency? If he'd police the cars he'd hurt the feelings of union labor, and that would be terrible."

Senator Hartman exploded. "What rot! I suppose it would hurt the feelings of all the burglars in town if police were staked out in a district where burglaries were common."

"Probably it would," said the clockwinder, "and if the burglars belonged to union labor in San Francisco you can bet the police would be kept out of the district. Let's be reasonable."

### A Big Man from California

"Who is the big man of the Administration?" This is the question, William Marion Reedy tells us, "that is much discussed in Washington." When the question is asked Woodrow Wilson is barred, Editor Reedy says, and then, after considering the qualities of several Cabinet officers, he says: "Summing up a thousand estimates I should say that the country believes Lane to be the big man of the Cabinet." This was precisely my estimate within a very few months after the Administration with all its blinding intellectual lights was introduced to the country. But, to be quite frank, my estimate was not made on the assumption or belief that Lane was a big man. It was merely intended to enable people hereabouts to take the measure of the Cabinet, for we knew Lane in California, and presumably his measure would serve accurately as a standard of measurement. Perhaps I was greatly in error in believing Lane to be big in Washington only because his political associates were so small. Undoubtedly Lane has loomed large by contrast. He really does dwarf his associates, but nevertheless he may be a big man by actual measurement. Maybe I have been deceived by his panegyrists, many of whom base their estimates of him in part on his record in California. With that record some of us are familiar, and when we read that he was once City Attorney of San Francisco how logical to observe, "And so was Percy Long;" when we are reminded that he ran for Governor of California, the temptation is strong to add, "Yes, and Hiram

Johnson was twice elected Governor of California and once Senator from California and look at him now—a national butt of ridicule, obviously several hands shorter than the demagogue from Wisconsin. To endeavor to be just to Lane one must trim his California record discreetly. What he has done worth while has been done in Washington, and I am no longer going to challenge his claims to public applause. Let us consider Lane, the one acknowledged big man from California.

### His San Francisco Career

In sizing up any man one should have a devout faith in the mutability of his kind. True there are men incapable of intellectual growth, and it is a common error to reason about men on the assumption of immutability. Hence you often hear it said of a man, "Why I knew him when he lived in my neighborhood; don't tell me about him." Now intellectual change is common enough, and it is to be frequently observed in men whose heads have stars and sunbeams known, men who have been broadened by a mere touch of practical affairs. They shift their outlook, cast the skin of ancient error, and even the once prosaic have been known to have wide visions and far horizons. Surely such may be the outcome of a career spent in Washington. A familiar instance of the case of a man transformed is that of John Burns, the British Cabinet Minister who conquered his illiteracy in the game of life. Another instance was that of Congressman Loud who worked as a shoemaker in a factory in Hayes street, rose to Congress from a job in the City Hall, and became one of the best informed statesmen of the lower house. And what about Congressman Kahn? Once a second-rate actor, later a lawyer and a notable, and one of the most brilliant, statesmen in Washington. Now Franklin K. Lane was never illiterate or a dullard. I knew him first as a reporter fresh from college. While working in the newspaper business, he studied law. For years he was half-journalist, half-lawyer, mingling always with lawyers and journalists. Journalism appeared to be his favorite profession, and he worked at all angles of it, once acting as business manager for that bright ephemeral weekly, "McEwen's Letter." Surely no man had a better training for the career he is now following than Franklin K. Lane.

### A Likeable Personality

Here in San Francisco it is frequently said by way of disparagement that Lane is a glutton for publicity and that it is because of his genius for publicity that he has won distinction in the Cabinet. Surely it is not to the discredit of a statesman in a democracy that he employs successfully the art that keeps him in touch with the dear people. And surely it is not to Lane's

discredit that he has retained the affections of the profession in which by his industry he was enabled to rise. Undoubtedly Lane has received much fine boosting from the press, not all of it judicious, much of it somewhat silly, but emerging from his environment in San Francisco he has succeeded where thousands have failed, and behind him is a past of exceptionally fine achievement. Today it is said by William Marion Reedy, a well-informed editor: "If Franklin Knight Lane had been born an American he would almost inevitably be the next candidate of Democracy for President." How different, by the way, the case of Hiram Johnson. Nobody is thinking such thoughts of the former idol of California who started East to mount the ladder on Progressive shoulders. Yes, Lane has grown intellectually in his late environment. First chosen by President Roosevelt, he won the confidence of President Taft and again of President Wilson, he is applauded for his record in the Interstate Commerce Commission and for his achievements as Secretary of the Interior, and today it is owing to his common sense and certain likeable human qualities that he shines by contrast. What his panegyrists of the magazines have said of him is not impressive, so stale and unprofitable have become the expressions of the hero-makers of maganedom, but it is significant that, as Reedy says, "Washington thinks very well of Franklin K. Lane, and seldom does Washington think well of anybody."

### Explaining the Fremont Fiasco

The length to which political gossip will go in explaining a mystery is well illustrated by the whisper now going the rounds of Democratic politicians who are supposed to be "in the know." This whisper purports to explain why Camp Fremont was suddenly abandoned. The explanation makes the order which fell like a thunder bolt on San Francisco the expression of President Wilson's anger with Senator Phelan. It's a queer story to be circulated by Democrats. The story runs that President Wilson did not want Senator Phelan to persist in his determination to defend "Bill" Denman on the floor of the Senate after Denman had been fired off the Shipping Board. But Phelan and Denman are close friends, and Phelan insisted on going through with his defense. And so, the whisper goes, President Wilson ordered the abandonment of Camp Fremont, just to show Senator Phelan how angry he was. It sounds like a story invented by political enemies of the Administration, but actually it is getting its circulation among "the



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faithful." They may believe it, if they please; I do not.

#### The Fight on Davie

After having let the Davie recall travel of its own momentum all of the Oakland newspapers have piled into the fray and, until the thing is settled, the east side of the bay is going to be too busy to worry about street car strikes or possible advances in ferry rates. Overnight the recall has grown from a menacing cloud to a thunder storm and the desire to seek shelter is widespread. The fight now, it is estimated and evident, is to be in the open. While heretofore supporters of the measure were many, they were silent and hopeful; now the time has come for the cards to be put on the table. Two issues, it is apparent, will be urged. One is that the Mayor has allowed George Kaufmann to become his political dictator and to build up a machine. The other is that a Kaufmann-made budget will cripple city departments. So really there is but one issue, and that one hails from the East and wears whiskers like J. Ham Lewis. On the night upon which all of the newspapers announced that the fight had started there was a hurried conference of Kaufmann and Davie. Morning newspapermen are said to have stormed the door of the Mayor's apartment seeking an interview. They came away with flat dismissals and an impression that the atmosphere of Davie's room was of the hue of indigo. It is going to be quite a fight.

#### Oakland's Warring Commissioners

To the rescue of the reputation of Oakland's City Hall for furnishing vaudeville entertainment have come Commissioners Soderberg and Jackson with the result that almost any meeting nowadays is worth neglecting a circus to attend. It started a short time back when Jackson publicly informed his colleague that, "You are nothing but a city hall messenger boy." Soderberg is a new member of the Council and is not accustomed to the good old name-calling habits that have held good for two years, and to be called a messenger boy vexed him sorely. His chance to retaliate came when fire department changes were considered, changes which Jackson declared would motorize the department before it had motors. "I am willing to take the word of the civil service board," interrupted Soderberg, "because from what I know of Jackson's record while in office I'd rather take a chance on someone else." The two don't speak, there are many dark looks, and the gallery increases daily.

#### Harmonizing Oakland's Police

Chief J. Henry Nedderman of the Oakland police department has qualified as a brave man with the announcement that, single-handed, he will "harmonize" the force. Memories of the Heath Club which all but disrupted the department, of the lottery scandal, oil stock salesmen in uniform, and other affairs are not to stand in the way. There is going to be harmony, says the chief, or somebody is going to squeal. To swell the harmony chorus Nedderman will name Corporal Vernon J. Coley as his secretary. Now Coley was a candidate for the

job that is Nedderman's and the move will do much to remove discord. Again, Captain Thorvald Brown of the Melrose Station will be given the place of Captain Charles Bock downtown. This is going to please a lot of friends of Brown's. One might imagine that the melody would be complete were it not for the fact that Brown was once "investigated" and that there is a large delegation lined up against him, Bock's friends. Other changes in the department will mean that Acting Captain Lew Agnew, who has been on duty at the Central Station for years, will "go to the rhubarbs," with either Charles McCarthy or William Emigh as his successor. Also a number of sergeants, corporals and patrolmen are to be shifted about.

#### The Death of Will Greenbaum

Will Greenbaum is dead, and San Francisco music has suffered a grievous loss. His health has been delicate for a year, but it was only after his return from his annual vacation that fears were expressed for him. His death had been expected for a week. An unmarried man, he died where he would have wished to die—at the home of his sister Mrs. Abraham Rosenberg, for the family tie was very strong with Will Greenbaum. There are two other sisters, Mrs. Nellie Jacobs and Miss Ida Greenbaum, all residents of this city. To them the sympathy of all our music lovers goes out. There was not a lover of music in this city who did not know Will Greenbaum, and none could know him without respecting him. Will Greenbaum was a good man, a man of stainless integrity, a great San Franciscan. In expressing my sympathy for his bereaved family, I must also extend my condolence to his associate of many years, to a man who loved him with a deep and unusual affection, Selby Oppenheimer.

#### His Career

Will Louis Greenbaum was born in the city of Sacramento in 1866. His father was a pioneer who had journeyed to Sacramento from New Orleans by way of the Isthmus of Panama. He was a stock broker, and when Will was six weeks old he moved to San Francisco. Will Greenbaum spent the rest of his life here. When he was old enough for school he was sent to the Lincoln Primary, and continued on through the Lincoln Grammar. Afterwards he went to the Boys' High, now known as Lowell High. He took lessons on the piano from Gustav Hinrichs who was the leader of the Tivoli orchestra and who was to have an important influence on his career. He mastered also the violin and the cornet; and at the time when Richard M. Tobin was playing first violin, and Denis O'Sullivan was playing viola in the St. Ignatius College Orchestra, Will Greenbaum was playing cornet in the same organization. When he finished high school his father bought him a perfume factory and he went heart and soul into the business. Greenbaum's perfumes and perfumed soaps were very well known in this city up to the time of the great fire. It was a paying business until the drug stores became his rivals.

#### He Becomes an Impresario

Greenbaum had been taking music lessons from Hinrichs for fifteen years when that artist left San Francisco. In 1899 Hinrichs returned to conduct the first season of Italian grand opera at the old Tivoli. His old pupil arranged a series of symphony concerts. They were known as the Hinrichs-Beel concerts and were given at the Baldwin. The San Fran-

cisco Symphony Society with Hinrichs as its first, and Fritz Scheel as its second conductor, grew out of them. Greenbaum arranged for the soloists at all the concerts—and that was the way he became an impresario. At the Baldwin he met Alfred Bouvier, and together they brought to this city the Ellis opera company with Melba as the star. Then they brought out Nordica, and Mascagni, and Kocian and many others. All San Franciscans know what a musical event the coming of Mascagni was. Bouvier died, universally mourned, and Greenbaum embarked in the business alone. No individual did so much for the musical education of this city. Schumann-Heink, Sembrich, the Conried opera company, the Damrosch symphony orchestra, Paderewski, Ysaye, Bispham were among the first of the musical attractions he gave us. Later he brought here Hofmann, Zimbalist, Eames, Calve and Gadske, the Chicago symphony and (during the Exposition) the Boston Symphony. Of course my list is far from complete. Greenbaum did not confine himself to musicians. He gave us the Ben Greet Players in Shakespeare and "Everyman;" he gave us Maud Allan; he gave us the greatest productions of Russian ballet ever seen in the West. A list of the Greenbaum programmes would be the syllabus of a liberal education in the art of the theatre.

#### His Personality

Will L. Greenbaum was a man of fine personality, but he attracted also by his knowledge and experience. He was a man of high musical cultivation. His brain was a storehouse of musical compositions which he played like an artist and which no artist could play in his hearing and hope to go undetected for a slurred note or a misinterpreted passage. He knew more operas, more symphonies, more concertos than any other amateur in San Francisco. As for the literature of music, he was a walking edition of Grove—and could tell you many an interesting story never embalmed in those



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classical pages. He could read a score in French or German, and could smooth a ruffled artistic temperament in Spanish or Italian. The newspaperman wishing to interview a star who had no English found Greenbaum a tower of strength. He never had any trouble with his artists. When a dancer got hysterics or a diva refused to sing Greenbaum didn't coax, threaten or storm; he just shrugged his shoulders, twinkled through his glasses and if there was a loss, charged it to profitable experience. Frequently there was a loss. It doesn't always pay to give San Francisco the best in music or other forms of art. We are not invariably appreciative. Greenbaum frequently lost money. When he had a financial success, on the other hand, it was usually a big one. He never associated with artists off the stage if he could help it. This was his only idiosyncrasy. Perhaps alone among impresarios, he was more interested in the performance than in the box office.

#### Not Regulation, Abolition

I happened to attend a meeting of the police committee of the Board of Supervisors last week, and so by accident I witnessed what I consider typical activity of the so-called reform variety. Representatives of the State Board of Pharmacy with their attorney Arthur Brouillet appeared before the committee demanding the confiscation of the business of the California Messenger Service and the San Francisco Messenger Service. They demanded that the wires of these concerns be pulled out and that they be prevented from doing any more business in this city. Pretty drastic action, and why? Because the investigators of the State Board had caught messenger boys working for these concerns peddling cocaine and morphine. The representatives admitted that they had never been able to connect the proprietors of the two messenger concerns with the felonious traffic; but they voiced their suspicions, and on the strength of those suspicions asked that two legitimate concerns in which several thousands have been invested be destroyed by the Supervisors. The police committee consisting of Supervisors Lahaney, Hocks and Deasy refused to take the action demanded. But was not the demand made upon them typical of what is being attempted or done all the time by overzealous reformers and uplifters?

#### A Great Spectacle in San Rafael

The centenary of the foundation of the Mission of San Rafael will be celebrated next Sunday in a picturesque and impressive manner. The celebration will comprise civic and religious ceremonies marked by many features calculated to delight the eye and heart and quicken the imagination. Preparations for the celebration have been in progress many weeks under the direction of Rev. P. A. Foley, pastor of St. Raphael Church, his assistants and the Marin Chamber of Commerce, and doubtless the affair will be attended by thousands of people from all sections of the State. The big event of the day will be an open-air Mass which will be celebrated on the spot where the cross was first planted by the missionaries a century ago. The Mass will be celebrated by the Rev. H. Storf, Provincial General of the Franciscans of California, who will be assisted by many repre-

sentatives of the clergy, and the centenary sermon will be preached by Archbishop Hanna. During the Mass there will be singing by a choir of one hundred and thirty girls from the Dominican Convent at San Rafael who will chant old Spanish hymns that were familiar to the communicants in the old adobe church one hundred years ago. Preceding the Mass a colorful pilgrimage procession headed by Governor Stephens will pass through the streets of the town. This procession with its elaborate floats will be in the nature of an historical pageant. September ninth will certainly be a gala day in San Rafael. Every hour of the day there will be new features of the celebration and visitors will be held long after the sun goes down.

#### Our Chrome Industry

That versatile businessman Fred Swanton of Santa Cruz and all California, is before the public just now in the interesting and remunerative role of a chrome magnate. For the chrome industry has come back to California, and Fred Swanton is one of its beneficiaries. California is the only State in the United States which produces chrome. Thirty years ago chrome was shipped from California, but soaring freight rates made the business unprofitable, and all the deposits of chrome in California were virtually abandoned. The American market was supplied by Austria which sent chrome across the ocean as ballast and built up a profitable industry. Of course we have had no chrome from Austria since the beginning of the war. That has made it necessary to tap the Californian deposits once more. For chrome is used in hardening steel, in manufacturing projectiles and in chemical work. It is indispensable. One of the first to realize the importance of our chrome deposits was Fred Swanton who is always on the look-out for something good in the business way. Together with W. P. Netherton, president of the Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Santa Cruz, and R. H. Farmer, a local mining man, Fred Swanton got control of the chrome deposits at Newcastle in Placer County, one of the best chrome mines in the State. "We have four thousand acres," says Fred, "and we've only scratched them so far." Part of the outfit for working the deposits is an eighteen-hundred foot three-rail tramway to carry the chrome down the side of the mountain. And also the first concentrating mill ever erected on a chrome mine in California. The chrome ore is shipped to the steel companies; the low grade ore is concentrated, and the concentrates are used by the chemical companies. Swanton informs me that \$250,000 worth of chrome is shipped out of California every month. There are chrome deposits in Napa, Shasta, Fresno, Alameda, San Luis Obispo and Nevada counties, but according to J. S. Diller of the U. S. Geological Survey, Newcastle in Placer County is one of the most important in California.

#### Women Jurors

On Friday, August 31, the trial of a petty larceny "suit club" case could not proceed in Judge Brady's court because one of the jurors was unaccountably absent from the box. This juror had given no warning—just flitted. The case was put over until Monday, September 3.

When the case was called on Monday afternoon it was found that once again the juror was absent. This time, however, there was an explanation. The juror, the message said, was not feeling well. Judges are not used to this sort of conduct on the part of jurors. Judge Brady sent two detectives to the home of the juror who was not feeling well. They found the juror fully dressed and exhibiting no signs of illness. Stating that no person should be permitted to underestimate the importance of jury duty, Judge Brady issued an attachment to compel the attendance of this unusual juror. Now this juror was a "juresse;" she was one of twelve women impaneled to try a case of particular interest to women. Before she disappeared—when all the "juressees" were in the box, and a statement was made by one of the attorneys, a statement reflecting on "suit clubs," an enthusiastic cheer went up from the women jurors. All of which raises the question: will

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Bohemianism and Art

Years ago a great diva was discovered in San Francisco, and though some of us were pronounced over-enthusiastic in our acclaim, the whole city felicitated itself when the uncompromising verdict of the few was confirmed later in New York. Ever since then it has been frequently said that San Francisco knows what's what in the musical line. It is thus that the pardonable pride of the provinces expresses itself. And why not? We are a music-loving community; we vindicate our passion for good music by making it worth the while for great artists to come to San Francisco; and long years ago we were generous in our support of opera companies rounded up for our pleasure near the ends of the earth. Even now we support a fine symphony orchestra, and if our preposterously rich down the peninsula had been allowed to do as they wished we might have had a fine public temple of music. But meanwhile listen to the music of the band, the municipal, strictly union band, and let us evidence our devotion to the art of music by organizing parties of "culture" with the Bohemian instinct to wander along the slopes of Telegraph Hill in quest of adventure and unknown genius. Oh, yes indeed, we know what's what in the provinces. And we are so hungry for music, operatic music, that we applaud mediocrity on the Barbary Coast and compare it to the Tivoli of old with an indulgent indifference to our reputation for discrimination, not to mention the feelings of "Doc" Leahy. What must have been the emotions of "Doc" Leahy—assuming that he has heard the company of barnstormers—when he read that somebody was reminded of the days of cheap Italian opera at the Tivoli. It was cheap Italian opera indeed, that we used to hear at the old Tivoli, but the difference between that and the Rumanian variety the Coast is giving us now is well nigh the difference between a German band and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. I hate to disparage or discourage well-meaning theatrical enterprise, but I hate also to sit idly by when the art lovers of San Francisco are threatening to give a black eye to cherished traditions. I suspect these art lovers of coming from Los Angeles.

## A "Discovery" in O'Farrell Street

Perhaps I am taking this matter of indiscriminate applause too seriously. Perhaps I have permitted myself to be too much agitated

by what I heard on a recent visit to the Alcazar. My visit was on one of the last nights of the Kolb and Dill engagement. What I heard I could hardly believe. I was incredulous of my ears. It was ostensibly the voice of a flesh and blood singer that I heard, but I was sitting in the back row and I reflected that I had been told of wonderful improvements recently made in the phonograph, and of how it may be used to deceive owing to the impossibility of telling precisely whence a voice comes. Moreover I knew that the Kolb and Dill performance had been running many weeks, and that I had read nothing of a wonderful vocalist. Hence my scepticism, for the voice was exceptional, also the singing, and the performance was a feature of a Kolb and Dill show at the Alcazar. Surely, I thought, if this singer had been singing several weeks right here in San Francisco the old town would be celebrating her, the critics would be raving about her, the music lovers of society would be here, troops of them, but the house was half empty. However, the audience gave evidence of appreciation. It applauded and the singer gave another song—"Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark," the song with beautiful coloratura passages in which Melba has so often with flute obligato displayed the flexibility of her wonderful lyric soprano. Never have I heard it sung more fluently or more beautifully. There was no slurring, every tone was perfectly produced and the singer ended on a high note in alt, that even Melba doesn't take. Throughout the voice was as clear as a silver bell and the execution had all the ease of a bird. So incredible was the performance that I resolved to hear the singer again in order to make a deeper study of her art. From a hasty glance at the programme I learned her name—Lucille Chalfant—and I have never heard her since because, alas, the season ended before I was able to avail myself of an opportunity. Lucille Chalfant is a handsome, graceful young woman without a peer in comic opera, and certainly with very few—so far as voice is concerned—in grand opera.

## Our Past Negligence

With all our boasted love and appreciation of the musical art in San Francisco it is not so remarkable that we should "pass up" a great vocalist. We have done the same thing before. Though they have failed to "connect" there were at least two other exceptional singers in the company that introduced us to Tetrizzini—one a mezzo-soprano by the name of Berlindi and one a tenor, Frosini by name, the latter a man who was heard here but once owing, I was told, to Tetrizzini's preference for the man whom she afterwards married. And there was Lucca Botta, the lyric tenor now at the Metropolitan. It was here that he made his first hit in America, but not all of us were more than politely enthusiastic about him. And what shall we say of Miss Pastori and Miss Donnelly who are now with us? Here are two songbirds of the first rank who will doubtless be heard elsewhere when the war ends and the country returns to its normal mood again. But think of it, think of San Francisco's good fortune, of the rarity of golden soprano voices and art exceptional and three of them in our midst. Mrs. Casserly apparently is the one woman in our "cultured"

society who really knows what's what musically, for she at least, having heard Miss Donnelly, has done something to call general attention to the girl's worth. To her belongs the credit of making Miss Donnelly her protégé.

## Taste for Atmosphere

Perhaps our smart folks of leisure are better judges of "atmosphere" than of song. This is a thought that came to me in the "Il Trovatore" on Broadway of the romance language district. Il Trovatore, notwithstanding its operatic name, is more concerned with meat than with music. It is an Italian restaurant that has not yet been "spoiled" by our Bohemians and their tuf-hunters. There are no paintings on the walls, but it has plenty of red paint. Italians of the first generation do not abound there, but young folks do along with spaghetti and mussels bordelaise. Here is a real Latin Quarter restaurant where food is inexpensive and wholesome, the first excellent and the dancing worth watching. I saw Sokoloff there one night and George Sterling and some fashionable women from the Peninsula, and as Sterling was dancing I could see that his rhythms were not in his feet. But perhaps I should not make a "social note" of the society folks who attend functions on the Coast, for unlike our fashionable resorts they do not improve on publicity; they lose their atmosphere by catering to local aliens and charging for reputation.

## The Worker de Luxe

Mark Gerstle Jr. is a young man who wants to fend for himself, so he has disregarded the opportunities expressed by the wealth of his parents and has taken a day laborer's job on the waterfront. Perhaps the desire to do his bit came to Mark Jr. from his father who has been commissioned a captain in the army. At any rate, Mark Jr. reports for work with punctuality every morning, and every noon he knocks off just long enough to eat his lunch. It is true, however, that Mark Jr. comes to work and lunches after a fashion slightly different from that of his fellow laborers. Mark Jr. drives down to the waterfront every morning in his Stutz; and at noon the family chauffeur brings him his lunch, piping hot, in Mrs. Gerstle's Marmon limousine!

## Music in a Wayside Church

The handful of rustics who attend Mass in the beautiful little church of Our Lady of the

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Wayside at Portola in San Mateo County must have been surprised last Sunday when music floated down from the organ loft. For it was such music as one rarely hears even in the grandest of metropolitan churches. It was the music of a harp, a violin and a flute. It was devout music, ravishing the soul as well as the ear. The harpist was Kajetan Attl who is harpist for the Symphony Orchestra; the violinist was Rudolf Seiger, one of the first violins of the same orchestra; and the flutist was an amateur who is eccentric and doesn't like to have his name appear in the papers, so I shall not mention it here. The rustic worshippers must have wondered how such music came to be provided for them. Their pastor Father Hannigan could tell them in a few words. The church at Portola is "the little church around the corner" for the Catholic members of The Family who spend their summer week-ends at the Family Farm near Woodside. It was built by the architect James R. Miller, a member of The Family with funds raised by Family Club entertainments. Its former pastor Father Lacombe is a very popular member of the club. Family interest in that beautiful little house of worship is non-sectarian. That interest reaches its climax every year during what is called "Flight Week" at the Family Farm when the club celebrates its annual Flight of the Stork. Last Sunday marked the end of Flight Week, and the sacred programme rendered at Mass by the harpist, violinist and flutist was just one of the interesting things which made the celebration notable. In addition to the usual worshippers a number of Family men attended Mass and heard the exquisite music—and they were not all Catholics, either.

#### Wilmarth Goes to Hongkong

One of the many San Franciscans who have "made good" in Honolulu is Cy Wilmarth, formerly of James Woods' staff at the St. Francis, who has just been appointed manager of the leading hotel in Hongkong. For some months Wilmarth has been manager of the Pleasanton Hotel in Honolulu which became under his management the most popular hotel in the islands. The Pleasanton has the advantage of location, being at a sufficient height above sea level to discourage the mosquito and also to catch the breeze that blows from the mountains. Wilmarth, who has played an important part in the social activities of Honolulu, has made the Pleasanton the favorite abiding place of "Service" families.

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#### The Caedmon Club's New President

Dr. Pace, professor of psychology of Washington University, addressed the Caedmon Club at the Fairmont on Tuesday, the occasion being their first assembly of the season. His subject was "The Influence of Religion Upon Literature." The speaker was introduced by the newly installed president, Mrs. Auguste Comte, who made a pleasing impression, for she is a distinguishing-looking woman with a magnetic manner of address. Mrs. Comte has been prominent in Catholic Church affairs since her young girlhood when as Rosella La Faille she was engaged in many charitable and other activities. A typical Californian is Mrs. Comte, absorbed in the administration of her delightful home, the education of her four children, and withal ever widening her mental horizon and at present given to helpfulness by her services in the war. Her husband is one of the leading members of the California bar.

#### At the Whitcomb

One of the most delightful affairs tendered to Miss Julie Bert since the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Walter Rodgers, was the tea given in her honor by Miss Mary Frances MacDonald. This tea had for its setting the wonderful Sun Room which crowns the roof of the Hotel Whitcomb. Among those invited to meet Miss Bert were Mesdames Jessie Rolfe and Bonner Gordon; and the Misses Laurie Reimers, Elsa Schulze, Agnes MacDonald, Ethel Brock, Margaret Dwyer, Kathleen Quinn, Margaret Kingston, Lillie Katz, Mildred Simmen, Norma Scalmanini and May Horn. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Lemare entertained at luncheon at the Whitcomb a few days ago in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Anthony. . . . Stanislaus A. Riley was given an elaborate dinner in the Blue dining room Tuesday night, the occasion being his return from a tour of the East. . . . One of the most elaborate luncheons of the week was that tendered by the Du Broy Motor Company to its eighty representatives in Northern California. The luncheon brought to an end a three-days' conference of the Du Broy selling forces during which the out-of-town representatives made their headquarters at the Whitcomb.

#### At the Cecil

Miss Florence Hoffman of Honolulu gave a dinner of ten covers Monday at the Cecil. On the same day Mrs. A. B. Davis complimented her friends at luncheon. Mrs. E. M. Fauntleroy and her little girl have returned to the Cecil where they will remain during Major Fauntleroy's sojourn in the East. Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Pollister of Nome will spend the winter at the hotel. After a delightful visit in Santa Barbara Mrs. A. M. Burns has returned to her apartment. Mrs. J. A. Dougherty and her son Jack of Portland are among recent arrivals. Mrs. Francis Thayer is registered. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hammer with their two daughters and young son motored up from Pasadena and will be guests for a fortnight.

#### The Winter Garden Opening

The Winter Garden opened its second season with a blaze of glory. Visitors from the East and those who have seen the great ice rinks of the world are unanimous in the opinion that there is no ice rink finer or larger in America. The skating surface which is 210x90 feet could not be improved upon, and is so spacious that on the opening night over fifteen hundred skaters were on the floor at the same time without discomfort. The service, under the per-

sonal supervision of John Tait, leaves absolutely nothing to be desired, and the care of ladies and children is one of the features of the institution. Ellen, known as the "Pavlova of the Ice," flitted with amazing fleetness and skill. She was followed by Orrin Markhus, the speed king, in a series of exhibition skate dances. Society was well represented and in the crowds which participated were: Boxholders—Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. August Taylor, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Geo. T. Cameron, Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill, Mr. and Mrs. John Gallois, Mrs. Fred Kohl, Mrs. Raoul Duval, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. I. Rosenberg, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph McLeran, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Rosenberg, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Giannini, Mr. and Mrs. O. Jungblut, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Harry H. Scott, Miss Katherine Mohun, Miss Marian Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. I. Zellerbach, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Roos and Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland.

#### "A Son of Uncle Sam"

"A Son of Uncle Sam" is the stirring child's song composed by Miss Sylvia Eastman, head of the kindergarten department of Mrs. Richards' Hotel St. Francis Private School. Application is being made for copyright. This song was quite the feature at one of the delightful programmes given every Friday afternoon in the tea room of the St. Francis. On Friday, September 21, Mrs. Richards will present six of Miss Lilly Sherwood's mandolin pupils.

#### Kathleen Gray Nelson to Lecture

Beginning next Wednesday Kathleen Gray Nelson, well known writer and lecturer, who comes to San Francisco from New York, will give a course of six lectures on "Woman—Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," in the Paul Elder Gallery. Mrs. Nelson offers a very exceptional lecture course—a history of woman through the centuries, linking up the woman of today with her sisters of ages past.

Humane Officer—I trust that you feed your horses with punctuality.

Driver—No, sir; with hay and oats.

Binks—Shafer, do you know that woman across the street?

Shafer—She certainly looks familiar. Let me see. That's my wife's new dress, my daughter's hat and my mother-in-law's parasol—sure! It's our cook.

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## The Stage

### The Girl With a Thousand Eyes

Now that the scientists of the Psychical Research Society are convinced that there is communion between spirits and mortals, as evidenced in their opinion by divers phenomena, laymen are becoming more curious than ever respecting performances like the one that Leona La Mar is giving at the Orpheum. It is likely therefore that students of clairvoyant powers will soon find much to occupy them in vaudeville. Even skeptics who profess absolute indifference to what is called second sight, to mind reading and other things that are popularly believed to be of psychic nature, may sit up and take notice when appealed to by a person exhibiting such powers as are possessed by the girl with the thousand eyes. Certainly there is very little indifference at the Orpheum this week. Leona La Mar is a headliner who holds the attention of all and singular. Scores of persons are invited to test her powers, and she gives many a one a thrill. Upstairs and downstairs and in the boxes questions are asked, and from the stage answers are given in a flash. One need not always take the girl seriously, but even the Psychical Research scientists tell us it is not wise to distrust every medium because of a little faking. They all do it, say the scientists; even the greatest of them fake to deepen impression; so why not a vaudeville performer whose business is to entertain? Therefore let us not be impatient of the girl with the thousand eyes when she takes to fortune-telling. Human nature is not only credulous; it is exacting, and it is only by having their fortune told that some folks will be convinced. But aside from her fortune-telling Leona La Mar is clairvoyant, and you cannot account for her performance on the theory that her agent is a ventriloquist, as I have heard wise men do in explaining a mystery at the Exposition. Nor is it clear that the girl at the Orpheum is merely a mind reader, for at least in one instance the other night she was able to tell one man something he didn't know, something he did not learn until after a neighbor made an inspection. Just precisely what the girl's power is I will not venture to say. It is enough for me to know that her power stumps her audience and is a means of affording a rattling good entertainment.

—Theodore F. Bonnet.

### Greenbaum Plans for Season

The Will L. Greenbaum office is planning for a very busy musical season to cover the fall, winter and spring of 1917-1918. Starting with concerts by Paderewski, to be given in the Cort on Sunday afternoons, September 30 and October 7, and at the Oakland Municipal Opera House on Tuesday night, October 9, great stars of music will be offered in rapid succession. In October the three Brothers Cherniavsky will return from their Australian triumph. Since their visit here last year they have conquered musical New York and Boston, and will start their second American tour with a number of appearances in this city. Then we are to hear the lovely Alma Gluck who has been a stranger to us for many seasons. Gluck returns with added laurels and triumphs unnumbered. Isadora Duncan will be a November visitor. She is now under the reliable management of R. E. Johnston, and it is almost positive that she will keep her appointment with San Francisco. She will be assisted by six

dancing girls and a symphony orchestra. December will find us busy entertaining the great and only Ysaye, Harold Bauer, the superb master-pianist, and Schumann-Heink who will give two Sunday afternoon song recitals in the Columbia. After the first of the year such attractions as Godowsky, de Gogorza and Yvette Guilbert, the magnificent Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under Oberhoffer, Zimbalist, Theo. Karle (an American tenor), Reinald Werrenrath (an American baritone), Freida Hempel (for the first time) and Mischa Elman who returns for two special appearances, are on the list. Selby C. Oppenheimer who for the past decade has been handling the business end of Will L. Greenbaum's enterprises, will be in charge of the Greenbaum office the coming season as general manager.

### Paderewski Coming

Paderewski will open the Greenbaum season. He is to give two concerts in San Francisco and one in Oakland. The San Francisco events take place at the Cort on Sunday afternoons, September 30 and October 7, the Oakland event on Tuesday night, October 9. A Paderewski concert always means a house sold "to capacity," so the Greenbaum mail order system will be found quite useful in this instance. Mail orders are filled in the order of their receipt before the opening of the ticket sale; seats are allotted as near as possible to location indicated. They should be accompanied by check or money order, and should include a self-addressed and stamped envelope for the return of the tickets. Make checks payable to Will L. Greenbaum, and send care Sherman, Clay and Co.

### "What Next" Continues

Stars, girls and gaiety share honors in the Oliver Morosco laugh production "What Next" which will be seen for only two more weeks at the Cort beginning Sunday, September 9. "What

Next" could duplicate the long runs of "Canary Cotage" and "So Long Letty" at the Cort, but previous bookings limit the engagement to four weeks. Seats for the final performance are now on sale, and the management respectfully urges that reservations be made as soon as possible. The cast that is seen in "What Next" is the same that will present this production in New York where it will make its premiere within two months. Heading it is the great favorite Blanche Ring.

### Elsie Janis at the Orpheum

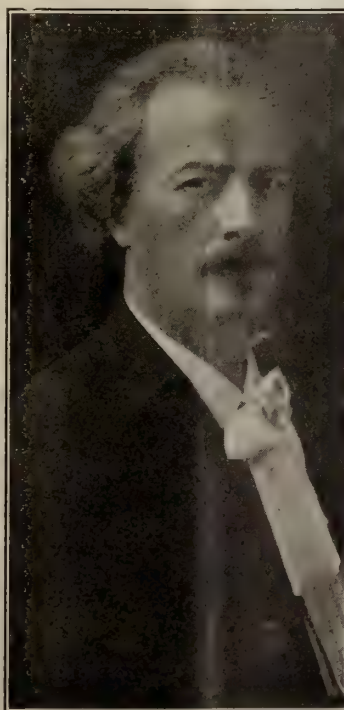
Elsie Janis, gifted and versatile, will head the Orpheum bill next week. Her appearances in vaudeville are always hailed with joy; as a mimic she has no equal. Her triumphs extended to the old world when she appeared in London and was acclaimed by the press as one of the city's greatest and most legitimate successes. Her imitations today are mostly her ideas of how famous people would sing various war songs. They also range from the lariat throwing, gum-chewing Will Rogers to the childish pertness of Frances White singing her Mississippi song, all offered with wonderful accuracy. Joe Towle is a monologist of the "nut" variety. The Three Bobs do with their feet what most jugglers accomplish with their hands. Leona La Mar, "the Girl with the Thousand Eyes," will continue her mystifying performance. Katherine Murray, singing comedienne, will offer new songs; the Lovenberg Sisters and Neary Brothers will appear in the singing and dancing creation "Around the Compass;" and Chester Spencer and Lola Williams in their comedy skit "Putting It Over." A special feature will be Eva Taylor and Lawrence Grattan in their latest farce "Rocking the Boat."

### Madame Matzenauer's Concerts

Tickets will go on sale Tuesday at the usual places for the three song recitals of Madame Matzenauer at the Exposition Auditorium Sunday afternoon, September 23, at 2:30 o'clock; Scottish Rite Auditorium, Thursday night, September 27, at 8:30 o'clock; and the Oakland Auditorium Theatre, Friday night, September 26, at 8:30 o'clock. Programmes, seating plans and other information will be supplied at the box offices. In order that Madame Matzenauer may be heard at the Exposition Auditorium under the most favorable conditions, Frank W. Healy, her local manager, will rearrange the seating conditions and have the stage so placed that it will be eighty-four feet from the balcony. There will be thirty rows of chairs on the lower floor in place of the customary sixty-three rows. These changed conditions will make of the Exposition Auditorium one of the finest concert halls.

### "Under Pressure" at Columbia

"Here Comes the Bride," Roy Atwell and Max Marcin's comedy, now in its second and last week, will close its engagement at the Columbia on Sunday night. On Monday night, September 10, patrons of the Columbia will have an opportunity to witness the Western premiere of "Under Pressure," a new four-act play by Sydney Rosenfeld, said to abound in wit, humor and philosophy. The author of "Under Pressure" expounds the theory that the timid man hasn't a chance in this world—especially when it comes to love making. Bertha



PADEREWSKI

Who starts the Greenbaum concert season, appearing September 30 and October 7 at the Cort and October 9 in Oakland



Mann will be featured in the leading feminine role, while J. Anthony Smythe will be seen as the irresistible wooer.

#### Walter's New Play Coming

"The Knife" which reports say is Eugene Walter's most virile drama, is scheduled for presentation at the Cort on September 24, following the engagement of "What Next." "The Knife" ran for one hundred performances at the Bijou Theatre, New York. It is under the direction of Messrs. Shubert who announce a notable cast which includes a local favorite, May Buckley.

#### Symphony Ticket Sale

The sale of subscribers' season tickets for the forthcoming season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Alfred Hertz, is proceeding at a lively clip at the offices of the Musical Association in the Phelan Building. Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham announces that the amount of money already paid in is more than double that received at the same time last year, and he further states that the general interest exhibited in the season is more spirited than before. That the new season will be the most prosperous and the most brilliant in the history of San Francisco is already assured. Conductor Hertz is busy at his task of arranging the programmes which he will shortly announce. In his desire to offer certain novelties he is meeting with some difficulty, for some compositions are not available on account of war conditions. Mr. Hertz asserts that his programmes will offer more variety than ever before. The sale of season tickets for members of the Musical Association will continue until September 22, and on September 24 the public sale of season tickets for Friday symphonies, Sunday symphonies and "pop" concerts will begin at the Musical As-

sociation offices. Tickets for single concerts will be put on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's beginning October 8. Following are the dates for the concerts, which will be given at the Cort: Friday symphonies, October 12, 26; November 9, 23; December 7, 21; January 4, 18; February 1, 15; March 1, 15. Sunday symphonies, October 14, 28; November 11, 25; December 9, 23; January 6, 20; February 3, 17. Popular concerts, October 21; November 4, 18; December 2, 16; January 13, 27; February 10, 24; March 10.

#### Carle and Company at Alcazar

Richard Carle aided by a contingent of musical comedians, has scored a smashing hit at the Alcazar in George M. Cohan's "Revue of 1916," and will start on the second week Monday. The New York production is used here. There are fifteen comedians and a chorus of forty-five stunning girls. The specialty artists include Boyle and Brazil, dancers, Monsieur Rodolph, also a dancer, and such musical comedy experts as Willie Archer, Ben Linn, Percy Bronson, Mark Sullivan, Marta Golden, Frances De Grosart and numerous others.

#### Favors at the Tavern

One of the outstanding features of Techau Tavern is the ability of its management to invent, devise and originate interesting features that will increase the pleasure of its friends and patrons. For several months the Tavern had its La Lilas de Rigaud perfume, sachet and face powder favors which were presented to patrons. Now the management of the Tavern announces a new feature that will exceed in popularity anything that has been done before. It has arranged to present in the Souvenir Dances not only the La Lilas de Rigaud perfume toilet preparations to the ladies but in addition a large box of Melachrino cigarettes to

the gentlemen, all without competition of any sort. Besides, from twenty to thirty bottles of Stearn's Suprema Toilet Water are presented to ladies every afternoon. These souvenir dances are given every day at dinner and after the theatre hour.

"Did her father give the bride away?"

"No. He said that would be a silly custom when he knew very well that in a few weeks they'd both be back living at his expense."

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—It was a liquidating market in stocks the past week, and barring occasional rallies due to an oversold condition the trend of the market was lower. Washington news seemed to be a factor, and the attitude of the Administration toward price-fixing as well as the increase in the war-profit tax, seemed to be the principal factors. Other factors were new financing by some of the railroads like New York Central. The Russian situation was also used as an argument by the local professional element who are all bearish to force prices lower. The decline unsettled the market, and a good many stocks were thrown overboard, which added to an already weak market, kept it in a feverish condition, with new low prices being made in some of the specialties. However, the market seems to be getting to a point where prices for the better class of securities look very attractive, and the market has had a good shake-out with a big short interest. At such times it is precedent that purchases of selected securities have proved highly profitable. The copper stocks look attractive at this level, in view of the fact that a severe shortage of supplies is near, owing to continuous labor troubles at the different mines. Railroad earnings are showing up extremely well, judging by the latest reports issued by some of the standard roads, and the equipment companies are well supplied with orders. The unsettlement in the market last week was so severe that a period of recuperation will be necessary before any material change in the situation can be expected. Therefore we expect several days of irregularity in price movements, but we believe that the turn of the market will come at or before the passing of the tax bill now under consideration by Congress, and we should take the position of accumulating stocks on the recessions from this point, as a constructive market is necessary in connection with the next Government loan.

**Corn**—This cereal is the cheapest commodity in the world today, and the farmer knows this better than anybody else. He will hold his corn. Look at the prices of all other food-stuffs, and see what you can buy for a dollar now, and it will certainly strike you that a dollar will buy only about one-half of what it did two years ago. Governmental fixture of minimum prices on wheat makes the corn worth at least one dollar and thirty cents per bushel. It looks like we would have a big crop should a late frost hold off. We will need all the corn that is made and at higher prices. The cash situation continues to be a strong factor in forming present market prices, and with quotations so much above the futures, will no doubt work against lower values. Breaks are liable to come but would favor purchases when they do.

**Cotton**—The shadow of the new crop move-

ment has been over the cotton market this week, and increasing sales here against local cotton, liquidation of outstanding contracts, and lack of fresh speculative buying for long account, have forced prices to 21 cents compared with 26½ cents early last month. The decline also reflects increasing crop ideas, reports from all sections of the belt except parts of Texas, being excellent. These reports have created the impression that the yield including linters may be fourteen million bales or over, and the bulk of opinion locally has been that the first marketings of a crop of this size would press more or less heavily upon the market at prevailing high prices. This idea has proven correct as offerings by the South have been free. There has been more or less trade buying on the decline and there was buying of large proportions said to be for international banking interests. Shorts found no difficulty covering and contracts have been as plentiful as they were scarce a few weeks ago. Although the market is down 500 points in a little over two weeks, there seems nothing in the situation to cause more than a temporary upturn unless prospects for peace take on a more concrete form than at present. We are still of the opinion that sales made on bulges will show good results.

## Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

of the estate he had been close to Sutro for years. When Sutro became irascible Adamson would resign. He threw up his job four or five times, but Sutro always coaxed him back. Adamson told me that Dr. Merritt claimed the library, and that the bone of contention was, the objection of the other heirs to maintaining the library as part of the estate if it belonged individually as a bequest to Dr. Merritt. If it belonged to the state, then they wanted it sold or used for the benefit of the heirs; if to Dr. Merritt, they wanted her to assume its maintenance. Adamson thought my idea was a good one, but gave me to understand in a pleasantly paternal way that I was wasting my time. So you see, I was nearly instrumental in saving the 4,000 incunabula and the rest of the stuff subsequently lost. I also had to forego the ten per cent commission I'd have received—\$7,500 was a neat commission in those days or in these. It was a bitter blow to me when I found I couldn't swing the deal. I had even inquired about freight cars to take the collection to New York.

"The collection of books which Sutro bought from the Royal State Library at Munich came near undoing the library. When these books arrived they were not at once unpacked. When

they were finally handled it was found that a monstrous number of industrious book worms were at work. While some of these beasts were scrupulous and avoided the text, a number were devouring it. Some books were wormed through and through, and only a shell was left. There was considerable difficulty experienced in exterminating the book worms, but this was finally accomplished by following the scientific method of treatment set forth in a brochure on the book worm written in 1885 by Henry G. Hanks, the State Mineralogist. I remember too that a number of the books came here by steamer and got wet. Those famous old booksellers Horace Moore and Isidore Choynski were appointed to appraise the damage.

"There is no doubt that Sutro intended to establish the collection as a Public Library. But during the last two years of his life he was Mayor of San Francisco and engaged in constant rows. Besides, he experienced that universal disaffection of the public which is always displayed toward a prospective benefactor; every plan he suggested was ungraciously criticized. So he kept postponing. But the fact that he accumulated so many books was proof of his intent. He was wealthy and would never have sold them. The part of the collection which was saved went to the State instead of the city, and it was probably better so.

"There have been highly favorable statements about the library published by noted men. In 1892 the great Andrew D. White saw the collection and wrote that in some respects it was more complete and valuable than any other collection in the United States. I remember another article written by a professor at Cornell. Starr Jordan wanted this man on the staff at Stanford, but he refused to come here, citing the dearth of material for research out here. Later he came here and spent three days in the library. He said at once that all his objections were removed. But in the meantime his regents had prevailed on him to stay at Cornell."

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23201, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. R. BOWHAY, executor of the Last Will and Testament of ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at the office of McCutchen, Olney & Willard, Room No. 1107 in the Merchants Exchange Building, situated at the southwest corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, September 8, 1917.

A. R. BOWHAY,

Executor of the last will and testament of

Alfred L. Bowhay, deceased.

McCUTCHEN, OLNEY & WILLARD,

Attorneys for Executor,

Room No. 1107 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,

San Francisco, California.

9-8-5

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## The Sacking of Belgium

(Continued from Page 7)

natural reaction, a sort of anti-climax. Fines, requisitions, petty persecutions do not strike the imagination in the same way as the burning of towns and the wholesale massacre of peaceful citizens. It had become necessary to follow things closely in order to understand that, instead of suffering less, the Belgian population was suffering more and more every day. Besides, news was scarce and difficult to check. When alarming reports came from the Dutch frontier, it was usual to think that the newspaper correspondents spread them without much discrimination.

But to those who were familiar with the policy pursued by the German administration since the spring of 1915, the bad news which they received lately only confirmed the fears which they had entertained for a long time. As the war went on, it became more and more evident that Germany, whose man power was steadily decreasing, would no longer tolerate the resistance of the Belgian workers and would even attempt to enroll in her army of labor all the able-bodied men of the conquered provinces. The slave-raids coincide with the "levée en masse" in the empire and with the organization of the new "Polish army." "If every German is made to fight or to work, ought not every Belgian, every Pole, to be compelled to do the same? The fact that they should turn their arms or their tools against their own country is not worthy of consideration, as it is supposed already to enjoy the blessings of German rule and has become an integral part of the Fatherland."

There is a great deal to be said for the slavery of ancient times. It was at least free from cunning and hypocrisy. The conqueror ill-treated the vanquished, but he spared him his calumnies. The only law was the law of the stronger, but the stronger did not pretend to be also the better. The tyrant was always right, of course, but he did not pretend to show that the victim was always wrong.

Now the worst aspect of the German policy is that it associates the subtlest dialectics with the most insane brutality. When the time comes they act with the blind fury of the bull, but they have already thought it all over with the wisdom of the serpent. That is why the popular appellation of "Huns" is so misleading. It suggests merely the brutality of primitive men, which is not always so dangerous and so depraved as the brutality of civilized men. Brutality does not exclude honesty and pity. Attila listened to the prayers of the Pope and spared Rome. The Kaiser's lieutenant does not listen to Cardinal Mercier's protests. The Huns, as most strong men, made a point of keeping their word. The Germans seem to make a point of breaking theirs. When I compared the fight of Belgium and Germany to the unequal fight of Jack and the Giant, of David and Goliath,

I was forgetting that David and Jack were cleverer than their opponents. Folklore and fairy tales always equalize the chances by granting more wit to the small people than to the big ones. It is a healthy inspiration. But we are confronted today with a new monster, a wise giant, a cunning dragon, a subtle beast.

\* \* \* \* \*

We must therefore not imagine that Governor von Bissing got up one fine morning, called for pen and ink, like King Cole for his bowl, and wrote a proclamation to the effect that all Belgians of military age would be reduced to slavery and obliged, under the penalty of physical torture and under the whip of German sentries, to dig trenches behind the western front or to turn shells in a German factory. Any fool—any Goliath—might have done that.

Every German crime is preceded by a series of false promises and followed by a series of calumnies. Between such a prelude and such a finale, you may perform a symphony of frightfulness with Dr. Strauss' orchestration—it will sound as innocent and artless as the three notes of a shepherd's pipe. The violation of Belgian neutrality is bad enough, but if you begin to lull Belgium to slumber by repeating, on every occasion, that she has nothing to fear, and if you end by declaring to the civilized world that Belgium was plotting with England and France a traitorous attack against Germany, then it becomes quite plausible. To massacre 5,000 civilians and burn 20,000 houses in cold blood looks rather harsh, but if you begin by giving "a solemn guarantee to the people that they will not have to suffer from the war" (General von Emmich's first proclamation) and end by saying that women have emptied buckets of boiling water on the heads of your soldiers and that children have put out the eyes of your wounded, it becomes almost a kind proceeding. In the same way, to seize and export hundreds of thousands of men and compel them to work in exile against their country seems the act of barbarians, but if you accumulate assurances that "normal conditions will be maintained" and that nobody need fear deportation, and if you end by declaring that the Belgian working classes are exclusively composed of loafers and drunkards, it becomes a measure of providence and wisdom for which your victims in particular, and the whole civilized world in general, ought to be deeply grateful.

The promise testifies to your good intentions and the calumny explains how you were regretfully obliged not to fulfill them. The promise keeps your victims within reach, the calumnies shift to them the responsibility for your crime. Who doubts that every town visited by a Zeppelin is fortified, that every ship sunk by a U boat carries troops or guns? The old Hun killed everything which stood in his way; the modern Hun does the same and then declares that he is the victim. The old Hun left the dead bodies of his enemies to the crows; the modern Hun throws mud at them. The old Hun tried to kill the body; the modern Hun tries to ruin the soul.

\* \* \* \* \*

For this last and most monstrous of all Germany's crimes we have to register not one promise only, but a series of promises, an accumulation of solemn pledges. It seemed worth while apparently to keep the Belgian workmen at home. Let us record them here, in chronological order:

1st: September 2, 1914. Proclamation of Governor von der Goltz, posted in Brussels: "I ask no man to renounce his patriotic sentiments . . ."

2nd: October 18, 1914. Letter of Baron von Huene, military governor of Antwerp, to Cardinal Mercier, read in every church of the province in order to reassure the people after the fall of Antwerp and to stop the emigration: "Young men need have no fear of being deported to Germany, either to be enrolled in the army or to be subjected to forced labor."

3rd: On the same day, a written declaration of the military authorities of Antwerp to General von Terwisga, commanding the Dutch army in the field, declaring without foundation "the rumor that the young men will be sent to Germany."

4th: A few weeks later this promise was confirmed verbally to Cardinal Mercier and extended to the other provinces under German rule by Governor von der Goltz, two aides-de-camps and the cardinal's private secretary being present. (See letter from Cardinal Mercier to Baron von Bissing, October 19, 1916.)

5th: November, 1914. Assurances given by the German authorities to the Dutch Legation in Brussels in order to persuade the refugees to come back: "Normal conditions will be restored and the refugees will be allowed to go back to Holland to look after their families." (See also the letter of the Dutch consul in Antwerp urging the refugees to come back to their homes.)

6th: July 25, 1915. Placard by Governor von Bissing posted in Brussels: "The people shall never be compelled to do anything against their country."

7th: April, 1916. Assurances given to the neutral Powers after the Lille raids that such deportations would not be renewed.

(To be continued)

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Interest on Savings Deposits for year 1916 was paid at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

#### NOTICE OF HEARING OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 84195. In the Matter of the Application of Richmond Subdivisions Corporation of California for Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that application in due form of Richmond Subdivisions Corporation of California, a corporation duly organized, acting and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation by decree of court has been duly filed in this Court, and said Court having on the 5th day of September, 1917, made its order directing that notice of said application be published for five successive weeks in "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper of general circulation, printed, published and circulated in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Now, therefore, notice is given that the period for the publication of this Notice commences on the 8th day of September, 1917, and expires on the 6th day of October, 1917, and that at any time prior to the said date of the expiration of this Notice any person may file objection to said application.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court this 5th day of September, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. T. KEARNEY,  
Attorney for said Corporation,  
1012 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

9-8-5

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## NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF TRAUNG LABEL &amp; LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of TRAUNG LABEL & LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a special meeting of said board, duly held on the 31st day of July, 1917, at the office of said corporation, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of the said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation, 962 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meets), on Thursday, October 11th, 1917, at 2:00 P. M. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand (\$100,000) Dollars, divided into twenty thousand (20,000) shares of the par value of Five (\$5.00) Dollars each, to Five Hundred Thousand (\$500,000) Dollars, divided into 100,000 shares of the par value of Five (\$5.00) Dollars each.

The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock is Five Hundred (\$500,000) Dollars.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated August 3, 1917.

LOUIS TRAUNG,  
Secretary Traung Label and Lithograph Company.  
L. W. LOVEY,  
Attorney at Law,  
1101-7 Hearst Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 8-11-5

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81480; Dept. 14.

WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, Plaintiff, vs. CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFLE as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LANE LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants.

Action, for settlement of account, brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFLE as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LANE LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, including judgment that his accounts as such Trustee from and including the 1st day of January, 1912, to and including the 31st day of December, 1916, as submitted and set forth in the said complaint, are full, true and correct and are settled and allowed.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of April, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1101 Alaska Commercial Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 7-21-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EUGENE ALLEQ, deceased.—No. 23072; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the last will and testament of EUGENE ALLEQ, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of J. Henry Meyer & Co., No. 440 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EUGENE ALLEQ, deceased.

J. HENRY MEYER,  
ALFRED CELLIER,

Executors of the last will and testament of Eugene Alleq, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, August 11th, 1917.

## CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, Ng. T. Quai, is transacting a business of manufacturing noodles in the State of California, under the name of Red Band Paste Co.; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that he is conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Red Band Paste Co., and that he is the sole owner of said business, and that his full name is Ng. T. Quai, and that he resides at 1135 Stockton Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

NG. T. QUAI.

State of California,

City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

On this 13th day of August in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Seventeen, before me, THOMAS S. MULVEY, a Court Commissioner of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, personally appeared Ng. T. Quai, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

(Seal)

THOMAS S. MULVEY,  
Court Commissioner of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Aug. 13, 1917.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
L. W. LOVEY,  
Attorney at Law,  
1101-7 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-18-5

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19765 New Series; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET M. FARMER, deceased.

Mary Coleman, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, having filed her verified Petition in this Court, setting forth facts on which she bases a claim that John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, are entitled to the specific performance of a contract made with them by the aforesaid Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, in her lifetime to convey certain real estate which contract is set forth in substance in her petition, and praying for an order authorizing and empowering her as such Executrix to convey to said John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, the said real estate which is described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Southerly line of California Street distant thereon ninety-five (95) feet Easterly from the point of intersection of said Southerly line of California Street with the Easterly line of Twentieth Avenue; running thence Easterly along said Southerly line of California Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of California Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of outside Land Block Number 154 of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Tuesday, the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 9 thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition and all persons interested in the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at the time and place hereinabove specified and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted authorizing said Executrix to convey the real property hereinabove described to JOHN MCCONVILLE and MARY A. MCCONVILLE, his wife.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks prior to the date of said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court and dated this eighth day of August, A. D. 1917.

J. V. COFFEY,  
Judge of the Superior Court.  
ANDREW G. MAGUIRE,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
281 Page St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 8-11-5

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REALTY IN RENEWAL OF EXISTING MORTGAGES

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 14141; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor.

Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, guardians of the person and estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, having this day filed herein a verified petition for authority to mortgage the real property belonging to the said estate in renewal of the existing mortgages for the period and upon the terms hereinafter stated and it appearing that the making of said mortgage in renewal of the existing mortgages will be advantageous to said estate.

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department Number Ten thereof, on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of October, 1917, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of said Court in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted and an order made authorizing and directing said Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, as guardians of the estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, to make, execute and deliver a promissory note secured by mortgage on the hereinafter described real property or some part thereof and for the sum of three thousand nine hundred (\$3,900.00) dollars or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge of the above-entitled Court shall seem meet, due one year after date with interest at the rate of six (6%) per cent per annum as set forth in said petition, for the purpose of renewing the existing mortgages thereon.

The said real property is situate in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and is bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. Beginning at a point on the Western line of Broadway, distant thereon Northerly fifty (50) feet from the intersection thereof with the Northern line of Fifth Street, as said streets are shown upon the map herein-after referred to; running thence Northerly along said line of Broadway thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Westerly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Southerly thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Easterly seventy-five (75) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 20, and the Southern five (5) feet of Lot No. 19, in Block No. 54, as said lots and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland on file in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Alameda.

2. Beginning at a point on the Northern line of Fifth Street, distant thereon Westerly seventy-five (75) feet from the intersection thereof with the Western line of Broadway, as said street and way are shown on the map herein-after referred to; running thence Westerly along said line of Fifth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 23, in Block No. 54, as said lot and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland, on file in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of Alameda.

For all further particulars of said petition you are hereby referred to the same, which is now on file in the above-entitled estate.

It is further ordered that this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 24th day of August, 1917.  
THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

G. GUNZENDORFER,  
Attorney for Guardians,  
Holbrook Bldg., 58 Sutter St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 9-8-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83334. GERTRUDE R. KNOPLE, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN KNOPLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

G. C. RINGOLSKY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 805 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN KNOPLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1917.  
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
8-11-10 By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.



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Edited by THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, SEPTEMBER 15, 1917

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The Camouflage Soldier—A Sketch  
A Dancer and a Preacher Join Forces

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXX

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## God Strafe San Francisco

"The United Railroads," says Mr. John D. Spreckels, foreman of the grand jury, "has not been getting a square deal from the Administration in this strike." Such is the impression made on Mr. Spreckels' mind notwithstanding Mayor Rolph's repeated asseverations of his conscientious performance of duty. We wonder if Mayor Rolph has pulled the wool over anybody's eyes. Perhaps Mayor Rolph's notion of fair play to the United Railroads has been somewhat perverted. If so, far be it from us to indulge in reprobation. Presumably as Mayor Rolph is sensitive to the circumambient he has formed an idea of fair play from public sentiment through the years, the organs of which for more than a decade have made it clear that fairness to the United Railroads means drastic treatment on a principle somewhat similar to that which the Germans deemed expedient in Belgium. God *strafe* the United Railroads has been the slogan of a community, proud that it "knows how," ever since the days of Abe Ruef and Pat Calhoun. Once upon a time the United Railroads had the impudence to fight a union to a finish in San Francisco, and it has been getting "fair play" with a vengeance ever since. And ever since Mayor Rolph's election he has probably regarded himself as the appointed instrument of vengeance. Why not? For all that he has done in his noble efforts to cripple a private corporation and strengthen union labor he has been applauded by the people and acclaimed by a servile press. Why should he change his attitude in the midst of a strike? Who are the business men of San Francisco that they should complain that his ideas of fair play are not the ideas of a golden rule morality? The business men of San Francisco, a majority of whom are represented in the Chamber of Commerce, have been very much in need of a chastening, and we are not sure that the penance inflicted on them has yet wrought their regeneration. At the same time we are quite sure that Mayor Rolph

is not morally inferior to the bulk of his fellow citizens.

—\*—

## Rolph's View of the Strike

The only criticism to be made of Mayor Rolph is that he imitates the Kaiser, much to our impatience. With all the known facts before us the Kaiser goes on speaking of a "war of defense." With all the evidence, physical and circumstantial, to satisfy any intelligent person that the city Government is in sympathy with organized labor in this car strike Mayor Rolph goes on affecting a belief in the impartiality of his Administration. Listen to his words of exculpation: "While there have been cases of violence in this strike there have been fewer violations of the law than in any out of door strike ever experienced in San Francisco or in any other city in the country." Speaking relatively then, though far from accurately, the ostrich imitator at the City Hall is very well satisfied with himself. This amazing politician appears to be misleading himself. His head blissfully buried, sight seems to be not the only one of his missing faculties. Assuming that the people are as myopic as himself proudly he tells them that never will he put policemen on the cars. Is he not thus making it clear that his first consideration is the feelings of the lawless element of the community? Who is it objects to the one effective means of preventing violence on the cars? Is it not organized labor, the leaders of which profess to be in favor of law and order, the men whom it seems clear the Mayor would rather conciliate than the community whose interests he is sworn to protect?

—\*—

## The Question of Arbitration

Whatever the truth relatively speaking as to the violence of the strike it is not to be gainsaid that there has been violence enough to intimidate a whole city. Men, women and children have been scared off the cars, and with good reason; not only that they have been injured but because it has been made clear to them that the authorities are hostile to the corporation. Here is Mayor Rolph himself berating President Lilienthal for not surrendering to the handful of men who abandoned the cars while on duty to play into the hands of the instigators of the trouble. In his eyes it is an offense against the peace and dignity of the community for the president of a big corporation not to arbitrate the question of the advisability of yielding to the demands of a small minority of employees

suggestionized and terrorized by a gang of professional strike instigators. The only principle at stake, according to our Chief Magistrate is the question of the public convenience, but is it not a question, too, whether the public is of the opinion that another and more important principle is not also involved? Certainly the principle is not to be ignored, the principle whether in a city like San Francisco capital may be menaced and bludgeoned whenever a union leader thinks it to his advantage to pull off a strike. Only a little while ago Mrs. Mooney started a car strike here which failed perhaps only because it did not go far enough to warrant a Rolph cry for arbitration. Now to be sure the car strike is a great inconvenience to the public, and perhaps some of our big store-keepers, far from chastened, are in favor of arbitration regardless of the paramount principle at stake, but who knows? We are not sure that we can take Mayor Rolph's word for it. Anyway the Grand Jury chairman charges him with unfairness, a charge that in a sense implies acquiescence in violence the cost of which we may have to pay for in cash. And seeing all that is being done by his chairman of the Board of Public Works, hearing all that is being said by partisans of the Administration in and out of office, and listening to pets of the Administration who talk like walking delegates, one is not inclined to listen to Mayor Rolph as though his was a voice from the Vatican.

—\*—

## A New Word from France

Since the days of the Norman Conquest, when the fashion of rendering Latin into French was introduced in England, our language has never stopped growing, and all the while we have been increasing our obligations to the people who saved civilization on the Marne. French has been a prolific source of enrichment to our vocabulary, and doubtless the war will make many new contributions to our verbal equipment for the expression of ideas. Indeed we have already availed ourselves of the privilege of improving our linguistic facilities in the land where our soldiers are deriving a working knowledge of modern war. Here for example is *camouflage*, excellent word, welcome to our vocabulary though it fills no long felt want. Always we have been able to describe the wolf in sheep's clothing, to berate the pretender, to scorn the hypocrite, to denounce dissimulation and deception, but in *camouflage* are many delicate shades of meaning any



one of which may be expressed in compact context, as may be perceived by reading the little story "The Camouflage Soldier" printed on another page. The story should be read for its educational value. It will save you much labor in vainly consulting your dictionary, for writers every where are employing the new word nowadays, rolling it on the tongue, as it were, like a new sweetmeat. Hitherto we have known the noun *camouflet*, meaning a "mine producing no crater" from which the term "a stifler" was coined and which was used broadly and rhetorically in the sense of blowing smoke in somebody's eyes. Between *camouflet* and *camouflage* there is an obvious affinity, which rhetoricians fond of fine distinctions may well keep in mind, but a man need not be a wordsmith to appreciate the new term in a country much given to poker playing and much addicted to intellectual dishonesty.

#### Wilson and Daniels

Now that the President has turned his attention to the I. W. W. it may not be vain to look forward to action in the case of the Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Wilson is never in haste, but his patience is not inexhaustible, nor is he inaccessible to widespread popular emotions. His first convictions respecting matters of public policy he hates to let go, as we have learned from time to time, but we know that he has relinquished many views and beliefs that once inspired sober action of great importance. Notwithstanding his amazing prepossessions in the case of the preposterous Bryan in time that gentleman was made to feel it advisable to return to private life. Why should we regard Bryan's crony of the navy as intrenched beyond the power of all the assaults his own stupidity entails? We are not impressed by the suggestion that Mr. Wilson preserve Josephus from harm on a principle similar to that which in other days rendered the King's fool secure in his offensive boldness. True enough that in these melancholy days we might gladly indulge our President in a diversion calculated to abate the enervating effects of the serious business of life, but is not the Daniels farce comedy a little too expensive and mischievous? His ineptitudes are not those of amiable comicality. Josephus has a passion for revenge. We have seen him gratify his personal pique to punish the Navy League, a body of three hundred thousand patriotic citizens devoted to the welfare of the navy and generally acknowledged to be more entitled to public esteem than any swollen bureaucrat in Washington. To keep Daniels as a vagrant bolt in the machinery of the navy is hardly evidence of wisdom, and with all due deference we venture the opinion that before the end of the war Mr. Wilson will

frankly confess his mistake. This he may do without occasioning unpleasant criticism. For anyway he does not harbor the delusion that posterity will celebrate him as the one statesman who made no mistakes in the White House.

#### The Open Door

Notwithstanding the clarity of the President's letter in answer to Pope Benedict's plea for peace negotiations he has been misunderstood. It is said that he positively refuses to consider terms of peace proposed by the present ruler of Germany, and that this is unfortunate because he will probably have to recede from this position. From a careful reading of the letter it is to be perceived that the President has left a door open through which he may gracefully pass to a satisfactory settlement. He says: "We cannot take the word of the present ruler of Germany as a guarantee of anything that is to endure, unless explicitly supported by such conclusive evidence of the will and purpose of the German people themselves as the other peoples of the world would be justified in accepting." In other words, let the people give the Reichstag more power and let that body stand behind the Kaiser and guarantee his word and all will be well. "Meanwhile let us not take seriously as an expression of public opinion all the comments appearing in the Prussianized German press. The Kaiser is still ruling and dominating the press, and the press is celebrating victories on the Russian front that the people may be again inspirited. Surely the people must be getting weary of celebrations of the achievements of German arms that are but the sequels of the triumphs of German intrigue in a country of demoralized armies, the only kind before which the great Hindenberg never retreats. The glorifying of Hindenberg may continue, but peace is the consummation devoutly wished by the victors."

#### Our Criminal Pacifists

As a result of the seizure of much evidence in headquarters of the I. W. W. many of our devotees of pacifism will presently find it advisable to withdraw their support from the People's and Workmen's Council and other organized bodies that are financed in Potsdam for the promotion of sedition. Of the nature of the inspiration of many of our organized pacifists there has been little doubt, but there are many agencies attending to the Kaiser's business in this country that are yet to be exposed; that ought indeed be punished. Perhaps some of the academic leaders of these bodies will plead ignorance of the motives of their zealous associates, but certainly they are not ignorant of the meaning of sedition and this is precisely what they have been prac-

ticing. Their activities have been viewed with a too lenient eye, the reason being, perhaps, our national superstition regarding the sanctity of the principle of free speech. All the while strenuous efforts have been made to give the impression that organized opposition to the war was spreading rapidly over the country. The leaders of "The People's and Workmen's Council" were boasting that they had upon their roster the names of 2,000,000 sympathizers. They told the press that 2,000 delegates and 40,000 zealous supporters would attend their meeting in Minneapolis. How much truth was in their representations may be inferred from the size of the delegation that left New York on the "Rabbit Special." The special was to carry between 1,200 and 2,000 Pacifists. Actually it carried sixty-four. In truth our vociferous Pacifists were never imposing of number, but they were always very noisy, like our reformers and our busybodies of every new movement. These it may be well enough to ignore even when led by the putative sage from the classroom, but in time of war the venomous head should be crushed without delay. It has been important from the beginning that we should enter this war in great earnestness and with the determination to end it as soon as possible. The delays that have occurred have been due chiefly to the shrieking of agitators who gave the La Follettes of Washington the impression that it would pay the demagogue to play his favorite role with all his power.

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# Varied Types

348—ELSIE JANIS

By Edward F. O'Day

"Let's make this a literary interview," I suggested.

"Can it be done?" asked Elsie, eying me doubtfully.

"We can talk about poetry," I said.

"But," objected the slim princess of vaudeville, "Walter Anthony has already interviewed me about my verses."

"I said poetry," was my severe rejoinder.

Miss Janis made a face at me in the mirror. We were properly chaperoned in the dressing room under the Orpheum stage. To the left of Elsie sat her maid Josephine, stitching on an orange gown. To the right of Elsie sat her mother, stitching on a brunette confection. I sat behind Elsie, interviewing her dimpled back and her reflection in the cheval.

"My taste in poetry is hectic," said Elsie, heightening the color of her cheeks. "Oscar Wilde is my favorite poet."

"And what poem of Wilde's is your favorite?" I asked.

"The Harlot's House," said Elsie, meticulously painting her face. "And after that, 'Le Reveillon.'"

"And 'Requiescat?'" I ventured.

"Of course," agreed Elsie with a nod of sincerity. "All Wilde's short, simple poems."

"How about 'The Sphinx?'"

"He must have been on a bat when he wrote it," said the only vaudevillian who has read it. "Besides, it is too long. Only this afternoon I was reading 'Charmides.' It's beautiful, but why so many words? Anybody can say something if you allow him words enough. Poems should be short. Confess that you are expecting me to mention the 'Ballad of Reading Gaol.'"

One does not think of prison in the presence of this young girl genius who is so free because she is good; but I did not say this. Mrs. Janis stopped stitching on the midnight gown to run through a loose leaf volume.

"Read this to him, Elsie," she said, detaching a sheet; and Elsie dropped the hairpin with which she had been doing strange things to her eyelashes, and read me her

## MESSAGE

God looked down from His great blue dome  
Into a dying baby's home.  
Where a mother weeping looked on high  
And cried, "Oh! God, don't let him die."  
But God replied, "There, do not cry,  
He is with me."

God looked down on a prison cell,  
Where a murderer sat in the throes of hell.  
"Oh! God," he cried, "Grant me your reprieve  
I have scoffed at you, but now I believe."  
God answered, "Ask and ye shall receive,  
Rely on Me."

God looked down on a house of shame  
For He heard a woman call His name,  
"Oh! God," she cried, "Why must I wait?  
Take me from this life I hate."  
And God replied, "It is not too late,  
Come unto Me."

God looked down from His heaven again,  
Looked on a battle field of slain  
Where a priest was standing, cross in hand,  
"Help them, God!" was his demand.  
But God replied, "I understand,  
They are with Me."

God looked down from His heaven above  
And said to His children, "I am Love;"  
But the War Lords answered, "Love is cheap—  
We want power to hold, to keep.  
What care we if women weep?"  
And God replied,  
"Good, so be it, go your way,  
But listen well to what I say—  
As you would have so you must pay  
And thoroughly.  
But when your mighty cities fall,  
When you are beaten, one and all,  
And for salvation have to call—  
Come back to Me."

"Who is your other favorite poet?" I asked maliciously, and the slim princess with the fat salary made another face before confessing, "Swinburne."

"But the 'Laus Veneris' is as long as 'Charmides,'" I objected.

"I don't care for the 'Laus Veneris,'" said the only good critic of poetry I have ever met in a dressing room. "It doesn't appeal to me any more than Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis.' I don't care for—er—realism. I like suggestion. I do like Shakespeare's Sonnets."

"Elsie always says that if she did Juliet, she'd be sure to make faces at Romeo from the balcony," interpolated Mrs. Janis. "I call that blasphemy."

"You don't want to play Juliet!" I exclaimed to the face in the mirror.

"Nor Phedre," was Elsie's answer, "although Bernhardt told me I should. I"—and at this the face in the mirror was a mask of mockery—"I am the only child on the stage who desires to be her simple, foolish self."

"But about Swinburne," I harked back.

"I like him for the variety of his metres," said Elsie. "I am always looking for novel metrical arrangements."

"Read him this," said Mama Janis, emerging from the loose leaf treasure house; and Elsie who had been doodadding the curl in the centre of her forehead, read me her

## CALIFORNIA

I left the hills of Emerald Green,  
And entered a land of tan,  
Where all that I saw was a grazing herd,  
And sometimes a lonely man,  
And all the time through that land of waste,  
I was living again in my mind,  
My life in that bungalow covered with flowers  
In the land I had left behind,  
Though the sky is blue, it's a paler blue,  
And the sun has a lemon ray,  
While the orange sun,  
That I love so well,  
Is two thousand miles away,  
And now I'm a thousand miles further on,  
And snow lies over the land,  
From habit I reach out to gather a rose,  
Then gaze on an empty hand.

Oh California, magic spot,  
Where the sky and the sea are blue,  
Some lovely day when my work is done,  
I am coming back to you.

"Let me ask you this," said Elsie when I had expressed my appreciation; "what do you think of Edgar Lee Masters' book?"

"It was the best book of its year just the same," she challenged me when I had said my say. "Have you happened on Bobby Horne's book of poems?"

I had not.

"There are some beautiful things in it," said Elsie seriously. "He was an English actor,

killed in the war. His friends published his poems in memory of him—and took five dollars per volume from all who remembered him."

"We have had Wilde, Swinburne, Bobby Horne," I summed up, businesslike.

"Life has just paid me fifty dollars for a poem," said Elsie meaningly.

"We have had Wilde, Miss Janis, Swinburne and Bobby Horne," I corrected myself. "What other favorites have you?"

"Rupert Brooke," said Elsie. "Everybody likes 'The Soldier,' of course; but I love 'Grantchester.' And Alan Seeger's 'Rendezvous with Death.' I haven't read Service's war poems. But I love 'My Madonna.' It's worth all the 'Spells of the Yukon' and all the 'Shootings of Dan Magrew' he could possibly write."

"Do you only read the late poets?" I asked.

"Elsie likes Byron," said Mama Janis.

"If I had time, perhaps I'd read far enough into Tennyson and Longfellow to find something I liked," said the most remarkable girl on the stage—remarkable, among other things, for her honest frankness. "I suppose I don't know much about any but the late poets. I even like 'open' poetry—Lee Masters' kind. It's natural. There are no asphodels or pomegranates or lotus flowers in it. And it's harder to write than rhymed verse."

"Have you met any poets?" I asked.

"Kipling and Barrie," answered Elsie. "I sat next to Kipling at a dinner party in London. A queer little man with a big head. He surprised me, because he was familiar with my parody of 'The Vampire.' Barrie is another queer little man with a big head. It struck me that he felt called upon to be whimsical, Peter-Pannish, Maude-Adamish. Speaking of Maude Adams—"

It was nice to hear Elsie praise Maude Adams wholeheartedly. It is evident that Elsie is one star with a kind, unenvious heart. There are not many.

"Are you going to publish a book of poems?" I asked.

"I am getting it ready now. When a New York publisher said he wanted it I was so surprised that I wrote ten poems without stopping."

At this point the process of make-up had reached a stage where I sensed the propriety of retiring. So I went upstairs to the wings and waited to see Elsie's act.

"She's a great girl," said Harry Orndorf who doesn't enthuse much. "And her mother's a great girl too. She has put Elsie where she is."

Sincere praise, worth-while praise—and deserved by both of them. They are real people, the Janises, mother and daughter.

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SAN FRANCISCO



# The "Camouflage" Soldier

By Nemo

I arrived at a certain place in France, cross, tired and dirty. My efforts were directed to rejoining my unit, which I had left some six months before owing to a piece of shrapnel intended for our enemies embedding itself in my right leg. I was sufficiently recovered to be anxious to see my old surviving friends, but not well enough to appreciate the humor of the R. T. O.'s, Town Majors and others of the same profession. The R. T. O. at our particular station, who was considerably my junior in rank, but apparently did not know it, or anything about trains either, turned me over to the Town Major who lived some miles away. I reported myself to the Town Major who was a most genial old gentleman but knew less about trains than the R. T. O., and the end of the meeting was a little set speech by the old gentleman to the effect that, if I wanted to, I could go to the nearest camp, five miles away, for a bed, and for food—well, I should have to feed myself, and, in the far and distant future, by writing letters might recover three francs a day from the Government. The Town Major coughed after this speech and said: "I shouldn't recommend it, you know, and, by the way, the Grand Couronne is the best hotel; you can do it for 15 francs a day en pension there, but of course you can't claim any allowance from the Government."

I thanked the old gentleman and went to the Grande Couronne—my mind was at rest. There had been a time when I was nearly anxious to lay down my life on the altar of my country, but if R. T. O.'s and Town Majors forbade it, I felt it was not for me to complain, and I determined to hibernate till either my name turned up before the astonished R. T. O., or I was finally lost in the simplified card-index system, in which case I should see the end of the war from the security of a nice hotel in central France and fight my battles daily over a glass of Kimmel at one of the little tables in the neighboring cafe. Thus soliloquizing I passed through the portals of the Grande Couronne and, advancing to the office, asked in my best French for a room; but madame shrugged her shoulders and said she was utterly grieved to say there were no rooms left. I perceived how the R. T. O. and the Town Major, by losing the train of the day before yesterday in the fearful time table they both in vain tried to fathom, not yet having discovered the train that started next week, were unwittingly filling madame's rooms, and at the same time extracting 15 francs a day from officers whose total income would not have lasted them at this rate, with extras, for more than a few months. Personally I didn't care, but I saw only one cause for hope amongst the group of officers round the fire of ever getting even with the Government, and that was that madame having made them overdraw at Cox's, a machine gun bullet might catch them before sufficient pay had accumulated to make good the deficiency in their account at that celebrated bank.

Turning on my heel, with protestations of thanks to madame, I made for the door. I never reached the exit, however, as some one took my elbow, and, turning round, I found a little man in a trench coat covered with mud, who said: "If you don't mind, I'll share my room with you." Now I don't like sharing a

room with any one, but this offer was made with such genuine kindness and persuasion that I immediately agreed, and shortly the little man and I were ushered into a room with two beds. The porter bowed himself out and left us alone. The little man began to strut about the room and harangue me on the iniquities of the R. T. O.'s and Town Majors, and I tried in vain to guess his rank. He looked forty and had a Napoleonic cast of countenance. "Here I am," he said, "anxious to get back to the front. Haven't had leave for nine months. Just returned from an inspection at the base. Seven hundred men waiting for me, with no orders to carry on, and the R. T. O.'s and Town Majors, who have never seen a shot fired, do everything to dislocate my work. I shall report them when I get back to divisional headquarters." I was sympathetic and attentive, and thought my happy fate was leading me to sleep with a brigadier or some one of equal importance. "Here in this town," he said, "are majors seventeen days overdue from leave. An officer was put under arrest yesterday by telegram from his C. O. because the R. T. O. would not listen to me. It is dreadful. I shall telegraph to the major general."

While this harangue proceeded I began to wash and prepare for dinner, and on turning round perceived my little friend had produced a map. Laying it on the table he said: "Perhaps you would care to see how we are doing 'up there.'" He jerked his head in a vague way which gave me the feeling that he came from a land of horrors, where life was uncertain and death stared you in the face at every turn. I bent over the map with genuine interest, and with bold strokes of his rather dirty finger he pointed out the line we held in September, how we took this and that trench, and finally the secret of the present line, and that in the greatest confidence. "Here, you see," he said, "we enfiladed them, there we outflanked them." The gestures were Napoleonic, and the passing over of mere detail for salient broad fact impressed me immensely. I saw under his coat a row of ribbons denoting reckless courage, knowledge of his profession and possibly one or two of a mere decorative kind. "I might wear red tabs," he remarked, "but I won't. Why? Well, because people laugh at tabs, I mean the fellows in the trenches, so I just don't wear them. I think it is more distinguished. These R. T. O.'s and commandants, they don't know the horrors of trench warfare, do they?" "I don't know," I replied. "Some have seen service, I suppose." "But not up there," he said, and jerked his head again in that suggestive way. "No, perhaps not," I answered guardedly.

I now left the room on my way to dinner, and was beginning to enjoy some potage a la bonne femme when across the room I saw my little friend advancing. He had no trench coat on, and on his sleeve was the emblem which no commissioned rank salutes. Also as he advanced he rubbed his hands together and with an ingratiating smile seated himself opposite me. I suppose I looked surprised, as he immediately broke out: "Yes, I know I have only one pip, but I shall be in tomorrow's Gazette for my third pip. You know the general calls me one of his boys, and he said to me the other day: 'Jones, my boy, you have saved the

country a hundred thousand pounds; you shall have you third pip and any decoration you like.' I think the Military Cross is too common," said Jones condescendingly. "I like the D. S. O., but on the whole I think the M. V. O. is most distinguished. What do you think?" I answered that decorations did not seem to come my way, and I didn't know much about them. "Wait till you get up there," he said mysteriously, "you can't miss one—if you come through—that's the rub, if you come through," he said gloatingly. Thoroughly mystified, I said: "By the way, I didn't catch your name." "Jones," he replied with dignity. "And what is your job?" I asked humbly. "Oh, I am headquarters staff," he said. "I am salvage officer. I run the camouflage factory. I make things appear to be what they are not—I make sham trees, dummy sandbags, my business is to fool people with clever imitations, and I do it very well." And Jones's eyes twinkled. "Don't you know the word? Why, it's French, or was once, but I think in years to come if you want to apply an adjective to something deceptive, something that takes you in, you'll call it 'a camouflage' so-and-so. We camouflage our trenches now, when we cover them with wire, and then put grass on them. Later on we shall camouflage our thoughts. Politicians won't talk with their intimate friends of how to conceal their actions, but how to camouflage them. You note what I say, that word will become part of the English language." "How very interesting," I said. "Tell me about it." And he did.

His story was really most interesting: how he buried the countless dead of all nationalities, indiscriminately, but with reverence; how he sorted the equipment scattered on the field of battle; how factories of his design cleaned these equipments and fresh soldiers marched in equipments snatched from the gravedigger and used again and again. There was a grandeur in his story, combined with a great consideration for the taxpayer. I was frankly fascinated by his account of how, after the war, he would make his already vast fortune greater by taking contracts for clearing up the country for the French Government, and as I slept in the bed next to him I wondered why we did not choose our generals more freely from among such men as Jones. For two days we had our meals together, and daily he harangued the Town Major on the urgency of his return to the front, and finally on the third day he rushed into our room and said the general was sending a car for him, and that after lunch that day I would see him no more as he was so urgently needed at the front. When lunch came I missed the solitary pip opposite me, and concluded that the car had come sooner than he expected, that the general had probably had a disaster and wanted things salvaged a bit, or required Jones to camouflage his casualties, and eventually I forgot my little friend.

In due course the R. T. O.'s and Town Majors  
(Continued on Page 17)

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## The Modern Slave

(Being the sixth chapter of the story of Belgium's woes entitled "Through the Iron Bars" by the Belgian writer Emile Cammaerts)

Now, let us confront these texts, not even with the facts which come to us from the most trustworthy sources, but with the German decrees and proclamations preparing and ordering the recent deportations. We are not opposing a Belgian testimony to a German one, neither are we, for the present, propounding even our own interpretation of what occurred. We will merely oppose a German document to another German document and let them settle their differences as best they can.

The first trouble began in April and May, 1915, in Luttre, at the Malines arsenal, and in several other Flemish towns, when the German authorities exerted every possible pressure to compel the Belgian workmen to resume work. They were brought, under military escort, to their workshops, imprisoned, starved, and about two hundred of them were deported to Germany, where they were submitted to the most cruel tortures. (See the Nineteenth Report of the Belgian Commission of Enquiry.) The threats and persecutions are sufficiently established by three placards issued by the German authorities.

The first one, posted on the walls of Pont-a-Celles, near Luttre, says, among other things: "If the workmen accept the above conditions (that is to say, resume work with handsome wages) the prisoners will be released. . . ." The "prisoners" being several hundred workers who had been imprisoned in their shops and deprived of food. (April, 1915.)

The second, signed von Bissing (so that nobody could imagine that these measures were taken by some too zealous subaltern) and posted in Malines on the 30th of May, tells us that "the town of Malines must be punished as long as the required number of workmen have not resumed work." These workmen were employed by the Belgian State—which owns the country's railway—for the repair of the rolling stock. When they had refused to resume work, at the beginning of the occupation, a few hundred German workmen had filled their posts. These had been sent back to their military depots. The patriotic duty of these Belgians was evident enough: by resuming work they released German soldiers for the front and increased the number of coaches and engines, of which the enemy was in great need for the transport of troops. If you will compare this poster with the one printed above and dated July 25, you will be confronted with one of the neatest examples of German duplicity. Other people have broken their promises after making them. It was left to Governor von Bissing to make them after breaking them.

The third document is still more conclusive.

On June 16 the citizens of Ghent could read on their walls that "The attitude of certain factories which refuse to work for the German army under the pretext of patriotism proves that a movement is afoot to create difficulties for the German army. If such an attitude is maintained I will hold the communal authorities responsible and the population will have only itself to blame if the great liberties granted to it until now are suspended." This clumsy declaration is signed by Lieutenant-General Graf von Westarp. And to think that, even now, Governor von Bissing perseveres in maintain-

ing that no military work has ever been asked or will ever be asked from the Belgian workers! As the French proverb says: "On n'est jamais trahi que par les siens."

But like the man who marries his mistress after the birth of the first child, the Governor General was thinking of "regularizing the situation." He knew that his attitude was illegal. He decided therefore to concoct a few decrees in order to legalize it in the eyes of the world. He had, you see, to save appearances. You cannot get on with no law at all. It might shock neutrals. So, if you break all the articles of the Hague Convention one by one like so many sticks, the only thing to do is to manufacture some fresh regulations to replace them. And everything will again be for the best in the best of worlds.

That is where German subtlety comes in. You must not do things rashly, at once. Like a skilful dramatist, you must prepare the public to take in a situation. There is a true artistic touch in the way this general of cavalry succeeds in gradually legalizing illegality.

In a first decree, dated August 10, 1915, a fortnight after his last pledge, Governor von Bissing promises from fourteen days' to six months' imprisonment to anyone dependent on public charity who refuses to undertake work "without a sufficient reason" and a fine of £500 or a year's imprisonment to anyone who encourages refusal to work by the granting of relief. Notice that the accomplice is punished more heavily than the principal culprit. The idea is clearly to deprive every striker of the help of his commune and of the Comité National. However, as it is still left to Belgian tribunals to decide which reasons are "sufficient" and which are not, this decree is not very harmful.

On May 2, 1916, the rising tide creeps nearer to us. The power of deciding on the matter passes from the Belgian tribunals to the military authority, and thereupon every striker becomes a culprit.

On May 13 there is a new decree by which "the governors, military commanders and chiefs of districts are allowed to order the unemployed to be conducted by force to the spots where they have to work." This, no doubt, in order to avoid the crowding of prisons, which would have necessarily followed the last decree. It only remains to declare that the workers can be deported to complete the process and to legalize slavery.

This step was taken on October 3 last, when an order, signed by Quartier-Meister Saubenzweig and issued by the General Headquarters of the German Army, was posted in all the communes of Flanders. This order warned all persons "who are fit to work that they may be compelled to do so even outside their places of residence," when "they should be compelled to have recourse to public help for their own subsistence or for the subsistence of the persons dependent on them."

\* \* \* \* \*

But there is more to come in the story. Three guarantees were left, which have been quoted again and again by the German press and by Baron von Bissing in his various answers to Cardinal Mercier. It was first stated that the men seized would not be sent to Germany, then

that only the unemployed were taken, and finally that these would not be used on military work. These last guarantees have been repeatedly broken. Again, I will leave the Germans to condemn themselves.

In his decree published at Antwerp on November 2, General von Huene (the same man who had given Cardinal Mercier his formal written promise that no deportations should take place) declares that the men are to be concentrated at the Southern Station, "whence . . . they will be conveyed in groups to workshops in Germany."

In a letter sent by General Hurt, military governor of Brussels and of the province of Brabant, to all burgomasters, it is said that "where the communes will not furnish the lists (of unemployed) the German administration will itself designate the men to be deported to Germany. If then . . . errors are committed the burgomasters will only have themselves to blame, for the German administration has no time and no means for making an inquiry concerning the personal status of each person."

Finally an extraordinary proclamation of the "Major-Commandant d'Etapes" of Antwerp, dated October 20, announces that "the population will never be compelled to work under continuous fire," this population being composed, according to the same document, of men and women between 17 and 46 years of age. If they refuse "they will be placed in a battalion of civil workers, on reduced rations." Here is the address of one of these militarized civilians dropped from a train leaving for the western front and picked up by a friend: X, 3 Comp. Ziv. Arb. Bat. 27—Et. Indp.—Armée No.

This did not prevent Governor von Bissing from declaring, a week later (letter to Cardinal Mercier, October 26), that: "No workman can be obliged to participate in work connected with the war (entreprises de guerre)!"

The last fatal step has been taken. From decree to decree, from proclamation to proclamation, the last threads of the curtain of legality which remained between the victim and the tyrant have been cut one by one. Between the acts of the German administration in Belgium and those of the African slave drivers, we are unable to discover any difference whatever. The old plague which had been the shame of Europe for more than two centuries has risen again from its ashes. It appears before us with all its hideous characteristics. People are torn from their homes and sent away to foreign lands without any hope of returning. Any protest is crushed by the application of torture in the form of starvation, exposure and their kindred ills. . . . There is, however, one

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## Perspective Impressions

There is an optimism that is founded on knowledge and experience; it is rarely mistaken

Does Mayor Rolph think he is making any new friends?

We don't need Billy Sunday; we have Paul Smith

Billy Sunday may come here in 1919. But we have too many pressing troubles to worry about that.

Hearst knows he couldn't be elected Mayor of New York. If he didn't know it he wouldn't have withdrawn.

Professor Flaherty of the U. C. says that "the school education of today is producing a generation of jellyfish." A pretty bad outlook, considering that the undergraduate of today is the college professor of tomorrow.

The Prussianized Germans are apparently opposed to anything that savors of humiliation except the practices of the Hohenzollerns.

Evolution stops in the individual when the mind stops to think of nothing but how to compass the undoing of an enemy.

"We think that our Government should very carefully weigh any proceedings that might make the Scandinavian Kingdoms hostile to our cause."—William Benedict Arnold Hearst.

In other words, let us invite the German-controlled Swedes to play the Greek game at our expense.

The Kaiser continues to celebrate his Russian victories—while backing up in France and elsewhere. Well, the art of war, according to the Prussian idea, is the art of intrigue that bars nothing from pitch-and-toss to infant-slaughter.

Failure to size up men is one of God's educators.

The end of class hatred will come when class selfishness has gone.

When he heard the result of the woman's suffrage election in Maine, President Wilson must have had a good laugh at Dudley Field Malone's expense.

"Council of Iron Trades Spurns Arbitration."—Examiner headline.

The right to spurn arbitration belongs exclusively to Union Labor. This information is exclusively for the benefit of President Lilienthal.

The Kaiser has not only changed the face of the world, he has upset all the world's notions of honor. Hence the greatness of the man who rules a great people.

## The Spectator

### Dudley Malone's Downfall

Great was the surprise of Dudley Field Malone's friends in San Francisco when they heard of his resignation from the office of Collector of Customs of New York, one of the finest Federal jobs in the gift of the Administration. And great was their amazement at his ostensible reason for quitting his job—his devotion to Woman Suffrage and his desire to rebuke his friend President Wilson for opposing the Cause. The whole thing was incredible to Malone's San Francisco friends and admirers. They surmised that there was a "real" reason withheld. Surely this bright young man wasn't making a fool of himself. But why should he take a crockery smash at his friend and benefactor all on account of the "ladies" who love him for his felicitous after-dinner toasts? Even the dear ladies themselves, all but those who made it unpleasant for the President in the midst of war, injuring their own Cause, would hardly feel like applauding Mr. Malone for slapping Mr. Wilson on the wrist. Mr. Malone has too much sense to expose himself to the guffaws of the multitude, his friends in San Francisco said when they heard the news. For they had him on a pedestal. They could hardly conceive of his toppling like an ordinary plaster image improperly balanced and coming to smithereens all over the nice, clean floor. The truth had never occurred to them.

### An Artist On His Feet

The truth about Dudley Field Malone is that above all things he shines as an after-dinner speaker. He shines so that he dazzled many good San Francisco hero-worshippers who never paused to reflect on the folly of putting their faith in a post-prandial orator whose glibness of tongue is his best evidence of genius. Dudley Field Malone made a tremendous hit in San Francisco. Like a vaudeville artist, fresh from Broadway, he came hither with a "stunt" most captivating. The "business" was new, the speech clever—a tip-top speech. Standing on his legs, his tongue wagging, he was frivolous, facetious, not too argumentative, and along with his

strokes of humor he had scraps of knowledge to toss to the hungry who were dining in the interest of politics. Also he sprinkled his speech with bits of fancy, larded it with fat and poured over all some nice salad dressing. Now it's a fine thing to be a good after-dinner speaker, one who knows how to combine the proper ingredients and serve the dish with felicity and grace. At this sort of thing Mr. Malone is very good. He deftly stirs pleasant emotions and promotes digestion without ever threatening to become profound. In other words, he is an excellent after-dinner speaker and a personality that fits snugly into the Administration that gave us Bryan, Daniels, "Whiskers" Redfield, William Bayard Hale and Bill Denman.

### No Hidden Reason

So there was really no reason to be amazed at the downfall of the Broadway star. No need to look for the "real" reasons for Mr. Malone's inept method of taking leave of his chief. Be assured that it was not because he is a son-in-law of former Senator O'Gorman. He is certainly more devoted to the ladies than to Sinn Fein. And above all he is an Administration after-dinner speaker. It's the old story of the collapse of the confirmed orator addicted to a fatal thirst for emotion-stirring and the glory of adulation. The man who spends his time thinking of frivolous phrases to tickle the susceptible banqueter debauches his own intellectual processes and sometimes benumbs his moral perceptions. In the society of worshipers his whole nature is stifled with the fumes of his own self-sufficiency. Mr. Malone is a victim of a vice in the practice of which he rendered valuable services to Mr. Wilson and therefore our President will probably forgive him.

### Rolph, Reardon & Co.

"If the law (the State housing law) shall be obeyed, many of these strikebreakers will have to find homes in lodging houses. They then will find that public sentiment is so strongly against them that they will decide to leave San Francisco without much delay."

The foregoing words are from a speech made by Timothy A. Reardon, president of the Board of Public Works, at a union labor meeting at the Labor Temple. Not many hours before the making of this speech John D. Spreckels Jr., foreman of the Grand Jury, told Mayor Rolph, much to that gentleman's indignation, that in his opinion the United Railroads was not receiving fair play from the Administration. Now Mr. Reardon is one of the intellectual giants of the Administration; also one of Mr. Rolph's pets; also one of Mr. Rolph's "handy men," skilled in the coddling of partisans of union labor in politics. Would it be difficult to interpret Mr. Reardon? My impression is that he meant to make plain the object of the agitation for the strict enforcement of the housing law which the railroad company has been accused of violating. "Remove the company's employees from the protection of the barns," he says (according to my interpretation), "and they'll be taken care of in a manner advantageous to the strikers." Am I doing Mr. Reardon injustice? The gentleman added, in language which may be regarded as significant that there was no need for bringing the militia into San Francisco to handle the strike situation. Thus he echoed one of Mr. Rolph's sentiments with reference to the militia—the "imported militia," as Mr. Reardon disdainfully calls the men who may be soon fighting for their country. Perhaps this distinguished representative of the Administration regards the militia of his country as "Hessians."

### McGuire the Boilermaker

Interpreting the Reardon speech I have before me The Examiner account of the meeting at which the gentleman spoke. I find that among the speakers was M. J. McGuire, an officer of the Boilermakers' Union who voted not to accept arbitration of the iron trades dispute, and whose sense of humor was therefore probably quickened on this occasion when he heard that eminent labor leader and employee of the Federal Government Walter Macarthur lambasted President Lilienthal for refusing to



arbitrate. Now McGuire is more frank than Timothy Reardon. Suggesting the probability of a walkout of 25,000 iron trades' workers he said, according to The Examiner reporter: "If they go out the strikebreakers who are now working for the United Railroads will not remain in the city very long." Thus we see it is not public sentiment in McGuire's opinion that the so-called strikebreakers will have reason to heed. Clearly he refers to the sentiment of iron trades' workers in the event of a strike. But it should be remembered that union labor, like Mayor Rolph, is opposed to violence. So perhaps McGuire is wrong if he assumes that the iron trades workers would express their sentiment with iron bolts carelessly flung in the public street. Have they not assured the credulous police that there is no need of searching them? And has not Mayor Rolph, despite his determination to suppress rioting, assured us that he will neither invoke the aid of the Governor nor put the police on the cars?

#### If Lilienthal Would Surrender

All things considered perhaps it would be well for the city if Mr. Lilienthal would surrender like a nice, amiable, philanthropic citizen. Hitherto he has been strong for compromise. Before the strike he yielded to the Mayor in everything regardless of injustice however mean. He seemed, like President Wilson in his dealings with the Kaiser, to be preparing a case for the time when the worse came to the worst, but now that the worst has come, Mr. Rolph like the Kaiser has turned to contemptible criticism of the man who refuses further to arbitrate or yield. And so there appears to be a possibility of the spilling of more blood. So I say that if the Mayor will not police the cars and will never, as he says, call on the Governor in an industrial dispute, no matter what situation may arise, then of

course for the benefit of the dear people who support our darling press, it is to be hoped, at least by our unselfish merchants, that Mr. Lilienthal may kindly play the goat. But perhaps the strike will be ended before these remarks are printed. Or perhaps I have been unduly alarmed by the prospect painted on the cloud-curtain of the future by our eloquent fellow-citizen, Mr. McGuire. Mr. McGuire is hot for a strike, but Mr. Gompers has induced an agreement that there shall be no strike on Government work during the war. Moreover there is much talk nowadays of pro-German intrigue in industrial circles, and the Government is on the trail of the plotters. Maybe suspicion may point in this direction, in the direction of the city where a Bopp came to light and a Daniel O'Connell was indicted. Who knows?

#### The Johnsonian Oratory

California thinks of Hiram Johnson as a great stump-speaker, as a two-fisted, hammer-and-tongs rabble-rouser, as a talker with the punch, the kick, the goods. What does the United States Senate think of the oratory of the junior Senator from California? It would be interesting to know. Senator Johnson's opportunity to orate came when he made his losing fight to put the burden of war taxation on what he called, "swollen war profits." In that fight our Senator spread himself. He spread himself over many pages of the Congressional Record, and broke into the first page of the newspapers. It may be supposed that our Senator turned on all his oratorical steam in that fight, unlimbered all his big guns of eloquence, exhausted the potentialities of his rhetoric and elocution. Let us look at some of his periods, and see whether the speaker we know so well is holding his own among the Ciceros and the Demosthenes of the Senate, whether he is progressing, retrograding or standing still in oratory.

#### Johnson Speaks

Let me cull some of Senator Johnson's flowers of debate:

I take it that none will gainsay that those who presented this report when first they presented it said to us in language that could not be misunderstood, in words that could not be misinterpreted, etc.

They told us, member after member, 'Oh, touch not the flux of industry; turn not aside the tide of productivity; permit that ordinary business to flow in its ordinary course; increase not these rates and this taxation because of the wrong you will do, the ruin that will be the consequence, and the disaster and the cataclysm that will follow,' etc.

My view is divergent from his; it may be because of the views that we have held in different environments for many years in the past; but I say to those with these divergent views that I respect them and their views, and I hope that if they have a modicum of esteem for those who hold the contrary view that modicum of esteem may not be at all lessened by opposition upon a great governmental problem and the expression of our views upon that problem.

Some Senators say to us: "Wait; wait; wait." They say to us, "Pause; pause; pause; hesitate; hesitate; hesitate." We say to them when these great concerns ask us to wait, wait, wait and to pause, pause, pause, etc.

In response to the Senator—and I am very glad he asked the query, because I want to repeat and repeat, iterate and reiterate, what last night was several times said, etc.

I reiterate, what we seek to do is to take the swollen war profits of this land. I take it that an answering echo to that sentiment will be found within the bosoms of many of the Senators here; and when we agree upon that premise, if we agree, there should not be the slightest hesitancy or doubt as to how we should go forward, etc.

I repeat, and repeat to you his language, because what I want—aye, what you want; aye, what the American people want—is, that we shall catch these great, swollen war profits, etc.

Why, no; we are so halting and hesitant, we are so tender and so timid, etc.

The nub and rub in this whole thing is hesitate, halt, retreat, bow our heads, wait, wait, etc.

Senator Johnson ended by saying: "I have taxed the patience of the Senate, probably, and I have taxed my endurance as well." No wonder.

#### A Changed Johnson

"Words, words, words," said Hamlet. "Thou hast damnable iteration," said Falstaff. "Let thy words be few," said Ecclesiastes. I think Senator Johnson should take these citations to heart. He seems to be intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity. "He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument." This is not the Johnson we knew on the stump, the Boanerges who hurled his thunderbolts at Harrison Grey Otis, John D. Spreckels and M. H. de Young from every platform in California. The speaking manner of the man has changed. Is he conscious of this? Does he, perhaps, tell himself that he is making over his eloquence in the fashion of senatorial debate? If so, he is mistaken. He should study our senior Senator who is short on epithets but long on ideas. Senator Phelan does not repeat himself. His worst fault of speech is a too ready lapse into poetical quotation. But Johnson seems to have lost his old virtues of oratorical style and to have put on vices in their stead.

#### Oakland's Amusing Recall

Oakland is to be congratulated upon its recall. If a city feels that it must have a recall, why not do as Oakland is doing and have an amusing one? With all the newspapers printing the arguments of the recall league and the replies of the Mayor it has been surprising to hear his honor declare that whatever he says cannot find its way into print. "Not a paper would print my answer," declared Davie indignantly three days after all of them had pub-

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lished it. And then the papers pointed out the column and the page upon which the reply was featured, and for good measure printed it all over again. Whatever Davie says seems to become ammunition for those who would have him recalled. It was the other day that he defended Kaufman, the "Colonel House" of the Administration, in these words: "George Kaufman is the finest gentleman in the world. He is not one of your cheap Oakland guys; he's class." Did the papers print that? They did, and in headlines. Another bit of recall humor emanating from the Mayor is this: "When President Wilson confers with his Cabinet do the newspapers make a howl? Yet when I talk with the Taxpayers League they criticize me." Davie's Kaufman statement is the only answer he has made to the charge that the bewhiskered George is the real boss at the City Hall, and that charge is the strong card of the recallers. Another one being played is the recent lease to the Union Construction Company of San Francisco of lands on the western waterfront. The Chamber of Commerce and other business and civic bodies have declared that this will mean that the center of a large tract will be occupied by a manufacturing plant and that the time will come when it will be needed for wharves and an embarcadero. A letter written by Davie in 1915 voicing just this argument has been uncovered by the Chamber of Commerce. The search for a man to run against the Mayor continues, with no choice. It has been agreed that a committee of a thousand will select the candidate but complicating possibilities are already looming large. Fred E. Reed and Frank Jackson, the former a real estate man and the latter a furniture dealer, are the latest mentioned.

#### Hertz Was Surprised

Mackenzie Gordon, sweet singer, ran into Alfred Hertz, director of our Symphony Orchestra, the other day.

"How do you do, Doctor," said the waggish Gordon, "are you still keeping up your music?" Hertz was too surprised to reply.

#### Oakland and the Six-Cent Fare

Oakland is being educated systematically to the idea of a six-cent streetcar fare. So long as the matter is in the educational stage the city which has had a university as its neighbor for close to half a century is bearing up well. It is when the change comes, if it does, that the extra cent will be held up before the gaze of the thousands in their improvement club meetings, and the argument will be on. In almost every issue of the "Key Route News," the little bulletin gently urged upon passengers on all of the Oakland cars, there are arguments for the change in fare. Therein it is stated that other cities have charged six cents and have survived, and all of the arguments, plausible ones too, are presented. Along with the six-cent idea there is hinted an alternative, and perhaps it is with the idea of winning this alternative that the six-cent bogey is displayed. It is that there shall be a straight five-cent fare on every line, which means no transfers and no reduced rates

to privileged or very young persons. Oakland may not get the six-cent fare, but if it doesn't it may find itself taking its car rides straight.

#### Oakland's Newspaper Shakeup

There is to be the greatest shifting about that Oakland newspaperdom has ever seen. With The Tribune's announcement that it will occupy the Breuner building at Thirteenth and Franklin came the first intimation that the old Eighth street location was to be abandoned. Now it is claimed that the new Enquirer is to take its force and its linotypes to the Polytechnic Business College building at Twelfth and Madison. The structure, like the one The Tribune is to have, seems to have been built for newspaper purposes, but is not so near the heart of the business section. The new Post, now on Twelfth near Harrison, is said to be contemplating moving into a building of its own on Webster, two blocks west of where The Tribune will move. This will mean the purchase of the property across from the Bishop Theatre. The shifts are not all of buildings. Miss Molly Connors, society editor of The Post since it started, has joined the forces of her brother, Editor John Connors, on The Enquirer, supplanting Mabel Williams who has gone to The Tribune. Miss Williams takes the place of the talented Gene Baker who left for New York a week ago. Willard Bassett has quit The Enquirer for The Examiner in Oakland, and E. H. Rohrhand, formerly with The Tribune and later press agent for several theaters, is on The Enquirer. So far Paul Buckley, city editor of The Enquirer, holds on under the new management and will probably continue, although rumors of a general shake-up are disturbing his friends in the fraternity.

#### The Clockwinder Talks of Denman

"What's this I see about wooden ships?" Senator Hartman asked as he took a seat in the pendulum room.

"Say, Hartman," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, who was in a querulous mood, "let's talk about something else, the wooden ship is a dead issue and so is our friend Denman."

"That's what Senator Penrose said. Did you read all that Penrose said?" Hartman asked.

"No, and I don't want to hear it," said the clockwinder. "Senator Penrose was trying to be fresh with my friend Senator Phelan who was merely doing his duty as the friend of Denman, the man he spaded out of obscurity in San Francisco and pitchforked into national prominence in Washington."

"It's too bad Senator Phelan hasn't been able to save the wooden ship idea from shipwreck," Hartman observed. "The worst thing that could happen to Senator Phelan's friend was the abandonment of the wooden ship idea."

"Yes, but why talk about it. Phelan couldn't save the idea, nobody could save it."

"I know," said Hartman, smiling blandly, "but I like to talk about it. I like to keep the triumphs of democracy fresh in memory. And what a great triumph was Denman, the admiralty lawyer from San Francisco! The appointment of Denman deserves to rank as a stroke of genius with the appointment of Bryan and the appointment of Daniels. Think of all he accomplished in a little while."

"Yes, I know," said the clockwinder, "he held up the main feature of the war programme for months."

"Not only that; he made it so disagreeable for all concerned that to get rid of him the President, to please Denman's friends, had to let Goethals go too. And now ponder the outcome of the whole business. It turns out that the plan to build a fleet of wooden ships was the conception of stark stupidity. For several reasons the plans were impossible of execution, and besides, the ships were so designed that they could not have been utilized. That's why the plans have been abandoned."

"But we shouldn't put all the blame on Denman," said the clockwinder.

"No, that's true," Senator Hartman admitted. "The whole thing was one of the triumphs of democracy."

#### Why Thomas Resigned

When Assistant United States District Attorney Thomas resigned there was much talk in what are called "federal circles." One of the reasons given by the talkers for the unexpected resignation is, that United States District Attorney Preston asked for it. Preston, so the rumor runs, was much put out when Thomas failed to convict Joseph J. Scott, former Collector of Internal Revenue, and his brother Clyde Scott. The fact that the juries in both cases returned speedy verdicts of "not guilty" greatly angered Preston, it is said. And he blamed Thomas, not the notorious lack of evidence against the Scott brothers. And so Thomas was asked to look for employment elsewhere. Such is the story told in "federal circles."

#### Raemaekers and Hearst

They are saying in New York that the reason Louis Raemaekers consented to make cartoons for the Hearst papers was that he considered it more important to get anti-Germanism into the Hearst papers than into pro-Ally papers. Raemaekers is quoted by his friends as having given this explanation. But side by side with this story runs the rumor that the Raemaekers pictures are being "edited" by the Hearst higher-ups. It is stated that captions have been so altered as to weaken the significance of the drawings, and that some of the cartoons have

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been suppressed. This treatment, says rumor, so disgusted Raemackers that he wanted to throw up his job.

#### A Hearst Editorial in Mexico

It is said that German propagandists in Mexico have been powerfully aided in their campaign against the United States by an editorial on the invincibility of Germany which appeared in the Hearst newspapers on July 28. This editorial was translated into Spanish and given wide circulation in the "Bulletin of Information," a small sheet issued by Germans in Guadalajara to foment anti-American feeling. The German organ introduced the Hearst editorial to its readers in these words:

We present today to our appreciative readers a translation of a notable editorial which appeared on July 23 in the great New York newspaper—the New York American, which is read by millions of American citizens. After reading this article we know perfectly well the real position of the United States in the European war, which surely does not appear rose colored to the great Republic. The great majority of the American people curse the entrance into the war, declared by the United States solely in the interests of the great usurers of Wall Street, and greet with jubilation a half honorable opportunity for getting out of the strife.

#### Colonel Farley Explains

"Colonel, where's my pelt?" demanded Captain J. H. Bennett, addressing Colonel John Farley.

Colonel Farley has just returned from the frozen North whither he voyaged in company with Captain and Mrs. Harry Goodall on the steam yacht Rainier. Before leaving San Francisco Colonel Farley had promised to bring back to Captain Bennett the pelt of the biggest polar bear ever shot in the Arctic.

"Let me tell you, Jim—" began Colonel Farley.

"You didn't bring the pelt?" interrupted Captain Bennett. "Then I win my bet."

"What bet?" asked Farley.

"Why, Harry Young of the California Stevedoring Company said you'd bring that pelt; I bet him you wouldn't. I win."

The Colonel was deeply pained to hear this, but he felt that an explanation was due Captain Bennett.

"It was like this, Jim," he said. "I withheld the fire of my rifle many a time when I might have killed a polar bear—they didn't measure up to the size of the pelt I wanted. But one day I came across just the polar bear I had been looking for. A huge animal. Larger than the last one I killed—and that was the largest ever killed in Alaska, as you know. It was an easy shot for me. I covered him. And then, do you know, a curious thing happened. He turned and looked me full in the face. His eyes were as tender as a fawn's, full of piteous appeal. I dropped the gun. I just couldn't kill him. You see, he put the spell of the Yukon on me."

Captain Bennett regarded the mighty hunter in silence. Finally he said:

"Well, I guess I'll go look up Harry Young and collect that wager."

#### "The Peace of Sleep"

Some few years ago the attention of that rare Irish genius Lord Dunsany was directed to a peasant boy in County Meath named Francis Ledwidge. The boy was humbly employed on the country roads of Meath, but he was also a poet—a poet of the Irish soil, as John Clare was a poet of the English soil and James Hogg, "the Ettrick Shepherd," a poet of the Scots soil. Lord Dunsany encouraged the lad in his versifying, and saw to it at the proper time that he should have the reward of a published volume. That volume was called "Songs of the Field" and when it appeared the critics hailed a singer with a fresh new voice. Francis Ledwidge enlisted to fight for Ireland and the Empire. One of the "Songs of the Field" is called

#### AFTER MY LAST SONG

Where I shall rest when my last song is over  
The air is smelling like a feast of wine;  
And purple breakers of the windy clover  
Shall roll to cool this burning brow of mine;  
And there shall come to me, when day is told,  
The peace of sleep when I am gray and old.

I'm wild for wandering to the far-off places  
Since one forsook me whom I held most dear.  
I want to see new wonders and new faces  
Beyond East seas; but I will win back here  
When my last song is sung, and veins are cold  
As thawing snow, and I am gray and old.

Oh paining eyes, but not with salty weeping.  
My heart is like a sod in winter rain;  
Ere you will see those baying waters leaping  
Like hungry hounds once more, how many a pain  
Shall heal; but when my last short song is trolled  
You'll sleep here on wan cheeks grown thin and old.

Francis Ledwidge was not to be "gray and old." He was killed in action on July 31, and went to keep his "rendezvous with Death" as Rupert Brooke of England and Alan Seeger of the United States had kept it before him.

"Do you, Mr. Stacks, think that a rich man can go through the eye of a needle?"

"I don't know. I will, however, admit that my lawyers have dragged me through some very small loopholes."

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"Why not take the mirrors out of the elevators and put 'em on the stairs?" suggested his bright assistant.

"There is a time and a place for everything."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum sadly, "and it's rather unfortunate that one of the most reliable ways to attain publicity is to say something at the wrong time in the wrong place."

#### SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83397; Dep't. No. 10.

KATHERINE MAY HESS, Plaintiff, vs. DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and mental cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of July, 1917. (Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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## THE HIGHER CRITICISM

By G. K. Chesterton

I am sceptical about the only thing in which scepticism really shocks the modern world. I am sceptical about the sceptics; about those who merely because they are great sceptics are supposed to be great scholars. In Biblical scepticism, for instance, they first insist that there is very little to go on, and then they themselves make the little go a very long way. They deal avowedly with some solitary event and forget that the simplest event is complex, and has in it elements alien to itself. It may have any of those three imps who can lead all the learned a dance: a mistake, a joke and a coincidence. Here, for example, is a thing that happened, out of hundreds that happen every day. A little girl the other day refused to believe that a tree in my locality was a laburnum; she said that a laburnum was not a tree but a dog. After rather more patient investigations than some scholars think appropriate to the New Testament, it was discovered that by a laburnum dog she meant a St. Bernard dog. I have since referred to a laburnum dog in writing (to those acquainted with the incident), and if my manuscript should happen to survive with a few others out of some barbaric destruction, there would be nothing in it to suggest that the phrase was not serious. Next, the professors might very well discover that the mysterious dog or tree was on lands belonging to Lord Burnham; as was, I fancy, the case. Upon this fact the professors would hurl themselves with a howl of joy. That "laburnum" is a corruption of "Lord Burnham" would be not only certain but self-evident. Then suppose that what my fragment called a laburnum dog some other fragment called a St. Bernard dog; and you have enough material to turn all history upside down; and Lord Burnham is St. Bernard, and his dogs live in trees (not in mountains) and are called domini canes; also monks, or monkeys. This is confirmed by several contemporary allusions to monkeys living in trees. The laburnums were also called Burnham Beeches. Then the scientific men would wire in about imitative coloring; and say that the dogs looked like trees when lying still. And this would at last clear up the problem of the mobility of forests in war (see Artillery, Park of) as mentioned in the Macbeth fragment, in which the same Burnham Wood is described as rushing like a pack of hounds to Dunsinane. And then the scholar would start off afresh, and talk about the words "dunce" and "inane" in a style very thoroughly suited to them.

## ARNOLD GENTHE

In New York I met Arnold Genthe, photographer, and he gave me a copy of his book of photographs, "In Old Chinatown," the letter press a piece of magnificent English by Will Irwin. If only someone could do for the Coney Island crowd what Genthe has done for the Chinese. He took the pictures before the San Francisco fire. They have an exquisite softness of tone and naturalness of pose. They are like the tenderest of mezzotints. They give you the strangeness, the mystery of an alien race. They show the Chinese caught upon the wing as it were. Especially charming are the little children and the Chinese women in gala attire. They

propitiate you to the much maligned Celestial, for they show him human, at his best. At his worst, an opium-wreck, he commands sympathy. Genthe got glorious photographs of the joss-houses, of the night-of-lanterns, all real even in the glamor of the picture-taker's selectiveness of arrangement. "In Old Chinatown" is an answer to the alarm over "the yellow peril." If someone like Genthe would do for the tenement folk of New York as painstakingly, as esthetically, as appreciatively of values in life and color, as he has done for old Chinatown we would all be put in the way of understanding them. Genthe is an orientalist in feeling, one of the best posted of living men on the spirit of China and Japan. This knowledge and affection have given a superb quality to another work of his, "The Book of the Dance," letter press by Shaemas O'Sheel. Here are photographs of the best of the symbolic dancers from Loie Fuller to Isadora Duncan. They are reproductions of bodily rhythm absolutely unsurpassed. Where he resorts to color the effects are wonderful. He gets form without hard line. Genthe left San Francisco after the fire and came to New York where his success has been marvelous. I saw a photograph of his of a scene on Rockefeller's estate that rivals a painting by Boecklin. I know nothing with which better to compare his work, generally speaking, than the work of the first great impressionists. His camera sees with a personal eye. He catches with it the most delicate values of the object photographed. In the perfected work all trace or suggestion of the mechanical in its production is eliminated. The work is suave and at the same time firm as the man himself. Maybe it is a bit exotic in feeling. There's the word I've been wanting for four sentences back—feeling. Genthe puts emotion into his work. He gives to the object "taken" something of himself. He assembles to the fact his own impressions of it and the result is art. How he does it I don't know. The man himself is like—well, he's like an undamaged, spiritualized Sadakichi Hartmann. He is a poet and a philosopher, but he believes in men and things and his faith and his affection show in his face under its nimbus of light, graying hair. Such photography as his in the books I mention and in his portraits of clients is revelative of man to man, makes for fraternity. I think much better of John D. Rockefeller for his having Genthe photograph some of the most subtly beautiful vistas on his Pocantico hills estate.

—William Marion Reedy.

## ON HAIRPINS

There can scarce be a more useful simple tool in this wonderful and complicated world than a hairpin. It is in itself neither a complicated nor a wonderful instrument, but you can perform a very wide range of operations with that simple contrivance of bent wire; from clearing out a pipestem or the clogged barrel of a key to a whole series of delicate motor car investigations. These thoughts occurred to me the other week, when my friend could not open a drawer of his writing table because the barrel of his key was packed full of that fluff which accumulates so marvelously and so quickly in one's pockets. He blew into the barrel, and all that happened was that the dog came bounding in, under the impression that the master

had been whistling for him. The packed fluff did not come out. I suggested a hairpin; but the lady of the house was away. "Borrow a hairpin off one of the maids," I suggested; but he didn't seem to care for that. He blew into the barrel again, and again nothing happened. This time even the dog did not respond: he is a dignified dog, and he was not going to be made a fool of twice. Then he inserted a match; and the old match stick broke. I withheld my laughter: it was difficult, but I did it. Then it occurred to him that if he rapped the key, hard, you know, on the sole of his boot it might be a good thing. So perhaps it might with some keys, but there was "nothing doing" with this. This was a different kind of a key.

After that he went out of the room and left me. I thought he had gone out to swear, so as not to hurt my feelings when I should hear him. Quite unnecessary. But he had gone at last to borrow that hairpin. He hated doing it, but there was no choice. Perhaps he thought it might be construed as the first step in gallantry. But anyway he had got the hairpin, and presently he had dug out a whole mass of stuff from that key. It was a small key, and the marvel was that it could hold so much!

And then he unlocked the drawer—and what he wanted to show me wasn't there after all.

Well, then, I have shown you how impossible it is to do without hairpins. A cynic (not myself) might add that unfortunately they inevitably mean that you must have a woman about. This may be a drawback: I cannot say.

## At the Cecil

Complimenting Mrs. Robert Lewers, Mrs. Dora Ahlborn of Honolulu gave a luncheon Monday. The following guests were invited to meet Mrs. Lewers: Mesdames Burr Freer, Robert Purvis, Albert Horner, F. G. Bland, Arthur Wall, Misses Mary Freer and Sylvia Purvis. Mrs. Daniel Howell is a guest. Her husband Colonel Howell is on duty in the East. Brigadier-General and Mrs. George B. Rodney will spend the winter. Mrs. E. C. Hanford is registered. Captain Hanford is at the training camp at the Presidio. A stag dinner was given Tuesday by William Farrell in honor of his son who is at the Presidio. A cordial welcome is being accorded Mrs. J. D. Riddell and Miss Helen MacDonough who arrived from Honolulu the first of the week. Mrs. Cedric Lighton will spend the autumn. She is from Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hammer were hosts at a luncheon Wednesday. F. W. Giffard of Newark, N. J., gave a dinner Thursday followed by a theatre party.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## A Religious Innovation

Miriam danced before the Lord. David danced before the Ark of the Covenant. Ted Shawn will dance before the congregation of the Interdenominational Church. Attention is directed to the parallel by Shawn himself who confesses that he studied for the Methodist ministry. Had he become a Methodist minister Shawn would doubtless be a denouncer of Ruth St. Denis. But he changed his mind about invading the Methodist pulpit; and he is Ruth's hubby instead of her castigator. Through his press agent Ted points out that the public has noticed "a spiritual quality" in his dancing. Perhaps that notice inspired him to become a religious dancer. At any rate, Ted is going to dance next Tuesday evening while the Rev. Henry Frank pulpитеers. Between them they promise a religious service at Scottish Rite Auditorium. But preachers and dancers always were great promisers.

## Aked's Old Congregation

The Rev. Henry Frank is the New Yorker whom the Interdenominationalists brought here after Dr. Aked turned them down. The "Inters" (if I may shorten an awkward name) broke away from the First Congregational Church when the bigwigs of that congregation fired Dr. Aked. The "Inters" were the members of Dr. Aked's original congregation who stood by him when he was lambasted for joining Hank Ford's funny party aboard the Oscar II and for so far forgetting his dignity as to play leap frog with the bewhiskered Jenkin Lloyd Jones. After the "Inters" withdrew and formed their new congregation they invited Dr. Aked to be their pastor. But he didn't fancy the salary they offered, so he went to Riverside, and the "Inters" got Dr. Frank instead. There is no hard feeling. I hear that Dr. Aked will come here soon and conduct a religious service for the "Inters." He may preach or he may lecturette or he may dance like Ted Shawn or he may play leap frog for the "Inters"—you never can tell what Dr. Aked will do. Meanwhile Ted Shawn will entertain the "Inters" and uplift their thoughts religiously with "a dance-drama of spiritual awakening." It will be much more refined than Billy Sunday.

## The Graham-Mannaton Marriage

The marriage of Miss Ethyl Graham and William Mannaton was not a surprise to their many friends as Mr. Mannaton had been a very de-

voted suitor for more than a year and the bride, as her girlhood friends knew, had been saying ever since she was a little girl, "When I marry I shall announce my engagement only the day before and only my parents and a few very, very intimate friends are coming to my wedding." She might easily have had an elaborate wedding for her indulgent parents' delight in gratifying her wishes, and, aside from her own coterie she is a great favorite with her parents' legion of friends. A young woman of many fine qualities is the daughter of the Grahams, to whom applies the Gilbertian description of a young girl: pink cheek, bright eye, rose lip, sweet tongue, for such is her amiable nature that instinctively she speaks kindly of others and discreetly discourages the habit of uncomplimentary criticism. The groom is a successful young operator in the realty business. The young folk are enjoying their honeymoon at the Grand Cañon.

## A Tea for Miss Janis

Miss Elsie Janis and her mother were the guests of Mrs. M. H. de Young at tea in the California street home of the de Youngs on Tuesday after the matinee. Those who had the pleasure of meeting the clever actress on this occasion must have thought sadly of the days when the lamented Charlie de Young delighted to entertain for Miss Janis. Charlie de Young loved brains in man or woman, and the society of the vivacious and witty Elsie always delighted him. During her visit here as star of "The Slim Princess" he introduced Miss Janis to his sisters, and they helped to make her stay a pleasant round of social affairs. Miss Janis always speaks of Charlie de Young as a good and true friend.

## George Sterling, Playwright

Hitherto, George Sterling's dramatic attempts have been confined to clubs. Only members of the Bohemian and the Family have been privileged to appraise the poet's mastery of the dramatic form of art. But now we shall all have the chance to pass judgment on a Sterling play. For Sterling is engaged in writing a one-act play for the Arthur Maitland Players whose season begins shortly. The theme is Indian, but more than that I cannot tell, as the plot is a secret.

## George Translating Dick

Dick Hotaling best of all our amateur actors, is the dramatist of the Bohemian Club for 1918. Next year's grove drama will be "The Twilight of the Kings," the play by Hotaling and the music by Wallace Sabin who composed the beautiful music for Professor Henry Morse Stephens' "St. Patrick at Tara." This, I believe, is Dick's first attempt at play writing, and the result of his efforts is bound to be interesting. Hotaling is quoted as saying that George Sterling is engaged in "translating my play into English verse." In other words, Dick was diffident about giving the final literary form to his manuscript, and stipulated when he undertook the preparation of a play for the grove that Bohemia's greatest poet should whip it into shape. This is the second time Sterling has done a stunt of this sort. When Richard Ordynski decided to play von Hofmannthal's version of "Everyman," he had it translated from the German and put the crude English

version into Sterling's hands. Sterling gave it beautiful poetical dress. So it will be seen that Sterling's poetical gifts have been receiving of late a pretty thorough dramatic training.

## Mrs. Malaprop

The trouble with being a Mrs. Malaprop is that people invent malapropisms and pin them on you. We have a Mrs. Malaprop in this city, and there is no question she has said many amusingly twisted things. But I don't believe she makes all the mistakes that are attributed to her. The latest is funny, even though not true. The story runs that she acquired recently a small motor car, and remarked concerning it: "Now that we have a runaway, we must get a garbage."

## Loie Fuller to Lecture

La Loie Fuller, world famous dancer, intimate of kings and queens, is to lecture here. She was last in San Francisco two years ago during the Exposition. Then she was La Loie the dancer, exponent of light and color, of laughter and joy. Now she comes straight from the battlefields of northern Belgium, sobered by the sights she saw, but with spirit ablaze to help the suffering people of Belgium and Rumania. In free Belgium much of the work of relief is done by the Aide Civile et Militaire Belge, under the direct patronage of the Queen. It was this Aide Civile that asked Miss Fuller to come to Belgium to help, and through its influence she received a telegram from General Joffre which permitted her to make the trip to Calais without delay. At Calais she was met by a steel car of King Albert's, sent by the Minister of War, and taken to Poperinghe near Ypres. From there she traveled about the small section which is still in the hands of the Belgian Government, every foot of which is within reach of the German guns. Under the patronage of a large and influential committee of San Franciscans among whom are Mayor Rolph, Archbishop Hanna and Bishop Nichols, Miss Fuller will give two lectures at Scottish Rite Auditorium next week. The funds from these are to go, part to the Aide Civile et Militaire Belge, and part to her friend Queen Marie of Rumania, for the benefit of the widows and orphans in that stricken country. At the first lecture, on Wednesday, September 19, her subject will be "Belgium," when she will tell of her vivid experiences on the firing line. The second lecture, on Friday evening, September 21, will be on "Rumania," when she will tell of informa-

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tion received through a special courier sent to her by Queen Marie, and also details told her by the colonel who destroyed the oil wells in the great retreat. At each lecture she will show over a hundred stereopticon views of photographs taken in the two countries. Dr. F. W. Clappett who is chairman of the Belgian Civil and Military Aid in San Francisco, will preside at these lectures. Following is a list of patrons for the two lectures: Mayor and Mrs. Rolph, F. Drion, Consul-General of Belgium; Julien Neltner, Consul-General of France; A. Carnegie Ross, Consul-General of Great Britain; Archbishop Hanna, Bishop Nichols, Rev and Mrs. F. W. Clappett, Rabbi Martin Meyer, Rev. Edward Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels, Captain G. H. Richardson, U. S. A., Dr. W. F. Cheney, Judge Wm. P. Lawlor, C. J. Auger, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, M. J. Brandenstein, Mrs. Chas. Eells, Mrs. George A. Gibbs, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Jesse Lilienthal, Wm. D. McCann, Mr. and Mrs. John D. McKee, W. A. Maubailly, Mrs. T. A. Morbio, the Misses Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Loring Pickering, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. Gailard Stoney, Mrs. H. R. Williar. Miss Fuller's work for Belgium is endorsed by Baron de Cartier, Minister of Belgium at Washington; her work for Rumania, by Myron T. Herrick, United States Ambassador to France, head of the National Committee for Relief of Rumania, and by Mrs. Herrick, who is head of the Woman's Committee which was organized by Miss Fuller.

#### The Ochsner Benefit

People of prominence arranged a testimonial benefit in memory of the late Fred Ochsner, aviation student and ice skating instructor. A committee consisting of Mrs. S. W. Ehrman, Mrs. Jared How, Miss Mary Mahoney, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. Fred W. McNear, Mrs. Hiram W. Johnson Jr., Mrs. Jessie McNab Kerrigan, Mrs. Louis L. Arguello, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Frank W. Fuller, Miss Katherine A. Mohun, Mrs. O. A. Hale and Miss Ruby Hale is in charge. In conjunction with the management and employees of the Winter Garden Rink they arranged for a benefit

at the Winter Garden Ice Rink this Friday evening. Mr. Ochsner was one of the best known skaters in San Francisco and had recently taken up flying in order to join the aviation corps of the army. He was killed while flying for his pilot's license last week and left practically nothing, as the expense of his course had taken all of his savings. The committee in charge arranged a special programme. The management of the Winter Garden donated the rink.

#### Save Your Newspapers

Save your newspapers and help the Red Cross. You can raise money without spending a cent. The Junior League wants the above message spread broadcast. The Junior League of San



LA LOIE FULLER

Member of the Red Cross of Rumania

Francisco, endorsed by the Red Cross, is gathering and selling newspapers, the proceeds going to the Red Cross. Fold your clean newspapers in half, tie them in bundles and take them to the Hotel Whitcomb any Monday or Thursday afternoon between two and five, holidays excepted. Those living between Devisadero street and Grant avenue, Broadway and Geary streets will have their papers collected once or twice a month if they cannot deliver paper themselves. Those wishing their papers collected will please write or telephone to Mrs. Lovell Langstroth, 1950 California street. Telephone on week days between 9 and 10 a. m. and 6 to 7 p. m.

#### Mrs. Richards to Receive

The reception to mark the opening of the fall term of Mrs. Harriet A. Fay Richards' Hotel St. Francis School will be held in the Italian ball room of the St. Francis on Friday afternoon, September 21. The public is cordially invited to attend. Some new military dances have been introduced by Mrs. Fannie Hinman at the usual Friday afternoon dancing classes. Every Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Richards' Hotel Oakland School has classes of fancy and ball room dancing in the Lounge. Both of these schools show greatly increased registration of pupils.

#### Elizabeth Gerberding Lectures

Each Tuesday at 10:30 Elizabeth Gerberding gives a review of the current events of the week, with special attention to political and social legislation in our own country. Mrs. Gerberding's discussions of the war are concerned more with results of events than with the events themselves. The lectures are given in the Paul Elder Gallery.

#### Sunday "Pops" at the Whitcomb

The innovation of popular concerts every Sunday evening has pleased visiting strangers and has won increased attention for the beautiful new hotel out near the Civic Center from San Franciscans who like an hour or so of hotel life to relieve the monotony of home. The concerts which are given in the Marble Lobby, are listened to by large throngs of music lovers, and the excellence of the music wins many plaudits. The "pops" begin during the dinner hour when the Arabesque dining room is crowded with those who have heard the praises of the Whitcomb table d'hôte sung by enthusiasts. Owing to the position of the dining room the concerts can be enjoyed by diners as well as by those seated in the lobby. The music continues until ten o'clock.

#### New Repertoire at Tavern

There will be an entire change of repertoire next week by the artists in the Techau Tavern's "Show Girl Revue." There is nothing but praise for the management of the Techau Tavern for its generosity in presenting after each souvenir dance large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes to the gentlemen and La Lilas de Rigaud perfume favors to the ladies. The feature of presenting every afternoon without competition of any sort twenty-five to thirty-five containers of Stearn's Supreme Toilet Water is also greatly appreciated.

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## The Stage

### Elsie Janis

Apart from her power of mimicry Elsie Janis has gifts that make it easy for her to command a very high salary on the stage. She has above all things an irresistible individuality marked by a delightful womanliness that shines out even in her imitations of awkward men of rough exterior and ways. The cowboy whom she imitates to perfection, even to the last detail of wiping his nose with his fingers, has something of an air of gentle, girlish embarrassment when Elsie Janis impersonates him; yet this characteristic never impressed one when the cowboy himself was at the Orpheum. The individuality of Elsie Janis may be described as a girlish winsomeness, and one cannot imagine her ever becoming sedately mature, like Yvette Guilbert, though it is something of the genius of the wonderful French woman that raises Elsie Janis above the common herd of mimics and that will probably crown the performance of the accomplished American in later years. There is a girlish winsomeness in all of the Janis performance from her Harry Lauder walk to her twirling of the cowboy lariat; in her own mannerisms, too, when she is her own delicious self. Elsie Janis does not have to imitate others. She has imagination and the power of interpretation, which enable her to enrich the stage with creations of her own, but the average vaudeville audience loves exhibitions of the highest form of flattery and Elsie Janis is giving her public what her public likes. She is doing this with an enthusiasm that is infectious, giving one the impression that she gets as much fun out of her performance as the audience gets. On the bill with Miss Janis this week is another compelling individuality, that of Joe Towle, whose form of entertainment is not to be accurately described in a few words because it is hardly to be compared with anything that has gone before. Joe Towle is a monologist with the aid of a piano, but neither his monologue nor his instrument is at all reminiscent. With Elsie and Joe on the same bill the audience is getting more than the worth of its money.

—Theodore F. Bonnet.

### "Under Pressure"

Sydney Rosenfeld's play "Under Pressure," which had its American premiere here at the Columbia and at the same time in New York has the defect which Anatole France found in Zola's "La Terre": it was conceived in bad taste. The hero—God save the mark!—is an insufferable cad who goes boasting through his little world of his fine virility and of attributes that ensure success as a lover. The amusing purpose of the playwright is to show us this lover in several well-mounted home interiors marked by nice decorative effects, as he pursues an apparently defenseless young woman with talky attentions more bovine than virile and more likely to impress unpursued old maids than others of their sex. The heroine repulses him in echo-haunted epigrams when he repeatedly tells her of his burning desire to make her a physical conquest. However, he deliberately plans and achieves her compromise, socially speaking, in the home of his hostess. An unusual lover, indeed, who astonishes his audience with the number of caddish things he can do and does and who nevertheless in the end wins the lady of his desire and is acclaimed a brave and dashing blade by the

rest of the people concerned. My heart goes out in sorrow to J. Anthony Smythe who is compelled to appear in the hero's role; for I know well that every leading man of refined comedy expects to ingratiate himself with his audience. Poor Mr. Smythe has about as much chance of doing so as the villain in regulation melodrama. But the point of this play is its topsy-turviness. Mr. Rosenfeld has given us something that a Shaw might essay in a different manner by way of shocking us with his conception of the philosophy of life. So it is all very odd. The "devil among the women" in real life doesn't talk about what he can do—he just wins the woman of his passion, and his methods are not abnormal, though they may be theatrical. Now the psychology of the Rosenfeld play would seem more plausible had the butler been employed to kick the hero downstairs and marry the heroine whose reputation he had been safeguarding. But the lady is a social secretary and to unite in marriage a butler and a social secretary is not being done yet in plays. And after all, the play as conceived by Mr. Rosenfeld is amusing and it has several bright spots. The bubbly sophisticated ingenue of Beatrice Nichols, the silly ass Bridgman of George Spalding, the Croyston of Thomas Maclarnie keep the audience in jolly mood, while the clothes of the ladies of the cast are an entertaining study.

—H. M. B.

### Last Week of "What Next"

Oliver Morosco will produce his latest musical comedy "What Next" in New York City within two months. "What Next" is now doing big business at the Cort here. The last week of the engagement begins Sunday night. Owing to bookings made many months ago, "What Next" is forced to vacate. Morosco will present the piece to a few towns in California and then jump the entire production to New York. San Francisco has placed its stamp of approval on "What Next" and, according to Morosco, this assures its success in the East. The California producer points to the fact that his other successes "Canary Cottage" and "So Long Letty" invaded the East after San Francisco voted them good, and the result was that both enjoyed long and profitable runs everywhere.

### Symphony Ticket Sale

Announcement is made by Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham of the Musical Association of San Francisco, the sustaining body of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, that the public sale of season tickets will open on September 24, at the offices in the Phelan Building. The season of concerts begins October 12 at the Cort under the direction of Alfred Hertz. Owing to the large increase in membership this year, Manager Widenham states that there will be fewer seats to offer at public sale, and he urges prospective season ticket purchasers to place their orders early. Mail orders, accompanied by check, are suggested. The most desirable locations will be filled in the order of the receipt of remittances. The sale of tickets to members is greater by far than was anticipated, despite the fact that the Association now numbers more than four hundred members. The fact that season tickets are being sold for the ten popular concerts, as well as for the Friday and Sunday symphonies, has met with great favor. The "pop" season tickets will

prove a great convenience, for last year tickets were sold only for one concert at a time. The first Friday symphony will be given on October 12, the first Sunday symphony on October 14, and the first "pop" concert on October 21. Single tickets for all concerts will be placed on sale at Sherman Clay on October 8. The orchestra will go into rehearsal beginning September 24. Conductor Hertz announces that the programmes for the forthcoming season will have more variety than ever.

### "The Knife" Coming to Cort

The serious drama will again take possession of the Cort on Monday night, September 24, following the run of "What Next," when Eugene Walter's newest play "The Knife" is presented by the Shuberts with a brilliant cast. "The Knife" was the sensation of New York last season, according to report, and has the reputation of being the most virile play from the pen of the man who gave "The Easiest Way," "Paid in Full," "The Wolf," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and other successes to the stage. The play concerns a physician who dissects criminals as he would guinea pigs or rabbits. In the cast to be seen at the Cort will be found Norman Hackett, May Buckley, Eva Benton, Clifford Stork, Cordelia MacDonald, Robert Barratt, Frank Wood, Franklin George and others.

### Billie Reeves at the Orpheum

Elsie Janis will enter on the second and last week of her engagement at the Orpheum at the Sunday matinee. Billie Reeves, "the original drunk," will appear in the uproarious farce "The Right Key but the Wrong Flat" in which he will have the assistance of Amy Webb and Edwin Redding. Reeves first introduced himself to American audiences in "A Night in an English Music Hall." Then in Ziegfeld's Follies he stumbled down the aisle of the theatre bearing a bouquet for one of the coryphees and apparently by accident fell into a tank of water. In the movies he is a classic. Clara Howard is a versatile and attractive girl with a magnetic personality and abundance of talent as singing comedienne and mimic. Fritz and Lucy Bruch are musicians. Fritz is a 'cello soloist and his sister Lucy a violinist. D'Avigneau's Chinese Duo consists of Kwang Chang, the greatest of all Chinese singers, and Fook Lok, the Chinese pianist and ragtime king. Joe Towle, "the nut" monologist; the Three Bobs and Eva Taylor; Lawrence Grattan and company in "Rocking the Boat" are the remaining acts.

### Cohan "Revue" a Hit

George M. Cohan's name has proved a great magnet at the Alcazar where his "Revue of 1916" is continuing to attract in "standing room only" style. Richard Carle, of course, has always been a great favorite here. There is a great cast of principals and a chorus of sixty. If one judges by the talk heard on the streets, in the clubs and over the tea tables, the palm for cleverness must be awarded to the court room scene from "Common Clay" which in the Revue is done in ragtime. It is a fun classic. Percy Bronson has added to his laurels in his song "On Robinson Crusoe Island." The most spectacular number is the big "Sousa" number in which sixteen boys, all attired as Sousa, give an imitation of the famous band master. The "Gaby Gaby" girls, and the nurse girls and



the Scotch girls and the "Fair and Warmer" girls and the violin girls all have striking numbers.

#### The Matzenauer Concerts

Frank W. Healy's opening concert of the season will bring to the notice of the San Francisco music loving public one of the very great artists. This will be Margaret Matzenauer, from the Metropolitan Opera House who has scored emphatic successes there. Though a true mezzo soprano Mme. Matzenauer won deep admiration for her portrayal of many dramatic-soprano parts. Aside from Caruso, Mme. Matzenauer is the Metropolitan's most trusty standby. Mme. Matzenauer's first appearance will be as the soloist at the grand symphony concert to be given by a symphony orchestra of one hundred under the baton of Wallingford Riegger, the great conductor of the famous Bluethner Orchestra of Berlin, Sunday afternoon, September 23, at 2:30, at the Exposition Auditorium. The Lemare organ recital of that date will be given at 8:15. Mme. Matzenauer's three song-recitals will be given as follows: Thursday night, September 27, at the Scottish Rite Auditorium, Friday night, September 28, at the Oakland Auditorium Theatre, and Sunday afternoon, October

7, at the Exposition Auditorium. Tickets on sale at the usual places.

William Hydock Fillmore, a permanent guest at the Hotel Oakland has received a commission as First Lieutenant in the Signal Officers' Reserve Corps, Aviation Section. Lieutenant Fillmore recently returned from a tour of the Orient and immediately after the declaration of war took 'up aviation.

Nell—Oh, dear, I'm in such a quandary.

Bell—What is it?

Nell—Jack promises to stop drinking if I marry him and Tom threatens to begin if I don't.

Clerk (who wants a raise)—I've been thinking of matrimony for some months.

Employer—And I've been paying you for thinking about the business. Why didn't you confess, and resign sooner?

Hokus—That fellow Closefist doesn't know what it means to be sensitive. You can't hurt his feelings.

Pokus—Did you ever try pinching him in the pocketbook?

Frank W. Healy Will Present  
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Oakland Auditorium Theatre, Oakland  
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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 2:30 P. M.

Exposition Auditorium, Civic Center, San Francisco  
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#### "UNDER PRESSURE"

By Sydney Rosenfeld

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SEPTEMBER 24—"THE KNIFE"

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday



ELSIE JANIS

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The market continued to show the effects of liquidation and prices were generally lower the past week. New drives were made at some of the stocks that heretofore have held firm and as a result the market was in a feverish condition. Large financial powers show a disposition to let liquidation run its course. The only buying is found in those securities of companies financially able to weather almost any market storm. Other issues find little support, even on a scale down character, at the moment. Rallies are meeting new offerings and are expected to continue to do so until the frightened selling of shorts has been exhausted. Weakness in the railroad department, where the speculative long account has been small, has completely upset investment sentiment, because of the suggestion of a renewal of investment liquidation. There never has been a time when there has been a greater diversity of opinion. Some very good judges of the market look for protracted liquidation. They think money conditions are such as to bring about a readjustment of values. Others look for a better market because stocks are cheap on a former basis. As we have never been in conditions like the present, with a world at war, there is nothing on which to predicate values. The buying of copper stocks in the last few days has been characterized as good; that is to say it has come from people in touch with developments in the industry who sold out their lines of copper stocks when stocks were up twenty or more points from the recent low levels, and who figure that the time has arrived when the best stocks should be bought again. Quotations for the metal have begun to harden again, and prices are up two to three cents from the low level. We would maintain a conservative attitude toward the market for the present, and would only buy the standard stocks until conditions have changed or something more definite regarding the excess war profit tax has been announced from Washington, or until the Russian situation shows some improvement.

**Corn**—The cash situation has been long retained as a sustaining influence, but the time is near at hand when the trade will be forced to recognize the authority of a crop whose magnitude has never before been duplicated, should the season prove late or even normally early. Nature has a way of her own in equalizing her benefits, and as this is one of her years to recompense for previous defalcations, we will not lose our faith in the exercise of this great law, especially as its failure has no precedent. However, our arguments are not based upon unnatural or unusual weather conditions, but simply and wholly upon a climatic average. There are exceptions to every rule, and about four times in twenty years there has been damage through premature frost visitation,

which we claim carries no authority for killing the one approaching maturity. There is at present just as good a reason for non-expectation as for realization, and, admitting the truth of the former, we do not see the necessity for a speculative relationship between the price of a very scarce article such as spot corn and a delivery price for next December or next May. We believe for a time in a two-sided market.

**Cotton**—The cotton market was rather inactive the past week, and the trend was lower with the more active futures selling at the 20 cent level. The weather was generally favorable throughout the belt, although there were reports of too much rain in parts of the eastern belt. Picking is quite general in the extreme South, and offerings of new cotton show some increase. Millmen are inclined to hold off awaiting the effect of new cotton on the price. The census report showing 605,531 bales ginned up to September 1, was about in line with general expectations, and while the figures on the face are bullish, they had little significance as a market factor. The publication of the production and consumption of the world's cotton for the season of 1916, showed 18,305,000 bales grown, while the consumption was 20,180,000 bales. These figures are exclusive of linters. Buying for trade account was more in evidence than for some time, but the temper of the trade is bearish, and cotton is put out on all bulges. Immediate prices depend largely on the attitude of the farmer in the South, and if he is willing to sell his cotton below 20 cents, prices will work some lower, as the buying power is not of sufficient volume to absorb the large offerings. On the other hand, should he tighten up, with the existing short interest, it would seem wise to use caution in selling at this level.

## The "Camouflage" Soldier

(Continued from Page 6)

discovered a train and stumbled on my name at the psychological moment. Then I was called upon to uproot myself from the Grande Couranne, and move "up there!" I recalled Jones's ominous jerk of the head with disgust. On asking for my bill I found that Jones had informed madame that he was my attached officer and that I paid for him. I was pained, but I paid, and I smiled to myself as I remembered how Jones used ostentatiously to fill my glass with the expensive wine we shared, and I promised myself some day the pleasure of meeting Jones alone.

I did meet Jones again. I met him the next day quite unexpectedly. It was at a wayside station, before you got "up there," and it was a shock, for even the solitary pip was missing,

and Jones marched between an escort, and gyves were on his wrists. He gave me a sort of look as if to say: "It was worth it. I camouflaged you and the R. T. O. and the Town Major, and my story was not altogether untrue. If I wasn't an officer, I had the brains for being one, and if truly I wasn't a salvage officer to a division, I did save one officer's uniform, and put it to damned good use! I've had my time, I've lived for the last fortnight where my brains entitle me to be. Now do your worst!" The N. C. O. in charge lagged behind the escort, and I detained him a minute to ask who the prisoner was. "Deserter, sir." Private J. Bones, sir, Blankshire regiment. Caught at Harmenteers marskerading as an officer, sir." The sergeant smartly saluted, and I heard him in the distance addressing words of sarcastic advice to his prisoner on deportment and other qualities which are generally attributed to officers alone.

## The Only French Bank on the Pacific Coast French-American Bank of Savings

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DECEMBER 30, 1916

Total Resources

\$9,705,058.99

### DIRECTORS:

G. Beleney	J. M. Dupas
J. A. Bergerot	John Ginty
S. Bissinger	J. S. Godeau
Leon Bocqueraz	Arthur Legallet
O. Bozio	Geo. W. McNear
Charles Carpy	X. De Pichon

Interest on Savings Deposits  
for year 1916 was paid at the  
rate of 4 per cent. per annum.



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of San Francisco

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S. E. Corner of Mission and Twenty-first Streets  
**RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH**  
S. W. Corner Clement and Seventh Avenue  
**HAIGHT STREET BRANCH**  
S. W. Corner Haight and Belvedere

JUNE 30, 1917

Assets	\$64,566,290.79
Deposits	61,381,120.63
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,185,170.16
Employees' Pension Fund	259,642.88
Number of Depositors	65,717

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock  
P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and  
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8  
o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending December 30th, 1916,  
a dividend to deposits of 4% per annum was  
declared.

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## The Modern Slave

(Continued from Page 7)

new point about the modern slave: his face is as white as that of his master.

The nineteenth century stamped out black slavery. It was left to the twentieth century to reinstate white slavery. It is the purest glory of the English-speaking people to have succeeded in eradicating the old evil. It will be the eternal shame of the German-speaking people to have replaced it by something worse. Civilization forbade any man, sixty years ago, to force another man to work for him. Civilization today does not forbid a man—a conqueror—to force another man to work against himself. The old slave only lost his liberty. The new slave must lose his honor, his dignity, his self-respect. He has only one other alternative: death. And this, not the glorious death of a martyr which makes thousands of converts and shines all over the world, not the death of Nurse Cavell, but the anonymous death of X. Y. Z., the death of hundreds and hundreds of unknown heroes who will die under the whip or in the darkness of their cells in the German prison camps.

I had almost forgotten a last distinction between the old and the new forms of slavery: The average slave driver of past days was only a trader who sold human beings instead of selling oxen or sheep. When his trade was prohibited he took heavy risks and ran great danger of losing his fortune and his life. But the German rulers of Belgium, whether they be in Brussels or in Berlin, whether we call them von Bissing or Helfferich, live in the comfort of their homes, surrounded by their families, and when assailed by protests, can still play hide and seek around the broken pillars of the Temple of Peace and wave arrogantly, like so many flags, the torn articles of international law: "I assert," said Dr. Helfferich in the Reichstag (December 2), "I assert that setting the Belgian unemployed to work is thoroughly consonant with international law. We therefore take our stand, formally and in practice, on international law, making use of our undoubted rights."

Let Dr. Helfferich beware. He is not the only judge on international law. His stand may come crashing down.

By the waters of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.

What prophetic spirit inspired Cardinal Mercier when he chose this psalm for the text of his sermon on the occasion of the second anniversary of their independence (July 21, 1916), which the Belgians celebrated in exile and captivity? It was in the great Gothic church in Brussels, under the arches of Ste. Gudule, at the close of a service for the soldiers fallen during the war, the very last patriotic ceremony

tolerated by the Germans. Socialists, Liberals, Catholics crowded the nave, forgetting their old quarrels, united in a common worship, the worship of their threatened country, of their oppressed liberties.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" His audience imagined that the preacher alluded only to a spiritual captivity, that he meant: "How shall we celebrate our freedom in this German prison?" And they listened, like the first Christians in the catacombs, dreading to hear the tramp of the soldiers before the door. The cardinal pursued his fearless address: "The psalm ends with curses and maledictions. We will not utter them against our enemies. We are not of the Old but of the New Testament. We do not follow the old law: an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, but the new law of Love and Christian brotherhood. But we do not forget that even above Love stands Justice. If our brother sins, how can we pretend to love him if we do not wish that his sins should be punished . . . ."

Such was the tenor of the cardinal's address, the greatest Christian address inspired by the war, uttered under the most tragic and moving circumstances. For the people knew by then the danger of speaking out their minds in conquered Belgium; they knew that some German spies were in the church taking note of every word, of every gesture. Still, they could not restrain their feelings, and, at the close of the sermon, when the organ struck up the Brabanconne, they cheered and cheered again, thankful to feel, for an instant, the dull weight of oppression lifted from their shoulders by the indomitable spirit of their old leader.

What strikes us now, when recalling this memorable ceremony, is not so much the address itself as the choice of its text: "For they that carried us away captive required of us a song."

Many of those who listened to Cardinal Mercier on July 21, 1916, have no doubt been "carried away" by now, and they have sung. They have sung the Brabanconne and the Lion de Flandres as a last defiance to their oppressors whilst those long cattle trains, packed with human cattle, rolled in wind and rain towards the German frontier. And the echo of their song still haunts the sleep of every honest man.

\* \* \* \* \*

For whatever Germany may do or say, the time is no longer when such crimes can be left unpunished. Notwithstanding the war and the triumphant power of the mailed fist, there still exists such a thing as public conscience and public opinion. Nothing can happen in any part of the world without awakening an echo in the hearts of men who apparently are not at all concerned in the matter. The Germans are too clever not to understand this, and the endless trouble which they take in order to monopolize the news in neutral countries and to encounter every accusation with some more or less insidious excuse is the best proof of this. When one of them declared that Raemaekers' cartoons had done more harm to Germany than an army corps, he knew perfectly well what he was talking about. Only they rely so blindly on their own intellectual power and they have such a poor opinion of the brains of other people that they believe in first doing whatever suits their plans and then justify their action afterwards. They divide the work between themselves: The soldier acts, the lawyer and the professor undertakes to explain what he has done. However black the first may become, there is plenty of whitewash ready to restore his innocence.

If the unexpected resistance of Belgium has infuriated the Germans to such an extent, it is not only because it wrecked their surprise attack on France, it is also because, even after the retreat of the army, they have been confronted by a series of men courageous enough and clever enough to stand their ground and to come between them and the uneducated mass of the population.

Since, for the sake of propaganda, they wanted to make a show of respecting international law, they were taken at their word; so that they were obliged either to give way or to put themselves openly in the wrong. When they tried to break their promise to the municipality of Brussels and to annihilate the liberties of the old Belgian communes, M. Max stood in their way, calm and smiling, with no other weapon than the law which they pretended to respect. M. Max was sent to a German fortress, but Germany had torn up another scrap of paper—and the civilized world knew it. When they wanted to establish extraordinary tribunals for matters which belonged only to local tribunals, M. Théodor and all the barristers of the country lodged protest after protest and fought their case step by step. M. Théodor was deported, but the German administration had blundered again—and the world knew it. When Baron von Bissing tried to infringe the privileges of the church and to cow the Belgian priests into submission by forbidding them to read to their flock the patriotic letter of Cardinal Mercier, published on Christmas Day, 1914, he found himself opposed not only by a far cleverer man than himself, but by all the spiritual influence of one of the greatest priests in Europe. The letter was read, the cardinal did not leave for Germany but for Rome, whence he came back to Malines, and, if anything, adopted a still firmer tone in his subsequent letters and speeches. Von Bissing was beaten—and the world knew it.

These are only a few striking examples among many. Since August, 1914, hundreds and hundreds of civilians have been imprisoned or deported; workmen, because they refused to work for the enemy; lawyers, because they refused to accept his law; bankers, because they would not let their money cross the frontier; professors, because they did not consent to propagate Kultur; journalists, because they objected to print Wulff's news; tradespeople, because they put their patriotism above their private interests; priests, because they did not worship the German god; women, because they did not admire German officers; children, because they did not play the German games. Meanwhile the firing parties did not remain idle. The world has heard with horror of the death of Miss Cavell; it has been shocked by the disproportion between her "crime" and her punishment, and by the hypocrisy displayed by the German administration during her trial. But if England has lost one great martyr, Belgium has lost hundreds who perished in the same way, sometimes for smaller offenses, often for no offense at all. For the German judges are in a hurry, and they have no time to inquire too closely in such matters. The vengeance of a spy, the slightest suspicion of a policeman, sometimes even an anonymous letter, are enough to convince them of the guilt of the accused person. The healthy effect produced on the population by Dinant and Louvain must not be allowed to spend itself. Frightfulness must be kept up at any price. The reign of terror is the condition of the German regime.

(To be continued)

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## CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, Ng. T. Quai, is transacting a business of manufacturing noodles in the State of California, under the name of Red Band Paste Co.; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that he is conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Red Band Paste Co., and that he is the sole owner of said business, and that his full name is Ng. T. Quai, and that he resides at 1135 Stockton Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

NG. T. QUAL.

State of California,  
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 13th day of August in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Seventeen, before me, THOMAS S. MULVEY, a Court Commissioner of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, personally appeared Ng. T. Quai, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument and acknowledged that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the said City and County of San Francisco, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) THOMAS S. MULVEY,  
Court Commissioner of the City and County of  
San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Aug. 13, 1917.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

L. W. LOVEY,  
Attorney at Law,  
1101-7 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-18-5

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81480; Dept. 14.

WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, Plaintiff, vs. CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants.

Action, for settlement of account, brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:

CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants:

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, including judgment that his accounts as such Trustee from and including the 1st day of January, 1912, to and including the 31st day of December, 1916, as submitted and set forth in the said complaint, are full, true and correct and are settled and allowed.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 23rd day of April, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1101 Alaska Commercial Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 7-21-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23201, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. R. BOWHAY, executor of the Last Will and Testament of ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at the office of McCutchen, Olney & Willard, Room No. 1107 in the Merchants Exchange Building, situated at the southwest corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, September 8, 1917.

A. R. BOWHAY,

Executor of the last will and testament of

Alfred L. Bowhay, deceased.

McCUTCHEN, OLNEY & WILLARD,

Attorneys for Executor,

Room No. 1107 Merchants Exchange Bldg., 9-8-5

## NOTICE OF HEARING OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 84195.

In the Matter of the Application of Richmond Subdivisions Corporation of California for Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that application in due form of Richmond Subdivisions Corporation of California, a corporation duly organized, acting and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation by decree of court has been duly filed in this Court, and said Court having on the 5th day of September, 1917, made its order directing that notice of said application be published for five successive weeks in "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper of general circulation, printed, published and circulated in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Now, therefore, notice is given that the period for the publication of this Notice commences on the 8th day of September, 1917, and expires on the 6th day of October, 1917, and that at any time prior to the said date of the expiration of this Notice any person may file objection to said application.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court this 5th day of September, 1917.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. T. KEARNEY,  
Attorney for said Corporation,  
1012 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-8-5

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19765 New Series; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET M. FARMER, deceased.

Mary Coleman, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, having filed her verified Petition in this Court, setting forth facts on which she bases a claim that John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, are entitled to the specific performance of a contract made with them by the aforesaid Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, in her lifetime to convey certain real estate which contract is set forth in substance in her petition, and praying for an order authorizing and empowering her as such Executrix to convey to said John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, the said real estate which is described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Southerly line of California Street distant thereon ninety-five (95) feet Easterly from the point of intersection of said Southerly line of California Street with the Easterly line of Twenty-ninth Avenue; running thence Easterly along said Southerly line of California Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of California Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of outside Land Block Number 154 of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Tuesday, the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 9 thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition and all persons interested in the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at the time and place hereinabove specified and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted authorizing said Executrix to convey the real property hereinabove described to JOHN McCONVILLE and MARY A. McCONVILLE, his wife.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks prior to the date of said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court and dated this eighth day of August, A. D. 1917.

J. V. COFFEY,

Judge of the Superior Court.

ANDREW G. MAGUIRE,

Attorney for Petitioner,

281 Page St.,

San Francisco, Cal. 8-11-5

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REALTY IN RENEWAL OF EXISTING MORTGAGES

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 14141; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor.

Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, guardians of the person and estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, having this day filed herein a verified petition for authority to mortgage the real property belonging to the said estate in renewal of the existing mortgages for the period and upon the terms hereinafter stated and it appearing that the making of said mortgage in renewal of the existing mortgages will be advantageous to said estate.

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department Number Ten thereof, on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of October, 1917, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of said Court in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted and an order made authorizing and directing said Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, as guardians of the estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, to make, execute and deliver a promissory note secured by mortgage on the hereinafter described real property or some part thereof and for the sum of three thousand nine hundred (\$3,900.00) dollars or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge of the above-entitled Court shall seem meet, due one year after date with interest at the rate of six (6%) per cent per annum as set forth in said petition, for the purpose of renewing the existing mortgages thereon.

The said real property is situate in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and is bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. Beginning at a point on the Western line of Broadway, distant thereon Northerly fifty (50) feet from the intersection thereof with the Northern line of Fifth Street, as said streets are shown upon the map hereinafter referred to; running thence Northerly along said line of Broadway thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Westerly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Southerly thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Easterly seventy-five (75) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 20, and the Southern five (5) feet of Lot No. 19, in Block No. 54, as said lots and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland on file in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Alameda.

2. Beginning at a point on the Northern line of Fifth Street, distant thereon Westerly seventy-five (75) feet from the intersection thereof with the Western line of Broadway, as said street and way are shown on the map hereinafter referred to; running thence Westerly along said line of Fifth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 23, in Block No. 54, as said lot and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland, on file in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of Alameda.

For all further particulars of said petition you are hereby referred to the same, which is now on file in the above-entitled estate.

It is further ordered that this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 24th day of August, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

G. GUNZENDORFER,  
Attorney for Guardians,  
Holbrook Bldg., 58 Sutter St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 9-8-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83334.

GERTRUDE R. KNOPLE, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN KNOPLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

G. C. RINGOLSKY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 805 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN KNOPLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

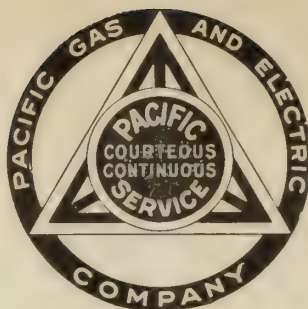
The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.





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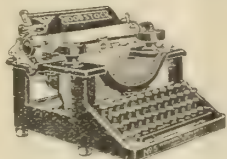
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# TOWN TALK

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## A Dilatory Mayor Indicted

Mayor Mollman of East St. Louis has been indicted by a grand jury, says a press despatch, "for his dilatoriness in taking means to curb the rioters who took part in the slaying of negroes on July 2nd, and it has been recommended that he be removed from office." This piece of news reminds us that the Mayor of San Francisco has been somewhat dilatory of late. Indeed, the Mayor of San Francisco seems worse than dilatory; he is obstinate, ineffective, perverse. Whereas the Mayor of East St. Louis was "dilatory in taking means to curb rioters," the Mayor of San Francisco refuses to take effective means to curb the class partisans who have been maiming and killing men for pursuing their lawful occupation along the public highways. In other words he refuses to assign policemen to duty in certain public conveyances on which felonious assaults are occurring. These conveyances are the logical scenes of the assaults, and are chosen by the perpetrators of the assaults precisely for the reason that it is the desire of the criminals to put the conveyances out of business. Analogous to the attitude of the Mayor of San Francisco would be the attitude of the President of the United States if he refused to order the marines to stand guard over a shipyard believed to be in danger of destruction by strikers. In the circumstances we would ask with all due deference, "Why is not the Mayor of San Francisco indicted?" Speaking of the Mayor of East St. Louis the grand jury of that city says: "Mayor Mollman must be judged by his actions as proved by the evidence. If his failure to give directions to the militia, and if his failure to call upon the sheriff were the result of a lack of ability or of fright the office should be taken from him and given to an efficient person." Further the grand jury says: "If his failure to act was because his sympathies were with those who sought to drive the negroes out of East St. Louis we should make room for a chief executive who

is in favor of enforcing 100 per cent of the laws." More than this far be it from us to hint with reference to Mayor Rolph or by way of suggestion to the Spreckels grand jury. Only we would remind the public-spirited citizens of San Francisco that the indictment of a Mayor to get rid of him would not be a novelty in this little old long-suffering city. Eugene Schmitz was indicted, and though it was afterwards found that the instrument was defective, technically speaking, Schmitz was removed from office by reason of the indictment. The prosecutors tried Schmitz first, and debated the indictment later on. Now we are quite sure that the present community would be fairer to Rolph than the old community was to Schmitz.

—\*—

## The Attitude of Union Labor

Apparently Samuel Gompers, as president of the American Federation of Labor and as a member of the nation's Defense Council Advisory Committee, is trying to induce his followers to abide by his recommendation that unions try not to change labor standards during the war. This recommendation was made in accordance with this declaration of the Council: "Neither employers nor employees shall endeavor to take advantage of the country's necessities to change existing standards." This declaration was amplified thus: "Employers and employees in private industries should not attempt to take advantage of the existing abnormal conditions to change the standards which they were unable to change under normal conditions." It was agreed that as to wages such modifications should be made "as may be shown to be necessary to meet any demonstrated advance in the cost of living." These principles of employment when first set forth were generally accepted by organized industrial and labor associations, but almost ever since disputes have been arising because of the demands of union men who, eager to take advantage of abnormal conditions, are trying to convert "open" shops into "closed" shops. In this respect union men are refusing to live up to "existing standards." In this great national crisis some of them would avail themselves of the exigencies of war to make membership in a union a prerequisite to employment even in factories that produce munitions or any of the necessities of war and that have long been conducted on the open shop principle. This of course is sedition masquerading in the name of labor. Now, presumably Samuel Gompers, who has

been behaving as a patriot ever since the outbreak of the war, is not in favor of encouraging disloyalty among his followers. Presumably he has too much sense to acquiesce in dishonorable conduct that might prove injurious to organized labor. But Samuel Gompers has too much sinister influence to deal with nowadays. There has been much intrigue against him, and he has been often in need of assistance from the Government, which has been slow to coöperate with him, as for example in the case of pretended pacifists. Caution is a fine thing, but though it is well to be fearful of doing even a little wrong it is unwise in these times to be tolerant of any kind of mischief that might embolden the enemies of the country and impair the efficiency of its defenders. It is not desirable to tyrannize over any class, but every class owes a duty to the country, and whenever a body of men proves itself indifferent to national safety it may not be unjust to presume motives of disloyalty.

—\*—

## Our Strikes

The men of the metal trades in the bay region are said to be striking only for higher wages. This may be true. Maybe they are not taking advantage of the Government in time of national peril, and maybe the Government itself is partly to blame for not anticipating the strike that was precipitated in our shipyards and promptly meeting the issue. It would not be the first time since the outbreak of the war that the Government deferred action with unpleasant consequences. But whatever the truth as to the strike Union Labor seems not to have acted in a conciliatory or patriotic spirit; and in view of what has happened the public will not bother much about the proper distribution of blame. The labor bosses have made some things quite clear despite confusing issues about which there has been much vociferation in the Labor Temple. It is clear that it would not have been difficult to arbitrate the question of wages satisfactorily had there been no other issue. Also it is clear that a strike for the "closed shop" was desirable from the standpoint of the labor bosses because they were fearful of defeat in the car strike. Now the United Railroads has long been operated on the "open shop" principle, and the president of the American Federation of Labor has assented to the proposition that standards existing before the war should not be made the subject of controversies during



the war, but the labor bosses in San Francisco apparently were much more concerned about the fate of the carmen's union than they were about the settlement of the dispute in the metal trades. Perhaps seeing ahead the prospect of utilizing "Potrero rough-house" for the benefit of a new union, the potential strategy of the situation was considered too important to be neglected. In other words, it appears that a dovetailing of strikes was deemed expedient in the general interest of the organized body that promised through its president not to attempt to alter existing standards during the war. The calamity is of course greatly to be deplored, but perhaps it would be unjust to put all the blame on the labor bosses or to suspect anybody of turning a Prussian trick. The local authorities who inveighed for weeks against the railroad corporation and refused to police the cars were certainly implicated in a measure, at least to the extent of prolonging the car strike until the whole situation was complicated in the interest of the fight for the closed shop. All the circumstances considered we are not disposed to sympathize wholly with the employers who have been indignantly denouncing the union men as unpatriotic. Among these employers we recognize members of the Mayor's official family, prosperous and influential gentlemen whose efforts to persuade the Administration that it should police the street cars, wholly escaped our attention.



#### Discreet Emma Goldman

The wildest animals may be tamed by a judicious handling. Even the anarchist is no exception. A little experience of captivity with a convincing assurance of more to come if deemed advisable may render even a ferocious Goldman amenable to discipline in the interest of conventional society. Emma Goldman, high priestess of free love and foremost propagandist of

the great Cult of the Loose Screw, came out of jail in New York the other day and at once hiked herself to a soap box. Came anarchists with flowing neckties and unshorn locks from near and far to hear Emma orate in behalf of Alexander Berkman, idol of the Radicals, whose presence in San Francisco has been earnestly solicited on account of the personal interest that he took in the Preparedness Day parade. The Goldman oration failed to enthuse or thrill. It lacked the indefinable, impalpable and imponderable quality called "pep." According to a New York reporter, "It was a rather weak and mild and wishy-washy sort of an affair, with not a word about dynamite and not a single cuss for the government." Emma was not up to form. She disappointed not only the Radicals of the audience but also Police Inspector Kelly who had arranged a little surprise party for the eloquent firebrand. Near the scene of the meeting the inspector had assembled two hundred cops in a barn. They went into retirement at one p. m. and sat around all afternoon playing pinochle and wondering when the word would come for them to get rough with the anarchists, and the word never came. New York is not the place for anarchists in these parlous times. It lacks the hospitality and freedom peculiar to San Francisco where free speech and sabotage are practiced without demur from a sympathetic press.



#### The Vice of Reading

"People are no longer reading anything but the newspapers," is the lament of a college professor. Reading the newspapers exclusively is to be sure a great vice. But unfortunately a taste for the right kind of reading is not to be imparted to everybody. Indeed not every college professor is qualified to instruct his students in what not to read. Many college professors read

more than is good for them, but what is worse they read much that is bad for people who listen to them and who are impressed by what they hear because it is known to be the result of much reading. Great is the respect of ignorance for book-learning. Great also is the mischief it causes, as we are reminded every little while by a Scott Nearing. How many professors have been spouting platitudes on free speech ever since the Nearing ass came to grief at Pennsylvania University! How many lovers of progress from the summer schools pack the inner circles where superiority of intelligence is supposed to be implied of thinking along lines that lead to the rejection of the fundamentals of all that is customary and usual. From those inner circles illuminated by widely-read professors we get the glorious sentiment, "Let every man say what he pleases." Let him, indeed, and if in the process others are incited to starve their neighbors or cripple our army in Europe what does it matter since at least the principle of free speech has been vindicated? Perhaps the people who read only the newspapers are better off than the people who read the magazines and the works of professors who write chiefly for the magazines. For the people who never read anything but a newspaper are not necessarily stupid. They may not believe all that they read. At any rate they are not as serious as the people who read serious articles by the professors who have read *Leviathan* and tried to fathom the metaphysics of Hobbes, or who have waded through Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*. It was probably of these professors that Hazlitt was thinking when he observed how much more was to be learned on the outside of a stage coach than in the company of college dons. Well did Hazlitt know that a man's views of life are valuable chiefly from his experience of life and that reading books can be in no sense an effectual substitute for experience.

## Jesus of the Scars

By Edward Shillito

"He showed them His hands and His side."  
—St. John, c. xx., v. 20.

If we have never sought we seek thee now;  
Thine eyes burn through the dark, our only stars;  
We must have sight of thorn-pricks on Thy brow,  
We must have Thee, O Jesus of the scars.

The heavens frighten us, they are too calm;  
In all the universe we have no place.  
Our wounds are hurting us; where is the balm?  
Lord Jesus, by Thy scars we claim Thy grace

If when the doors are shut, Thou drawest near,  
Only reveal those hands, that side of Thine;  
We know today what wounds are, have no fear—  
Show us Thy scars, we know the countersign.

The other gods were strong; but Thou wast weak;  
They rode, but Thou didn't stumble to a throne;  
But to our wounds only God's wounds can speak,  
And not a god has wounds, but Thou alone.



## Varied Types

349—TED SHAWN

By Edward F. O'Day

Soft brown melting eyes under black brows; a soft plump pallid face; black hair brushed back in a soft wave—that is Ted Shawn. But most of all, those soft brown melting eyes.

His voice is soft too, and his manner. He is very gentle. And very serious. One can imagine those soft eyes brimming with tears, hardly with laughter.

Sitting in a hotel lobby, the target of many feminine glances, Ted Shawn told me gently, seriously, of the genesis of the idea which he has contributed to freak religious service—the dance as an act of Christian worship.

"As a boy," said Shawn, "my sole thought was to become a Methodist minister. I studied for the Methodist ministry at the University of Denver for three years. But suddenly my thoughts got turned against orthodoxy. The Methodist rules and regulations became distasteful. Then I got diphtheria, and while I lay in the hospital I had time to think. The result of that thinking was that I knew I could not be an orthodox minister.

"Indeed, there had always been a two-strand inclination in me—the ministry and the stage. My mother was Mary Lee Booth. Edwin Booth was the cousin of my grandfather Norbourne Booth. The diphtheria antitoxin practically paralyzed me from the hips down, and I had to learn to walk all over again. I took up dancing as an exercise, and continued it as a profession.

"In the East I met Ruth St. Denis. I had always thought that the bent of her dancing was religious, and that appealed to me. Our frames of mind being congenial, when she offered me a position as her dancing partner I took it."

My readers probably know that Ted Shawn is now more than a dancing partner of Ruth St. Denis; he is her husband.

"My first attempt to unite religion and the dance," continued Ted Shawn, "was last year when I danced the Twenty-third Psalm—'The Lord is my shepherd.' The dance may be a descriptive movement or it may be an expressional form. Expressional form is higher than descriptive movement. I danced the Twenty-third Psalm as a descriptive movement. Do you know Taylor's picture of the shepherd in the seamless garment? No? Well, it appeared as a cover picture for the Ladies Home Journal. I followed Taylor's costuming."

"Did your audience know that this was a religious dance?" I inquired.

"They must have known," said Ted Shawn. "I called it 'an invocation,' and used the words 'The Lord is my shepherd' on the programme. Besides, I received letters from people who appreciated its religious meaning."

"Could you dance the Lord's Prayer?" I asked.

"Certainly," said Shawn.

"How?" said I.

"The old definition of dancing," expounded Shawn, "said that dancing was an art executed with the feet. Of course that is not a good definition. One need not use the feet in dancing. Man is threefold in nature; spiritual, mental and physical. The arms, the thorax, the intercostal region—lungs, heart—this is the spiritual part of man. The head and the neck are the mental part. The abdomen,

the hips and the legs are his physical part. Religion is first of all a spiritual and emotional thing; secondly, a mental thing; thirdly, a physical thing." So, in dancing the Lord's Prayer, I should use the arms and the chest most of all; then the head and facial expression; and the feet least of all. Of course the Lord's Prayer is a ritual, not a spontaneous expression; so the quality of movement in dancing it would be ritualistic movement.

"I have my ideal of a religious dance. It would unite the principal features of worship—prayer, adoration, praise and supplication. But the public would not accept it just yet. I must first bridge the gap between dancing and religion. I must pour my message through the old forms. And so, for the dancing service at Dr. Frank's church I danced the Doxology, the Gloria, the anthem 'Les Rameaux,' the hymn 'Beulah Land' and the Benediction."

"Just what do you understand by religion?" I asked.

"Religion," said Shawn, "is man's attitude toward what he conceives to be God, whether God be for him a Principle, a personal deity or his standard of right and wrong. I believe with H. G. Wells in the closing chapter of 'Mr. Britling' that religion is the beginning and end of all things.

"Among other things, religion is the beginning and end of dancing. That is why I am opposed to dancing like the Russian ballet. The Russian ballet is like a wonderful orchid. It is a violently beautiful flower growing on a rotten log. It is built on themes of vile beastliness. It will soon pass away.

"Art and character cannot be divorced. I do not think that great art excuses personal rottenness. Isadora Duncan has failed as a dancer because—"

Ted Shawn may speak softly, gently; but there are times when his words have the punch! There was too much punch in his criticism of Isadora Duncan. It was said for publication, but it was too strong for me.

"What of Gertrude Hoffman's dancing?" I asked.

"Gertrude Hoffman is never an artist; always an imitator," said Shawn. "She is a very clever vaudeville performer, but the word artist should never be associated with her."

"And Maud Allan?" I asked.

"Her contribution has been very small," said Shawn. "It is confined to the interpretation of music. She is not a creative artist. She has copied her Greek dances after Isadora Duncan, and her oriental dances after Ruth St. Denis."

"And Pavlowa? And Genee?"

"Pavlowa stands at the head of the Russian ballet; Genee at the head of the French. They have refined and perfected a technique that is three hundred years old. They are not creative or original.

"The big new dance movement originated in America. It is our only original contribution to art."

"Do you think your religious dancing will receive sympathetic attention, or merely curious attention?"

"In San Francisco it will receive sympathetic attention," said Shawn. "San Francisco is al-

ways sympathetic to new ideas. I was asked to dance at Dr. Frank's service; I did not seek the opportunity. I should never have been asked in Los Angeles. Los Angeles is hide-bound, middle western. Los Angeles still believes in hellfire and damnation. It is true our dancing school is in Los Angeles. But we built there on account of the climate. Less than ten per cent of our pupils are from Los Angeles. Our dormitory clientele supports the school.

"I have no anxiety as to how my religious dancing is to be received. As Billy Sunday says, 'It is God's job, and it is up to Him to get it done.'"

"What do you think of Billy Sunday?"

"If Billy Sunday would stop talking and merely dance he would be more effective. When he skates across the stage and brains the devil with a water pitcher; when he stands on a chair to catch a baseball—he is dancing. He diminishes the effect by coarse speech, by odoriferous language.

"Every conductor of a big orchestra is a dancer. Sailors are dancing when they work to the music of a chantey. The rowing of a boat crew to the music of the coxswain is dancing. These are the dances of labor. Labor is more efficient when it is rhythmic. Grace is another name for efficiency."

"You have broad ideas of dancing," said I.

"It is a pleasure," said Ted Shawn, "to break down the barriers of dogmatism and coördinate what the illuminated of all ages and all times have believed."

And the soft brown eyes melted into a smile which my workaday optics were quite unable to reciprocate.

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## Perspective Impressions

Another horror of war: Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written a patriotic poem.

Candidates for supervisor should be put on record as to their views on municipal taxation.

Kerensky thrives on crises and so he indulged the other day in the luxury of another marriage.

We suspect the patriotism of those who have conceived a sudden dislike for Grimm's fairy tales.

The mother who didn't raise her boy to be a soldier is about the only person in the country who regards flat feet as a blessing.

Now Josephus preaching the importance of a clean life in war time would have the soldiers be "moral" for sanitary and patriotic reasons. Which reminds us that Josephus barred a certain prophylactic from the navy for moral reasons, his theory being that sinners should be punished. But that was before we entered the war.

The Chronicle's love letter contest probably will be won by a co-responder.

We salute President Kerensky of the Russian Republic.

Korniloff seems to be a Julius Caesar who couldn't find the Rubicon.

A gentle reminder: In the approaching election we shall get the kind of supervisors we deserve.

Von Hindenburg doesn't think much of President Wilson; wonder what he thinks of Pershing?

Some folk in this country are still wondering what the German people think of President Wilson's attack on Gott's associate. Whatever the German people may finally conclude to think it will be largely a matter of expediency.

Los Angeles is giving a great deal of attention to our street car strike. She regards it as a good reason for advising her tourists not to visit this city.

What ever became of Starr Jordan's friend Isabella de Vermandois?

Is Charlie Sweigert still running for district attorney?

Better begin studying French so you can hold your own when the boys come home.

It is reprehensible for a bartender to sell liquor to soldiers and sailors; but what about the sleuth who goes about town tempting the mixologist to do so?

The Kultiured German press is abusing Count Luxburg not for what he did or said but for his lack of discretion. But we have yet to hear criticism of the Government or the dear people (whom we are not fighting) for the indiscretion of celebrating the sinking of the Lusitania.

Peace without victory has come to mean in the philosophy of our Prussian inspired pacifists peace without retribution and without anything that might tend to make barbarism inexpedient to the Hohenzollerns and their progeny.

## Songs of the Enemy

By Desmond McCarthy

The two little books I am about to review were given me by a wounded Prussian soldier. They fell into my hands in this way: One misty morning the French launched a small attack in the direction of Bixschoote. It had been a very brief affair, easily successful, and costing them little. When our ambulances arrived on the scene it was all over. A few prisoners were being conducted across the fields, not more than eight or nine altogether. They came along stolidly enough, great gray louts, looking very big and thick beside the French soldiers on each side of them. The moment they got into the village street—or, rather, the ruins which remained of it—we swarmed about them, jostling to have a look and to examine the things which had been taken from their pockets, letters, paper money, tobacco, etc. They appeared—there is no other word which describes their demeanor—uncommonly shy. One or two were grinning in an apprehensive, propitiatory way, others stood sullen and absent-minded.

The scene reminded me of the sudden discovery of a batch of new boys in a school yard at the beginning of term time. Questions were shied at them, which provoked laughter, but, of course, no answers, and there was the same sort of mischievous enjoyment among us of the fact that the newcomers did not know how to behave or what might not be going to happen to them next. Presently the ring broke to make way for an officer, who took the papers and asked if anyone could speak German. I said I thought I could manage to make them understand, and began to act as interpreter for the usual questions. What regiments did they belong to? How long had they been there? How many of them had there been? Had they suffered much in their feet? (The French had suffered themselves a great deal from inflammation and frost bite owing to standing long in watery trenches.) To this last question they replied, "No," which made us look with envy at their boots which, sure enough, were heavily soled and came high up the leg.

After this interrogatory was over they were marched away to a cottage with four walls intact, on the doorstep of which two French soldiers sat down with their rifles across their knees and began rolling cigarettes. "Now M. le Majeur," said the officer, "come and see what's the matter with this beggar over here. The surgeon is down at the other post." I explained that I was not a doctor. "Well, you can talk to him. He makes out he cannot move." We went together into a cottage kitchen, where, in the semi-obscurity an enormous German was lying on the floor. He had a short scrubby beard and small black eyes which caught the light from the window. I knelt down beside him. "Wie Geht's?" "Schlecht." Yet he gave an impression of great health and strength and an immense indifferent indolence, sprawling there on his back. Was he in pain? No. Where had he been hit? He didn't quite know. He said he was very cold and couldn't feel his legs. We slowly turned him on his side with some difficulty, to see if he had been hit in the spine. His back was so caked with mud it was hard to discover whether or not there was a hole in his coat. But since we could do nothing it was better not to disturb him further, so we propped him up and he settled himself stiffly.

Rising from my knees I saw that a few yards from his feet the door into a side room was open and that the head and shoulders of another German were visible. This man's mouth was open and his temple was smashed in. His face was yellow, and he had been dead some time. I got up and pulled the door to. The officer nodded. "Oui, ca n'est pas beau," and he went out, while I sat down by the prisoner to wait till the ambulance should come back to pick us up. Enemy or not, one feels a respect for a seriously wounded man which makes one embarrassed and often at a loss to know what to say. I thought this man was done for, though he looked placid and robust. It is easiest to ask questions.

"What is your name?"

He told me, but his speech was thick and I could not catch it. I did not ask again.

"Married?"

"No."

"What are you?"

"Arbeiter—in a factory."

"Where do you live?"

"East Prussia."

"How long have you been at the war?"

"Four months."

"Had a hard time? Have you been in many battles?"

"Ach, ja." He spoke as though it was wearisome to look back on such things.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked, after a pause.

"Take you to a hospital and put you to bed."

He made a feeble movement with his hand towards the door I had shut. A French soldier came in with a tin mug of hot coffee, which seemed a sufficient answer to his suspicions. After he had drunk it, I asked him if he would like to write a letter. If he gave me an address and told me what he wanted to say, I might be able to get it through, but I had no paper. He pointed to a pocket, and in it I found a torn note book and two other thin books bound in blue canvas. I had some difficulty in understanding the address. He sent his greetings to his mother and said he was wounded and a prisoner. Seeing me turning over the pages of one of the little books, he said I could keep them.

One was a manual of prayers for men at the front and the other a "War Song Book." The most noticeable feature of the prayer book is

(Continued on Page 18)

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## By the Waters of Babylon

(Being the seventh chapter of the story of Belgium's woes entitled "Through the Iron Bars" by the Belgian writer Emile Cammaerts)

Today, in this most tragic hour of Belgian history, when so many leaders, so many patriots, have been imprisoned, deported or shot, after twenty-nine months of constant threats and persecutions, we might ask ourselves: Is Belgium at last cowed into submission?

Listen, then, to Belgium's voice, not to the voice of the refugees, not even to the voice of the King and his Government, but to the voice of these miserable "slaves" whom Germany is trying to starve into submission. Letters have been dropped from those cattle trucks rolling towards Germany or towards the French front. They all tell us of the unshakeable resolution of the men never to sign an agreement to go to Germany, and never to work for the enemy: "We will never work for the Germans and never put our name on paper" (onze naam on papier zetten)—"We will not work for them. Do the same when you are taken" (Faites de même quand tu dois aller). Two young men imprisoned in Ghent write to their father: "They will have to make us fast a long time before we consent to work for the King of Prussia." Another man who was stopped when attempting to escape writes: "They tell us here that the Germans will make us work even if we do not sign an engagement. It would be abominable. Take heart, the hour of deliverance will strike one day, after all." Another workman sends the following message to his employer: "We are here two thousand and three hundred men. They cannot annihilate us. It is not right that our fate should be better than that of our brothers who suffer and fight at the front. We cannot make a step without being threatened by the gun or the bayonet of our jailers. I am hungry . . . but I will not work for them."

And as the slave raids reach one province after another from Flanders to Antwerp, from Hainaut to Brabant, as the fatal list of deportees increases from 20,000 to 50,000, from 50,000 to 100,000, from 100,000 to 200,000, whilst the cries of women and children are heard in the streets, whilst the modern slaves tramp along the roads carrying a light bundle of clothes on their shoulders, from everywhere in Belgium the strongest protests are sent to the Governor General, by the communes which do not consent to give the names of the unemployed, by the magistrates who will not see the last guarantees of individual right trampled upon, by the Socialist syndicates which are defending the right of the workmen not to work against their own country, by the chiefs of industry who show clearly that the whole responsibility of the labor crisis rests on Germany alone, by the bishops of the church, who refuse to admit that, after two thousand years of Christian teaching, a so-called Christian nation should fall so low as to revive, for her own benefit, the worst custom of Paganism.

The energy of these protests is wonderful if one considers the conditions in which they have been made. The town councillors of Tournai were asked to draw up a list of unemployed. They refused; as the Germans insisted, they passed the following resolution: "The municipal council decide to persevere in their negative attitude. . . . The city of Tournai is prepared to submit without resistance to all the exigencies authorized by the laws and

customs of the war. Its sincerity cannot be doubted, as it has shown perfect composure and has avoided any act of hostility during a period of over two years. . . . But, at the same time, the municipal council could not furnish weapons against their own children, fully conscious that natural law and international law, which is derived from it, forbids them to do so." (October 20, 1916.) We possess also the German answer, signed by Major-General Hopper. It is a necessary supplement to von Bissing's unctuous literature. Major-General Hopper calls the resolution "an act of arrogance without precedent." According to him, "the state of affairs, clearly and simply is this: the military authority commands, the municipality has to obey. If it fails to do so it will have to support the heavy consequences." A fine of 200,000 marks is exacted from the town for its refusal, besides 20,000 marks for every day of delay until the lists are completed.

The case of Tournai, like that of Antoing and a good many small towns, is typical. The officers commanding in these districts either disregard the "mot d'ordre" given in Brussels or do not think it worth their while to keep up the sinister comedy played in the large towns. Here Kultur throws off her mask and the brute appears. We know at least where we stand. The conflict is cleared of all false pretense and paltry excuses. The councillors of Tournai appeal to some law, divine or human, which forbids a brother to betray his brother. It is not without relief that we hear the genuine voice of Major Hopper declaring that there is no other law than his good pleasure. That settles everything and puts the case of Belgium in a nutshell. Men like him and the commander of the Antoing district—another major, by the way—are invaluable. But they will never become generals unless they mend their manners.

\* \* \* \* \*

From the perusal of the Belgian protests and of all particulars received, two things appear clearly: First, in spite of all the official declarations, whether the raiders are able or not to get hold of the lists, there is no real distinction between employed or unemployed. And, secondly, in many districts, unemployment has been deliberately created by the authorities in order to justify the deportations.

We cannot discover any method in the raids. In some places all the able-bodied men from 17 to 50 are taken away; in others the priests, the town clerks, the members of the Comité de Secours, and the teachers are left at home; in others still a certain selection is made. But everywhere some men who were actually working at the time or even men who had never been out of work since the beginning of the German occupation have been obliged to go with the others. The proportions vary. In the small town of Gembloux, of a total of seven hundred and fifty inhabitants deported, there were only two unemployed. At Kersbeek-Miscom out of ninety-four deportees only two had been thrown out of work. At Rillaer the Germans have taken 25 boys under 18 years of age. In the district of Mons, from the numbers taken down in fourteen communes, we gather that the proportion of the unemployed varies between 10 and 15 per cent of the total number of deportees. Among

the four hundred men taken from Arlon (Luxembourg) were 43 members of the Comité de Secours who were working in connection with the Commission for Relief, so that not only the people supporting their families are being deported, but even those who employed themselves in alleviating the sufferings of the whole population. This practice has been repeated in several other towns, for instance, in Gembloux and Libramont.

Whether the people are ordered to present themselves at the town hall or seized in their homes, whether they are taken forthwith or allowed a few hours to prepare themselves, whether they are forced to sign an agreement or not, the same fact is evident: the criterion of employment is never considered as a sufficient cause for exemption.

In certain districts where, in spite of the requisitions, no unemployment existed, the authorities have manufactured it. Some of the new coal mines of the Limbourg province have been closed on the eve of the raids. The case of the Luxembourg province is still more typical. "We have not to enquire here," declare the senators and deputies of this province, "if unemployment has been caused in other regions by the disorganization of transports, the seizure of raw stuffs and machines, the constant requisitions and other measures which were bound to penalize the national industry. One fact remains incontestable; it is that, so far as the Luxembourg province is concerned, the unemployment has been non-existent. During the worst periods, we have only had a small number of unemployed, and thanks to the initiative taken by the Comité de Secours all, without any exception, have been at work without interruption." After enumerating a great number of works of public utility which had been approved by the German authorities, construction of light railways, drainage of extensive moors, creation of new plantations, water supplies, etc., . . . the report goes on: "And today most of these works, which had been approved and subsidized by the province and by the State, have been suddenly condemned and interrupted. . . . Such official obstacles to the legitimate and useful activity of our workmen renders still more painful for them, if possible, the measures taken against them by those who reproach them for their idleness and who prosecute them today under the pretext of an inaction which they have deliberately created."

In the face of such testimony all the German argument crumbles to pieces. As Monseigneur Mercier puts it decisively: "It is not true that our workmen have caused any disturbance or even threatened anywhere to do so. Five million Belgians, hundreds of Americans, never cease to admire the perfect dignity and pa-

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# The Lady From Ah-High-Ah

By Augustus Carlton

I was out of breath when I reached the ticket window, and so was the dusky porter plodding along behind me with my two heavy bags.

"Sorry, but the parlor seats are all gone," said the agent. "I can give you a seat in the Pullman."

I took it, cursing my habits of procrastination. My servitor and I just managed to get through the gate to the train before it started.

The Pullman was stuffy and stifling, the two toy electric fans at either end of the car affording no relief. I sought out my seat. It was occupied by a little, worried-looking woman, attempting to quiet a very small infant. I looked around for another seat, but they were all taken up by the week-end impedimenta of that species of human hog who takes not only what is his, but that which no one else forcibly claims.

I retired to the front vestibule to cool off, mentally and physically. I meant to have a row with the conductor—no seat, no ticket.

The porter came through the car. When he arrived within a few feet of where I was standing, a young woman stopped him. Then I saw him remove the bags she had piled on the seat facing the one she occupied, and she smiled at me. It was a warm smile of invitation, but I pretended not to notice. I meant to have that row with the conductor. Then the porter came toward me.

"The lady has made room for you, suh."

She smiled again, so I went and took the seat. I hate to ride sitting backward, and after thanking her rather curtly, I opened my paper and began to read. This affront did not discourage her; she moved about restlessly and uttered innumerable "a-hems." Finally she pretended to become angry, flopped one leg over the other, tapped her foot nervously on the floor, and gazed out of the window. She was not watching the scenery. She was watching my actions, reflected in the glass.

I raised my paper even higher; I was in no mood for a flirtation. I glanced down and caught sight of a shapely silk-stockinged limb. The hosiery itself was pearl gray, but embroidered on it, half way from the ankle to the knee, were birds of brilliant plumage, vivid reds and blues and greens. The effect was quite striking, but the obvious vulgarity disgusted me. For one thing, I loathe over-decoration, and the aristocratically rounded limb itself needed no such gaudy artificial aid. Judged from its own slim beauty, it was artistically perfect, but with its rococo embellishments, utterly impossible.

She was evidently a poor, over-worked New York sempstress, bound for a two weeks' vacation, her mind made up to create an awful splash at the Bide-a-wee Inn up in the Adirondacks. She was attempting to begin her conquests early, and she had singled me out for the first victim.

"Will you please tell me what time it is?"

I gave up. Such persistence deserved reward. I smiled my best.

"It's just half-past two."

"Thank you so much," she sighed. "It's an awfully long way to Ah-high-ah."

So my conjecture had been wrong. She was not a New York sempstress. Only natives of Ohio pronounce it "Ah-high-ah."

"Yes, it is quite a jaunt," I said.

"Are you going that far?"

"No, I'm only going to Albany."

She was visibly disappointed. "Are you a New Yorker?"

"Part of the time."

"Say," and her eyes lit up. "Now ain't it just the grandest place!"

"Is it?"

She giggled. "You New Yorkers are so blase." I fancy she meant blasé. "When do you ever sleep? Why, I've been there a week and never got home a single night until nearly morning. Of course," she hastened to add, "my married sister and her husband were along." "Perhaps you didn't hear the curfew," I suggested.

"Oh, go on now. You can't kid me. They don't have no curfew."

"Yes, we have, just like you have back in Ah-high-ah."

"Well, Ah-high-ah is a slow, pokey place; it is, anyhow, in our town."

"Let's see, your town is—is—?"

"I'm not going to tell you."

"Well, I'll picture it for you. It has a public square. The county court house, built of gray stone, is set in the center of it. The building has a steeple with a clock facing on all four sides."

"Yes!" she said eagerly.

"And there are stores with wooden awnings around the square, with hitching-posts out in front. There is Main street, and Market street, and a lot of shady lanes leading away from the square, and they are called Elm and Maple and Walnut and Oak—"

"No, we haven't any Oak street," she interrupted.

"Well, no matter. You have two nickel theatres and an op'ry house."

"You've been there!" she accused.

"Never in Ohio in my life, Elmira."

"How did you know my name was Elmira?" she demanded.

It was written plainly on an envelope on her lap, post marked "Eczema, O.," but I said: "Oh, I have psychic powers."

"Can you tell my fortune?"

"Sure. Let me see your hand. Ah, you are going to have a romance. It is quite exciting. Two men, one dark, the other light, are perfectly wild about you. I see trouble. The dark one is very, very jealous. You must not trifle with him."

Her eyes glowed, then all of a sudden the light died out of them.

"You're making it all up. The week I spent in New York was the only time in my life a young man took me out. Do you know how old I am?"

"About eighteen or nineteen—twenty at the outside," I lied cheerfully.

"I'm twenty-five," she dolefully lied in return. She'll never see thirty-three again. "I'm an old maid."

"Nonsense," I said sharply. "The fates never deceive. What I've told you is plainly written in your hand. This dark fellow, out in Eczema, is going to be terribly jealous of this young man in New York who took you out."

"Well, he certainly would have cause to be. You New York boys are not a bit slow. Just look how quick you got acquainted with me."

I nearly fell out of my seat.

"We were out every night; Churchill's, Rec-tor's, all the cabarets, and the Winter Garden; but I can't say I approve of those girls with bare—uh—bare knees."

"They ought to paint birds on them," I said.

She blushed and quickly put down her skirts. Then she stuck out her foot and gazed admiringly upon her decorated hosiery.

"Do you like 'em?"

"Our best families wear 'em," I swore. "The boys back in Eczema will go mad about them. You will set the fashion. You will be the rage of the town."

She was as pleased and delighted as a child.

"I got them at a swell shop on Sixth avenue," she said. "They told me they were just the thing; just in fresh from Palm Beach. They're not near all the things I got. My trunk is just full. I bought an evening gown, cut way down to here."

She indicated the "here," and I hope, for the sake of modesty and the morals of Eczema, that she exaggerated slightly. She reached under the seat and brought forth a bag. She left it on the floor between her feet, and opened it.

"I can't hold these things up for everyone in the car to see," she said, "but I want to know what you think of them."

Well, whatever they were, they were as dainty and as beautiful as things of that kind should be. Lingerie, I believe, is the polite term. She ran her fingers through them lovingly; fingers that were thin and worn; fingers that belonged to hands that knew the dish-pan and the wash-tub in an intimate way. And for the first time I noticed the patient, long-suffering expression in her eyes—eyes that were now filled with tears of happiness.

"I've always wanted things like this," she whispered. "But my father was such a hard man. No, I shouldn't say that. He's gone now. He just didn't understand. Now, I'm afraid it's too late."

"Not on your life, Elmira," I said. "When you get those things on you will forget the years that you did not have them. A week from now you and George will go down to the concert of the Eczema Silver Cornet Band, and while they are playing 'That's How I Need You,' George will tell you that the music is saying for him what he wants to say."

"But George is in the band; he's the leader."

"All right, then. It will be after the concert. You will go to the Reliable Pharmacy for an 'ice cream sody,' and while you are walking along Maple street under the big trees—"

Albany! Albany! called the porters. I grabbed my bag.

"Oh, I wish you were going all the way," she said, as I shook her hand. "We were just getting acquainted."

I walked back along the side of the train after I reached the platform.

"You're not like a real New York fellow," she called to me, leaning out of the window.

I was at a loss to know just what she meant; then suddenly I understood. I motioned to the porter and he brought his little footstool. I climbed up on it, took her in my arms and kissed her. It made her quite happy, and for that reason I rather enjoyed the sensation myself.

"Pleased to have met you," she called as the train started on its way.



# Poems About San Francisco

217—A SAN FRANCISCO FOG

By Mamie Lowe Miller

The phantom of a former day—  
This monk Franciscan, robed in gray;  
With cowlèd head and noiseless feet  
He treads the boist'rous bay.

He comes to shrive the city's sin;  
Above her walls, her traffic's din,  
His benedictive arms are raised,  
His aged hands and thin.

The city slows her maddened pace;  
With closèd eyes and wistful grace  
Her absolution seeks; then lifts  
A sun-illuminèd face!

## The Spectator

### Bludgeoning the Brave

In the midst of a car strike in San Francisco it requires courage to be a conductor or motor-man. This is the impression one receives from certain episodes of the strike which has been terrorizing the community for some weeks. In order to make a living for themselves; in many instances, to feed their families, and in some cases not uncommon, to reduce the mortgage on a home, men are taking their lives in their hands in the midst of a great city where police protection is but half-heartedly vouchsafed. These are brave men who look fear in the eye, for of course they are sensible of the perils that beset them. Even if they lacked imagination they would be aware of the enormity of the risk they take, since at least they can read, and they have read of the ruthlessness of the strikers and union sympathizers who are taking a mean, cowardly and cruel advantage of them. Yet apparently there is no sympathy for these carmen. At any rate the crimes against them have provoked no storm of indignation. We view these crimes as a matter of course and we tolerate them.

### The Misunderstood Victims

Now it is not to be said that this is a hardened community. It is perhaps no worse than other big cities where strikes have occurred; though it is perhaps a little more patient of union labor than the average civilized community. Union labor having been here entrenched for many years and having had its sentiments repeatedly voiced by a depraved press people generally acquiesce in those sentiments without reflection. A strikebreaker in San Francisco is counted no more deserving of pity than is a negro in the South. But the majority of these non-union carmen are not strikebreakers in the common acceptance of the term. Many of them are old residents who have their homes and families here. They are not depriving union men of bread. On the contrary union men are trying to deprive the non-union carmen of better wages than municipal carmen are receiving.

### The Non-Union Attitude

This ugly controversy that has drawn much blood in San Francisco presents more than one paradox and a few anomalies. What could be more anomalous than a strike instigated in behalf of men against their wishes and maintained without their consent? These men are not altruists. Nor are they enemies of union labor. They are merely free American citizens who wish to make a living under a system which they prefer to the one by which the municipal cars are operated. It is not that they wish to work longer hours. What they are concerned about is the wages, and they would rather spend their time making money than spend it at their ease. Also they would rather have their pay increased with their years under private ownership than enter politics under a system by which they may have to take a day or a week off in order to increase a Supervisor's constituents. This is the story as some of the carmen have told it to me. It is the version of men who have to risk a beating in order to live. To be sure some of them are strikebreakers but the strikebreakers are not the only ones who have suffered.

### The Willing Nine

Nine supervisors step down and out this year after an incumbency of storms and quarrels. Most of them have done nothing more im-

portant than draw their breaths and their salaries. Being a supervisor is not a pleasant job at the best of times, and several of the men whose terms expire have had a particularly stressful career. The most energetic among them, the few who have really striven to safeguard the city's interests, would gladly retire, but to do so might be to increase the weight of left-over stupidity, and the men who have rendered real service and restrained radicalism are being urged to keep up the good work. As to the others they are more than ready to go on sacrificing themselves in the interest of their constituents. More than that they are preparing to spend all the money they beg, borrow or raise to convince the public that civic affairs can't do without them. It's a strange obsession, is supervising. It gets in the blood, like certain diseases. It is almost always incurable. Only once in a while do we find a Bill McCarthy who voluntarily relinquishes a seat at the board. The typical supervisor, when it comes to being willin', has Barkis looking like the embodiment of reluctance.

### The Problem Stated

Of those who go out but who are urged to come in again, some will almost surely be re-elected. Jim Power has a strong personal following, and has won the impersonal admiration of a goodly part of the electorate by his sincere attempt to keep pork out of the budget. Andy Gallagher has known how to please his friends, and his friends move in a social set where it is considered deuced bad form not to get out and vote. Ralph McLeran has remained on the board from the days when the balance between brains and solid ivory was pretty fairly adjusted. He is one of those few who know how to transact the city's business. The other six who aspire to keep their nice leather chairs and their lockers and their monthly warrants are: Deasy, Hilmer, Nelson, Walsh, Nolan and Suhr. The problem is to eliminate the unfit among these nine, and get fit men in their places. It is the biennial problem. We rarely solve it. Usually we change

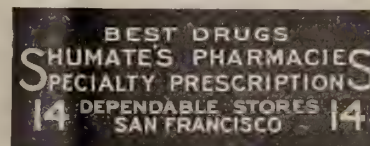


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from bad to worse until we elect paint-eaters; then there is a nasty mess of some kind, a reaction toward high-class men, then indifference and another spell of progressive deterioration.

### Attacking the Problem

We must not permit a dangerous enthusiasm to lead us astray in this supervisory matter. Though the signs indicate just now that a serious effort is in the making to get good men to run for supervisor, it is better to preserve a Missouri demeanor until we have more of what the politicians call "dope." Various organizations are announcing their intention of enlisting representative men for the nominations. They have announced that same intention in the past. Sometimes we discovered too late that not even their intentions were good. So let us not bank too much upon their promises. Here is the Good Government League, all aquiver to go over the top and bayonet the Huns of misgovernment. Alas! these Goo Goos have not always inspired us with complete confidence. And here is the Business Men's League signalling its readiness to drop bombs on the despots of the foes of civic purity. Alas! they have—to put it charitably—been deceived by camouflage more than once. Their wisdom is alloyed with fallibility. And here is a newly formed Union Labor party laying its barbed wire entanglements on the edge of the political No Man's Land. In offensive and defensive alike these veteran warriors will fight for the unions first, and the good of the town will be a bad second in their calculations. Here too is the Civic League of Improvements Clubs enlisting en masse for the winter campaign. This is a new fighting unit, and we shall watch with attention to see how it behaves under fire. Optimism is not set aflame by the outlook so far.

### The Clockwinder Talks Politics

"Speaking of politics," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, "I see that the P. A. Syndicate must look to its dead man's graft."

Senator Hartman tried to look disinterested. "Perhaps you don't get me, Gus," continued the bilge-water cynic, dropping into his easy chair.

"I don't want anything to do with graft, believe me," said Hartman speaking with considerable emphasis. "I saw too much of that sort of thing in the Legislature."

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of graft. I'm talking about nice clean graft—easy money."

"There's no such thing," Hartman affirmed. "You're talking fairy tales now. Get out of the nursery."

"What about the Public Administrator's job?"

"Held by right of discovery in the Hynes family, intrenched behind a barbed wire fence and protected by a battery of Mission Promotion Committee machine guns," said the Senator.

"Oh, it's not invulnerable, now that Rolph is getting in over his head," the clockwinder remarked. "Look into it."

Senator Hartman was at once interested. Also he was at once attentive, like one eager he proceeded to solicit information. "Well," to hear something worth while. Half musing he said with an air of affected indifference, "of course that's nice, clean, easy money, but how can you get some of it with Rolph's friend Cullinan on the job holding fast with both hands and Tommy Hickey standing by with a club to protect the dead from alien hands, and, by the way, there are other good party men drawing dividends for services rendered, isn't there?"

The clockwinder shook his head. "I don't know," he replied. "That always was a close corporation, that Democratic syndicate. But of course there are other fellows declaring themselves in all the while for the good of the party. Depend on it though, the Hynes twins will always exclude all but regular fellows."

"Well, where do you see an opening for me, I'd like to know," Hartman asked. "You pinch my curiosity."

"Be calm," urged the waterfront philosopher.

### Keeping It in the Family

Puffing his cigar leisurely Senator Hartman gave assurance of his serenity.

"Well, listen," said the clockwinder. "Everybody wears out his welcome in time, and the longer a man holds a political job the more determined folks get to take it away from him, especially if there's lots of easy money in it."

"How much do you think is in this job?"

"About thirty thousand a year, I'm told."

"Gee!" The Senator was on his feet with an explosion.

"Yep," said the clockwinder. "Easy thirty. Old Phil Roach and Captain Freese got rich on the job, but of course those were the days of Tom Blythe. On the other hand, there weren't so many people passing in their checks in those days and leaving loose change to be gathered in by the Public Administrator. The city has grown and it's a job for a syndicate of political lawyers now."

"But what about this fellow Hynes? Is he still singing himself into the job?"

The clockwinder exploded with laughter and the easychair creaked. Senator Hartman wanted to know where the joke came in.

"No wonder you're out of the running," said the clockwinder; "didn't know that the real Hynes croaked years ago. Say, Gus, there was a tribe of Hynes. The pioneer-politician of the family was the Public Administrator for Cullinan and Hickey. He put lots of money in their purse with his laughing song and when he finally left his own estate to be administered on Tom and Eustace got together and "framed up" on the dear people. They made a candidate of his brother whose real name is William, which was lucky because though the dead man's real name was Mike he had always called himself "Bill" for short and also for style. Now the real William groomed by Hickey, Cullinan & Co. and masquerading in the dead man's shoes at the polls was elected to take Mike's job and there he is ever since."

Senator Hartman gasped with astonishment. "You see, Gus, you've dropped into the discard—haven't kept up with the fly boys at all. Bet you don't even know the other Hynes—Jack?"

"Do you mean the Supervisor? Is he one of the tribe?"

"Sure. He's a fine musician, leads an orches-

tra and plays good dance music. Even Hickey can dance to it without sweating a hair when he isn't administering."

### Ficking a Winner

"So," said Hartman after musing a while on what he had heard, "you think I might break into this charmed circle."

"No," said the clockwinder, "you couldn't break in with an ax, but you might get in sight of the money by playing for third place, and believe me that's pretty good in these War Loan days."

"Put me on."

"Tom Burke has an eye on the job."

"Tom the paper man?"

"Exactly. Tom sells paper for Zellerbach. So you see he's only half Irish, and the half Irish in him I believe is all pro-Ally. Now you're all Jew, and I shouldn't wonder, in view of your name, that you had a little German in you. It strikes me therefore that you might get into a combination somewhere to break the song and dance music slate and foreclose the twin's mortgage on the job of distributing the estates of the intestate dead. Of course as a Democrat I'm a friend of the Hickey-Cullinan team. They're good fellows and they're very industrious—never let an estate go wrong, always find the heirs. But I'm for the fellow who needs my sympathies the most. That's you. So get in, get busy."

"What about Burke?"

"Say, he's a better politician than Hynes. Isn't much of a parish dancer, but he wins all the whist prizes in the Mission and he's more popular than all the members of the P. A. Syndicate put together. And when it comes to tribes or clans I'll back Burke's assembly of blood relations against any two other sets between the Golden Gate and the county line. Get in behind a winner, Gus, and more power to you!"

### Ted's Religious Dancing

There was a pretty good crowd at Scottish Rite Auditorium Tuesday night when the Rev. Henry Frank of the Interdenominational church presented Ted Shawn as the "celebrant" of a religious service of dancing. How many had come to scoff, how many to pray and how many to be amused it would be hard to say; but certainly I did not notice many prayerful faces. Dr. Frank, looking like the toastmaster in what Hillsborough calls "the soup and fish" prepared the audience for Ted with a number of highly impassioned remarks, the general tenor being that we were all to be congratulated on being present and that those who didn't go in for this sort of thing were to be commiserated. Then Ted came out and danced "The Prayer" which seemed to be addressed to Francois Del-sarte rather than to the Lord. At the end of this gesticulative supplication Ted walked off



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the stage with one hand to his head as though he'd forgotten something and the other to his side as though he had a stitch. Between dances Dr. Frank talked to the audience—or congregation—frankly admitting that he had to do this to give Ted a chance to catch his breath and change his costume. The most curious dance was "The Sermon." Fancy a sermon without words! The idea has possibilities. Ted's text was "Ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free." In interpreting this text he gave an excellent imitation of Houdini extricating his wrists from handcuffs. The dance I enjoyed was "The Palms." In this dance Ted was a shepherd of Judea who chanced to be in the streets of Jerusalem on Palm Sunday when the Savior made His triumphal entry. By bodily movement and facial expression he brought that scene vividly before the minds of the audience. Of course he was aided greatly by the music of "Les Rameaux." This is a real dance, and Ted should place it permanently in his repertoire.

#### David and Ted Shawn

In extenuation—or it may be, in defense of his dancing at the Interdenominational service, Ted Shawn points to the undoubted fact that King David danced before the Ark of the Covenant. As we have Biblical authority for the statement that David was a man after the Lord's own heart, the citation of second Samuel, sixth chapter, fourteenth verse certainly bolsters Ted Shawn's case. But Rabbi Rosenwasser doesn't think so. Says the minister of the Bush-street Temple:

If one does violence to a text from the Bible black may be proven white. It is obvious that David's dance was a defiance of the decencies of even his time, and that Saul's daughter, Michal, heathenish though she was, disapproved of his antics and did not hesitate to employ sarcasm in speaking to David of it. David's dance was an exercise of the divine right of kings rather than a glorification of God. He did what he did because he was the King of Israel and defied decency as more modern rulers have done.

#### David Defends Himself

I hesitate to take issue with one learned in rabbinical lore. Besides, I hold no brief for Ted Shawn. But summoning all my boldness, I ask: Does the incident narrated in the second book of Samuel, chapter six, warrant the interpretation Dr. Rosenwasser puts upon it? For the life of me I cannot agree that it does. It is true that Michal taunted David for his dance; she compared him bitterly to a common buffoon. What did David reply to Michal? He told her that in his dance he had been humbling himself before the Lord, and that he intended to humble himself still more. The narrative ends with the statement that Michal was punished severely for her contempt of David: she was cursed with the disgrace (it was a disgrace in those days) of childlessness. What has all this to do with the divine right of kings? with the kingly prerogative of defying the decencies? Ted Shawn need not defend David: David, it seems to me, attended to that himself.

#### The Vogue of Religious Dancing

"The closer religion is to the primitive," says Dr. Rosenwasser quite justly, "the more dancing is employed as an appeal to the gods." And he says further: "To reestablish dancing in the religious ritual is obviously a retrogression." To which Ted Shawn replies: "It is a fact that nearly all dancing went out of the church, but that was in the Dark Ages." The reply is unfortunate, if Ted Shawn uses that term "Dark Ages" in its ordinary (and discredited) sense.

The dancing connected with pagan ritual may be disregarded, since the question now is of Christian worship. We all know of course that religious dancing was an important part of the worship of Cybele, of Bacchus, of Isis. In Rome there was a very ancient order of dancing priests called the Salii. Nearly all the savage peoples remaining in the world today have religious dances. When the Dervish spins himself into madness, he is doing a religious dance. Was not the unfortunate Mata Hari a temple dancer in Java? Did not the Jumpers—ludicrously treated by George Meredith in his strange poem "Jump-to-Glory Jane"—find a means of grace in bodily leaping or dancing? But let us stick to the dance as a part of conventional, sober-serious Christian worship. This was quite common in the primitive church. But it fell under disfavor, just as the "Agapae" or love feasts did. Nevertheless it survived here and there for many centuries. In the eighteenth century dancing was still a part of Christian worship in the churches of Spain and Portugal. Even now, I believe, there is a dance of acolytes during mass on the feast of Corpus Christi in Seville. So Ted Shawn is not correct in dragging in the Dark Ages—by which, I suppose, he means the much maligned Middle Ages.

#### Hugh Benson to the Rescue

To make out his case for religious dancing Ted Shawn might very aptly have cited an essay "On the Dance as a Religious Exercise," in that fascinating volume "The Papers of a Pariah" by Robert Hugh Benson. When Hugh Benson wrote that book he was just what the title says—a pariah. He had reasoned himself out of the Episcopal church and had not yet reasoned himself into the Roman Catholic. The essay I have cited is actually an essay on the mass. The main idea is thus set forth:

It was during High Mass, not in France but in England, that the thought first came into my mind that perhaps here was a survival of the ancient religious dance—that stately, magnificent series of slow movements which surely may express devotion of the most solemn and reverent kind, as well as can the color of vestment or sanctuary, or the sounds of melody.

After developing this idea in a very beautiful fashion, Hugh Benson concludes:

The Catholic is not ashamed to take his place with the worshippers of Isis and Cybele, with King David, and with the naked Fijean, and to dance with all his might before the Lord.

#### "The Submarine Conscience"

Pueblo, Col., September 14.—J. H. Carpenter of Marna, Col., did not know there was a war between the United States and Germany and thought the registration under the selective draft law was registration for an election, he told officers here today when arrested for failure to register. Carpenter said a rancher for whom he worked kept him in ignorance of the draft, and that, as he took no newspapers, he was unaware of the war.

I wonder what Ranch-hand Carpenter would think if last week's Saturday Evening Post were put in his hands and he was asked to read that remarkable recital "The Submarine Conscience?" Surely he would say that it was the composition of a wildly imaginative writer. He might remember the Jules Verne stories of his youth, and declare that here was a dreamer of impossible things to out-Verne the most improbable of the Frenchman's fictions. He would never believe that "The Submarine Conscience" was a sober recital of incidents which have become commonplace to those who read the war news of 1917. And yet, there is no incident in this narrative which arouses incredulity. The S. E. P. has published some fine war compositions, notably "Nach Verdun" and "Englander Schweine," but "The Submarine Conscience" takes the palm. The story of Wilhelm Thorwald of Münster who distinguished himself at the Diesel Engine Works and was made engineer on a huge submarine, of the departure

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Other U. S. Bonds .....	815,000.00
Other Bonds .....	9,687,875.32
Other Assets .....	1,077,159.42
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....	26,587,740.69
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	26,739,745.36
	<b>\$82,739,745.36</b>

#### LIABILITIES

Capital Stock .....	\$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	2,310,762.33
Circulation .....	3,500,000.00
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Deposits .....	62,274,146.22
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from Kiel under the terrible Captain Kolberg, of the successful preying upon enemy and neutral commerce, of the illness and death of Max and the horror of his decomposing body, of the crew's steady relapse into barbarism until the sogginess of the bread aboard becomes a cause for mortal combat and little Metz the battery assistant kills Koenig the big gunner, of the brief trial of the murderer and his unflinching pose before the captain's pistol, of the unceremonious flinging of three bodies into the sea, of the long stay at the bottom of the sea while the microphone warns of British destroyers lying in wait above, of the wrecking of the engines lest their secrets fall into English hands, of the last fight, the sinking of the submarine with the captain standing at his post and the capture of the crew—this story stands alone, so far as I know, among war narratives. But more important than its physical details is its psychological element—the gradual sickening of Wilhelm Thorwald following the torpedoing of a neutral liner and the drowning of innocent people, including a woman with a child in her arms. Wilhelm began his war service as a loyal German; he ended disillusioned and disgusted. And his sweetheart Theresa shared his changed feelings, while his mother did not. One of the gripping moments in this narrative comes when his mother advises Wilhelm to marry Theresa because the fatherland needs offspring. It is a story of naked realism, and there is no reason to suppose that any detail of it is overdrawn. But you could never expect that ranch-hand from lonely Marna to accept it as the truth.

#### Julius Caesar Petersen

The love for dramatics and heroics may be satisfied elsewhere than upon the stage or battlefield if we are to believe the story of the mysterious Oakland delegation that went to the mobilization camp at Arcadia and offered Captain Walter Petersen of Battery E the job of being mayor of Oakland. Outside of the fact that the delegation did not have the mayoralty tied up in a package and ready for delivery the mission is presented as an impressive one. Captain Petersen, former chief of police, would be a strong candidate, that much is admitted. There have been few men in Oakland about whom so many positive opinions have been held. He has his friends and enemies, and mighty few in-betweens. The latest story is to the effect that a delegation of "prominent Oakland business men who were keeping their names a secret" journeyed to Arcadia and the camp and there proffered Petersen the job and the \$75 chair and the fireplace now owned by Davie. And Petersen is said to have been like another Caesar.

"I would rather lead this company of Oakland boys to the front," he is said to have declared, "than be President of the United States."

When the list of patriotic utterances is compiled for future generations, and political purposes, this remark may be remembered by all of those who have not paused to think that, whatever Petersen's preferences may be, it is Uncle Sam who is his boss now. And Uncle Sam isn't letting his captains quit ranks to run for office.

#### The Bishop of Los Angeles

Which would you rather be: vicar general in

San Francisco or bishop in Los Angeles? This is a riddle for churchmen, so I don't presume to answer it myself. And of course 'twould not be polite to put it to Father John J. Cantwell, the newly appointed bishop of the Southern California diocese. I congratulate him, but I'm sorry to see him go. As secretary to Archbishop Riordan Father Cantwell won all hearts; he has consolidated his position in the general esteem as vicar general under Archbishop Hanna. His appointment cuts what looked suspiciously like the ecclesiastical equivalent of the Gordian knot. Los Angeles hasn't had a Catholic bishop since the revered Conaty passed away. Once it was announced that Bishop McCourt of Pennsylvania would be called to the western bishopric. Bishop McCourt thought he'd have to go, and he told his diocese sadly from the pulpit:

"It seems I must go to Los Angeles. Remember me in your prayers."

(Some get this story twisted and declare that he asked his diocese to pray for the repose of his soul!) Bishop McCourt didn't go, however; and we heard that Bishop Muldoon of Illinois would be Conaty's successor. But Muldoon stayed where he was. And so it is settled that Los Angeles Catholics are to call John Cantwell "your grace." I congratulate Los Angeles.

#### Cohan's Over There

Apparently there is a dearth of inspiration for our song-writers and composers in the greatest war that ever happened. Most of the marching tunes of the day have come to us from other wars. Even "Tipperary" is not a war song. It was sung in the London music halls long before the outbreak of the war, but the sentiment and swing of it caught the popular ear like the lyric of the Spanish War "There'll Be a Hot Time," etc., which was played on the barrel organs long before the sinking of the Maine. To George Cohan we are indebted for the most stirring tune, the most thrilling music hall ditty of this war, his "Over There" with which Elsie Janis is quickening the blood of Orpheumites. The words and music are as Cohanesque as Elsie's imitation of the almost inimitable. It is a rattling good melody that Cohan has given us and there is certainly plenty of grip to these homely lines:

Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,  
Johnnie, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun,  
Take it on the run, on the run, on the run.  
Hear them calling you and me,  
Ev'ry son of liberty.  
Hurry right away, no delay, go today.  
Make your daddy glad to have had such a lad,  
Tell your sweetheart not to pine,  
To be proud her boy's in line.

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#### Chorus.

Over there—over there—  
Send the word, send the word over there  
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming,  
The drums rum-tumming every where.  
So prepare, say a prayer,  
Send the word, send the word to beware.  
We'll be over, we're coming over,  
And we won't come back till it's over, Over There!

#### A Spanish War Song

Out of the Spanish War came one good melody, but as that was a short war, one that many folks thought not worth fighting, the enthusiasm of the people soon died out. That one song might be worth rescuing from oblivion for though by no means a lyric gem, the composer, L. C. Wedgefuth, turned out an inspiring melody and the sentiment might be very appropriately revived at this time. This song—"Freedom Forever"—was first sung at the old Tivoli. Nightly the dear old theatre was thronged with troops and the soldiers used to join in the refrain. The song made such a hit that it was printed in *The Examiner* of May, 1898. One stanza is as follows:

Columbia, queen of nations, the fairest of the earth,  
Reserved thro' countless ages, to witness freedom's birth,  
From every land and kingdom, you welcome the oppressed.  
Seeking for liberty, beneath thy flag they rest  
Thine honor still untarnished, thy spirit strong and free,  
"For justice" thy motto is, for all who look to thee.  
Tho' nations shall assail thee, thy standard still shall be,  
Ever and ever more, the star of liberty.

"On what ground did young Spender claim exemption?"

"On the ground that his father would have no one to support."

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Tait Remembers Annie

Not long ago there appeared in a paper devoted to the hotel and restaurant business a picture of John Tait and his family. It was taken from a snapshot on Tait's beautiful ranch at Ben Lomond, and it showed John Tait, Mrs. Tait and the three fine looking Tait youngsters, two boys and a girl. It is a picture of which Tait is quite naturally proud—a framed copy hangs in his office, and he has presented other copies to his intimates. So it pleased John Tait to see the picture published. He bought a number of copies of the paper and mailed them to his friends. While he was engaged in this pleasant work his thoughts went back thirty-three years, and he said to himself:

"I'll mail a copy to Annie. Who knows? It may reach her."

So he addressed a wrapper in something of this fashion: Miss Annie Sutton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. And in the corner he wrote: "If Miss Annie Sutton is married and has moved away, perhaps some one who knows her present name and address will forward this." The paper was mailed, and John Tait thought no more about it.

## The Story of Annie and John

Thirty-three years ago—in 1884, to be precise—John Tait was a boy of sixteen living at Newcastle-on-Tyne. Annie Sutton was a girl of fifteen, the daughter of the Mayor of Newcastle. John and Annie were sweethearts, vowed owners of each other's hearts in that first sweet innocent love of adolescence. Nothing was ever to part John and Annie. And when John grew up and made his way in the great world of London, Annie was to be his wife. The Taites, the Suttons and other families of Newcastle had summer cottages at the seaside resort of Tynemouth. Every summer they went to Tynemouth, and you may be sure that these special opportunities for companionship were sweet to John and Annie. For both the Suttons and the Taites were strict, nay severe Presbyterians, and during the school months John and Annie were kept diligently at their books, and there were few "parties" at which they might meet. In the summer of 1884 the Taites, the Suttons and other families were at Tynemouth as usual. One day a picnic was arranged. Mayor Sutton had a yacht, and on this, early one beautiful morning, some twenty-five or thirty people set sail for a favorite picnic place some

twenty-odd miles down the coast from Tynemouth. The morning was still young when the yachting party arrived at the picnic grounds. The picnic baskets were not to be opened till noontime. What more natural than that John and Annie should set out hand-in-hand to explore the cliffs of that wonderful Northumberland coast? They walked a long way, timing their delightful jaunt by John's big silver watch so that they might be sure to return to the picnic grounds in time for luncheon.

## A Youthful Tragedy

Judge of their consternation, on arriving at the picnic place, to find that their party had disappeared! There was a narrow-gauge railway connecting this picnic place with Tynemouth, and the station master was able to explain. A storm had come up, rain had fallen—of this John and Annie had taken no heed!—and the picnickers had sent the yacht back to Tynemouth in charge of its crew, themselves returning by train. In so large a party they had not missed the absent John and Annie. Here was a situation. John had never a shilling in his pocket. But he pledged the big silver watch, and that yielded enough money to buy refreshments for the famished Annie. And then John and Annie set out to walk the twenty-odd miles to Tynemouth. It was an ordeal for poor Annie, already tired by the walk along the cliffs, and progress was slow. It was one o'clock in the morning when John and Annie finally presented themselves before their angry parents. As I have said, both families were old-fashioned Presbyterians. Their notions of propriety may seem grotesque nowadays, but were none the less sternly and seriously held. John and Annie had been together unchaperoned for many hours. They had brought disgrace upon their families! Annie was immediately sent off to boarding school. John's parents shipped him to Texas for six months.

## After Many Years

John Tait never went back to England. As correspondence with Annie was strictly forbidden, time worked its inevitable will upon the youthful romance. Once in a while through the years John Tait wondered what had been the fortune in life of his little sweetheart. But it was only a short time ago, after the lapse of thirty-three years, that the impulse to communicate with her came upon him. The paper which Tait sent her, containing the picture of himself and family, reached Annie Sutton. And she immediately communicated with John. She is a widow with three children—two girls and a boy. The boy is fighting in France. Through her letters John Tait has learned of all the boys and girls he knew and loved before he was sent to Texas. He has renewed that almost forgotten life so tragically brought to an end by his inexorable Presbyterian parents.

## Mrs. Kohl at Belmont Park

Mrs. Frederick Kohl attracted more than ordinary attention on Futurity Day at Belmont Park. I quote from a metropolitan bavarde: "Mrs. Frederick Kohl, the stunning blonde from California, whose beauty created a sensation in army circles in the East about fifteen years ago, was the handsomest woman among newcomers seen in the paddock. She has gained

much in manner since the days when she poured lemonade at the Governors Island garden parties to please Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant."

## Dudley's "Sacrifice"

Although Dudley Field Malone threw up a twelve-thousand dollar job to devote himself exclusively to Votes for Women, it is not generally believed in New York that he was making a sacrifice. Rumor hath it that two days before inditing his famous letter to the President, Dudley went to Newport and had a long conference with Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. Mrs. Belmont is one of those who would rather "suff" than eat. The story is that she considered Dudley's time so valuable to the cause that she promised him a salary as large as that he was quitting, also a guarantee that he would keep it till the suffrage fight was over. If that is true, Dudley has a life job. Some people add that Dudley was influenced by Mrs. Belmont's social position; but this is not generally credited. But the other part of the story is generally believed. Incidentally, Mrs. Belmont described Dudley's "sacrifice" as "noble and beautiful."

## At Hotel Oakland

That social activities will not be materially lessened in Oakland and the east bay cities this season on account of the war has been proven by the early booking of social affairs at the Hotel Oakland. One of the principal affairs will be a club that is being formed of fifty married couples to meet at the hotel once a week where they will be instructed in the latest ball room dances for an hour, and the balance of the evening devoted to regular dancing and the practicing of the new steps. The name of this new club has not been decided on, but the members will include prominent people of the east bay city who have been meeting at the Hotel Oakland for the past two winters under the instruction of Frank Dana, official instructor at the hotel who will also be in charge again this year. A party of thirty-four young ladies who composed the Copa de Oro Club of Berkeley, gave a very elaborate banquet on Saturday evening. The occasion was the receiving of their charter for the Kappa Delta Sorority and the installation of officers. The members of the sorority are: Margaret McCully, Velma Lyon, Albert McNeely, Jean Meddough, Helen Wirt, Ruby Parish, Emma Prestage, Martha Prestage, Ruth Slocum, Corinne Powell, Pearl Heath, Isabel De Young, Alice Cannam, Marian Steltz,

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#### At Hotel Whitcomb

One of the prettiest of recent dinner parties at Hotel Whitcomb was that given by Mrs. Adeline Day Shorb, her guests being Mrs. John Charles Adams, Mrs. George Faunce Buck of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. Sven Philip, Mrs. Harriet Maxwell, Miss Vere de Vere Adams, Colonel George K. McGunnegle, Captain L. L. Pendleton, Arthur Maitland, Maurice Hall and Fred Marquard. . . . The Mills Club held its monthly meeting in the Sun Room on the roof of the Whitcomb Tuesday afternoon. The principal speakers were Dr. Aurelia Henry Rheinhardt, president of Mills College, and Mrs. Robert J. Burdette of Pasadena. A musical programme was rendered by Mrs. Mabel Forester Price, soprano, and Miss Anita Coffey, pianist.

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#### At the Cecil

Mrs. L. M. Brett, wife of General Brett, and their charming daughter Miss Lloyd Brett were the guests of honor at a handsomely appointed dinner at which Miss Mignon Hollingsworth was the hostess Saturday. Mrs. Cosmo Morgan of Los Angeles is a guest. Accompanied by their son Hall Williams, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Williams motored from Los Angeles and will make an indefinite visit. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Turner have returned from Alaska and will spend the winter. After a visit in New York Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Highley and Miss Blanche Highley are domiciled for the winter. Mrs. Newton Ford and her maid will remain at the hotel until after Christmas. Miss Duryea is visiting her sister Mrs. W. B. Purnie. Mrs. Purnie is among the charming New Yorkers who will spend the winter at the Cecil. Mrs. R. S. Pollister is registered.

#### The American Red Star

A San Francisco branch of the American Red Star has been established, with offices in the Balboa Building. Captain William H. McKittrick is president, and the other officers are: D. O. Lively, first vice-president; John Partridge, second vice-president; Richard M. Tobin, treasurer; Matthew McCurrie, secretary; and John A. Britton, Paul S. Foster, George U. Hind, John McGaw, John I. Walter, Charles W. Clark, Mrs. W. C. Graves, W. H. McCarthy, James C. Nealon and Jesse W. Lilienthal, directors. And what is the American Red Star? It is an organization which does for wounded horses what the Red Cross does for wounded soldiers. It was organized in June of last year at the solicitation of the War Department. And it is asking for an initial fund of \$250,000. Those who wish to contribute may make their checks payable to Mr. Tobin, and may mail them to Mr. McCurrie at 211 Balboa Building where also any desired information may be obtained. The British Red Star saved the British Government \$21,000,000 during the first sixteen months of the war.

#### Save Your Newspapers

Save your newspapers and help the Red Cross. You can raise money without spending a cent. The Junior League wants the above message spread broadcast. The Junior League of San Francisco, endorsed by the Red Cross, is gathering and selling newspapers, the proceeds going to the Red Cross. Fold your clean newspapers in half, tie them in bundles and take them to the Hotel Whitcomb any Monday or Thursday afternoon between two and five, holidays excepted. Those living between Devisadero street and Grant avenue, Broadway and Geary streets will have their papers collected once or twice a month if they cannot deliver paper themselves. Those wishing their papers collected will please write or telephone to Mrs. Lovell Langstroth, 1950 California street. Telephone on week days between 9 and 10 a. m. and 6 to 7 p. m.

Marion Belle White announces the reopening of her dancing classes, 2626 California St., phone Fillmore 1871. Class for beginners Tuesday eve.; advanced, Thursday; ladies, Tuesday aft.; children, Tues. and Fri. aft.; high school class, Thurs. aft. and Fri. eve.

There was a timid knock at the door. "If you please, kind lady," the beggar said, "I've lost my right leg—"

"Well, it ain't here," retorted the lady of the house, and slammed the door.

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## The Stage

### Oppenheimer Succeeds Greenbaum

The recent untimely death of San Francisco's famous impresario Will L. Greenbaum is mourned by thousands of music lovers in this city. Greenbaum's place in the world of music was unique. His was an enthusiasm to present only the very best in his chosen line, and his standing and ideals were perhaps approached by no other musical manager in the world. It will therefore be good news to local lovers of the best in music to know that his business and efforts to provide the best will be continued along identical lines. Selby C. Oppenheimer who for the past eleven years has been in close association with Mr. Greenbaum, will remain in charge of the office and will carry on the work in conjunction with Miss Ida Greenbaum, sister of the late impresario. This season's bookings by this well known office include names which hold a big place in the present sphere of music. Following the engagement of the Cherniavskys, the three famous chamber music players, will come the glorious Alma Gluck, America's leading lyric soprano. Then in rapid succession such wonderful artists as Isadora Duncan, pioneer of classical dancing; Ysaye, the noblest of all violinists; Harold Bauer, matchless pianist; the beloved Schumann-Heink; Godowsky, master of pianists; the popular de Gogorza; Yvette Guilbert, Reinald Werrenrath, the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, Zimbalist, Theodore Karle, Freida Hempel, Mischa Elman, Julia Culp and others.

### The Cherniavsky Trio

The cancellation of Paderewski who has notified Manager Oppenheimer of the Will L. Greenbaum office that he would be required to leave for the East and possibly Europe at once in order to take up some special work on behalf of his native Poland, leaves the opening of the Greenbaum music season in the hands of the three famous brothers Cherniavsky. Leo, Jan and Mischel Cherniavsky made their first appearance in America under the late Will L. Greenbaum management just one year ago and they immediately became the most talked of musicians in America. Following their series of concerts here they achieved notable triumphs in New York, Boston and other Eastern music centers. Subsequently they returned to Australia to fill a fourth engagement in the Antipodes, whence they are returning to the United States. Leo Cherniavsky is a violinist of extraordinary power, Jan a typical "poet-pianist" and Mischel a violoncellist of extraordinary talent. For fifteen years these brothers have been playing together, with the result that they have attained a wonderful perfection in the rendering of ensemble music. Their programmes are somewhat different from the usual run of musical offerings in that they contain solo selections by each of the virtuosi on their chosen instrument and trio numbers played in perfect harmony and with impeccable technique. The Cherniavskys will give two concerts at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, October 14 and 21. Mail orders for these events may be sent to the Will L. Greenbaum Attractions, care of Sherman Clay.

### The Symphony Concerts

The public sale of season tickets for the forthcoming season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, will open Monday at the offices of the Musical

Association in the Phelan Building. The first concert will be given on Friday afternoon, October 12, at the Cort, and the season will be concluded on March 18, 1918. Monday will also mark the beginning of rehearsals which will be given daily under Mr. Hertz's direction. Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham urges prospective season ticket purchasers to make reservations as early as possible, for there will be fewer seats on public sale because of the increased membership in the association this year. The innovation of issuing season tickets for the Sunday "pop" concerts, as well as for the Friday and Sunday symphonies, has met with great favor, for it insures the lover of light music a permanent seat location for the entire series at the beginning of the season, instead of being required to make purchases at every concert, with often the discomfort of standing in line. Conductor Hertz will continue his policy of presenting music that is "light but not trivial" at the "pop" concerts, the Friday events of course being devoted to the regular symphony programmes which will be repeated on the Sunday immediately following, though at half the price charged on Friday. Season ticket prices for the twelve Friday symphonies follow: Orchestra, \$22; balcony, \$22, \$16, \$10; gallery, \$10, \$8, \$6. Season tickets for the twelve Sunday symphonies are: Orchestra and first

three rows balcony, \$11; balcony, next thirteen rows, \$8; gallery, first row, \$8; gallery, next fourteen rows, \$5. Season tickets for the ten Sunday "pop" concerts are: Orchestra, \$7, \$9; balcony, first three rows, \$9, next five rows, \$7, next eight rows, \$5; gallery, first seven rows, \$5, next eight rows, \$2.50. Mail orders should be accompanied by check and addressed to Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham, Phelan Building. The sale of seats for single concerts will open October 8 at Sherman Clay. Mr. Hertz has arranged an admirable programme for the first symphony concert on October 12. The intensely dramatic Beethoven overture "Coriolanus" will open the programme and will be followed by Brahms' wonderful Variations on Haydn's Choral, St. Anthony. Rachmaninoff's First Symphony in E Minor is also announced.

### Symphony Concert and Matzenauer

Frank W. Healy opens his 1917-1918 musical season this Sunday afternoon at the Exposition Auditorium, with one of the greatest symphony concerts ever given in San Francisco. There will be an orchestra of one hundred musicians representing the very cream of the membership of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and augmented by other thoroughly capable and experienced symphony players under the baton



THEODORE KOSLOFF AND NATACHA RAMBOVA  
Who are features of the Orpheum programme next week



of Wallingford Riegger, the illustrious American conductor who successfully held the position of conductor of the famous Bluethner Orchestra of Berlin. Margaret Matzenauer whom the New York critics claim to be "the greatest voice at the Metropolitan," will be the soloist on this occasion, singing not only her programme numbers but delightful encores as well. In order that none shall be denied the pleasure of hearing this great concert, the prices of admission have been arranged so that they will come within the means of the slimmest purse. In addition to her appearance as soloist at this concert, Mme. Matzenauer will give two wonderful song recitals at the Scottish Rite Auditorium Thursday, September 27, and at the Exposition Auditorium Sunday, October 7. Here is the programme for the Sunday afternoon concert: Overture "Leonore" (Beethoven), Symphony "Pathétique" (Tschaiakowsky), Aria from "The Prophet" (Meyerbeer), "Shepherdesses' Song" and "In a Haunted Forest" (MacDowell), Tone Poem "Death and Transfiguration" (Strauss) and Aria from Samson and Delilah "Love Lend Me Thy Might" (Saint-Saens).

#### Kosloff at the Orpheum

Theodore Kosloff, premier danseur of the imperial theatres of Moscow and Petrograd, and recognized as a master of Russian ballet dancing, will head the Orpheum bill next week. Kosloff brings his own Russian ballet which includes Maria Maslova, Natacha Rambova, Vera Fredowa, Ivonne Verlainova, Alex Ivanoff, Seria Russako, also his famous Russian orchestra. For each dance Kosloff has appropriate music, costumes and elaborate scenery. Mrs. Gene Hughes, a clever actress and a great favorite in this city, will appear in a comedy by Edgar Allan Woolf entitled "Gowns." The plot tells of a neglected wife's restoration to her husband's affections through the agency of dress. The vaudeville union of a Scot and a Yank has resulted in a clever and entertaining act called "Songilage." Bensee is an American comedian and Baird an attractive Scotch lassie. Their songs are American and Scotch melodies. The Five Nelsons are experts with hoops. Clara Howard, clever singing comedienne; D'Avigneau's Chinese Duo; Fritz and Lucy Bruch; and Billie Reeves and company in "The Right Key but the Wrong Flat" will also be in the bill.

#### "The Knife" at the Cort

The attraction at the Cort beginning Monday night will be Eugene Walter's powerful melodrama "The Knife." It concerns a Virginia heiress, the fiancée of a great physician, who goes to New York to marry him, and disappears. How she is found, the revenge of the doctor on those responsible for her disappearance and her indirect help in making his greatest discovery form the play. There is not a moment in the three acts that the audience does not sit almost breathless, it is said. The cast will include Norman Hackett, May Buckley, Eva Benton, Cordelia MacDonald, Frank Wood, Franklin George and several others.

#### The Merry "Revue" at Alcazar

George M. Cohan's "Revue" at the Alcazar could easily enjoy a prolonged run, but arrangements have been made for a coast tour and good-byes will have to be said in ten days more. Next Sunday will begin the fourth and last week. Richard Carle of course is the star. The new numbers that have been added this week have enhanced the attractive spectacle. Percy Bronson has scored very strongly with

his "Smile, Smile, Smile" number. Ben Linn's Spanish song and his "New Boarder" melody have made him stand out, while Ida Van Tine has made a decidedly favorable impression since her debut last Monday. She does a "Musical Comedy Boy and Girl" number with Richard Carle and leads a chorus of twelve violin girls in the roof garden feature.

#### Powys to Return in October

Announcement is made by Paul Elder that arrangements have been completed for the return of John Cowper Powys for a two weeks' lecture engagement, beginning October 1. Three courses are to be given, of six lectures each, to include nine on modern writers—Shaw and Chesterton, Oscar Wilde, Wells and Galsworthy, Meredith, etc.—six dramatic recitals of the tragedies of Shakespeare, and three lectures on national ideals in life—the ideals of France, Germany and Russia. The morning and afternoon courses will be given in the Paul Elder Gallery, and the evening course in the Italian room of the St. Francis. The first lecture, on Monday evening, October 1, will be on Shaw and Chesterton.

#### "Watch Your Step" Coming

The Columbia will be dark the week of September 23 and will open for the fall and winter season most auspiciously with the season's notable musical comedy success "Watch Your Step." The engagement of this big musical success will be limited to two weeks, beginning Monday Night, October 1. "Watch Your Step" is Irving Berlin's syncopated success and was originally produced by Charles Dillingham. The company to present it here is the only one on tour. The vogue it obtained in New York was sufficient to carry it over a period of six months. The sale of seats will open at the box office Thursday morning. Mail orders are now being received. The usual Wednesday and Saturday matinee performances will be given.

#### At the Tavern

Every afternoon, without competition of any sort, the management of Techau Tavern, San Francisco's family cafe presents to its lady patrons from twenty-five to thirty-five containers of Stearn's Supreme Toilet Water. On Sunday evening there is an added attraction, an entertainment by twelve of the most talented vocal and dancing artists, recognized leaders in

their profession. Those who can should arrange to have their Sunday dinner at Techau Tavern. Everyone is delighted by the generous gift after each souvenir dance of large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes to the gentlemen and Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume favors to the ladies.

## SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ - - - - CONDUCTOR

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to Public  
OPENS MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24  
AT 453 PHELAN BUILDING

First Concert Friday Afternoon., Oct. 12, at Cort Theatre

#### SEASON TICKET PRICES:

12 Friday Symphonies: Orchestra, \$22; balance, \$10, \$16, \$22; gallery, \$6, \$8, \$10.  
12 Sunday Symphonies: Orchestra, \$11; balance, \$8, \$11; gallery, \$5, \$8.  
10 Sunday "Pops": Orchestra, \$7, \$9; balance, \$5, \$7, \$9; gallery, \$2.50, \$5.  
Address mail orders with check to A. W. Widenham, secretary-manager, 453 Phelan Building.  
Sale of seats for single concerts opens Monday, October 8, at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The stock market continues to reflect the pessimistic views of the professional element in Wall Street, and as a result the market acts heavy, and lower prices were witnessed last week, with only a slight recovery, due to profit taking. The Russian situation is used as a bear argument, whenever the trade runs out of domestic bear news. No doubt conditions in this country are undergoing a change, as reports would indicate that the steel business is showing a let-up, and the general belief is that the maximum in this line of business has been reached. Labor troubles throughout the country generally are beginning to be a factor as well as the fear of tight money a little later on. The slowness of the Administration in fixing prices for both steel and copper is beginning to be a drag on the market, and whenever sentiment becomes as bearish as it is now the good news, no matter what it may be, seems to fall flat. Notwithstanding the bearish talk, there were many important interests who have taken the bull side of the market in the past, who insisted that higher prices are in prospect. Prominent banking interests are strongly recommending the purchase of Missouri Pacific. Prominent analyses have been compiled, calling attention to excellent results now accruing from the new methods of management under the guidance of powerful controlling financing factors. Important developments later on are expected in connection with extension of activities on the Pacific Coast, through former Gould connections. The copper stocks were hit rather hard toward the end of the week. Rumor that the Government was to make the price of copper metal 20 cents, as well as continued labor troubles at the mines, caused liquidation, and it said that some of the coppers would not be in a position to pay the same dividend at the next quarter that they declared at the last quarterly dividend meeting. However, copper metal is going to be scarce during the remainder of the war and for a long time thereafter, as a result of the strike hold up of production, according to well informed authorities. The railroad list held up very well for the better class of roads, but renewed liquidation was seen in St. Paul and New Haven, which carried both issues down to a new level. Union Pacific and Southern Pacific seem to be wanted on every decline by investors, and the same is true with Atchison. The market, at the present writing, looks so weak that it may be near the bottom, which is usually the case when every one is bearish and the market is full of shorts. We would maintain a conservative attitude on the long side and would not be in any hurry to load up until conditions look more reassuring.

**Corn**—It is quite natural that considerable opposition should develop against a return to

normal prices for corn, and that any theory advocating such a possibility should be unpopular. There are many who have benefited generously by the unprecedented advance over the normal levels for this grain during the last eight months, and who are inoculated with the belief that the war will be prolonged, and that if it persists prices for all grains must continue to appreciate in value through the increased consumptive demand due to the decreased production of other countries. It will be extremely difficult, and in fact distasteful to abandon a belief which has proven so lucrative, and it may be a long time yet before these converts to one-way action will be willing to abandon their bullish proclivities, but should the present perspective be harvested, it will certainly be compulsory sooner or later. With the lessened feeding requirements from the farm, the immensity of the oats crop, the suspension of highwine production and the competition of Argentina, we do not believe it good policy to become enthusiastic on the bull side of this market at these levels.

**Cotton**—Under the pressure of selling against actual cotton selling because stocks were weak and general bearishness among the larger spot people, the market went into new low ground but rallied and at the close was at about the same as last Saturday. The chief argument of the bears is that the selling of hedges as the movement increases will prove a greater weight upon the market than the present volume of speculation and trade buying could absorb. Not everybody, however, agrees with this view, and

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY CORPORATE NAME SHOULD NOT BE CHANGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application of the CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY, for Change of Name.

WHEREAS, an application has been filed in the above entitled Court by the CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY, a corporation, and H. W. DIMOND, J. S. ROLLS, J. H. HUMPHREY, F. E. FARMER and W. B. RYDER, all of the Directors of said corporation, praying that the corporate name of said corporation be changed from the CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY to the CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said matter appear before the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Court Room, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 25th day of October, A. D. 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., and show cause, if any they have, why said application for change of name should not be granted.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for a period of four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be mailed to each stockholder of said corporation, at his last known address, by depositing such copy in the United States Postoffice, directed to such stockholder, with postage thereon fully prepaid.

Dated this 19th day of September, A. D. 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

we are inclined to favor purchases around the 20 cent level for the following reasons: The crop is three weeks late, the frost date is of unusual importance and storms would do more damage than in any ordinary season. Farmers will be unwilling sellers under 20 cents. We believe there is a large short interest in the market, and although it is more or less easy just now to cover, the technical position is such that should anything startlingly bullish occur, values might experience a violent upturn.

## VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature  
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Assets .....	\$64,566,290.79
Deposits .....	61,381,120.63
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,185,170.16
Employees' Pension Fund .....	259,642.88
Number of Depositors .....	65,717

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock  
P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and  
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## By the Waters of Babylon

(Continued from Page 7)

tience of our working classes. It is not true that the workmen, deprived of their work, become a charge on the occupying Power or on public charity under its control. The Comité National, in whose activity the Germans take no part, is the only organization concerned in the matter." But even supposing, for the sake of argument, that the 43rd article of the Hague Convention should justify some form of coercion in the matter, the new measures should only be applied to works of public utility in Belgium. Far from encouraging such works, the Germans have stopped them, seized employed and unemployed, and sent them either to Germany or to some war work on the western front. To put it simply, they wish to avoid public disturbance where there is no disturbance, to save money which is not their money, to deport unemployed who are not unemployed, to oblige them to work against their country instead of for their country, and in Germany instead of in Belgium. They are doing everything but what they want to do, they go anywhere but where they are going, and they say anything but what they are thinking.

\* \* \* \* \*

The other day I heard two people—two wizened city clerks—discussing the war in the train. "When and how will the Germans be beaten?" asked the first. The other shrugged his shoulders and declared solemnly, while pulling at his pipe: "The Germans? They have been beaten a long time ago! They were beaten when they set foot for the first time in Belgium."

The remark is not new, and I daresay it was a reminiscence of some sentence picked up in a newspaper or at a popular meeting. But whoever uttered it for the first time was right. The case of Belgium has uplifted the whole moral atmosphere of the struggle. Since the first guns boomed around Liège and the first civilians were shot at Visé, a war which might have been represented, to a certain extent, as a conflict of interests, has become a conflict of principles. In a way the Germans were beaten because, from that moment, they had to struggle against unseen and inflexible forces. Whatever you choose to call them—democratic instinct, Christian aspiration or the conscience of the civilized world—they will do their work relentlessly, every day of the year, every hour of the day. It is their doing that, in spite of the immense financial influence and the most active propaganda, Germany has become unpopular all over the world. Other facts, like the Lusitania, the trial of Miss Cavell, the work accomplished by Zeppelins, have contributed to provoke this feeling. But whether we consider the origin or the last exploits of German policy, whether we think of two years ago or of today, the image of Belgium, of her invasion, of her martyrdom, of her oppression, of her deportations, dominates the spiritual aspect of the whole war.

When they crossed the Belgian frontier the Germans walked straight into a bog, and since then they have been sucked deeper and deeper into the mud of their own misdeeds and calumnies. They were ankle-deep at Liège, waist-deep at Louvain, the bog rises to their hips today. In the desperate efforts which they make to free themselves they inflict fresh and worse tortures on their victims. It is as if victory only can be reached through the country's willing sacrifice. But every cry which the Germans provoke in the Belgian prison is heard throughout the world, every tear shed there

fills their bitter cup, every drop of blood they shed falls back on their own heads. The world looks on, and its burning pity, its ardent sympathy, brings warmth and comfort to the Belgian slave. There is still some light shining through the narrow window of the cell. And there is not a man worthy of the name who does not feel more resolute and more confident of final victory when he meets the haggard look of the martyred country and watches her pale, patient and still smiling face pressed against the iron bars.

(To be continued)

## Songs of the Enemy

(Continued from Page 6)

its systematic provision for every sort of occasion. There is a prayer for recruits, a prayer for setting out on the march, another for going into action, one of thanksgiving for victory, another to be read after a defeat. There are prayers asking for courage and patience, also for the Christian churches, for the Fatherland and one for "our dear rulers and the Imperial house." It is a dignified little manual, written in the sterling old Biblical German which shows the language to advantage, and it has evidently been compiled by men who regard war in a solemn, self-dedicatory spirit. The song book was a good deal more thumbed, and if the first book, read in the light of the report on the atrocities, produces a strange confusion in one's mind, this book, too, stirs unexpected reflections.

In the first place they are sterling patriotic songs, though not good poetry—indeed, most of them are far from it. But the words of a song need not be poetry; they need only be the stuff out of which poetry is made; then the music comes and turns them into poetry. Such are these songs. What is startling is that the emotion they express is not the menacing, ag-

gressive patriotism which would consort with their actions, but the kind which is equivalent to love of home. It is odd to find that even "Deutschland über alles," the first phrase of which seems so exactly appropriate to the spirit of modern Germany, is, after all, only an appeal (written in 1841) to Germans to put the common traditions of the race before local patriotism, and not to be divided by their rivers and princes.

The essence of patriotism is the love of an ideal which a man feels inherent in the civilization, the places and traditions, out of which he drew his life. No literary skill in adjectives is necessary to express this quality in things. For the Englishman, Frenchman, German, the word English, French, German will best serve to express that particular uniqueness in them which mysteriously satisfies. Where the skill of the writer comes in is in simply mentioning the things in which this uniqueness is most constantly felt, and in these songs this is done well. The Germans have come trampling and raving into other people's countries, intensifying every brutality possible in war, yet heartening themselves all the time with songs about their own pine woods and water mills, the peace of their homes, their sweethearts, their wives, their wine, their goodfellowship, their friendships and, above all, their longing to be free and united. And, stronger contrast still, the fighting songs of these inventors of gases, bombardiers of seaside pleasure places, scuttlers of ships, are full of the spirit of a romantic chivalry.

One feels after reading them there was never a more foolish thing said than: "Let who will govern them, if I may wrote the songs of a people."

Daughter—My Herbert may not say much; he is a man who does.

Father—Yes—anybody he can.

## THE CROCKER NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

CONDITION AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS SEPTEMBER 11, 1917

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Loans and Discounts .....	\$22,213,844.01
U. S. Bonds .....	1,967,600.00
Other Bonds and Securities .....	4,286,078.45
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco .....	150,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit .....	2,113,578.03
Cash and Sight Exchange .....	13,724,376.52
	<b>\$44,455,477.01</b>

### LIABILITIES

Capital .....	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits .....	3,906,836.16
Circulation .....	1,961,900.00
Letters of Credit .....	2,131,361.93
Deposits .....	34,455,378.92
	<b>\$44,455,477.01</b>

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## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83397; Dept. No. 10.

KATHERINE MAY HESS, Plaintiff, vs. DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and mental cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of July, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-15-10

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 81480; Dept. 14.

WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, Plaintiff, vs. CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFLER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants.

Action, for settlement of account, brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CLARA L. DARLING, ELLA HASTINGS, CLARA L. DARLING as guardian of the person and estate of Ella Hastings, an incompetent person, AZALEA LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (formerly Azalea C. Keyes), ERIC AUDLEY EMIL COUNT LEWENHAUPT FALKENSTEIN (her husband), JAN CASIMIR FALKENSTEIN, a minor, ELIZABETH P. HASTINGS, L. M. HOEFLER as guardian of the estate of Elizabeth P. Hastings, an incompetent person, HARRY C. HASTINGS, MAUD E. HASTINGS (his wife), RICHARD COGHILL HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY HALFORD HASTINGS, a minor, HARRY C. HASTINGS as guardian of the persons and estates of Richard Coghill Hastings and Harry Halford Hastings, minors, AZALEA MARY HASTINGS, a minor, SERANUS C. HASTINGS, ANNA E. HASTINGS (his wife), ETHEL H. CRANE, T. BURTON CRANE (her husband), HOYT D. HASTINGS, LOUISE C. MAUD, CHARLES E. MAUD (her husband), EDWARD CLINTON LA MONTAGNE, OTILLA LA MONTAGNE (his wife), LAURA LOUISE LA MONTAGNE, a minor, JENNIE S. DE PEREYRA, M. JOAQUIN DE PEREYRA (her husband), and JOSEPH FISKE CATHERWOOD, a minor, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the complaint of WILLIAM C. WATSON, as Trustee of the express trusts created by the deed executed by S. Clinton Hastings to Thomas P. Madden on September 1, 1874, in an action entitled as above brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County, or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, including judgment that his accounts as such Trustee from and including the 1st day of January, 1912, to and including the 31st day of December, 1916, as submitted and set forth in the said complaint, are full, true and correct and are settled and allowed.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, this 23rd day of April, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
1101 Alaska Commercial Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 7-21-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23201, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. R. BOWHAY, executor of the Last Will and Testament of ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at the office of McCutchen, Olney & Willard, Room No. 1107 in the Merchants Exchange Building, situated at the southwest corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, September 8, 1917.

A. R. BOWHAY,

Executor of the last will and testament of

Alfred L. Bowhay, deceased.  
McCUTCHEN, OLNEY & WILLARD,  
Attorneys for Executor,  
Room No. 1107 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,  
San Francisco, California. 9-8-5

## NOTICE OF HEARING OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 84195. In the Matter of the Application of Richmond Subdivisions Corporation of California for Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that application in due form of Richmond Subdivisions Corporation of California, a corporation duly organized, acting and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation by decree of court has been duly filed in this Court, and said Court having on the 5th day of September, 1917, made its order directing that notice of said application be published for five successive weeks in "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper of general circulation, printed, published and circulated in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Now, therefore, notice is given that the period for the publication of this Notice commences on the 8th day of September, 1917, and expires on the 6th day of October, 1917, and that at any time prior to the said date of the expiration of this Notice any person may file objection to said application.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court this 5th day of September, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. T. KEARNEY,  
Attorney for said Corporation,  
1012 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-8-5

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 19765 New Series; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARGARET M. FARMER, deceased.

Mary Coleman, as Executrix of the Last Will and Testament of Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, having filed her verified Petition in this Court, setting forth facts on which she bases a claim that John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, are entitled to the specific performance of a contract made with them by the said Margaret M. Farmer, deceased, in her lifetime to convey certain real estate which contract is set forth in substance in her petition, and praying for an order authorizing and empowering her as such Executrix to convey to said John McConville and Mary A. McConville, his wife, the said real estate which is described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Southerly line of California Street distant thereon ninety-five (95) feet Easterly from the point of intersection of said Southerly line of California Street with the Easterly line of Twentieth Avenue; running thence Easterly along said Southerly line of California Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of California Street and the point of commencement. Being a part of outside Land Block Number 154 of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that Tuesday, the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 9 thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, be and the same are fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition and all persons interested in the estate of said decedent are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at the time and place hereinabove specified and show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted authorizing said Executrix to convey the real property hereinabove described to JOHN McCONVILLE and MARY A. McCONVILLE, his wife.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for a period of four successive weeks prior to the date of said hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court and dated this eighth day of August, A. D. 1917.

J. V. COFFEY,

Judge of the Superior Court.

ANDREW G. MAGUIRE,  
Attorney for Petitioner,  
281 Page St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 8-11-5

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REALTY IN RENEWAL OF EXISTING MORTGAGES

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 14141; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor.

Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, guardians of the person and estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, having this day filed herein a verified petition for authority to mortgage the real property belonging to the said estate in renewal of the existing mortgages for the period and upon the terms hereinafter stated and it appearing that the making of said mortgage in renewal of the existing mortgages will be advantageous to said estate.

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department Number Ten thereof, on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of October, 1917, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of said Court in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted and an order made authorizing and directing said Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, as guardians of the estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, to make, execute and deliver a promissory note secured by mortgage on the hereinafter described real property or some part thereof and for the sum of three thousand nine hundred (\$3,900.00) dollars or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge of the above-entitled Court shall seem meet, due one year after date with interest at the rate of six (6%) per cent per annum as set forth in said petition, for the purpose of renewing the existing mortgages thereon.

The said real property is situate in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and is bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. Beginning at a point on the Western line of Broadway, distant thereon Northerly fifty (50) feet from the intersection thereof with the Northern line of Fifth Street, as said streets are shown upon the map hereinafter referred to; running thence Northerly along said line of Broadway thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Westerly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Southerly thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Easterly seventy-five (75) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 20, and the Southern five (5) feet of Lot No. 19, in Block No. 54, as said lots and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland on file in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Alameda.

2. Beginning at a point on the Northern line of Fifth Street, distant thereon Westerly seventy-five (75) feet from the intersection thereof with the Western line of Broadway, as said street and way are shown on the map hereinafter referred to; running thence Westerly along said line of Fifth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 23, in Block No. 54, as said lot and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland, on file in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of Alameda.

For all further particulars of said petition you are hereby referred to the same, which is now on file in the above-entitled estate.

It is further ordered that this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 24th day of August, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

G. GUNZENDORFER,  
Attorney for Guardians,  
Holbrook Bldg., 58 Sutter St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 9-8-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83334.

GERTRUDE R. KNOPLE, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN KNOPLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

G. C. RINGOLSKY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 805 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN KNOPLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.



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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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Vol. XXXI. No. 1310

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, SEPTEMBER 29, 1917

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Saying Mean Things About W. R. Hearst

What the Maitland Players Will Do for Us

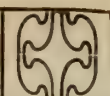
"The Grouser", a Sketch by W. L. George

*Watch for the October Lantern*





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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXX

San Francisco-Oakland, September 29, 1917

No. 1310

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## The Things That Cheer

So much is to be said in praise of the Administration for its management of our part in the war thus far that anything in the nature of unfavorable criticism would seem worse than querulous. All that happened before we got into the war is more than sufficient to keep the temperamental fault-finder busy. He may write reams of unfavorable and unpleasant criticism and easily justify himself; but the doings, the misdoings and omissions that marked the mismanagement of our affairs when the Kaiser was laughing in Uncle Sam's face, are so very remote from the business in hand that it would be a foolish waste of energy to enumerate them now for the purpose of discussion. Better far that we should be alive to what should now engross our attention. Is there not enough to divert the mind from the unpleasant past? If so how unfortunate that the public is not kept in touch with the present performance of an alert Administration, an Administration that may be making amend? It was never so important for us, after a long period of whining, to engage in the exercise of that great inalienable right, the pursuit of happiness. Now to get any happiness out of this war we must gladden ourselves over the performances of Americans who are doing things to take the conceit out of the Hohenzollern brood; but how are we to do this if we are not given the news? Here is the only thing we have to complain about at present, the neglect of the news; for Town Talk has learned from several sources not accessible to the general public of much that is inspiring. Any day something untoward may happen, and perhaps it would not depress us quite so much as otherwise it might if we all knew that on the whole we were going the right way about and achieving successes in several fields of activity.

## Reticent Bureaucrats

Surely the daily papers are not keeping folks on this far western edge of the continent in touch with busy departments in Washington. To be sure Eastern newspapers employ alert correspondents to keep their readers informed of things worth while, but apparently the National Department of Publicity is not distinguished for efficiency. Doubtless the Department officials answer questions when they are not censoring and suppressing news, but judging from news of special interest with which the interrogations of newspaper correspondents in the East are rewarded there is no dearth of matter to justify praise of some of Uncle Sam's servants who are earning the gratitude of the nation. We want more of this sort of news and a little less of the vague sort that confuses and leaves us in doubt like the news of a victory over a fleet of divers which appears to have been won by means of a typographical error. Here was a case by the way which has never been cleared up. We don't know just what happened to the merchant vessels attacked, nor do we know any of the salient facts of the engagement, and we cannot be sure that it was not a victory for the Germans. But we have been told briefly of an Edison invention that is likely to solve the diver problem. It would be easy to relish a lot of news of this kind. It would cheer us to hear more about the Liberty motor which is described as "the best aircraft engine produced in any country." It means that we have surpassed in a few months all the progress that Europe has made in three years of war. And what about the wonderful American helmet and the general equipment of our men, which rumor is permitted to tell us is twenty-five per cent better than the equipment of any other army in the war. Of course it is all right to check enthusiasm that may turn out to have been premature, but this is to be done by avoiding "typographical errors" and putting restraint on Josephus Daniels who is evidently prone to indiscreet elation.

\* \* \*

## A Puzzling Sense of Shame

It would be humiliating to the Fatherland to negotiate for peace along the lines proposed by President Wilson. So the people of Germany and Germans of the United States have been telling us. They would have us understand that they are a very proud people and that they will never tolerate humiliation of their country. By

their simplicity and naiveté the Germans are every day making their psychology more perplexing. While apparently humiliation is what they most dread they have yet to perceive that exposure of their country's infamy is a continuous performance on which the curtain will not be rung down until their official representatives have been removed from the public eye. What a peculiar sense of humiliation is theirs! To mortification they are immune, else they would surely throw up their hands and hasten the closing of all accounts wherein are to be found the records of their diplomacy. Notwithstanding Bernstorff and Bopp and all the cold-blooded assassins of German diplomacy who have been doing the bidding of the German Foreign Office for years the people of Germany, whom we have generously assumed to be superior to their Government, are hugging their Kaiser to their hearts and protesting that they will never suffer themselves to be humiliated at his expense. It is indeed a difficult task to save the Germans from themselves.

\* \* \*

## Our City Hall Job-Chasers

Those of our Supervisors who are as busy as bird dogs at present on account of their feeling for public office remind us of a certain body that styles itself "The Committee on Public Duty." This body it may be remembered was organized a year ago for but two purposes—to urge citizens to register and to urge them later on to vote. These are civic duties that too many of us neglect, but which it is easy to induce us to perform when we are threatened with an extension of the kind of service that some of the job-chasers at the City Hall have performed of late. Hence the fence-mending Supervisors have refreshed our memory. We recall now that the Committee on Civic Duty, composed of some very energetic citizens whose loyalty to the interests of the city is not to be questioned, rendered valuable service a year ago. According to the Registrar of Voters this Committee earned the credit of stimulating the civic conscience of at least 20,000 citizens. The result was that the vote polled at the fall election was the largest ever recorded at any election in San Francisco. It is well to know that this Committee has come to stay, that it is permanently established in the civic life of the city, but it would also be well to be assured that there is some likelihood of its growing. In the fall of 1916 the Committee vindicated the



principle which it was organized to advocate and impress on the minds of the people, the principle grounded in the proposition that the majority of this community is in favor of good government and that where a vote of the majority is ensured right men and right measures will prevail. There is nothing of mean partisanship in the purposes of a body of citizens devoted to the furtherance of this principle which is at the very root of our institutions. The members of this body deserve encouragement, and they should be urged to multiply; that is, to increase the number of citizens of similar impulses and ideals. It is more important than ever that the civic conscience should be kept alert, and we cannot have too many citizens engaged in stimulating a passionate feeling for civic betterment. We must be kept sensible of the importance of retrenchment and never be permitted to forget that certain ambitious Supervisors are responsible for our swollen tax-roll.

\* \* \*

#### "On Being Human"

An admirer of our President has been calling attention in the *New York Sun* to Mr. Wilson's fine human qualities. His personality says the writer, "even today is most infrequently misinterpreted." He is spoken of as a "cold, intellectual, theoretical, pedantic type of man." All wrong in the opinion of the writer in *The Sun* who has always felt that "behind his every act and utterance lay a fine glow of warmth—a warmth expressive of a splendid and lofty sympathy, spiritual understanding and a most profound feeling of fellowship and human sympathy based upon human understanding." The writer with this feeling has just found a passage in an article written by Mr. Wilson twenty years ago which, he thinks, bears out his views of the Wilson personality and which he quotes for the light it throws "on the President's spiritual processes during his war time activities." Here it is:

Serenity is not a thing to beget inaction. It only checks excitement and uncalculating haste. It does not exclude ardor or the heat of battle: it keeps ardor from extravagance, prevents the battle from becoming a mere aimless *mélée*. The great captains of the world have been men who were calm in the moment of crisis; who were calm, too, in the long planning which preceded crisis; who went into battle with a serenity infinitely ominous for those whom they attacked. We instinctively associate serenity with the highest types of power among men, seeing in it the poise of knowledge and calm vision, that supreme heat and mastery which is without splutter or noise of any kind. The art of power in this sort is no doubt learned in hours of reflection by those who are not born with it. What rebuke of aimless excitement there is to be got out of a little reflection, when we have been inveighing against the corrup-

tion and decadence of our own days, if only we have provided ourselves with a little knowledge of the past wherewith to balance our thought! . . . . The world is very human, not a bit given to adopting virtues for the sake of those who merely bemoan its vices, and we are most effective when we are most calmly in possession of our senses.

Mental processes are certainly illuminated in the foregoing excerpt from the President's sophomoric essay of other days, which, by the way, he entitled "On Being Human." But are they the processes of ordinary human nature rather than the processes of the higher nature which is implied in the philosophy of the transcendentalist? Which ever they are in our judgment the study of them now is of value only as an aid to the psychologist who would explain to posterity the President's amazing serenity, patience and self-control throughout the long period that elapsed between the sinking of the *Lusitania* and the severance of our diplomatic relations with Germany. But will the most learned psychologist be able to make it clear that the *inaction*, which impressed the hysterical Roosevelt and other inhumanly impatient patriots as an inability to grasp the situation and which marked an intellectual pacifism that averted preparedness, was due wholly to the serenity that keeps ardor from extravagance?

\* \* \*

#### Being More Than Human

It seems hardly fair to quote a statesman's views twenty years after. But presumably Mr. Wilson does not object to have his abstract views of twenty years ago reproduced at this time. He was of sober mind two decades ago and his essay was so good that it was accepted by the *Atlantic Monthly*, and recently it has been issued between book covers, presumably with the author's consent. So as an essayist, if not as a statesman, a review, or at least an appreciation, is quite proper. As literature of its kind, the essay is good and instructive, and the republication is timely inasmuch as it expounds the temper of mind in which the President held himself aloof, keeping a nation drenched in pacifism out of war during a long period when civilization was tottering to destruction. We see now that our calm and unimpassioned President steadied himself in the midst of madness and hysteria by means of a reasoned philosophy. It was indeed his masterly serenity that checked "excitement and uncalculating haste." Others were thinking of the world upset, of the barbarism and inhumanities of the Hun; our philosophic statesman was mindful of "the great captains of the world," men who were "calm in the moment of crisis" who "went into battle with a serenity infinitely ominous." A most luminous

essay this, revealing to us as it does the mind of the man whose power of restraint has made our entrance into war ominous, affrighting perhaps the cruel disciples of frightfulness, giving them pause on the battle front. As time runs on perhaps Mr. Wilson will be celebrated as a paragon of serenity. As a statesman he is a miracle of serenity. As a captain his equal for "calm vision" which is without "splutter or noise" it will be hard, nay impossible, to find. But is the example he has given a concrete illustration of "being human?" We think not. Mr. Wilson is modest as well as serene if he regards his attitude of calmness and restraint during the war merely as the fine qualities of a common human nature. He has transcended that common nature. Living up to his philosophy and his ideals he has achieved the impossible. Not even Lincoln, our great idol, ever exhibited the patience and serenity of Woodrow Wilson. The first shot at Sumter took Lincoln off his feet and many times thereafter, as he tells us himself, he was driven to his knees to invoke divine aid. We submit that "On Being Supermannish" would be a better title for the essay as viewed in the light of all that has happened.

\* \* \*

#### The Lady and the Orator

Dapper Dudley Field Malone floated out of public office on a sea of words. He poured his utterances into a solemn letter of resignation like one charged with a message to humanity. Such was the pernicious effect of a sinful indulgence in the vice of the confirmed orator. Mr. Malone wrote that letter to glorify himself at the expense of President Wilson. His official swan song was composed to reproach the President for his impatience with the militant suffragettes of Washington and his failure to approve a suffrage amendment. Striking a fine attitude Mr. Malone emitted a prolonged roar, but hardly anybody sat up to take notice, attention having been diverted from him almost at the moment of his appeal by Mary Garrett Hay, chairman of the New York City Suffrage Party. Fine speaking is not Mary's specialty. She prefers ideas to words. Mary closed the incident with becoming brevity, thus:

Congress is going to put that amendment through of its own conviction, and pretty soon, but now isn't the time. Congress is dealing in billions of dollars in warships and armies and airplanes, and it isn't just the moment to press suffrage on it.

A woman of few words is Mary. To the column effusion of the orator she retorted in just forty-five words, which appear to be quite enough. Here is a lady who might be worth considering for a Federal job under an Administration that has picked many a Malone.



## Varied Types

350—HARRIS CEBERT CAPWELL

By Edward F. O'Day

Twenty-eight years ago a young man rented a small store in a new hotel building on Washington street between Tenth and Eleventh, in Oakland. This young man was a stranger in "the unfortified city," but he was very well known in the wholesale district of San Francisco. In Sansome street he was regarded as a livewire with a future of sure business success. He was a young man of proved industry and painstaking, of superior intelligence, possessed of civic as well as commercial initiative. The head of the well known firm of Rosenbaum and Company (now defunct) would have told you, had you happened to ask, that "Cap" was destined to make his weight felt among the financial heavyweights of the San Francisco dry goods trade. For "Cap" was a valued employe of the house of Rosenbaum and Company at that period, twenty-eight years ago, when he rented the modest store on Washington street across the Bay.

By "Cap" I mean Harris Cebert Capwell who is today at the head of one of the largest department stores in the State of California. If old man Rosenbaum were alive he'd be surprised to know that the future of that bright young "Cap" lay in Oakland, not in San Francisco; in the retail, not in the wholesale business. How then was H. C. Capwell's career ferried from the San Francisco to the Alameda shore?

The wholesale firm of Rosenbaum and Company was engaged in the fancy dry goods trade. Young H. C. Capwell had a store of business energy which was not exhausted by his unstinted service to that concern. To consume this overplus of energy he went over to Oakland, rented the little shop and stocked it with fancy dry goods.

"I fancied I saw an opening in Oakland," explains H. C. Capwell. "I had no intention of becoming identified with Oakland. I considered that my future was in San Francisco. But I thought I saw a chance in Oakland, and I told myself that a little retail store in Oakland could be watched from across the Bay without requiring my presence very often or divorcing me from the wholesale dry goods trade of San Francisco.

"The year 1889 wasn't a propitious time to start a business anywhere in California. It was a year famous for its rain. If you consult the old weather reports you will find that the precipitation lasted for six months in 1889. It was a fine year to seed or plant fruit trees, but not to embark in the retail dry goods business, plain or fancy. And I hadn't chosen the very best location in Oakland. There were shade trees on Washington street between Tenth and Eleventh in 1889, but their inviting coolness lured precious few shoppers to my little store. It was indeed a little store. The floor space was just twenty-five by a hundred feet—and I didn't have to go to the back of the store very often. But if the stock was meager, there were two fine show cases and these were generously filled.

"Nevertheless, I found that I hadn't made a mistake in entering the retail dry goods business in Oakland. I didn't make much money under the shade trees of Washington street, but it became quite plain to me that the pos-

sibilities were there. The result was that I pulled up stakes in San Francisco and identified myself with Oakland. I have never regretted the move.

"In six months the little business showed some signs of growing, so I came out from under the shade trees and took a larger store at Twelfth and Washington. However, I did not emerge immediately into the full glare of the sun. The first three years of the nineties were not fat years for business; they were exceedingly lean. Still, I saw no reason to be discouraged.

"I always had an entity that demanded manifold expression; so I was not content to limit my activities to the growing dry goods business. I took an interest in civic affairs. In fact, I devoted eight nights a week to civic affairs—reckoning an extra night for the hours I stayed up when I should have been getting my sleep. I organized the Chamber of Commerce, and made it a body of weight and influence by infusing into it the blood of the old Board of Trade and other organizations which had become sluggish through inactivity. Busying myself with these things I helped my business, widened my acquaintance and made for myself some very dear friends. I remained at Twelfth and Washington streets until five years ago. Then I built this place."

"This place" is Capwell's, the big department store at Fourteenth and Clay, one of the handsomest and best establishments of its kind in the State. "This place" employs from six hundred to one thousand people, according to the varying demands of the seasons. "This place" is a place of which Oakland is exceedingly proud.

"Cap" is not as young as he was twenty-eight years ago when he rented that little store under the shade trees. The hair is white upon the top of him, white too in the little beard he wears upon his chin. "Cap" no longer works eight nights a week, or eight days either. At least three days every week he relaxes on his favorite golf links.

But this is not to say that he is no longer an active business man. He is regular in his habits, and certain hours always find him at his desk in the office on the fourth floor of Capwell's where he keeps the door wide open so that all who will may have speech with him. There is no office boy with a silver salver to take your card when you call to see "Cap." You walk right in and state what's worrying you.

Neither has "Cap" relinquished his disinterested hold upon civic affairs. The Chamber of Commerce which he founded and of which he was for a long time the head still insists on keeping him as its first vice-president. Whenever there is a meeting of prominent citizens called together to do something for Oakland, "Cap" is among the first to arrive, among the very first to be called upon for an opinion or a program. Whenever there is a banquet in Oakland, "Cap" is among the speakers. For he is one of the most forceful and most graceful talkers on the Alameda side of San Francisco Bay.

Unlike a great many of the leading citizens of Oakland "Cap" does not worry about Oakland's future being overshadowed by the future

of San Francisco. He knows that the interests of the metropolitan district about the Bay are one and inseparable. And so, when a bridge across the Bay was being discussed some time ago and many Oaklanders saw fit to view it with alarm—visualizing all the traffic as flowing San Franciscoward—"Cap" said:

"A bridge across the Bay by all means! You can travel in two directions on a bridge! It will bring people and business to Oakland."

Harris Cebert Capwell is the father of three children, Cebert Edwards Capwell has been trained in the business of his father. Perhaps—who knows?—his father would be giving four days to golf instead of three had not Cebert Capwell hearkened to the call of his country. He is today a member of the Naval Reserve, and his father is happy to see him doing his bit. There are two daughters who were among the prettiest, most popular and most sought-after of Oakland belles until they met their fates. Fate came to the Capwell sisters, Phyllis and Dorothy, in the persons of two gold-braided youngsters from West Point. One of H. C. Capwell's sons-in-law is now an instructor at West Point; the other is in the aviation branch of the service.

Life has been kind to "Cap." Twenty-eight years of honest striving, of public-spirited endeavor have made him one of the pillars of Oakland's business structure, one of the props of her civic importance. He is kindly, broad-minded, of a sunny philosophy and a ripe wisdom. And years have taught him that caution which puts a bridle on the tongue. As witness:

"Why is it," I asked him, "that Oakland hasn't the labor difficulties so much in evidence in San Francisco?"

"I'm only a child," he answered with a smile, "but a child with a little seed of sense planted in me by experience; and that little sense tells me not to monkey with a sharp tool by felicitating Oakland on an immunity which may not continue. No, I shall not tempt fate by felicitating Oakland on that—not even after taking the precaution of knocking on wood!"

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## Perspective Impressions

It is to be surmised that since the Bernstorff message was published some congressmen haven't slept nights.

By the way, has anybody thought what it means to San Francisco—the loss of the Hunters' Point ten million dollar plant? Surely Mission Jim comes high.

Our Mayor is now a very rich man thanks to the canny boys who showed him how easy it was to buy ships and sell them. And as a rich man Jeems is concerned chiefly about the next election.

And Bernstorff wept when leaving the United States.

Berlin likes the Kaiser's reply to the Pope's note. But what does the Pope think about it?

La Follette is for "a war of defense only." Yet he is conducting an offensive.

Strange that our premier pacifist should be nicknamed "Battle Bob".

At last we are compelled to believe the unbelievable anthrax and glanders story.

When the President wants a delicate job done in San Francisco he turns instinctively to Gavin McNab.

What does Josephus Daniels know about the oil situation in California?

The dear ladies can help the nation and their figures by abstaining from candy.

Gavin meant well when he picked Rolph to help adjust matters, but the community breathed easier when Mortimer Fleishhacker agreed to lend a hand.

## By the Waters of Babylon

*(Being the eighth chapter of the story of Belgium's woes entitled "Through the Iron Bars" by the Belgian writer Emile Cammaerts)*

We may ask ourselves if it was by chance only or through some subtle calculation that the first slave raids in Belgium were timed to take place on the eve of the Christmas season, when the angels proclaimed "good-will towards men," and when the German diplomats offered us the olive branch and the dove—peace at their own price. We may perhaps admit, now that the crisis is over, that for us Belgians at least the temptation was great, and if our repeated experience of the enemy had not shown us that he is most dangerous when he dons the humanitarian garb, we might have been duped by this remarkable piece of stage management. There is every reason to believe that the deportations were part and parcel of the German peace maneuver. By increasing a hundredfold the "horrors of war" Germany provided a powerful argument to the pacifists all the world over: "Look at these miserable Belgians. Have they not suffered enough? Is it not time that an end should be put to their misery? Germany has declared that she is ready to evacuate the country. She might even give an indemnity. What other satisfaction can the Allies ask, considering the present situation on both the Eastern and Western fronts? If England really went to war to deliver Belgium, let her prove it now by stopping the struggle to spare her innocent citizens. It is all very well for those who are living comfortably at home to urge the continuance of the struggle. But can they take the responsibility of speaking on behalf of the population which has to submit to the enemy's rule and whose sufferings increase every day? . . ."

We have all listened to that voice. The Belgians in exile more intensely perhaps than the other Allies. Belgium had nothing whatever to do with the origin of the quarrel. She had nothing to gain from its conclusion. She had been drawn unwillingly into the conflict. She has taken arms merely to defend her rights and territory. What should her answer be if Germany offered to restore them?

At the beginning of August last, a certain number of Socialist leaders in occupied Belgium succeeded in arranging a meeting, in spite of German regulations, and passed the following resolution, which they sent to Minister Vandervelde in London: "The Belgian working classes are decided to endure all sufferings rather than

to accept a German peace, which could neither be lasting nor final. The Allies must not think that they must hasten the conclusion of the struggle for us. We are not asking for peace, and we take no responsibility for the Socialist manifestations made in neutral countries on our behalf. We ask those who want to help us not to let the idea that we long for peace influence their decisions. We pass this resolution in order to prevent the disastrous effect which such an argument might produce."

The Belgian people has never departed from this attitude, and it is the plain duty of all those who are defending them, to conform, in the spirit and in the letter, to their heroic message. In the "Appeal" of the Belgian workers to the civilized world, sent during the worst period of the slave raids, the idea of a truce is not even entertained. On the contrary, the workers declare that, "whatever their tortures may be, they will not have peace without independence of their country and the triumph of justice."

An eye witness of the raids was telling me, a few days ago, that, on some occasions, the men in the slave trains are able to communicate with the people outside: "They shout, of course, 'Long live Belgium' and 'Long live King Albert,' but the most frequent cry, in which they seem to put their last ounce of strength, is: 'Do not sign,' which means: 'Do not sign an agreement to work in Germany, do not sign a compromise.'" And I have not the slightest doubt that, if they had heard of the German peace offers they would still shout, "Do not sign, do not sign a German peace!"

We know what this attitude costs them. We know, from the report of those few men who have been sent back to Belgium from the Western front and from the German camps, the tortures to which the modern slaves are being subjected. These men were so ill, so worn out, that their family scarcely recognized them, and greeted them with tears, not with laughter. It was like a procession of ghosts coming back from hell. At Soltau the prisoners are given only two pints of acorn soup and a mouldy piece of bread every day. They are so famished that they creep at night to steal the potato parings which the German guards throw on to the rubbish heap. They divide them amongst themselves and eat them raw to appease their hun-

ger. After the first week of this régime several men went mad. Others were isolated for a few days and given excellent food. "Will you sign now? If you do, you shall be kept on the same diet; if not . . . you go back to camp?" The great majority refused . . . and were sent back. This is not an isolated report. All the accounts agree, even on the smallest details, and the deportees who have been able to write to their families tell the same story as those who, being henceforth useless, have been sent home to die.

\* \* \* \* \*

It has always been the German way to bully and cajole almost at the same time. But the image of Germania offering, with her sweetest humanitarian smile, an olive branch to the Allies whilst her executioners are starving thousands of Belgian slaves and clubbing them with their rifles, will stand in the memory of mankind as the climax of combined brutality and hypocrisy.

Should we wonder if the present has been refused? There is only one peace which matters, it is the peace of man with his own conscience, the peace of the soul with its God. We have it already, and even the roar of the German guns will not disturb it. It hovers over our trenches, over the sea, even over these terrible German camps where the best blood of a great people is being sucked by the vampires of war. And those who have fallen stricken on the battlefields, those who have succumbed to the slow tortures to which they were subjected, are resting now under its great wings. Should we dare to disturb their sleep? Should we dare to stain their glory?

It is not for Germany to offer peace. She has lost it with her honor. It lies in some pool, at the corner of a wood, where the hooligan waits in ambush, or on the rubbish

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# A Famous Showman

By Desmond MacCarthy

These days, when people are more than usually grateful for a book which will as they say, take them out of themselves (O, for a seat on a witch's broom stick!) I do not know that I can do better than draw attention to such a book. It has been out some years. It was written by a man, who at the age of eighty-five was murdered by a half-crazy protégé in 1911. His name not long ago was as well known up and down England as Gladstone's or Jack Johnson's. The book is called "Seventy Years a Showman," and it is by (I remove the conventional quotation marks from his courtesy title with feelings of profound respect) Lord George Sanger.

When we hear of an odd adventurous career, we often think to ourselves, "What a book that man might have written if he had merely put down what he remembered!" Yet such people when they do write, write usually unconvincing, heavy books. It is a melancholy fact that as a rule, people to whom exciting things happen, or who do things, cannot describe them; while to those who can describe anything, nothing in particular happens. His lordship is, however, an exception. He writes well. His manner is as honest as Defoe's, and as engagingly bright and obvious as the decorations of a wandering showman's van.

Nothing is more satisfactory than to see a thing grow, even if it is only one's own moustache. Few stories are more entertaining than the adventures of those who live precariously, dangerously, by pleasing men; nothing is more romantic than the days of our grandfathers, when our fathers were young. Such satisfaction, entertainment, and romance are to be gathered from the pages of this autobiography.

His lordship's father was a sailor. Walking one day over London Bridge the Press Gang nabbed him and hustled him into His Majesty's Service. He served on board the "Victory"; fought at Trafalgar, where he lost a few fingers, broke ribs, got scalped and saw Nelson fall; experiences which subsequently, when, to supplement a pension of £10 a year, he took the road, helped him to excel in peepshow patter. It was lucky, too, he had as a sailor been kind to two pressed Jews, who having come aboard to amuse the crew, had struck the captain as nature's seamen in disguise, and had therefore been permanently detained; for these men had taught him in return many conjuring and hanky-panky tricks. So from the little peepshow box slung across father Sanger's shoulders, sprang the glories of the circus and menagerie and the glittering, still extant though now dilapidated, halls of Margate.

It is a fascinating story this; it is the story of the mustard seed of which we never tire. It grew, it grew. From peepshow box it grew into collapsible merry-go-round, worked by two boys; from that to a show with a giantess (really six foot high) and "two cannibal pigmies of the dark continent" (intelligent Mulatto children, aged nine and ten) and to a proper troop; and from that it shot up into the triumphs of his son, who actually succeeded in 1871 in linking on his own show to the tail of the Royal Thanksgiving Procession through London, which commemorated the recovery of the Prince of Wales from typhoid fever; in which Mrs. Sanger (as she then was) represented on the top of a golden car, Britannia,

with a living lion at her feet. One can imagine, without in the least impugning the loyalty of the crowd which lined the streets, how much more imposing Sanger's appendix to the Royal Progress must have been to them. And I note as a striking instance of the dramatic felicity of chance, that somehow on this occasion the carriage in which, as our author says, "Lord Beaconsfield was conspicuous," got left behind and inextricably mingled (they did not manage these things so well in the eighteen-seventies) with the circus itself. He "rose," our author tells us, "and acknowledged the endeavor of your humble servant to enhance the circumstance of the great occasion." I like to picture that salute, to imagine it coinciding with the passing of Britannia, and to admire yet again the master of ironic presence of mind.

George begins as a handy boy, ready to earn, as acrobat or conjuror, a few shillings for his parents; to take the place of a donkey if need be, in an equilibrist's performance when that docile beast is stolen. He then develops into a strong young man with a dashing pastediamond quality air about him; magnificent in dress, cutting a fine figure, shouting his patter among "the flares" in front of the stage. On his first independent venture as "The Wizard of the West," he adopts the costume of Hamlet, to which his feminine admirers, who throng the booth, are proud to contribute a ribbon or a feather. But to them he remains fascinating, scornful; proof against even the charms of "Watercress Betty." Till, suddenly and irrevocably, he meets his fate in the person of Madam Pauline de Vere, the Lady of the Lions. Then many ups and downs; hard times; no cash sometimes to pay the turnpike dues; surly gate-keepers refusing even the guarantee of a five pound Chinese Gong; private bereavements; prejudiced mayors and magistrates; struggles for good places at the fairs; mother dead, father dead; little son suddenly struck down in a fit, the body washed and borne in the van along the frozen Yorkshire roads among the properties; misfortunes checkered by sudden fresh inspirations for coining money from mankind's bump of wonder—in those days of more majestic proportions. "The Tame Oyster," which smoked a churchwarden pipe, was a glorious success; so were "the learned pigs." At last, at last, he is up and out on to the high level plateau of solid success; he owns a circus; he overshadows the great Wombwell; he beats the Yankees; captures Astley's; performs in every capital in Europe; and finally he reaches the acme of a showman's career and performs before his Queen and wins her smile. You see this showman's story has just the right crescendo in it, and he who tells it has just the sterling, romantic simple-minded sense of values he ought to have. It is in the vein of Meredith's "Juggling Jerry."

We've traveled times to this old common;

Often we've hung our pots in the gorse.

We've had a stirring life, old woman!

You, and I, and the old grey horse.

Races, and fairs and royal occasions

Found us coming to their call;

Now they'll miss us at our stations,

There's a Juggler out: who juggles all!

But I have still to speak of the romance of the picture of bygone times which is one of

the charms of the book. He who lives adventurously in the interstices of society and picks up a living by pleasing the crowd, whatever age he lives in, sees most of such fragments as survive of the older order which preceded it. It is what was oldest in England of coaching turn-pike days that we see reflected in the early pages of this book; the Merry England, which was also so miserable an England, but could still claim kinship with the days of Queen Elizabeth. The adventures of the Sanger family upon the road, the dangers from Chartists, small-pox, drunken rioters and magistrates, to whom they were "rogues and vagabonds" par excellence, make an exciting Odyssey. Peel had not invented Bobbies then; the elder Sanger, a man evidently of great resource and courage and natural piety, had on occasions to take the law into his own hands. Once at Landsdown Fair the showman's booths and properties were wrecked by Bath roughs. The drink booths were the first to suffer. Some of the unfortunate owners were half-killed and the mob drank itself into a frenzy more acute than before. Then they started to wreck the booths.

"Canvas was torn to shreds, platforms smashed up and made bonfires of, wagons were battered and overturned, show parts that had cost their poor owners small fortunes battered to fragments. Everywhere was riot, ruin and destruction. . . . As dawn broke the riot died down, and the drunken mob, glutted with the wanton destruction of the belongings of poor people who had never done them any harm, began to straggle, shouting, swearing and singing, back towards Bath. . . .

"Then, by ones and twos, the showmen came together, pale with anger, some of them bruised and bleeding from the fray, and all resolved on vengeance. They had marked one or two of the ringleaders of the riot, and meant to give them a taste of showmen's law. The scene is before me now as I saw it when I stood with my brother William, still pale with fear, but full of childish curiosity, on the steps of our caravan, in the dawn-light, and watched some thirty stalwart showmen, my father amongst them, armed with stout cudgels, mount the hastily collected waggon horses, and bare-backed, ride after the retreating mob."

The showmen's revenge was to capture a dozen, tie them at intervals to a rope and drag them through a pond.

"No notice was taken of their cries, but backwards and forwards through the muddy water they were pulled till no breath was left in their bodies. One or two, indeed, were so still that some of the showmen cried out in alarm that they were drowned. 'No fear,' shouted my father in tones that I can remember yet. 'That sort doesn't die from drowning. Fetch 'em out.'"

It was an age when a disused charnel house in London (once rented by Lord George) was used as a dancing room, and the proprietor to attract customers issued the notice "Enon Chapel—Dancing on the Dead.—Admission Three-pence. No Lady or Gentleman admitted unless wearing shoes and stockings"; when body-snatchers inspired a horror in the poor greater than murderers; when grotesque raggedness with cold, grimy nakedness between was

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## The Grouser

By W. L. George

The sergeant, who was inspecting the trench with an air of suspicion, stopped by the side of Private Langley. His dubious thumb and finger felt for the edge of the cottage door which, covered with turf, formed the roof of the trench. It gave a little to his hand, menacingly, so:

"That's shaky," he said, "get a couple of props and shore it up."

Private Langley scowled and the sergeant, who knew his ways, smiled: "It'll be down on your head in half a tick if you don't."

Private Bradden, who stood next to Langley, was tickled.

"Shall I fetch them props for you?" he asked. "Nice little job, ain't it?"

Private Langley's face assumed an air in which was too much gloom for anger to creep in. Speaking to himself rather than to Bradden, he began in the uncertain twilight to shore up the roof with a slanting prop. As he worked he talked:

"Just like 'im, nosin' about seein' if 'e can't find some damage. Call this soldjering? It's more like jail, that's what it is, except that in jail you do get a bit o' quiet now and then, and you know when you're comin' out o' jug, which you don't 'ere." The prop, which was wet, slipped through his hands. He pulled it up again: "What am I doin' 'ere? That's what I want t' know. What's the good of it? I arsk you—what's the good of it?"

"I dont know," said Private Bradden.

"Didn't expec' you would," said Private Langley.

"Then what d'you arsk me for?" said Private Bradden nastily.

"To expose your gen'ral ignorance," said Private Langley, with increasing gloom.

The prop slipped again, and the roof irritably subsided on the top of his head; he put it back patiently. He drove into the wall of the trench a little board into which he cut a notch. Then with infinite care, having set the base of the prop in the notch, he once more shored up the roof which he still bore upon the top of his head like a despondent Atlas, and, as he so did, remarked:

"I didn't ort t' be 'ere, I ort t' be in Stourton, that's where I ort t' be, 'avin' a 'ot bath."

"That's what we all say about you," remarked a distant voice. Private Langley could find nothing to reply to this insult and went on steadily muttering under his breath.

When at last the roof was fixed and Private Langley, who had no illusions left, waited for it to subside again under shrapnel, a rumor reached him.

"Do you know what Sergeant says?" Bradden remarked. "He says we're going to cut the wire-entanglements tonight. You know, crawl out on the q.t. while they're not looking. They're going to call for volunteers to do the job."

"Oh, are they?" said Private Langley with deliberation. "Well, I know one man who won't go." (Life to him was so grave that he never swore.) "What do they take me for? I ain't a plumber, 'tain't my job; wire-cutting's obsoleet."

"Good word, obsoleet," said the ironic and anonymous voice further down.

"Wire didn't ort t' be cut," Private Langley went on, "it ort t' be brort down with explosive shell. An' if there ain't no shell, it's an engineer's job, that's what it is, and any'ow it ain't my job, and I ain't goin'; too scratchy fer

me, an' they say the groun's full of titanic germs."

An officer walked along the trench. The men watched him excitedly. He was a popular lieutenant, rather bluff, very familiar, and as he had been wounded four times was obviously destined to be hanged.

"Well, boys, we're going to have a little picnic in the barbed wire. There's room for ten, dont all talk at once! You, Bradden? one. And Jones? two. And—yes, three, four. Good! Denny, too? That's five, six, seven. What? Is that all? You too?" he said to the voice further down. "Eight and, I can't see your face, that's nine."

There was a pause.

"Put me down, sir," said Langley darkly. . . .

He was crawling in the absolute blackness of a moonless night, slowly, so that not even a little stone should rumble under him. He panted forward, face upon the ground, painfully dragging himself along with hooked fingers and gripping toes. He was faintly aware of Bradden upon his left, of other men almost noiseless nearby. It seemed a very long way to the entanglement, and, as he went quiet as some velvety weasel, he thought:

"Can't even talk. Stick a man in the mud on his stomach and don't even give 'im a chance to express 'is feelings. Call that a life?" He removed a large stone which suddenly chucked him under the chin. "It's a dirty country; where it ain't too soft, it's too 'ard." He rubbed the place on his chin and crawled on.

It seemed endless, for they went so slowly, and it was so difficult to keep a straight line; sometimes he drew too near to Bradden and then thought:

"Look at 'im, can't even crol straight; it ain't a man, it's a crab." Then a wire-cutter, which was slung across his shoulders, stuck one of its handles in his ear. He shifted the ear: "Great, lumping thing," he thought. "I'd do it with my pocket knife, I would, if it weren't against regulations." And then as he crawled on he was filled with venom at the thought of the King's regulations.

It was very silent out there by the entanglements. He could just see them, their posts blacker than the night, and the strands of barbed wire, with the spirals loose in the middle, shining a little in the dark. Like ghosts round him, the other men, flat upon the ground as he, unobserved made the tiniest little clicks as they snipped wire after wire. The Germans did not know; there was no firing, except that now and then came a bullet sent on the chance from the German trench towards the anywhere. Stolidly, one by one he cut the wires. The manual work soothed him, and he could not think while he had the pleasure of feeling the metal grow soft and part in the wire cutter. The enemy seemed unsuspecting, yet they fired a little more often; a bullet buried itself behind him. He nearly exclaimed, for another bullet had grazed his left hand; he felt the sting on it. It was nothing of course, for it had not even taken off the skin. But as Private Langley methodically went on cutting he thought:

"Them Germans! Them blighters! Firing at you on the chance without knowing if yer there ain't playin' the game. When I wan to 'it a man I pick 'im out. They give me the fair sick, they do." And as he went on cutting,

he elaborated in his mind increasingly horrible tortures to which he would subject the Kaiser when he caught him.

Suddeny Private Langley dropped his wire cutter, and, half-blind, fumbled for it in the loose soil. He was struggling; it was horrible, for he could hardly open his eyes, so blinded was he with light. He turned his head away, only to see his hand violently white under the searchlight. Head down to keep his eyes away from the bluish ray, he fumbled for his wire cutter, struggling, exposed, as if knocked down by this violent light, half-dazed, like a moth against an electric bulb. Every now and then he glimpsed the men near him; they, too, violently lit up as they hugged the soil. He saw them as he had never seen them before, every detail of their faces—wrinkles, new expressions—in this light so much more brutal than the sun's. He was all instinct as he struggled so, and he did not think of the bullets which were now pocking the ground all about him with a soft, wet sound. He was light-mad and conscious only of one desire—to find a darkness which even his lowered eyelids could not give him. The bluish light seemed to pierce right through to his brain. He heard cries through the firing, for there was no reason for silence now. A burst of shrapnel a little way off, and then above the din the whistling that recalled his party. With animal suppleness he turned, trying to sink himself into the soil as he crawled. He could see the British trench as the searchlight touched it, like a long hutch with a black pole.

Then he heard his name called. He stopped. "What's up?" he shouted.

(Continued on Page 18)

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# The Spectator

## Rolph and the U. R. R.

"As I figure it," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, polishing the immense pendulum with a handful of waste, "His Honor has done the honorable thing."

"Referring to whom and to what?" demanded Gus Hartman who is no Leona La Mar.

"Rererring to our Mayor and to his decision to buy the United Railroads," explained the clockwinder.

"What's honorable about that?" said Gus, polishing his finger diamond, just to be doing something.

"I am talking just now in the Theodore Kremer sense," said the clockwinder.

"Don't think I know Theodore," said Gus. "Where does he deny drinks to soldiers?"

"In the old Morosco days," expounded the clockwinder, "when Theodore Kremer was our favorite playwright, the villain often had a change of heart in the fourth act. Having ruined the girl, he married her. That was always called 'doing the honorable thing.' Well, Rolph has done the honorable thing. He ruined the girl, now he's going to marry her. In other words, he wrecked the United Railroads, now he's going to buy 'em. The past will be forgotten. Rolph will be a hero. Maybe he'll be Governor."

## The Rude Orpheumites

Gus Hartman was silent for a moment, while the clockwinder went on polishing the pendulum. Finally Gus said:

"Were you at the Orpheum Sunday night?"

"No, and I wasn't at Paul Smith's church either. I don't go to shows on Sunday night."

"Too bad you weren't at the Orpheum Sunday night," said Gus.

"Why so?" demanded the clockwinder.

"Because," said Gus, "the free and untrammelled Orpheumites hissed Mayor Rolph on Sunday night."

"What are you giving me?" said the clockwinder, dropping the waste and facing Gus Hartman open-mouthed.

"I'm giving you what anybody who was at the Orpheum Sunday night can verify," said Gus. "The film that night showed the Liberty Boys at the City Hall getting their bronze buttons. And when Mayor Rolph was projected, wearing his best Mission Promotion smile and waving the celebrated gladhand, there were hisses, unmistakeable hisses, hostile hisses. Not everybody hissed. I wouldn't say that. There were even some few in the audience who applauded. But there were plenty of hisses. Yes sir, the Orpheum audience which stands for the playlets of Edgar Allan Woolf and good-naturedly throws away its cigars to please Elsie Janis—that Orpheum audience hissed our Mayor."

"The rude things," said the clockwinder.

"Yes," said Gus, "perhaps some of 'em had been riding on street cars and dodging a few bolts and brickbats."

## Rolph and the Ironworkers' Strike

"I notice," continued Gus, "that our worthy Mayor did a Finnegan in the ironworkers' strike."

"A Finnegan?" queried the clockwinder. "Kindly translate that from Sinn Fein into United States."

"You're a great Irishman," said Gus, "not knowing what a Finnegan is."

"Any relation to Vince or Joe Finigan up at Buckbee Thorne's?" asked the mystified clockwinder.

"None," said Gus. "Thought you knew Finnegan—you know, On again, off again."

"Now I get you," said the clockwinder, "but what's the connection?"

"Why," said Gus, "the Mayor was no sooner on Gavin McNab's committee to settle the ironworkers' strike than he was off again."

"Oh yes, I read about that," said the clockwinder. "The committee appointed by McNab was too unwieldly, so the Mayor withdrew."

"Did he, indeed?" said Gus. "But why the Mayor? If it was too unwieldly, why didn't Mortimer Fleishhacker withdraw and let the Mayor stay? One man is not more unwieldly than another, is he?"

"You're asking me riddles, said the clockwinder.

"Well, I'll ask you another," said Gus. "Why didn't that committee meet in the Mayor's office? Why did they prefer Gavin McNab's?"

"I give up," said the clockwinder.

"Ask some member of the Chamber of Commerce about it," suggested Hartman mysteriously.

"The first time I meet Hugh Webster I'll ask him," said the clockwinder.

"No, I wouldn't do that," said Hartman dryly as he prepared to leave. "Hugh's no longer connected with the Chamber of Commerce. Ask somebody else, and maybe you'll find that a lot of prominent men in this town won't associate with Rolph, even on a committee whose chairman was appointed by the President."

## Abusing a Patriot

The misunderstanding of our greatest journalist goes merrily on. Here, for example, is a leading writer in the New York Tribune uttering himself thus:

"The leading spirit of German propaganda in the United States today is William Randolph Hearst. Taken at his own valuation of himself, Hearst is a fervid patriot, a bulwark of our national liberties, an ardent flag-flaunter, the impassioned prophet of spread-eagle platitudes, a stalwart, stentorian zealot of Americanism. That is the outer Hearst, displayed for appearances only. Within there lurks and governs Hearst's familiar spirit. That spirit speaks with a German accent. Through all the agencies of which Hearst is master it plays the game of the Kaiser against America. On what principle it would be idle to inquire. Principles do not sway William Randolph Hearst so much as policies do. Since the war began the Hearst policies have reacted, if not to the actual directions, at least to the needs of the national enemy, the German Empire. Were Hearst a puppet and the Kaiser's the mailed fist upon the strings, the responsive journalistic antics could hardly be more direct or definite."

Abuse of this sort is unpleasant, but it does not penetrate the Hearst hide. Besides Hearst is able to offset it satisfactorily to himself in ten daily papers and six magazines owned by himself.

## Inspired Peace Agitation

Personal abuse is mere verbiage. More effective is a bill of particulars even when loosely drawn like the one in the Tribune telling of Hearst's peace agitation. The writer says:

"It was not always thus. In the early stages of the conflict, when the Teutonic forces were pressing steadily on, gaining territory daily, Hearst raised no effective protest against the war. It was only when the drive on Paris was checked that he suddenly found war to be ruthless, odious and barbaric, and began to cry for peace. Ever since then the Hearst press has faithfully echoed each German suggestion of peace; but always, be it noted, a pax Teutonica, such a peace as would leave the Central Powers sure of the mastery of Europe. One cherished project of German diplomacy has been to embroil this country with Japan. In this Hearst has ably aided. For years he has been brandishing the bogie of Japanese designs of conquest in this country. Now that Japan is banded with us against the Germans, he still strives by means of moving pictures, cartoons, and editorial and news propaganda to stir up distrust and enmity toward our Asiatic ally. Through the secret service of its embassy to this country Germany spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in fomenting trouble between the United States and Mexico. Here, again, Hearst played the German game, openly and persistently. Anything was good enough as a pretext for conquering and annexing Mexico, though cynical persons held that the large Hearst possessions on the other side of the border, which would be greatly enhanced in value were our neighbor to the south to become an American possession, in part explain his appetite for 'Greaser' blood. Even as late as March of this year, when there was no longer reasonable hope of avoiding the combat forced upon us by Germany, Mr. Hearst was still breathing out threatenings and slaughter against Mexico. War, war, bloody war against Japan, against Mexico, even hints of it against England! Any war which would embroil and occupy the military forces of this nation otherwise than against the Central Powers! But always peace, peace, peace for Germany and for Germany's best advantage."

## Another Swat for Randolph

The Tribune is not alone among New York papers in saying mean things about Hearst. The World of the eighteenth of September contained the following:

Hoch Der Kaiser, Up to Date  
Der Kaiser of dis Vaterland  
Und Villie Hearst go hand in hand;  
His loyalty is simply grand  
To me und Gott!

He iss der chunior bartner now  
Of Hohenzollern, Gott & Co.  
Pefore he choined us trade vas slow  
(It had dry rot).

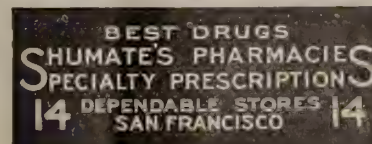
Ve knew it paid to advertise  
Und, having used up all our lies,  
Ve found in him der greadtest prize  
Ve ever got.

Und now der greadt Geschaef will boom  
Undill our rivals, filled mit gloom,  
Vill tremble at their coming doom  
Und curse their lot!

At noddings vill he be dismayed,  
Und ven it comes to tricks of trade  
Py vich der public iss betrayed,  
He's on der shpot!

## Hoover Worked for Tait

In 1895 and 1896 John Tait had the contract for feeding the students in Encina Hall at Stanford University. In taking care of that contract Tait came in contact with a great many young men who were working their way through Stanford. Quite a number of these young men were very glad to work for Tait





and to take their compensation in three square meals per diem. The work consisted in waiting on table in Encina Hall for three hours a day, at breakfast, luncheon and dinner. One of the young men who thus "dealt 'em off the arm" as the waiters express it, was Herbert Clark Hoover, now food dictator of these United States. There are some carping critics who say that Hoover knows nothing about food; but John Tait is not one of them. Tait, with James Woods of the St. Francis, went to Washington to find out what Hoover wanted the Pacific Coast to do in the way of conserving food. He found his old employe remarkably well posted. Tait is loud in his praise of Hoover. But he does not claim that Hoover learned all about food by serving it to the students in Encina Hall. As a matter of fact, Tait did not remember that Hoover worked for him until another student-waiter of the old days in Encina Hall reminded him.

#### Hoover, McGuire and Australia

It was "Billy" McGuire—or to be formal, William L. McGuire, investment broker—who reminded Tait that Hoover was one of his waiters in '95 and '96. And "Billy" McGuire ought to know. For he worked for Tait in Encina Hall side by side with Hoover. McGuire was more closely identified with Hoover. Both were students in the School of Mines. One day a cable came to Professor Branner, head of the School of Mines, from the great engineering firm of Bewick, Moreing & Co. of London. They wanted a man to go to Australia and examine a mine. And they wanted to know whether there wasn't a likely youngster in Professor Branner's class who would jump on a steamer and go to Australia to examine that mine for a fee of a thousand dollars. Professor Branner had two likely youngsters in his class who filled the bill. One of them was Herbert Hoover, and the other was "Billy" McGuire. But Hoover was by this time Branner's assistant in the geological laboratory, and Branner hated to lose him. So he offered the job to McGuire. But "Billy" McGuire had his future mapped out, and didn't want to go to Australia. So Branner reluctantly submitted the proposition to Hoover. And Hoover went. He not only went, he made good. He was twenty-one years old at the time. Within seven years he was a partner in the firm of Bewick, Moreing & Co.

#### Gambling and Raiding

It is a far cry from the fishing banks of Bering Sea to the Oakland City Hall, and from the deck of an Alaska Packers' schooner to a deck of cards, but the connection has been established. When J. Henry Nedderman stepped into Walter J. Petersen's shoes as chief of police in Oakland a portion of the community was interested at once in the new man's policy regarding the gambling joints. Up and down the streets of Chinatown the word was passed that the lottery lid had been raised, and once again cappers may be seen in front of places which, for months, have been closed to all save Chinese. It so happened that the new chief came in shortly before the great packing fleet and that on the fishing schooners were several hundreds of Chinese who had been months away from a chance to spend their money. With approximately \$400 each in their clothes these fishermen were welcomed to their native Chinatown. Lights flared over doors that had been dark and everywhere there was hilarity. While the gambling has been going on Nedderman has not been idle. There have been several little

raids which have been followed by fines in police court and thus money paid for snaring the fish in the North has found its way to the city's till. The raid that occasioned the most surprise was that on the Charros Club, 1027 Broadway. The place had been undisturbed for so long that it had been accepted as an institution and men of prominence about town whiled away hours there with a feeling of safety. Four were arrested and "evidence" was seized. It is said by the police that "Jack" Wooley, a saloon keeper who has been made an issue in a number of elections, put up bail for the four. The Oakland budget includes \$50,000 which its framers figured could be raised by the police department in fines. Until recently a very small start had been made. There is an old song which goes, "Strike up the band, here comes a sailor; cash in his hand fresh from a whaler—" In this case the sailors come from a salmon fleet but their money is good.

#### Oakland Waterfront Trouble

There is an explosion due on the Oakland waterfront. It is not to be an explosion of gunpowder or dynamite but the familiar "verbal bombshell" that our reporters so frequently put in their accounts of stormy meetings. Since Mayor Davie granted the Union Construction Company the right to build in the center of the city's western waterfront there have been protests from the Chamber of Commerce and from improvement clubs all over the city. It was held that the shipbuilding plants should be concentrated on the estuary front, and that the other front should be preserved for an embarcadero, docks, etc. In consequence there have been many quiet meetings and a plan has been started to institute injunction proceedings to halt the mayor's lease. Now all of these meetings have been quiet, but before each the word has been passed around that trouble was expected, that there were to be present men who would "start something" and that heated argument, personalities, etc., were ready to be dragged forth. In consequence everyone interested was urged to be present and crowds attended. So far no one has hurled the proverbial monkey-wrench and the injunction machine is working smoothly. And yet, there are those who still say, there is an explosion coming.

#### A Story About Harry Lane

United States Senator Harry Lane of Oregon who died in this city not long ago, was eulogized by members of Congress at a session set aside for that purpose. Senator Harry Lane was a superior man, and the eulogies pronounced upon him were above the ordinary run of such speeches. One of the best was that of Senator Phelan. Phelan spoke in his usual graceful fashion of the ties that bind Oregon and California together. He spoke of Colonel

Baker who left San Francisco to become United States Senator for Oregon. He spoke of Joaquin Miller who came to Oakland from Oregon. And of Edwin Markham who, he said, "belongs to both commonwealths." He told how the Lanes and the Phelans had been family friends for years, and how Harry Lane studied medicine in San Francisco with Dr. A. F. Sawyer, the Phelan family physician. But most interesting of all was the story he told of what Harry Lane as Mayor of Portland in 1906, did for our stricken city. Lane appointed a committee to raise funds for the relief of the homeless here. A large sum was raised, but the money was not sent here, so Lane called his committee together and demanded the reason.

"We do not believe there is an emergency in San Francisco," explained the committee, "and we thought we might divert the money to some other better purpose."

"This money is in your hands as trustees," said Lane, "contributed by the people of Oregon for a specific purpose; it must be used for that purpose and no other."

The precious committee still showed signs of reluctance, so Lane told them:

"Unless this money is remitted to the suffering people of San Francisco at ten o'clock in the morning, I shall issue a call to the contributors—to the mechanics in their shops and the farmers in their fields—to come with their tools, tools which I shall convert, if necessary, into weapons—and so you gentlemen of smug respectability have a care."

"The next morning at ten o'clock," said Senator Phelan, "the money was remitted to San Francisco."

#### A Soothing Recital

You wouldn't think it to look at him, but sometimes big, happy Charley Van Loan suffers from insomnia. Once in a while—usually when he's been sitting too many uninterrupted hours at his Underwood grinding out moving picture or golf or baseball fiction for the S. E. P.—the tide of wakefulness sweeps over him and it is necessary for his wife to read him to sleep. Not long ago Van Loan came up from his home in Los Angeles and joined his pal Tom O'Connor for a hunting and fishing trip in the mountains. The sixth night out they camped on the shore of Johnson Lake on the farther side of Yosemite Valley. That night Van Loan knew that he wouldn't sleep. "There was no book in camp," says Van in telling the story, "and I knew some substitute for a book had to be found or I'd lie awake all night.

"So when we were ready for 'shut eye' I said to O'Connor: 'Tom, will you do me a favor?' And of course he would. 'Tell me in detail the story of your first law case. Tell it all. Don't be afraid of the length. I want meticulous detail,



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so to speak. I may be able to make a yarn of it."

"Tom went to it with alacrity. At the end of the first hour, when he had just finished examining the fifth juror, I was beginning to feel deliciously drowsy. By the time he began his opening statement I was nodding. We compared notes next day, and I figured it out that by the time he finished I had been sound asleep for two hours and a half!"

#### Joseph Conrad Protests

Van Loan who was in town the other day on his way to American Lake to write a series of articles on Camp Lewis for the S. E. P., tells of the attempt made by the London agent of Collier's to sign up the great Joseph Conrad for six short stories. The Collier's man in London is a brisk, businesslike non-literary American. He went to call on Conrad in his country place armed with a quick tongue, a contract and a check book. He explained that Collier's wanted six short stories, named a figure that was so large it ought to have taken Conrad's breath away, and added that Collier's would like to get the stories right away. Conrad listened in silence, and finally replied:

"Six short stories! Six! And right away! But my good man, I don't shake short stories out of my sleeve!"

#### Who Wrote This?

Last Sunday's Chronicle contained the following splendid verses. They were buried (almost) in a corner of the editorial page, and many readers may have overlooked them. No name was signed. It is certainly desirable that we should know who wrote this sizzling indictment of the Kaiser.

##### An Unbidden Guest

The Kaiser was holding a birthday,\* with feasting and revel and wine,  
And the roar of his cannon re-echoed from Riga across to the Rhine,



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Blaspheming the name of his Maker, mouthing a braggart boast,  
He stood at his birthday table, and called for another toast.

"Here's to my gallant allies, and here's to them every one,

Since their God has been good and allowed them to share in my place in the sun!"

Then, spite of the burst of cheering, and spite of the drunken din,

There came a voice from the doorway—"Pardon, may I come in?"

"Who is it that seeketh to enter?" the wondering Kaiser cried,

And, "Only another ally," the same sleek voice replied;  
"Only another ally, bringing his homage to you,

And rendering every honor where honor is surely due."

Then the Kaiser looked down the table, to the guests who had come at his call,

Turk and arrogant Austrian, bargaining Bulgar and all.  
"An ally that I have forgotten? Then open my portals wide!"

So did they leap to his bidding—and the Devil stepped inside.

There he did stand in the doorway, looking round with a grin,

As he numbered his newly found comrades in their brotherhood of sin,

"Sir, I am proud to toast you, for ever since hell had birth

I had hoped to find the colleague who would open a branch on earth!"

Then he snapped his wavering wine glass as he swung on his heel to go,

And the wine ran down o'er the damask cloth like blood on the Belgian snow.

"Brothers," he cried, "I leave you—but not with a final toast—

Tonight I stand your unbidden guest—tomorrow I'll be your host."

#### Anarchist Gratitude

During the trial of Mrs. Rena Mooney the testimony turned one day on the presence of Mrs. Mooney and other defendants at a picnic given by The Blasters, this being the name of an organization composed of subscribers for The Blast, the local organ of the reds. After court adjourned Charles H. Brennan, of counsel for Mrs. Mooney and quite a wag, met Michael Casey.

"And what are you lawyers going to get out of this case?" demanded the czar of the teamsters.

"I'll tell you in confidence," replied Brennan. "If we acquit Mrs. Mooney The Blasters are going to give us a picnic."

"A picnic!" exclaimed Casey. "And where will they give you a picnic?"

"At the Hercules Powder Works," said Brennan.

#### Graduate Newspapermen

What line of endeavor most frequently claims the newspaperman when he gets tired working for a city editor? It would seem at first blush that reporters who tear themselves loose from "the game" go a multitude of ways to financial success. Some go into banking: witness George Van Smith who is with the Anglo, and Paul Sinsheimer who is with the Union Trust. Some go into insurance: witness Tom Bellew and "Busty" Cole. Some go into politics, as for instance Paul Herriott who is on the Board of Control. Just at this present time quite a few find their way into the Army—Fred Bunch and Kenneth Adams among others. And one at least that I know of has become a farmer. Yes, an agriculturalist. I was over at the Oakland Chamber of Commerce chatting with that live-wire publicity expert Gene Bowles the other day when who should blow in but Neal Wilson. And what do you suppose was on Neal's mind?

This clever young fellow who used to be dramatic critic for the Examiner had come up from his ranch at Gilroy to buy a tractor. And he deposes that farming is the only life.

#### Mostly Lawyers

However, the majority of newspapermen who quit newspapering seem to go into the law. There's a long list of these, including Frank Costello, Jack Neylan, Sid Robertson, Tim Healey and Charley Brennan. And the latest recruit is Ed Parker. Ed Parker was with the Chronicle for eleven years, long enough to be confirmed in the business. For seven years he was police reporter, a job which enabled him to do special articles of great and moving interest for the Sunday Chronicle. Later he reported the Railroad Commission and the Supreme and Appellate courts. To perfect himself in this work Ed Parker made a special study of public utility problems; and before he left the Chronicle he was writing financial editorials which received a great deal of respectful attention in the region of California street. No doubt it was this work which turned Ed Parker's thoughts toward the law. At any rate he studied in his leisure moments, took the bar examination and was admitted at the head of a large class. He has opened offices with James F. Brennan, former assistant to District Attorney Fickert. There seems to be a rule which may be formulated thus: If you're



WILBUR MACK and NELLA WALKER

Next week at the Orpheum.



a good newspaperman, you'll succeed at the law. There is no doubt that Ed Parker is proving that rule.

#### Andy McCarthy's Buck

Leon Douglass, the San Rafael inventor of colored motion pictures, took a party of friends hunting over his great preserve in Sonoma County. The would-be deerslayers included Andrew G. McCarthy, Earl Cummings, Frank Maroney, Ralph Sloan and Peter Bacigalupi, Douglass's secretary. Maroney got a buck, and so did McCarthy. Orders were left at the hunting lodge that McCarthy's buck should be shipped to him care of the Bohemian Club. And Andy started back to San Francisco full of plans for a big venison feast. But instead of being shipped to the Bohemian Club the buck was shipped to Bohemian Grove. Now it happened that James K. Armsby was celebrating the closing of his Bohemian Grove camp with a big party. And it is a fact that "Jim" has more than once been the victim of Andy McCarthy's jokes. Here was where he took his revenge. When the misdirected buck arrived in the Grove Armsby commandeered it, and his friends sat down to a table groaning with all kinds of edible deer from venison pasty to venison chops. It was a great party. Meanwhile Andy McCarthy in San Francisco was raising Cain with Wells Fargo for losing his buck. He did not learn the truth till Armsby's friends returned to the city and Clarence Ward who was one of them, ceremoniously presented to Andy six venison chops as his share of the buck!

#### Another Oakland Poet

Another Eastbay newspaperman has taken to verse. It was some time ago that Town Talk disclosed Joe Whitnah as the writer of graceful and musical lines, and since that time Joe's poems have appeared in a number of the magazines. Now that he has gone to war he may find in the experience inspiration for a lasting fame. The latest poet is Roy Harrison Danforth. "Dan" used to be city editor of the Daily News in San Francisco. After that he was editor of the Independent in Berkeley. Later he worked for the Chronicle, and he is now in charge of the Tribune's Berkeley office. He has been in the game for a dozen years and is known to all the fraternity. "Dan's" effort, so far as he will admit, is his first. It appeared in "The Masses," a radical monthly which has published also a number of the poems of Miss Virginia Brastow, one-time city editor of the Bulletin. It is of the "new verse" and is called "Sister of Mine."

"Our ceiling is the sidewalk of the street.  
So we get light enough to see the stitches, it's made of glass;  
Not common glass you see the sky through,  
But frosted over so the men down here,  
(They're that kind of men)  
Can't look up along the stockings of the women that pass.  
Clattery-bang! Bangety-clatter; The shoes crash all day long on the glass.  
Sometimes it stabs hot into your heart and hurts so you sob;  
Sometimes it just makes you mad—mad clean through like when somebody you hate hits you in the face.  
Over my head a hole is broken in the glass.  
I can see an awning up above, and besides the hole this morning

I saw something else.  
I could not make it out at first.  
It must have dropped from some woman's waist;  
That's the only way flowers come to this part of town.  
It lay there quite still on the glass till someone kicked it,  
Then another and another, but the wind blew it back to the very edge of the hole:  
Another boot kicked it in.  
God, I was glad to see it, where it fell, right in my lap.  
I closed my hand over 'it for a moment, the poor battered, decrepit thing.  
(Yet a tiny bit fragrant still.)  
When nobody was looking I slipped it into my bosom to keep it warm.  
It's a sister of mine, that rose.  
Me they kicked around like that for 'a time, back and forth, back and forth;  
Finally they kicked me down a hole, too, and here I am—  
With the rose."

#### The Author of "J'Accuse"

Among all the books produced during the war, none perhaps had a greater immediate success than "J'Accuse." Professing to be written by a German, it contained a statement of the case against the German Government made with an internal knowledge of Germany and with uncompromising directness which at once put in the shade all that had been said by writers of other nationalities. Here we had the whole indictment marshalled with great rhetorical power, and there breathed in every page a genuine moral indignation. The style was free from the faults which make so many German books unreadable. The merits of "J'Accuse" were generally recognized in all countries outside Germany. In Germany the book was forbidden; naturally, for no government could admit the free circulation during the war of an attack upon it of this nature—indeed, there were a number of passages in it of such a kind that they were refused by the Swiss censor. The mystery of the authorship of "J'Accuse" has now been solved. The author is a German lawyer by the name of Rosenmeier. He has filled high positions on Berlin newspapers; and of late has been the leading spirit of the "Freie Zeitung," the German republican organ published at Berne, Switzerland. The revelation came through a raid on the office of the "Freie Zeitung" made by the Berne police. The cause of the raid was a trick employed by the editors to smuggle their paper into Germany. They printed a dummy copy of the notorious "Frankfurter Zeitung" and filled it with articles from the "Freie Zeitung," which enabled them to circulate their republican propaganda freely throughout Germany. When the trick was discovered the Swiss police took a hand, and the discovery that Rosenmeier was the author of "J'Accuse" was incidental to the raid.

#### The Death of a Pioneer

Patrick Joseph Kennedy who died last Saturday at his residence 27 Seventh avenue was a distinguished pioneer. Mr. Kennedy was the son of Eliza King Kennedy of County West Meath, Ireland, who after the death of her husband, came to this city in the pioneer days with her son and six daughters. The Kennedy family was one of the most prominent of the early days, and now its members and descendants are well known figures in this city and State. The surviving direct descendants of Eliza King Kennedy and their families number nearly

eighty. The daughters were Mrs. Anne M. Cushing, Mrs. James Lynch, Mrs. James Moffitt, Mrs. Peter Gaughran, and Miss Kate Kennedy and Mrs. Lizzie K. Burke who for many years were connected with the school department of San Francisco. Mr. Kennedy was born March 19, 1826. He came to New York in 1849 and to San Francisco in 1856. He was first engaged in the wood and coal business, but soon after his arrival in California, the famous Fraser River strike was announced, and he joined the band of prospectors that sought wealth in British Columbia. He returned when the boom died out; and located in Virginia City, then in the beginning of the Comstock excitement. In Virginia City he founded the firm of Kennedy and Mallon, one of the best known firms of the early days of the Comstock. He was a friend of Mark Twain and of all the well known men of the mining days, and was a close associate of John McComb, Joe Mallon, Dennie Driscoll and others. In 1871 he married Miss Jennie Cordiell, daughter of Thomas Cordiell of Philadelphia, a member of another pioneer family. He returned to San Francisco in 1875 where he became a member of the stock exchange and engaged in business as a mining broker. After some years he opened a large grocery store on Market and Taylor streets, and later dealt in real estate. About twenty years ago he was appointed a notary public, and until failing eyesight and the weight of ninety years compelled him to retire about one year ago, he was in daily attendance at his business. His business as a notary was a large one and his office, 316 Bush street, was a visiting place for old miners from the Comstock and men from the early days of the city who used to sit and gossip of the old times in San Francisco and Virginia City. In politics he was a staunch Democrat and a Single Taxer. He was always an aggressive Home Ruler and to his death he never lost his interest in Irish affairs. He was a member of the Wallace Grand Jury, and during the administration of Mayor Ellert was a member of the Board of Supervisors. On his eightieth birthday, celebrated in 1906 just before the fire, he received a letter of congratulation from Mark Twain. A year after he and his wife made a year's trip back to Ireland and through Europe. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Jennie Cordiell Kennedy, and five children, Thomas F., Eugene P., Leo K., Gerald and Mrs. Robert Kinzie.

Minister—And do you forgive your enemies?

Penitent—Well, I can't say I exactly forgive them, but I do my best to put them in a position where I can sympathize with them.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Our Little Theatres

Henceforth let none say that San Francisco is a lowbrow community. For San Francisco has spoken the last word in culture. San Francisco now uses the plural when it talks about San Francisco's contribution to the Little Theatre movement. To have one little theatre is the boast of places like Des Moines and Columbus and Syracuse and Mobile and other cities that don't count. To be able to say "our Little Theatres" instead of "our Little Theatre" is to belong, to count, to make a splash, to be in the big league. And we belong, we count, we are making a splash, at last we are in the big league. For we have the Little Theatre of the Players Club of amateurs out on Clay street in the cute little house where Dr. Arnold Genthe used to photograph ravishing beauties; and we have the Little Theatre of the Arthur Maitland Players which is about to give us a professional season in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis.

## Both Well Established

Both of these institutions which vindicate our dramatic culture and prove that we are worthy to possess a branch of the Drama League, are solidly established. The Players Club of course, is the older of the two. The Players Club, I believe, was established in 1912, and it has been growing in size and strength and brains ever since. The Arthur Maitland Players are only in their second season. Last season they made their first bid for public approval with performances for the benefit of the Red Cross. The public—or at least, that section of the public which goes in for "Little Theatres, a section which includes many people who are "smart" in two senses of the word—studied the Maitland Players critically and came to the conclusion that here was something San Francisco wanted. That conclusion of the public solidly established the Maitland Players. They begin this second season—next Tuesday evening—with the cachet, the hall mark, the stamp of approval so necessary in dramatic ventures.

## A New Club

In its organization the Maitland Little Theatre really amounts to a new club. And it's different from all our other varieties of clubs. It is a club of only one hundred and fifty members who pay considerable money for the

privilege of belonging. Looking over the list of members we find that most of the men in this new club belong, not to the Drama League or the Commonwealth Club or other highbrow aggregations, but to the Pacific-Union—men like Will and Templeton Crocker, Frank Carolan, Athearn Folger, Fred McNear, Henry T. Scott, Leroy Nickel, Fred Kohl and so on. We find also that the women members belong, not to the California or the Century or other clubs that go in strong for culture, but to the Franciscans where the word "culture" is not being used, except in connection with buttermilk. I refer to women like Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Mrs. William Delaware Neilson, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Carolan and so forth. The privileges of the new club are not many but they are desirable. First of all, members can go to see the Maitland Players; and in the second place they can dance with one another afterwards. Also, they can enjoy the pleasure of finishing dinner in their accustomed leisure without fear of being late for the show, because the Maitland program doesn't begin till a quarter to nine. You may be sure the members value their membership none the less for the knowledge that a lot of people would like to join but can't.

## Improving Their Minds

The members of this very exclusive club are going to have their minds improved a little every week during the dramatic season. They are going to sit down in their golden chairs and sharpen their wits on plays by Stanley Houghton, Pinero, Jones, Synge and Sutro. They are going to get acquainted with highbrow dramatists like Sudermann, Evreinov and Strindberg. They are going to be shocked and thrilled by shockers and thrillers from the Grand Guignol of Paris; and they are going to be titillated by some of the naughty little dramatic confections served by Holbrook Blinn. The influence of all this on our collective culture cannot be estimated in advance. Doubtless our leading matrons will, before long, carry playbooks in their knitting bags and familiarize themselves with dramatic literature between stitches. Doubtless the level of conversation will be raised. It will be epigrammatic like the dialogue in Pinero, witty like that in Jones; perhaps even, amazingly frank like that in the Russian plays and Strindberg. Although, come to think of it, conversation is pretty frank already, and perhaps it better not get any more so. Anyway, the infusion of a new highbrow interest is bound to have its effect on the social brew. You cannot have two Little Theatres in your town and be quite the same as you were before.

## The Tale of Two Gowns

This is the tale, not the train, of a dress, a little story with a society setting that has never appeared in the society news. Recently an Oakland woman picked out two very expensive evening gowns at one of the large stores and had them sent to her home to try on and for the general approval of members of her family. It so happened that they did not fit her figure or suit her family, so she had them returned. At the end of the month a statement from the store showed that the gowns, representing a sum in three fingers, were included. She com-

plained and the store started an investigation. It was found that, through an error in making out a telephone tag, the man in charge of the shipment of clothing to the suffering Belgians had been sent to the woman's home for the gowns. And that is the reason why two fetching evening gowns, somewhat décolleté, and not at all suited to the needs of Belgian peasant women nor compatible with the rigors of approaching winter are now on their way across the water.

## Party for Mrs. Richards' Pupils

Last Friday afternoon the Hotel St. Francis threw open its spacious Colonial ball room and entertained the many pupils of Mrs. Richards' Hotel St. Francis and Hotel Oakland private schools. Long before the time set for the affair the ball room and adjoining corridors were taxed to their capacity by guests who came from everywhere to be present at this novel occasion. For a brief hour enthusiastic friends sat through a delightful, typical "Richards' program" of folk dancing, rhythms, minuets and unique ensembles. The children were at their best and they reflected the careful training of their special instructors, Miss Sylvia Eastman of the St. Francis and Miss Elsie Both of the Oakland school. One of the best numbers on the program was the Marseillaise, sung in French by all the children with a martial swing worthy of a chorus of adults. Mrs. Fannie Hinman, dancing instructor, led the pupils in a new military dance which she recently brought from New York. Six young misses, pupils of Miss Lily Sherwood, added to the affair by their beautiful mandolin music. In the Italian room, covers had been laid for one hundred and fifty merry children, who sat down by the scores to a miniature banquet of delicious confections, prepared by Victor, the famous St. Francis chef. The tables were beautifully decorated and unique bouquets of various small flags were placed here and there producing a brilliant effect. During the festivities the children donned handsome paper caps and marched around the Italian room, under the Richards' school banner. The Hotel St. Francis is making important structural changes of signal benefit to Mrs. Richards' School.

## New Diablo Park Men

Justice Henry A. Melvin of the State Supreme Court and William Letts Oliver have

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been elected to membership in the directing body of the Mount Diablo Park Club—the Mount Diablo Park Commission. They succeed Col. W. L. White and J. N. Curtis, the other three members of the commission remaining in office: R. N. Burgess, E. B. Bull and E. L. Cooper. Justice Melvin and Mr. Oliver are not only among the most enthusiastic members of the delightful country club in the shadow of "the purple mountain" that is central California's guardian peak, but they are among the resident members of the club. Justice Melvin's home is among the most attractive of the many at Diablo, centering about the club grounds, and Mr. Oliver's home was but recently completed, being a handsome structure of Spanish architecture. Mr. Oliver has christened it Villa Valparaiso, thus bringing the vale of paradise close to the mountain named after the most unheavenly of persons. With its new membership, the commission will, it is expected, set a new mark in the development of the Contra Costa county club, which, however, has already within a comparatively brief period become one of the most popular in the bay region.

#### At the Whitcomb

Mrs. John Howard van Horne entertained at luncheon in the white and gold dining room of the Hotel Whitcomb Thursday, her guests playing bridge afterwards in the Sun Room on the roof of the hotel. Those who enjoyed Mrs. van Horne's hospitality were the Mesdames W. W. Burnham, L. H. Mercereau, Louis J. Haney, Henry Swanitz, James P. Phillips, W. A. Leroux, E. P. Halsted, Charles Baker Deane, Emmett McConnell, D. E. F. Easton, R. B. Proll, Frank Moffitt, Manfred Garoutte, Leslie

Loomis, Lofsted Miles, Edward Foulkes, David H. Saeger, Seabury Wood and John W. Edmonson. . . . One of the interesting visitors to the West at present stopping at the Whitcomb is Mrs. Harriet Mulford Lothrop, better known by her pen name of "Margaret Sidney" and as the author of that series of stories for little girls which began with "Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." Mrs. Lothrop is the wife of Daniel Lothrop, founder of the Boston publishing house of D. Lothrop and Co. She is the author of some fifty-odd books, including some graceful poetry. She is honorary president for life of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution. The Lothrop home at Concord, Massachusetts, is the famous "Wayside," once the home of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

#### At the Ceceil

After a delightful summer spent in Alaska Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Smith have returned to the Cecil where they will remain for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Highley and their attractive young daughter Miss Blanche Highley have been giving a series of dinners since their return from the East. Captain George Finnell was the guest of honor at the dinner at which his mother was the hostess Tuesday. Misses Ruth and Martha Moyer were joint hostesses at a luncheon and bridge Thursday. Accompanied by their mother Mrs. E. H. Moyer they arrived at the Cecil Monday from their home in Reading, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hill of Rochester, N. Y., are guests. Dr. H. G. Irvine of Minneapolis is among the recent arrivals. Mrs. G. H. Stone and Miss E. T. Stone of Pasadena gave a dinner Thursday. Mrs. George de Latour of Ruthersford has been visiting the Misses O'Connor at the Cecil. Miss Marie Lyne of Los Angeles is among the recent arrivals.

#### Skating and Knitting Party

Miss Emma Tait was hostess at a skating and knitting party at the Winter Garden Ice Palace. Those who enjoyed the knitting bee and the steel-shod runners were Irene Evans, Phillis Wand, Mary Young, Eleanor Lerman, Helen Salisbury, Genevieve Beal, Catherine Sudden and Babe Wright.

#### Illness Prevents Powys' Visit

Paul Elder who was to manage the lecture engagement of John Cowper Powys in San Francisco, advertised to open October 1, has received a telegram announcing that Powys must undergo a serious operation, and his lectures must therefore be postponed. Tentative arrangements are being made for a visit next March, but nothing definite can be announced at the present time.

#### At Techau Tavern

Techau Tavern, San Francisco's high class family cafe, announces what it is pleased to term a "shopping hour treat." Every afternoon it presents from twenty to thirty-five bottles of Stearns' Suprema toilet water to its lady patrons. These gifts are without competition of any kind. Every evening the Tavern has souvenir dances, and after each dance presents to the ladies in attendance a case of Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume toilet favors, and to the gentlemen a large box of Melachrino cigarettes. Every noon hour finds the Tavern comfortably crowded with business men and women. Every Sunday evening at Techau Tavern is a night of delight. There is a continuous entertainment by the Tavern's company of high class entertainers.

#### Lese Majesté

"There will be no more trials for lese majesté in Russia," says Ivan Shinsky, editor of the "Novoe Vremya," in a lecture in Chicago. "Lese majesté, anyway, always seemed to me ridiculous. It always reminded me of the policeman who was asked:

"'Officer, what's the charge against this prisoner?'

"'Impersonating a policeman, your honor.'

"'Impersonating a policeman, eh?'

"'Yes, your honor. He held up his hand and stopped an automobile, instead of letting it run over him.'"

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## "The Knife" Needs Honing

By Thomas Lloyd Lennon

"Fit as a Fiddle."

"Happy as a Lark."

These two phrases, as hackneyed as the word hackneyed, form part of the conversation of the third act of Eugene Walter's three-act melodrama "The Knife," now at the Cort. But banal, commonplace, mediocre as they are, they are typical of the play itself, for "The Knife" is as dull a piece of dramatic steel as has been seen hereabouts since "The Lure" failed to live up to its name.

Walter's concoction, full of "punches, thrills and mystery," concerns itself with many things; it takes a half-hearted rap at criminal lawyers and too-zealous vivisection; it scores heavily against fortune-telling and medium-work; it boosts to the skies the serum experts who constantly seek elusive juices and it waxes enthusiastic over the beauty and the grandeur and the nobility of the unwritten law.

Not half-bad stagecraft in the second act does manage to lend a near-thrill to the production, but the flashlight in the dark and the threat of the third-degree and the "Tell us the truth and nothing but the truth or we'll kill you, so help us!" ultimatum-talk are, after all, very old business, not to say tiresome. And there were very few sharply intaken breaths the other night while William Meredith, the combination lawyer-

detective-pathologist was throwing the glare of an ever-ready into the fear-stricken face of Second-sight Jimmy Bristol and barking at him in an effort to "get at the bottom of all this dirty mess."

Superficially "The Knife" is quite up to the standard of current melodrama, but there is nothing inside it, nothing solid either in its conception or its moral. Briefly the story is that of a young southern belle, who uses "I reckon" and "You all," and other such unmistakable word-signs of Old Dominion ancestry, who is induced to believe in fortune telling because of the apparent ability of a negro voodoo woman to read her fate in tea-leaves, and who gets tangled in a white-slave mix-up in New York as a result of her credulity. Her lover, a great doctor who is well on the road to the discovery of a serum which will cure forever "the most horrible disease of all humanity" enlists the aid of a young lawyer in the search for the missing beauty. The girl is found in the Camp of the Cadets, her mind temporarily gone as the result of excessive drugging. However, she is able to confide to the sister of the great doctor, herself a famous serum-searcher, that "the terrible thing" has happened, and when the great doctor learns the bitter truth he high-mindedly resolves upon a scheme of revenge

which will backfire to the happiness of all the world. He determines to take the man and the woman responsible for "the terrible thing" and use them as subjects for his most important experiment. He has always wanted to use the knife on a human body, he says, to see if what he thinks will happen will happen, and on the theory that the worthless must always be sacrificed to benefit the worthy he steals the man and the woman away to his secret laboratory, inoculates them with horrible germs and proceeds to cure them with his panacea. The man lives but the woman dies. Then a bright and energetic young district attorney hears of the affair and begins to investigate. A fairly well linked chain of lies with which to camouflage the business is constructed by the lawyer, but the truth is mighty and must prevail and in the last five minutes of the play everything is found out by the enterprising prosecutor, the great doctor is commended for what he has done and the secret of the serum is given to all the world.

Norman Hackett, as the eminent medico, is still gesticulatively wild.

A rather well done bit of acting in the second frame, wherein May Buckley very realistically represents a girl full of "hop," saves the piece from an absolute lack of distinction.

## The Stage

### "Watch Your Step" at Columbia

A musical play with many bewitching qualities, in what is said of Irving Berlin's international success "Watch Your Step," which comes to the Columbia Monday night for an engagement of two weeks, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. "Watch Your Step" is a snappy rapid-fire singing and dancing show. It is a cyclone of comedy, captivating songs, lilting melodies, clever voices, graceful dancing, fascinating girls, gorgeous costuming, splendid scenic effects and a plot. Prominent among the song hits are "Settle Down in a One-Horse Town," "They Follow Me Around," "The Minstrel Parade," "When I Discovered You," "Lead Me To Love," "The Dancing Teacher," "Show Us How to Do the Fox-Trot," "I Love to Have the Boys Around Me" and "Old Operas in a New Way." It is not a "number two" show, there being only this one company on tour.

### The Cherniavskys Soon

The three brothers Cherniavsky, famous Russian instrumentalists, to whose genius the world at large has borne testimony, will appear at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, October 14 and 21. This musical trio have travelled together for the past seventeen years giving concerts in Russia, England, France, United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, China, Burma, Ceylon, Egypt, etc., and everywhere they have received unstinted praise. The reviewer of the London "Standard" said, "The Cherniavsky Brothers are three of the most remarkable young men in the world of music." The New York "Times"

pays tribute as follows,—"They thrilled us again and again. They are really great artists." From far off Melbourne comes the praise of the "Argus"—"They not only brought out the notes with perfect accuracy and with great intensity of feeling, but they showed also by facial expression how much the music was a part of themselves." After playing in Johannesburg, South Africa, the critic of the "Sunday Times" of that city said,—"The greater the artist the greater is the soul; it would be impossible to possess more soul than these marvels." And even Bombay through a review in the "Advocate" sings the praises of these marvelous artists as follows,—"Their delivery showed a depth of feeling that was quite a revelation." All of these testimonials are from far-off lands to which could be added pages of praise from "at home" papers. The Cherniavskys are at present on their way back to the east to play return engagements, which have been demanded of them everywhere, as their triumph in the east last year was immediate and emphatic. The eldest of the brothers, Leo, is the violinist, Jan is the pianist and Mischel the cellist. Each is a virtuoso of recognized ability and the combination in trio and duet music is one of rare perfection. There is still a fourth and younger brother, Alexander, who acts as accompanist for the others. Their programs are replete with solo numbers by the three artists, and include a number of ensemble selections.

### Our Symphony Orchestra

His first week of rehearsals over, Conductor Alfred Hertz of the San Francisco Symphony

Orchestra, expresses himself as delighted with the progress of his eighty instrumentalists, and looks forward to the most interesting season of his career. The seventh season of concerts will begin on Friday afternoon, October 12, at the Cort. The rehearsals have naturally been most satisfactory, from every angle, for the organization is practically the same as last year, and the men work together with fine spirit. Those few that have been privileged to hear these initial rehearsals declare that the orchestra plays better than ever, and are not loath to say that the forthcoming season will see the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra acknowledged by national authorities as the peer of the Boston Symphony. From the offices of the Musical Association of San Francisco, the symphony's maintaining body in the Phelan Building, come reports of astonishing progress in the public sale of season tickets. Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham and a large clerical force have been kept very busy during the past week, and Widenham declares that the sale is far ahead of that of last year at this time. Season tickets are being sold for the series of Sunday "pop" concerts as well as for the Friday and Sunday symphonies. The Sunday "pop" series, which was in its experimental stage last season, proved so thoroughly successful and did such admirable "missionary" work among prospective symphony followers, that the policy of giving a series of concerts every year devoted to the lighter forms of good music has become established. Conductor Hertz promises some delightful popular programs. Next week represents the last opportunities to secure season tickets, for on Monday, October 8, the sale



of tickets for single concerts is scheduled to begin at Sherman, Clay.

#### Second Week of "The Knife"

Eugene Walter's play "The Knife" will play for another week at the Cort. On Sunday night, October 7, Max Figman, the popular comedian, comes to the Cort in the uproarious farce, "Nothing But the Truth."

#### Kosloff Continues at Orpheum

Theodore Kosloff and his Russian Dancers and Orchestra will enter on the last week of their Orpheum engagement Sunday matinee, and will considerably vary their program. Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker will appear in a one-act comedietta called "A Pair of Tickets." They were the first to introduce in vaudeville the "flirtation" act. Horace Wright and Rene Dietrich who have just returned from the Hawaiian Islands will present what they call "A Somewhat Different Offering." Their singing is the chief feature. David Sapirstein, one of America's piano virtuosos has been enticed into vaudeville. He is the holder of the world's record for pianistic achievement, for on six successive days at Aeolian Hall, New York, he dared to play six different programmes of the most difficult piano music ever written. Kerr and Miss Burke tell stories with their violins and give various imitations. Miss Burke is a handsome girl. The remaining acts will be Bensee and Baird; the Five Nelsons; Mrs. Gene Hughes in Edgar Allan Woolf's comedy Gowns."

#### Matzenauer's Second Recital

The wonderful Matzenauer from the Metropolitan Opera House who is appearing in the west under the direction of Frank W. Healy, and who is creating such a sensation here, will give her second song recital at the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, October 7, at 2:30 sharp. A word here regarding the acoustics of the Auditorium. There is no gainsaying the fact that there is a disagreeable echo when a large orchestra plays loudly, but it is doubtful if there is a more satisfactory place in this country for the exploitation of a single

voice or a single instrument, such as the violin. Every syllable uttered by John McCormack, Lucien Muratore, Mme. Schumann-Heink or Mme. Matzenauer could be distinctly heard and understood even in the farthest reaches of the auditorium. The echo is due to the fact that the building has such wonderful resonance; therefore song recitals at the Auditorium should prove equally as satisfactory as those given in the smaller halls. The programme that Mme. Matzenauer will sing on Sunday afternoon, October 7, is one of the best that could be put together. Frank La Forge, than whom there is no greater accompanist and coach in the entire world, and Mme. Matzenauer gave their very best efforts to the preparing of this programme. There will be songs in Italian, French, German and English and among other gems Mme. Matzenauer will sing the great Liebestod. Here is the programme: O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave?, Handel; Se tu m'ami, Pergolesi; De Christ aver ardeur (from "La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc"), H. Bemberg; Mme. Matzenauer. Improvisation; Witches' Dance, MacDowell; Miss Ballard. Le manior de Rosemond; L'extase, Dupare; Sainte Dorthée; Le vieux moulin; Alger le soir, Fourdrain; Mme. Matzenauer. Longing; Love's Sympathy; By the Lake; How Much I Love You, La Forge; Mme. Matzenauer. Danse Negre, Cyril Scott; Etincelles, Moszkowski; Miss Ballard. Traume; Schmerzen; Liebestod (Tristan and Isolde), Wagner; Mme. Matzenauer.

#### War Films at Orpheum

The Orpheum Circuit has secured at a cost of \$300,000, through Captain Baines, representing the British Government, the greatest fighting picture ever made, showing the retreat of the Germans at the battle of Arras, taken from aeroplanes and on the battlefield. These pictures show all of modern war. The cameras "shot" beside big guns, riflemen, machine guns and grenade throwers. These are no staged scenes, but actual fighting films made when the gun-thunder shook the cameras and death threatened the operators, two of whom died on the field. The pictures will be presented at the Orpheum in this city in three weekly installments commencing Sunday matinee, October 7.



LEO, JAN and MISCHEL CHERNIAVSKY

Famous trio of instrumentalists who will appear at the Columbia Theater on Sunday afternoons, October 14th and 21st.

## SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

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### SEASON TICKET SALE

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First Concert Friday Afternoon., Oct. 12, at Cort Theatre

SEASON TICKET PRICES:  
12 Friday Symphonies: Orchestra, \$22; balcony, \$10, \$16, \$22; gallery, \$6, \$8, \$10.  
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Address mail orders with check to A. W. Widenham, secretary-manager, 453 Phelan Building.  
Sale of seats for single concerts opens Monday, October 8, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.



The Wonderful

## Matzenauer's

SONG RECITAL

Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 7

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Seats: 50c to \$2. Sherman Clay and Co.'s and Kohler & Chase.

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Although bearish activities appear to have been halted by the intervention of strong financial interests in the stock market, the outlook continues rather confused. It probably would be premature to expect any sustained rise in prices of securities. There are too many gigantic financial tasks before the Government to justify that development, desirable as it would be from the point of view of security holders. Nevertheless the market situation has cleared somewhat the past week. The fixing of both the steel prices and the copper metal prices helped to clear the atmosphere of uncertainty regarding these two commodities, and while the copper metal prices were not as good as some of the trade expected, the fact that it is out of the way created a better feeling. The price for steel seems to be satisfactory and was about as expected. This price will insure very handsome profits for the big corporations, although it might work a hardship on some of the minor steel companies that do not produce their own raw material. The immediate effect of the announcement regarding the fixing of steel prices was an advance in the price of stocks, not only the steels, but was also reflected in the general list. The rails should profit by this cut in steel prices as it will enable the equipment companies to furnish equipment at a reduced price, and at the same time put the equipment companies on a sound basis to work on. Latest developments suggest that the most profitable position for active investors to take at present is the trading attitude, which will give results to faithful followers. Such a policy is justified that the market has had a big decline and strong recovery must technically enter a zone of digestion to achieve stability. We would continue to buy good stocks on reactions, and sell doubtful ones on rallies after shorts have retired. Specialties will go higher, especially stocks like Linseed, Enameling and Corn Products. October is expected in some quarters to be a bull month, in which the bull will have grown long horns. Big crops, adjournment of Congress, removal of price fixing uncertainties and taxation agitation, promotion of the Liberty Loan and placing of huge orders by the Allies, are some of the bull arguments.

**Corn**—The largest market in many weeks has been in order, with December corn advancing to over 121; and, because of a great many advices received from all directions that no serious crop losses have occurred during the recent frost, an enormous amount of long corn came out for sale; in fact, so much in volume that a decline from the top of over 3 cents per bushel was easily recorded. This decline was helped by newspaper peace rumors; and, at the last, the market developed into a liquidating affair. On

the other hand, cash corn has been sharply lower, with offerings from many directions much larger than heretofore, while the demand has shown a decided lack. The cash corn situation is watched closely by investors and other buyers for the future. However, the futures are already selling at beyond the dollar mark under spot corn, and the sharp declines will continue to attract many interesting buyers to December and May corn.

**Cotton**—A big broad market in cotton, the past week, with prices up nearly five hundred points from the recent low price. The big advance was due to the strength in the nearby options and the strong spot situation in the South. Holders of cotton were not anxious to accept 20 cents for their cotton, and as there were numerous contracts made to deliver actual cotton for September delivery, shorts had to go to the pit to get the cotton and compete with the old bull crowd, who became very aggressive on the buying side. The market became very excited at times, and fluctuation of a dollar a bail was frequent. Reactions, from time to time, appeared, which would carry the market down a hundred points, but the demand was so urgent that recoveries were quick, and whatever loss was immediately gained. When the price got near the 25 cent mark, there seemed to be quite a little cotton for sale, and prices were held in check. The weather was still unsatisfactory in spots, but it was said to be favorable in general. The storms failed to materialize, as well as the peace rumors, which were used almost every day. Picking is progressing rapidly, and the movement should show a sufficient increase to have a permanent effect upon values. Leading trade interests insist that foreign markets are not to be depended upon as in the past, and as a result, this country will have to bear the burden of taking care of the hedges. It would therefore seem that unless unfavorable climatic conditions develop in the near future, that the weight of cotton will soon result in a lower level of values, and we would therefore take advantage of all the bulges to sell on, from this level.

## Stella Mayhew at Alcazar

The big George M. Cohan Revue of 1916 leaves the Alcazar this Saturday night, and the Stella Mayhew company of farceurs from the East make their bow Sunday afternoon in the Shubert play "A Mix Up." Miss Mayhew is regarded as one of the three funniest women on the American stage, the others being May Irwin and Marie Dressler. Supporting her are Robert Hyman, a leading man from New York; Sarah McVicker, a character actress; Marie Curtis and Harry Clarks.

Hipp—He is easily moved.

Hopp—Still, his creditors seem compelled to push him pretty hard.

Fond Mother—Dorothy, if you are bad you won't go to heaven. Don't you know that?

Little Dorothy—Well, I've been to the circus and the Chautauqua already. I can't expect to go everywhere.

## VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature  
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Assets	\$64,566,290.79
Deposits	61,381,120.63
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,185,170.16
Employees' Pension Fund	259,642.88
Number of Depositors	65,717

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## By the Waters of Babylon

(Continued from Page 6)

heap of the Soltau camp in which men—noble men—are made to seek their food like pigs. Germany cannot offer what is not hers to offer. The Allies cannot take what they have already. For there is only one peace, "the peace that passeth all understanding."

\* \* \* \* \*

It is perfectly useless to try, as has been done in certain quarters, to distinguish between Belgium's attitude in the conflict and that of the Powers who are fighting for the restoration of her integrity. From the day when England, France and Russia answered King Albert's appeal, the unflinching policy of Belgium has been to act in perfect harmony with the Allies. How could it be otherwise? Their cause is her cause. Their victory will be her victory, and—if we should ever consider the possibility of defeat—their defeat would be her defeat. The Belgians who, like myself, were in England during those fateful days of August, 1914, when the destiny of Europe hung in the balance, know perfectly well the decisive influence which the invasion of Belgium had on English public opinion at that time. Nothing can ever blur the clear outlines of the events as they passed before us under the implacable rays of that glorious summer sun.

The whole policy of Germany is determined by her first stroke in the war. That stroke was delivered against a small nation. The whole policy of England and of the Allies is determined by their first efforts in the struggle, and these efforts were made to protect a small nation against Germany's aggression. Never has the choice between right and wrong been made plainer in the whole history of the world.

## A Famous Showman

(Continued from Page 7)

a common sight in the streets; when the wonder that Sanger's performances roused in country places, roused also suspicions that he was a "warlock" and better underground with a stake through his body. In his story these days live again. There are sunny scenes as well as lurid ones, like living, life-size Cruikshank drawings lit by naphtha-flares.

I like to move about the Great Hyde Park Fair, among booths and little theatres set up to celebrate the coronation of Queen Victoria; to visit little George's show of performing mice or see him balanced on a ladder on the chin of an equilibrist; to jam myself among the crowd, thronging the booth of "The Pig-faced Lady"—alas, soon to be repressed as a fraud by law. Lord George lets us into the secret of this lady. "Madam Stevens" was really a fine brown bear, the paws and face of which were kept closely shaved, the white skin under the fur having a close resemblance to that of a human being. Over the paws were fitted white gloves, with well stuffed fingers, so that the pig-faced lady seemed to have nice plump, white arms above them. The bear, dressed in a Leech-bonnet, flowing skirt and shawl, sat at a table, underneath which hidden by drapery was a boy with a stick to make the pig-faced lady talk.

"I call your attention, ladies and gentlemen, to the greatest wonder of the world! Behold and marvel!—Mme. Stevens, the pig-faced lady, who is now in her eighteenth year. I believe that is correct, miss? (here the hidden boy would prod the bear, who gave a grunt). As you see, ladies and gentlemen, the young lady understands what is said perfectly, though the peculiar

formation of the jaws has deprived her of the power of uttering human speech in return.

"You were born at Preston in Lancashire? (Another prod and another grunt). Quite so. And you enjoy good health and are very happy? (Another prod and grunt). You are inclined, I suppose, as other ladies, to be led by some gentleman into the holy bonds of matrimony? (Here the boy would give an extra prod, causing the bear to grunt angrily). What, no! Well, well, don't be cross because I asked you!"

Then, when the hat had gone round and the people streamed out marvelling, the showman would rush to the front, shouting to the crowd outside, "Hear what they say! Hear what they all say about Mme. Stevens, the wonderful pig-faced lady!" But I myself have patterned enough.

"Walk up! Walk up! Walk up! This way for a tale of strange things, scenes and adventures. Lord George Sanger is on the road again."

## The Grouser

(Continued from Page 8)

"Hit in the leg! Give us a lift." It was Bradden's voice.

Langley said: "'It in the leg, are you? Serve you right! What d'you want to wave yer leg about for?"

"Oh, hold yer jaw!" Bradden roared.

"That's what I'll do," said Langley with great dignity. "Some fellers are arskin' for it. What did you lift yer leg for? To scratch yer 'ead? An' 'ow am I t' git there? Where are you? Not that I'm comin'; it ain't my job. Not fer me to bring in th' wounded; I'll tell the R. A. M. C.—that's all I can do for you. It ain't fair; I ain't no odd-jobs man."

The eight men of the party who had regained the trench watched the entanglement. Under the searchlight it shone like frosted silver. The officer stared into his periscope.

"We seem to have lost two, sir," said the sergeant.

They were all very watchful in the trench. They could now see in the middle of the entanglement a motionless figure, black in the blue rays. That was one of them. Then a little quiver of excitement along the line, for they saw a movement in the wires as if something at the edge of the entanglement were struggling with them, pushing them away, something that, crawling over the sharp spikes, worked its way along the ground towards the wounded man. They gasped; it was impossible. But, no; it was true. There grovelled a man unhurt: he looked like a black snake worming its way under the full glare of the blue light, through steady firing that somehow spared him. They could see the bullets now and then strike the posts which had carried the entanglement, sometimes a few inches from the man's head.

And still he went on, somehow unscathed, but uncertain as if blinded by the light that was heavy as metal. They saw him as if in full sunlight seize the wounded man's shoulders and draw him along the ground through the cut wires, and on, and still on, under the searchlight that followed him like a malignant eye, and yet still on through the storm of bullets that struck to the right and left, and magically spared him and his charge. . . .

They nearly fell into the trench, rescuer and rescued; their clothes torn to rags by the wires, their faces soiled with earth and sweat.

"Well done, Langley!" said the officer. "That's Bradden you brought in, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Langley, and sat down exhausted. But he leaped up and remarked, as he felt his trousers, "Of course I picked the wettest place; they can't even drain their trenches

properly." He addressed the half company in general: "What d'you think I'm up to? Taking the cold-water cure, or what? Tell you what; this ain't fightin'. It ain't a man's job—arskin' 'im to wallow about in the mud like a bloomin' buffalo. Tell you what, I'm goin' to buy myself out; that's what I'm goin' to do."

Two days later Private Langley was informed that he would be recommended for the V. C. Some weeks later, after the investiture, he stood on the steps of the depot at Stourton, a half-penny picture paper in his hand. It related briefly what it called the greatest deed of bravery of the war; also it printed his photograph. Private Langley gazed at that photograph with growing fury and deepening gloom. He was wondering whether he could sue the editor for libel.

## Letters

### Books for the Young

"Winning His Army Blue" by Norman Brainerd, is a story of a real military boarding school where things are lively but where honor is supreme, in spite of the presence of an occasional fellow who allows jealousy to start him in a tangled web of meanness. There is a chance for one cadet to gain a special honor, the highest possible in the school, that shall place him on the road to a commission in the United States army. This is called "Winning His Army Blue." An athlete, who is far more than a mere athlete, is a prominent candidate and his popularity excites envy and leads to acts of far-reaching consequence. How the hero bears himself in one trying situation after another makes a thrilling yet most wholesome story that every boy who is so fortunate as to have a chance at the book will follow with keenest interest. For all boys from fourteen to eighteen.

Most books descriptive of life in other countries are written from the outside, but every one of the "Children of Other Lands Books" is written by some one who lived the life described, and afterwards came to America. The ninth of these books, "When I Was a Girl in Holland" by Cornelia De Groot, is an interesting tale of child life strange to us. The author gives a vivid picture of her native country in which children are so well trained to usefulness. We learn of curious farmhouses which shelter family and dairy under one capacious roof, of the dress, duties, pastimes and education of the sturdy, well trained children, of canals and skating frolics, of wonderful neatness and an abundance of good things to eat. We follow the author through girlhood and to America, feeling that we have learned much while being entertained. To be enjoyed by children from eight years upwards.

Dave Porter and his old chum Roger Morr are pursuing their profession of civil engineering in the mountains of Montana when word comes to them that Dave's sister Laura and his dearest girl friend Jessie Wadsworth have disappeared from home in a most mysterious manner. The parents conclude that the girls were abducted by gypsies, with whom there had been a dispute over the use of some land. But Dave thinks that one of their old enemies is in the game, and he and Roger start on a search for the girls. One surprise is followed by another, and the young civil engineer and his chum are confronted by many perils. This story is sure to make Dave Porter more of a hero than ever. It is called "Dave Porter's Great Search," and is by Edward Stratemeyer.

All these books are from Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.



## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83397; Dept. No. 10.

KATHERINE MAY HESS, Plaintiff, vs. DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and mental cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of July, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-15-10

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY CORPORATE NAME SHOULD NOT BE CHANGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application of the CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY, for Change of Name.

WHEREAS, an application has been filed in the above entitled Court by the CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY, a corporation, and H. W. DIMOND, J. S. ROLLS, J. H. HUMPHREY, F. E. FARMER and W. B. RYDER, all of the Directors of said corporation, praying that the corporate name of said corporation be changed from the CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY to the CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said matter appear before the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Court Room, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 25th day of October, A. D. 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., and show cause, if any they have, why said application for change of name should not be granted.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for a period of four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be mailed to each stockholder of said corporation, at his last known address, by depositing such copy in the United States Postoffice, directed to such stockholder, with postage thereon fully prepaid.

Dated this 19th day of September, A. D. 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 84,455.

GERMAINE KEYWORTH, Plaintiff, vs. HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also on the ground of defendant's failure to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life, he having the ability to do so; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of September, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. E. ROTHE,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
948 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 23201, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. R. BOWHAY, executor of the Last Will and Testament of ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executor at the office of McCutchen, Olney & Willard, Room No. 1107 in the Merchants Exchange Building, situated at the southwest corner of California and Leidesdorff Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with the said estate of ALFRED L. BOWHAY, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, September 8, 1917.

A. R. BOWHAY,  
Executor of the last will and testament of  
Alfred L. Bowhay, deceased.  
McCUTCHEEN, OLNEY & WILLARD,  
Attorneys for Executor,  
Room No. 1107 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,  
San Francisco, California. 9-8-5

## NOTICE OF HEARING OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 84195.

In the Matter of the Application of Richmond Subdivisions Corporation of California for Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that application in due form of Richmond Subdivisions Corporation of California, a corporation duly organized, acting and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation by decree of court has been duly filed in this Court, and said Court having on the 5th day of September, 1917, made its order directing that notice of said application be published for five successive weeks in "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper of general circulation, printed, published and circulated in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Now, therefore, notice is given that the period for the publication of this Notice commences on the 8th day of September, 1917, and expires on the 6th day of October, 1917, and that at any time prior to the said date of the expiration of this Notice any person may file objection to said application.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court this 5th day of September, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. T. KEARNEY,  
Attorney for said Corporation,  
1012 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-8-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEON di NOLA, Deceased.—No. 23,272; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of LEON di NOLA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEON di NOLA, deceased.

VINCENT di NOLA,  
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Leon di Nola, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 29, 1917.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Executor,  
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-5

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83,219, Dept. No. 16.

SARA E. MUNCK, Plaintiff, vs. M. G. LOEFLER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

Alfred B. Lawson and John Prosek, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: M. G. LOEFLER, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON and JOHN PROSEK,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
Grant Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-10

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REALTY IN RENEWAL OF EXISTING MORTGAGES

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 14141; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor.

Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, guardians of the person and estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, having this day filed herein a verified petition for authority to mortgage the real property belonging to the said estate in renewal of the existing mortgages for the period and upon the terms hereinafter stated and it appearing that the making of said mortgage in renewal of the existing mortgages will be advantageous to said estate.

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department Number Ten thereof, on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of October, 1917, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of said Court in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted and an order made authorizing and directing said Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, as guardians of the estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, to make, execute and deliver a promissory note secured by mortgage on the hereinafter described real property or some part thereof and for the sum of three thousand nine hundred (\$3,900.00) dollars or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge of the above-entitled Court shall seem meet, due one year after date with interest at the rate of six (6%) per cent per annum as set forth in said petition, for the purpose of renewing the existing mortgages thereon.

The said real property is situate in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and is bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. Beginning at a point on the Western line of Broadway, distant thereon Northerly fifty (50) feet from the intersection thereof with the Northern line of Fifth Street, as said streets are shown upon the map hereinafter referred to; running thence Northerly along said line of Broadway thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Westerly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Southerly thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Easterly seventy-five (75) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 20, and the Southern five (5) feet of Lot No. 19, in Block No. 54, as said lots and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland on file in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Alameda.

2. Beginning at a point on the Northern line of Fifth Street, distant thereon Westerly seventy-five (75) feet from the intersection thereof with the Western line of Broadway, as said street and way are shown on the map hereinafter referred to; running thence Westerly along said line of Fifth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 23, in Block No. 54, as said lot and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland, on file in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of Alameda.

For all further particulars of said petition you are hereby referred to the same, which is now on file in the above-entitled estate.

It is further ordered that this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 24th day of August, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

G. GUNZENDORFER,  
Attorney for Guardians,  
Holbrook Bldg., 58 Sutter St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 9-8-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83334.

GERTRUDE R. KNOPLE, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN KNOPLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

G. C. RINGOLSKY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 805 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN KNOPLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.



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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, OCTOBER 6, 1917

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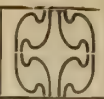
San Franciscans and the Bernstorff Fund

*Watch for the October Lantern*





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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXX

San Francisco-Oakland, October 6, 1917

No. 1311

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John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## Why Punish Us?

After all the ten million dollar ship-building plant may come to San Francisco. This is good news. But why should San Francisco be deprived of this plant? We were told that the Administration was inclined to deem it advisable to establish the plant on the Atlantic coast because of industrial unrest on the Pacific. It was made clear that our labor bosses by their recent activities, in which they seemed to have the sympathy of the municipal government, had given the city a black eye. At any rate they had given pause to the greatest industrial concern in the country—the Federal Government. Nevertheless we ask "Why should San Francisco be deprived of this big plant?" True enough the labor bosses are very powerful hereabouts. True enough they enjoy the friendship of our Mayor and all his satellites. But is it not in accordance with the spirit of the times for the Government to coddle the bosses of union labor? Here we have the Pajandarum of all the unions, the Hon. Samuel Gompers, once threatened with extinction at Indianapolis, now occupying a position of trust in Washington, D. C., enjoying indeed the confidence and esteem of our President. This is a circumstance that does not provoke us to criticism. Mr. Gompers is probably a "good dog" now; but something like a precedent has been established in his case. May not Boilermaker McGuire be conciliated, too, and made to see the light? Who knows but that our Mayor may have good intentions? At least we know that he coddles capital as well as labor; for he has made Mr. John McGregor of the Union Iron Works one of his official family, and John is a member of the Pacific-Union Club. Perhaps it would be well for us all to get together. Anyway we protest against the halting of enterprise at the instigation of a Government that embraces Samuel Gompers. If our shipyards' men have not been behaving

nicely of late it should not be concluded that they will be addicted to strife forever. We remember that years ago they built the Oregon, and that the builder was a plain American citizen who never cared a tinker's imprecation for a political job. By the way, Mr. Henry T. Scott is still with us and though not in the Mayor's or any other politician's family is getting ready to go into the shipbuilding business again. Thrice welcome, Henry T.

★ ★ ★

## Rolph and the Railroad

The purchase of the United Railroads properties would be the logical consummation of our little adventure in municipal ownership. But that it would be wise to be logical in this instance we are far from sure. We have not the prescience of some folk. Nor have we the dogmatism that bespeaks itself in facile certitudes. Moreover being almost incorrigibly reactionary the idea of an extension of municipal ownership is to us far from advisable. However, it is well to be tolerant of the opinions of others, and it is not to be gainsaid that there is much to be plausibly, and even cogently, urged in favor of the extension of the municipal railroad system even at this time. We are living in a world of unrest; organized labor has San Francisco under its heel; and the question for us to decide is something like the great question before the world—whether we should make peace by surrender or continue to fight for a great principle. For the time being we are at a disadvantage. Though the United Railroads was winning San Francisco was suffering, and we had Mayor James Rolph on our hands; and Mayor Rolph suddenly became prosperous and convinced that to gratify his political ambitions he should continue to make his bed in the labor camp, was giving all his support to the lawless element that made it hazardous for citizens to ride in the non-union cars. In the circumstances the labor bosses enjoyed an overwhelming advantage. What would be advisable for the city to do? Mayor Rolph advised that the city purchase the properties of the corporation. From the Rolph standpoint this was logical advice, the Mayor having jockeyed himself into an embarrassing position. The whole State was pointing to the infamy of the Rolph administration, and he was eager for a soft spot whereon to fall. By putting through the big deal he might end the controversy and win a fine victory for his friends, the labor bosses, the only friends on whose sympathy he

may count in his next political fight. True, so far as the taxpayers of the city are concerned it may be truthfully said that they will be the losers, but why shouldn't they? Many taxpayers wanted municipal ownership, and Jimmy is going to give them their bellyful, as it were. They wanted the Geary street road as a weapon wherewith to punish the United Railroads; they acquiesced in nearly everything that was done to harass the private corporations; they applauded the demagogues of press and politics who spent their time manufacturing sentiment against the railroad company, and now the Mayor will endeavor merely to avail himself of the situation that he carefully helped to mature. The trick ought to be easy to accomplish. And anyway it may be one way of doing a little justice to the men who suffered at the hands of the led taxpayers through the year. To give them what they are entitled to would at least be fair, and to fair treatment they have been strangers ever since James Rolph Jr., the kind of Mayor we deserve, first took the reins of government into his oily hands.

★ ★ ★

## The Hysterical Chaplain

Chaplain Thomas Livingston of the Thirtieth Infantry is perhaps an exemplar of the clean life that Secretary Daniels and other distinguished prophets of the present dispensation believe to be essential to the success of American arms. This good Christian has asserted publicly that he officiated at the burial of seven soldiers at the Presidio, four of whom had died of alcoholic pneumonia. He made this assertion to an audience of women, and now it appears that he told his audience an untruth, an untruth to which it is impossible to give the faintest color of verisimilitude, a bald and unvarnished untruth that Colonel Edie, Chief Medical Officer of the Western Department, has tried to account for on the psychological theory that the ladies addressed by the clergyman were hysterical and that their hysteria affected the speaker. If not plausible, the theory is at least charitable, and it does credit to the military man's heart. It is not the sort of theory that would appeal to a bluff and impatient warrior like Colonel Roosevelt, who would probably solve the psychological problem with that short and ugly word which he recently applied to Senator La Follette. As a matter of fact the short and ugly word is a common weakness among "clean" livers who would lie a thousand times rather than take a single



drink. These "clean" livers, many of whom are clergymen of the non-conformist sects, are so very zealous for morals of the Daniels brand that they conceive all other kinds to be of no importance. What do these folk care for plain unadulterated falsehood? Yet great mischief is done in the world by intellectual dishonesty in its variety; it sets communities by the ears; it divides nations; confidence in its efficiency leads to war itself, but is it a worse vice than drinking? There are men like Chaplain Livingston who think not. They would rather lie themselves black in the face than neglect an opportunity of manufacturing a little evidence calculated to confirm the general conviction that booze is responsible for the degeneration of mankind. Maybe Chaplain Livingston was the victim of hysteria, the hysteria of teetotalism, but from our acquaintance with the methods and practices of the professional prohibitionists who have well nigh succeeded in demoralizing the whole country we are of the opinion that he is as self-controlled as the average enthusiast of the Cause. At the same time we suspect that his unfounded report of deaths from alcohol at the Presidio was inspired by the quite natural supposition that as a consequence of the national crusade against liquor drunkenness is on the increase. Maybe Chaplain Livingston has lived in Maine or in Kansas or in some one of the Southern States where the apparent diminution of booze is invariably accompanied by an obvious increase of intoxication. For prohibition not only does not prohibit, it promotes. However, there is very little drunkenness in the army, for besides a strict discipline in the army the average young man therein is on his good behavior. He is more of a patriot than a teetotaler.

\* \* \*

### Willy and Nicky

"Well met, brave Austria" is a salutation in Shakespeare's *King John*, and in the same play we find King John and King Philip calling each other "France" and "England." Shakespeare believed in kings,

but the figure of speech by which the name of the kingdom became the name of the king was not peculiar to him. It was part of the habit of thought of his time. Kings clothed themselves with dignity in those days, not only for their subjects but likewise for their fellow monarchs. It is inconceivable that the rivals already mentioned should have called each other Philly and Johnny. Times change. The self-appointed partner of the Almighty could sign his letters "Willy," while the autocrat of all the Russias, the Little Father of the orthodox church, was pleased to be "Nicky" to other crowned heads. Willy and Nicky. They are names for little boys, not men. But they are just the sort of diminutives that are popular in sets where overmuch familiarity has broken down reserve and dignity has given place to silliness. You will find these diminutives and ridiculous nicknames in our American country club sets where everybody knows everybody altogether too well and there are no self-respecting reticences. When kings were conscious of their chrism their subjects stood in awe of them and the system of royalty worked pretty well. But who can argue for the divine right of a Willy, or for the divinity that doth hedge a Nicky? Not death only but ridicule which is more deadly, has laid its icy hand on kings. As with most of the troubles that beset them, monarchs have brought this ridicule upon themselves. They permit us to have no illusions about themselves. They enforce less deference than the kings the dealer gives you in a poker game. Willy and Nicky descend to the level of the absurd royalties of Wonderland, and with Alice we exclaim, "You're nothing but a pack of cards."

\* \* \*

### Ring Lardner Goes to War

Ring Lardner has gone to war, and some people are mightily disturbed. For Ring has gone as a war correspondent—and Ring is a humorist. Those who have time to be disturbed about this do not think that a humorist should exercise his knack

of provoking laughter on this greatest and most terrible of all wars. Perhaps if Ring were a minor humorist, one who aroused only a pale and polite merriment, these people would not be worried. But Ring Lardner is a product of the baseball school of humor which deals in baritone chuckles and basso profundo guffaws, not in soft tenor laughter. Like all great humorists, Ring is awfully undignified but side-splittingly funny. He will not write of the war as does Ian Hay who makes us smile but never lets us forget that it's all a solemn business. So a great many people feel it proper to be shocked at Ring and the editors who sent him to France. Might they not save themselves this worry in a world of too much trouble? Being a humorist, Ring Lardner is above all things human; it may be surmised that he is also humane. None of his funny articles about the war will be heartless, we may be sure of that. Ring will make us laugh, but not at suffering. The funniest pictures drawn in a long time are war pictures, the comics of Bairnsfather—and he's in the trenches. Bairnsfather, in the pauses of battle, noticed that men were just as comical when fighting for civilization as when going about their various affairs in peace time. So he drew them that way, and gave the armies in France the relief of blessed laughter. What Bairnsfather did for the British with his pencil, Ring Lardner will do for the Americans with his Corona. He will serve a beneficent purpose. There is a war play in London called *The Better 'Ole*, described as one of London's very few good war plays. There is a scene in the trenches where the mail arrives. Bill, Alf and Bert receive no word from home, so they tear up three pieces of newspaper and pretend to themselves and to one another that these pieces are the letters so longingly awaited. This scene makes the London audience shriek with laughter. And yet it is a very pathetic scene. Sometimes—and Ring Lardner is too good a humorist not to know this—people must laugh in order that they may not cry.

## Camouflage

By Harry B. Kennon

"Say!"  
Says Bill Rogers  
Sudden,  
"What's this camouflage  
The papers  
Is raisin' such hell about?"  
We was feedin' our faces,  
Bill and me,  
At the Auto Rest Inn,  
Goshen,  
Where what's served down-to-date  
Shows on the check;  
And the eat bill o' ladin'  
Said:  
"Yankee fried Irish potatoes,"

And Bill and me  
Both ordered Yankee fried.  
Bill travels  
For neckties and suspenders,  
And he's a good scout,  
If he does push a tin Lizzie  
Thirteen months in the year  
Peddlin' "Gents' Furnishin's"  
For blame small pay.  
Well, the Auto Rester,  
That serves the grub,  
Flung down the mulatto spuds  
Sizzlin' with heat and mulatto spuds  
And Bill knifed some to his mug,  
And says he:

"They're just old German fried  
And damned good at that!"  
And says I:  
"Hush, Bill, hush!  
That's treason!"  
And says Bill:  
"I'll bite."  
"They ain't Yankee, Bill,  
Or Irish or German,"  
Says I, solemn and  
Patriotic,  
"They're camouflage."  
And Bill says,  
Says he:  
"Hell! I'm on."



## Varied Types

351—LOUIS H. BONESTELL

By Edward F. O'Day

This pioneer of '49 is a nonagenarian yet he carries his five feet nine inches of vigorous old age as straight as a plumb line.

"I've led an abstemious life," says Louis Henry Bonestell, stroking the white whisker we associate with aged forty-niners, "and I've kept healthy and grown old on hard work."

The paper house of which L. H. Bonestell is the head is solidly established and doesn't need his attention, yet every day finds him at his desk for three or four hours, and you wouldn't know he was within a dozen years of his actual age unless he told you.

"I was born in the town of Catskill at the foot of the Catskill Mountains on March 28, 1827," says this delightfully interesting old gentleman who is one of the last surviving forty-niners. "I went to New York City in 1846 and became rather efficient at the carpenter's trade. I left New York for the gold mines of California on January 30, 1849.

"There were one hundred and forty-one of us who sailed from New York to Vera Cruz, all bound for California. We crossed Mexico to Mazatlan on horseback, those of us who were equal to the trip, and from Mazatlan thirty of us took the boat for San Francisco. It was the schooner *Dolphin*, Winslow captain.

"When we were twenty-eight days out from Mazatlan we found ourselves running short of water and provisions, so we insisted that the captain turn back and putting the vessel before the wind we made land in eight days. We were four hundred miles south of San Diego. Thirty-eight of us went ashore, each taking a pound of rice, a couple of sea biscuits and half a bottle of water.

"We headed for the interior as there was no water on that coast, and were fortunate in finding water the second day. The third day we struck a trail that ran up through the interior from Guaymas. We followed it for two days and a half and came to a small stream where we found a broken down horse that had been abandoned by some party ahead of us. We killed the horse and spent a day drying the meat. Then we kept on the trail and in two days and a half more we came to an old deserted Mission. The only people there were an old Indian and his wife. They were very short of provisions themselves, but we purchased about half a pint cup of penola which is a kind of wheat parched and ground up. We found that we were still two and a half days from Rosario. That penola carried us through. At Rosario we found a number of ranches and an abundance of provisions, so we remained a week.

"It was three hundred miles to San Diego, and we walked there.

"At San Diego I asked the officer in command for a job. He was Major McKinstry who was there with a company of soldiers ready to run out the lines between Mexico and California after the Mexican War. Major McKinstry showed me a little brick building and told me he wanted it fitted as an office. I told him I could do it. I worked at it for two months for five dollars a day and rations.

"I arrived in San Francisco on August 18, 1849. I went to the mines and worked for six weeks with indifferent success. Over-exertion gave me chills and fever, so I came back to San Francisco in October.

"Going up Jackson street I saw men tearing down a cloth house to put up a wooden one. I asked for a job. The boss looked me over and said he didn't think I was capable of much work. But he told me to buy a saw and a hammer, and he'd see what I could do. I worked on that job for three months at twelve dollars a day. Then the carpenters struck for sixteen dollars a day and were all laid off. That was the end of my career as a carpenter. So far as I know that was the first strike in San Francisco.

"I bought a route of the *Alta California* for \$600 and with the assistance of boys carried the papers for a year. My route extended from the bay to Stockton street on the west and to California street on the south. I sold the route for twelve hundred dollars. Then I went into the stationery and bookselling business."

"You were the first bookseller in the city, were you not?" I inquired at this stage of the recital.

"By no means," answered Mr. Bonestell. "In 1850 Marvin and Hitchcock had a store on Montgomery north of Washington where they sold books, stationery and music. Marvin was the son of the safe manufacturer of worldwide reputation. Hitchcock afterwards had a small stationery establishment on Sansome near Commercial, but he was not successful and finally got a job as court bailiff. The bookkeeper for Marvin and Hitchcock was W. F. Herrick. He was the father of William A. Herrick, cashier of the San Francisco Savings Union Bank at Market and Fell streets who was shot dead by the notorious bandit William M. Frederick. Old Herrick's daughter married J. W. Stanford of Warm Springs.

"In 1851 Cook and Lecount started business. Their stationery store was on Montgomery near California. They finally dissolved partnership and J. J. Lecount built quite a building there. Later he was associated with Charles L. Strong who afterwards became very prominent in mining affairs and was local agent of the Gould & Curry Mine in Nevada. J. J. Lecount retired from business in 1860, went to New York and never returned. He was the older brother of J. P. Lecount who was prominent in the stationery business for a number of years.

"I was the next to go into the business. This was also in 1851. Bonestell and Wildiston the firm was called, located on Clay opposite the Plaza. We dealt in stationery and cheap pub-

lications. We sold cheap editions of the novels of Dickens, G. P. R. Reynolds and others which came to us from New York by way of Panama. We also did a large business in supplying the country with Eastern newspapers. One of our best customers in this line was B. P. Avery, afterwards editor of *The Bulletin*. The most popular Eastern papers were the *Boston Herald*, the *New Orleans Delta* and the *New York Herald*.

"I permitted Wildiston to overpersuade me and we started a newspaper, *The Wide West*, which ran from '52 to '55. It was a weekly Sunday paper, but the country was too small to support it and it failed. H. C. Wildiston edited it very ably. Professor Armes of the University of California told me recently that he considered it the finest literary publication of its day. There is a file at the Park Museum, the only one I know of.

"After the paper failed Wildiston went up to Victoria to take charge of a paper which was started in the midst of the Fraser River excitement. After running it a short time he had a stroke of paralysis and became incapable. I sent him to New York and he died there.

"In 1860 I went to work for Hodge and Wood who had built up a big stationery business. Soon afterwards Wood died and John G. Hodge went to New York, leaving me in charge. He never returned here except on visits. I managed the business until 1878, and it was one of the best of its kind on the coast. Meantime Hodge became associated in New York with a class of people whose extravagant ways were his ruination. He came here in 1878 and made an assignment to his creditors. He was succeeded in business by Cunningham Curtiss and Welch. Welch had been our chief clerk for years before the failure.

"Two years later I started in the paper business on my own account, and I've been in it ever since.

"Of all the men who started from New York for California in January, 1849, the only man beside myself who is still living is Thomas J. Earl. Earl went to British Columbia during the Fraser River excitement, got into the fruit business and is now living at Vancouver. His oldest son went to France with the Canadians and was killed in battle within the first month of active service."

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Has every facility for the execution in a style consistent with the latest fashion of the engraving of Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Church and Reception Cards, Calling Cards, Menu and Dinner Cards, Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Book-Plates and Address Dies.

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## Perspective Impressions

Bill Haywood indicted. That's a good job.

T. R. says David Starr Jordan is an old woman. We knew that all along.

The exposure of a few scamps in Congress would induce disgust, not surprise.

The difference between Martin Kelly and Chris Buckley is that Chris has remained wise in his elder years.

"The ship is resting easily," said the report of Josephus Daniels. Meaning that one of our battleships is rocked in the cradle of the rocks.

When the Christian Endeavorers "resolute" against cigarettes for soldiers they alienate reasonable people and weaken their own power for good.

It is explained that Korniloff meant well when he started his march on Petrograd. But all he accomplished was to improve the pavement of a well known place.

There always has to be a scapegoat in American politics; and in picking out La Follette less injustice has been done than usual. Nevertheless, there are others.

Daniel O'Connell worked so hard to encompass his own undoing that he probably needs a long rest.

Let's begin right now to examine the super-visorial timber.

London has a new Lord Mayor. Bet you don't know his name, or the name of any Lord Mayor of London except Dick Whittington.

Aked? Aked? Where did we hear that name before?

The longer we live the more convinced we are that professional prohibitionists are the greatest liars in the United States.

Boilermakers are usually pretty deaf, but can't they hear the loud voice of public opinion?

The vociferous Bowbeer seems to have acquired a Maxim silencer.

Camouflage is a healthy young word, but its strength is being sapped by overwork.

Some day we shall write "The Rise and Fall of James Rolph Jr." Three-fourths of the volume will be concerned with Matt Sullivan.

It's an ill boss that fouls his own nest.

If Chaplain Livingston were not a godly foe of the demon we might suspect that he made his famous statement about seven burials at once under the influence of liquor.

When a preacher clashes with a soldier it's black broadcloth, not olive drab that gets mused.

This nation's patriotism is sound to the core; witness the subscriptions to the Liberty Loan.

They are making shoes out of shark skins. But they are skinning the public, not the dealers.

Matt Sullivan emerged from behind the throne to defend Rolph in a speech. Does Matt fear that Jim is getting wobbly?

It is whispered at the City Hall that a reporter told Rolph what the public thought about his behavior in the car strike and that Jim didn't sleep that night.

Matt Sullivan, having taken the bema to remind the whole State that he is Mayor Rolph's chief sponsor, we should probably sympathize with James; but what's the use?

## Sterling's Favorite Thirty-Five

By Edward F. O'Day

Voltaire: Of course you are fond of poetry?

Casanova: It is my passion.

Voltaire: Have you made many sonnets?

Casanova: Ten or twelve I like, and two or three thousand which in all probability I have not read twice.

—Memoirs of Jacques Casanova.

Five years ago the Book Club of California was founded in San Francisco with most of our bibliophiles on its roster of membership. Its objects were declared to be: "The study of letters and the promotion of the arts pertaining to the production of books." And in its scope was included "the occasional publication of books designed to illustrate, promote and encourage letters and book production." The Book Club has published several beautiful volumes, volumes that are a credit to it, volumes that would be a credit to any society composed of lovers of the Book Beautiful. Its latest publication, however, is by far its most interesting. The latest publication of the Book Club is not merely a fine piece of book-making; it is a work that must have high importance in the estimation of all who love Californian literature. I refer to a thin volume of chaste format entitled "Thirty-Five Sonnets by George Sterling." To say that this book is worthy of the Book Club is saying a great deal. But more than that may be said: This volume is worthy of George Sterling, as worthy of our great poet as was the exquisite limited edition of his Exposition Ode which was brought out by Alexander M. Robertson.

When the Book Clubmen decided to confer honor upon themselves by honoring George Sterling they sent a committee to him asking that he select from his sonnets about two score which he himself liked above the rest. George Sterling is as modest a man as James Whit-

comb Riley was, but it would not have been modest—it would have been silly, to balk at such a request. Sterling gladly undertook the selection. How many sonnets Sterling has written only himself knows; certainly nothing like the number Jacques Casanova acknowledged to Voltaire. But I think it probable Sterling has not written even ten or twelve that completely satisfied him: he has a classical severity of self-judgment, he is his own Aristarchus. Nevertheless he picked out thirty-five sonnets which we may, I think, regard as his favorites. These thirty-five are published in the volume just brought out by the Book Club. You may consider yourself lucky if you capture this Sterling item, for only three hundred copies were made for the Book Club by Taylor and Taylor (with decorations by Frederic W. Goudy of New York), and none is for sale.

Of the thirty-five sonnets in this volume only three have not appeared before in Sterling's books. These three were written since Robertson brought out Sterling's most recent book "The Caged Eagle." They are two sonnets on "The Skull of Shakespeare" inspired by the Shakespeare tercentenary of last year, and the sonnet "To Life" which stands last in the Book Club volume.

The remaining thirty-two sonnets may be found scattered through four of Sterling's books. Singularly enough, Sterling passed by his first book "The Testimony of the Suns" in making his selection for the Book Club. "The Testimony of the Suns" (published 1903) contains sixteen sonnets, but Sterling seems to have thought that none of them was to be numbered among his best. Just how exigent his taste is

when applied to his own work the student may judge for himself by examining the sixteen sonnets in that first book of Sterling's.

Sterling's second book was "A Wine of Wizardry" (1909), famous for the controversy it provoked throughout America. Sterling selected a half-dozen sonnets from this book. They are "In Extremis" (which has the place of rubricated honor at the head of the thirty-five), "Romance," "A Mood," and those wonderful "Three Sonnets on Oblivion" which, about two years ago, came to the notice of the London critic Malloch and caused him to inquire why all of Sterling's books were not to be found at the British Museum.

"The House of Orchids" (1911) stands next in the list of Sterling publications. It yielded nine sonnets for this Book Club volume. These are three "Sonnets of the Night Skies," "Memory," "The Black Vulture" and four "Sonnets on the Sea's Voice."

Sterling's fourth book was "Beyond the Breakers" (1914). Eleven of its sonnets are in this Book Club volume. These are "The Muse of the Incommunicable," "The Coming Singer," "At the Grand Cañon," "The Thirst of Satan," "Respite," "That Walk in Darkness," "Kindred," "To One Self-Slain" and three under the general title "Omnia Exeunt in Mysterium."

Sterling's most recent volume "The Caged Eagle" (1916) is richest of all in sonnets, but most of them are sonnets on the Great War, and perhaps Sterling thought these inappropriate for the Book Club anthology; at any rate, he chose six only from "The Caged Eagle," none of them war sonnets. Their titles are "Indian Summer," "To Margaret Anglin," "To the



Mummy of the Lady Isis" and three "Sonnets on Sleep."

Did the Book Club "forget to remember" a little matter of courtesy? Thirty-two of the thirty-five sonnets it has brought out so beautifully are, as I have explained, from four earlier volumes of Sterling's poetry. All four of these volumes were published by Alexander M. Robertson. Would it not have been correct to state this fact of bibliographical interest in a prefatory note? The publisher who has done so much for Californian poets and whose name will always be associated with Sterling's as the name of Murray is with Byron's and the name of Moxon with Tennyson's was surely entitled to this recognition.

In an ordinary volume to carp at a typographical error or two is to be censorious; but this fine Book Club publication is not ordinary in any way, and to point out instances where the proof reader nodded and was not caught at it by the editor is not censoriousness—it is obliquely complimentary to the Book Club since it shows how much we expect of it. In "Memory" we find

Prone on her reefs the sea-assaying mast

where of course the word is "sea-essaying." In "The Chariots of Dawn" we find

His battle, how foreruns the helms that gleam

where "how" should be "now." In "The Huntress of Stars" we find

At heavenly rivers hidden from the moon

where "moon" should be "noon." In the second sonnet of the sequence "Omnia Exeunt in Mysterium" we find

Is made a soul memorial to pride

where "soul" should be "sole."

There is one other change in the text which

has struck me, but this time not a change by the type-setter. It is a change made by Sterling himself. In the sonnet "Aldebaran at Dusk" as originally published in "The House of Orchids" the first four lines of the octave read thus:

Thou art the star for which all evening waits—  
O star of peace, come tenderly and soon!  
As for the drowsy and enchanted moon,  
She dreams in silver at the eastern gates.

Sterling has changed the last two lines, with what improvement in the flow of the sonnet wave he who runs may judge:

Thou art the star for which all evening waits—  
O star of peace, come tenderly and soon!  
Nor heed the drowsy and enchanted moon,  
Who dreams in silver at the eastern gates.

What is to be said of Sterling's favorite thirty-five sonnets? A great many things, but among others, this: America has no other poet who could have written them.

Here as throughout Sterling's poetry, is deep reverence for the sea. The sea is the poet's symbol of eternity, and he gives us intimations of eternity as Wordsworth did of immortality. And there is deep reverence for the stars too. The Sterling imagination transcends the solar system. The stars become beacons on the awful coast of eternity, flaming a little while to show us how illimitably that ocean stretches. Theologians have delighted to try their subtleties of thought against this theme; but in Sterling we have a poet who attempts it. To the mind of Sterling man is a little passing actor in the great drama which is acted against the changeless background of eternity. And yet this actor dares indulge his moods. He dares be weary of permitted things. The madness of the faun sings in his blood. He longs for Lilith whom raptures have made wise, whose kiss is a consternation to the soul

and scarlet trumpets pealing in the blood. He would crush to his lips the immortal, deadly lips that kissing slay. This mood passes, and anon he would have communion with the incommunicable, a desire which cannot be satisfied. And so he turns to death. He hears unmoved the winds in the dreadful dark, for he is at the threshold of eternal peace, and tells himself that the happy dead hear not at all. What an enviable rest is death, he cries. Indeed, what rest is there but his who sought for peace through many tears and finds it only in the grave. Death, he remembers, has one condition for us all, has also the final answer to our cry, our question.

But of course Sterling turns back to life. He grasps at romance. Alas, it belongs with forgotten suns and stars long fled; its roses are phantom roses, its queens are ghostly. And so he celebrates memory which restores some shadow of the glory that belonged to the Ships of Dream. He wages war on oblivion, though knowing his impotence against that all-conquering enemy. Sargon is dust, Semiramis a clod. Reconciled, he kneels with Time in adoration of eternity, and feels his soul set free. And yet he is not altogether sad. In Indian summer he feels the ecstasy of day, and his heart leaps, his eyes fill with happy tears. He cries:

Assent thou not unto the year's "Alas!"  
Tho all that is depart and leave no trace.  
Suffice it, ere the lonely vision pass,  
That Loveliness be given for a space,  
When, set with stars, the soul's deep waters glass  
The glory and the sorrow of her face.

It is a poet's struggle with the great questions of life, death and eternity. Only a Francis Thompson calls the theologians to his aid in solving these hard problems. Who knows? Sterling may yet find happiness in following that illustrious example of humility.

## Grouchy Remarks about Billy Sunday

By Harry Carr

Oh, Bill, oh, Bill, how could you disillusion me?

Your talk was all right; as an orator you bat about .650. But oh, those moral monsters who hit the trail!

Bill, they were ringers. You might as well fess up.

I really enjoyed the first part of the performance. Billy is a good, sensible, sane, practical sort of person. He has something to say and he says it.

In this he differs from many of the other preachers of my acquaintance. They have nothing to say and, heaven help us, they say it to the most doleful lengths.

But Bill is a man of the world. He thinks "he" thoughts and he puts them into man words. I don't know that I ever heard a better essay, a more powerful preachment on modern morals and manners. Bill is direct, forceful, epigrammatic and penetrating. He is a clean-cut man with an athlete's figure and he thinks clean-cut thoughts. There is no fat on Bill's brain.

That he says "darn," kicks over chairs, shakes his fists, throws imitation fits, crawls around the stage on all-fours and cuts up other capers is neither here nor there.

That's just baseball.

The most accurate index to American character is a baseball crowd.

A baseball crowd inevitably shows these characteristics.

They want noise and quarrels. They want to see two or three players sass the umpire and be sentenced to the clubhouse. They demand somebody shall be the goat; they want somebody to hiss and jeer at. So they hoot the umpire. Every time an umpire is hurt, they laugh in uproarious glee. A baseball crowd is quick to cheer and just as quick to jeer. They have a nervous desire to see quick motion. Wherefore the players going to and from their places in the field do so at a dog trot and the coaches who stands at first base and third keep up a continual patter.

A crowd at the theatre will sit through a poor show in bored politeness and go home. But the crowd at a baseball game leaves no doubt as to its intentions and desires. If it doesn't get what it wants, it stands up and shrieks "bonehead" or assaults the umpire.

In fact, one of the strongest characteristics of a baseball crowd is its desire to call names and hear names called.

Now Billy Sunday, although beyond any doubt a good and sincere man, has been a baseball player. He knows to a minute exactitude what the American people want. He gives it to them.

He knows that what we call "church people" are not ordinarily baseball fans, but he is shrewd enough to know that the same desires and the same feelings lurk beneath their pious American shirt bosoms. Wherefore Billy gives them a little baseball stuff.

He puts the devil in the position of the umpire and goes to it. He acts exactly like the coacher who stands off first base. Same abusive names; same noise; same artificial excitement.

You can't hear the same sane sensible views expressed, but you can see a dozen Billy Sundays cavorting every day at the baseball park.

To a baseball fan, Billy's alleged-to-be-sensational gymnastics are old stuff.

But oh, Bill! That trail-hitting!

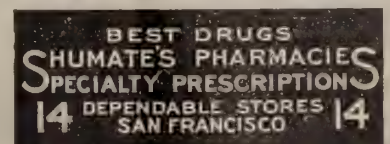
About 9:30 p. m. Bill was getting along nicely toward the end of a rattling sermon, spoken out like a regular man. All of a sudden his manner changed and he did the best he could toward getting terrifically excited.

We will have to hand it to Bill. In the words of a former Mayor of Los Angeles, "He was not entirely successful, but he done the best he could."

Bill leaped up on a chair in the back of his pulpit. (Bill must have had a strange premonition that he was liable to be seized by an uncontrollable fit of emotion, so he had a good stout chair handy.)

Well, Bill leaped up on this chair and with

(Continued on Page 18)





## Ireland

By Austin Harrison

(Editor, The English Review)

It was an evening of almost Eastern beauty, and as we sat on the veranda of our hotel, watching the gathering night curiously punctuated by a shaft of light which struck across the tops of a row of houses on the hill like a bar, we could have wished for no more peaceful spot in Europe than the little town of Kilkenny. We had gone there to see a Finn Sein election, to witness, we were told, a fight, yet all that day we had walked about and found nothing eventful, and, but for the tricolor flag and the usual signs of electioneering, it would have baffled even the inventiveness of an Irish military collector of statistics to discover anything sinister or suspicious. Save, perhaps, for one thing—the police. Poses of Irish constabulary stood with their fine straight backs holding, as it were, the strategic points of the town, and they walked in couples, and I could not help wondering why there were so many of them or what it was exactly they were stationed there to do. Otherwise Kilkenny, once a flourishing town of forty thousand, but now reduced by emigration to about eleven thousand, presented no untoward aspect whatever, and I had begun to wonder how I was to pass the time in such calm surroundings till the day of the poll came round, which was to decide whether Cosgrave or the local man was to be “up” (as they say in Ireland).

While I was so cogitating there shuffled past us a picturesque figure with a concertina. A man in rags yet with the allure of a poet, his head finely poised, the eyes ardent and mystic, and as he began to play that truly awful instrument with a softness not generally associated with it, we called out to him to give us some Irish airs. He played “The Soldiers’ Song” and, at the request of an Irishman who had not visited Ireland for thirty years and was feeling sentimental, “The Wearing of the Green” and other melodies, whereat suddenly a couple of policemen appeared before us and ordered him to desist. We protested. We had asked him to play. But authority would hear no excuse. “The man knows he is not allowed to play those tunes,” we were told. For a second there was a tension. One or two men standing near groaned; the musician threw up his arms and slunk away; we returned to our coffee disturbed, not understanding, ashamed.

I say ashamed deliberately. Was this Ireland? Was this the civilization for which we declare we are fighting in the name of liberty and nationality? A cripple bard not allowed to play Irish national airs on a concertina! This, in the British Empire! We sit in silence. We speak of Parnell. I think somehow of Yeats in a velvet jacket in London drawing rooms. Ah, how little do we Englishmen know of the truth of Ireland! We go there to hunt; to shoot; to “do” Killarney, the “King’s tour;” to amuse ourselves. We do not go there to observe; to think; to realize.

My friend cannot understand. “Are we in Russia?” he questions. The whole difference of race looms up before us. This is oppression, stupid oppression.

An old man in the street we talk to tells us of the former glory of the city. It is gone. The young men are gone. All round the present town the ruins of Kilkenny’s former

greatness testify to the decay. Nothing doing. It is the blood-cry of Ireland. All that evening and far into the night we talk of the man with his concertina driven away like a hound for playing an Irish tune. It offends us. As I lie in bed that night I cannot help asking myself why it is that Mr. Lloyd George, the Welshman, does not himself go to Ireland and see on the spot this police government, these Cossack conditions, the pity of it. He would be the first man to cry out against this shame. Why does he not go there and talk to the people, see what it all means, and think—think?

The next day I learn more. I visit the offices of the paper, The Kilkenny People, and see the plant removed and, some of it, even destroyed by the military. This incident started the election. Soldiers lined the streets: it was a military operation. The plant was “put out of action,” thereby preventing the company from fulfilling its jobbing contracts and placing thirty men out of work. A military act, that is the point, performed by English soldiers. I talk to the proprietor, Mr. Keane, who, not unnaturally, found himself the hero of the hour. I speak to his lawyer, who complains that his offer of guarantees is not responded to, and what strikes me profoundly is the foolishness of this work of oppression, so that in a rage at our English stupidity I wire to Mr. Lloyd George, urging him to reconsider the matter.

For this, I can see, is making Sinn Fein. It gave Cosgrave the election. In fact, there was hardly a contest, though it was a difficult seat for the new policy, and for the first time an urban constituency. Sinn Fein literally held the town. I study the movement. I notice that it is highly disciplined. The complete absence of drunkenness is remarkable. I sound an enormous sergeant. “It’s due to Sinn Fein,” he answers. Discipline is of the essence of the movement. Not a man in the whole place worse for liquor—could we say as much of any constituency in our elections?

All the young women are for Sinn Fein. In the procession which marches round the city on the eve of the poll the girls march with the men, five abreast, with a true military swing. There is no trace of disorder. Hilarity is the note. The Sinn Feiners have their own police, their own pickets. The watchword is: “No disorder.” Not a policeman has anything to do. It is a ridiculously quiet election for the home of the fighting “cats.” I find the English officers, posted for eventualities, do not relish the police job. Every man in the regiment has his good friend in town, they inform us; they are men who have been to the front. “Why?” they ask me, as if it was my fault, “do we not give them their government?” and I echo with them—why?

Cosgrave walks in, but I do not wait for the result; it is a foregone conclusion. Over the whole election I see the strange half-crippled form of the player of the concertina forbidden to play the old Irish tunes, playing them no doubt in secret, on the hills, in the only way permitted to the people, and as I think of it an immense indignation overcomes me.

While Mr. Lloyd George talks to the world of Democracy and Liberty, the Irish may not

play their own tunes. At this moment Ireland presents the features of a country “in occupation.” In the shops one sees the young priests buying photographs of the “martyrs” of Easter week. Everywhere there is suspicion. Mystery and mystification choke free speech. Ireland today reminds me exactly of Russia in 1905. Spies here, counter-spies there. Secrecy is a habit. It becomes a joke. On what side is the hotel hall porter spying? Are those two men lurking about the hotel Government spies or Sinn Fein spies? The waiters seem to be listening at table. The people sitting next to one seem to be listening. Even the women appear to be political agents of some kind or another. “Are you in S. S.?” (Secret Service), a friend I meet asks me. I meet another friend. I purposely put the S. S. question to him. He does not like it. A joke, I explain. “We don’t joke here,” he retorts; and again I am left wondering, for I had thought that Ireland was the land of practical jokes and that blarney was the white stone of Erin. That night someone on the telephone rings me up and tells me there is to be a row.

Mr. Cosgrave has returned to Dublin, that is the cause, and there are to be celebrations. We go out at 10:30 p. m. to Westmoreland street (in Dublin), where we find a mixed crowd awaiting the arrival of the Sinn Fein candidate. But the police are in force. Mr. Cosgrave does not appear. The crowd, composed mostly of young girls and youths, sing songs and gradually dwindle, then later there

(Continued on Page 18)

Speed—  
Comfort—  
and safety—  
when combined  
with Fred Harvey  
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# Abraham Lincoln

By JOSEPH T. GOODMAN

1837—1917

A nation lay at rest. The mighty storm  
That threatened their good ship with direful harm,  
Had spent its fury; and the tired and worn  
Sank in sweet slumber, as the spring-time morn  
Dawned with a promise that the strife should cease;  
And war's grim face smiled in a dream of peace.  
O! doubly sweet the sleep when tranquil light  
Breaks on the dangers of the fearful night,  
And, full of trust, we seek the dreamy realm  
Conscious a faithful pilot holds the helm,  
Whose steady purpose and untiring hand,  
With God's good grace will bring us safe to land.  
And so the nation rested, worn and weak  
From long exertion—

God! What a shriek  
Was that which pierced to farthest earth and sky,  
As though all Nature uttered a death cry!  
Awake! Arouse! Ye sleeping warders, ho!  
Be sure this argues some colossal woe;  
Some dire calamity has passed o'erhead—  
A world is shattered or a god is dead!  
What! the globe unchanged! The sky still flecked  
With stars? Time is? The universe not wrecked?  
Then look ye to the pillars of the State!  
How fares it with the Nation's good and great?  
Since that wild shriek told no unnatural birth,  
Some mighty soul has shaken hands with earth.  
Lo! murder has been done. Its purpose foul  
Has stained the marble of the Capitol  
Where sat one yesterday without a peer!  
Still rests he peerless—but upon his bier.

Ah, faithful heart, so silent now—alack!  
And did the Nation fondly call thee back,  
And hail thee truest, bravest of the land,  
To bare thy breast to the assassin's hand?  
And yet we know if that extinguished voice  
Could be rekindled and pronounce its choice  
Between this awful fate of thine, and one—  
Retreat from what thou didst or wouldst have done,—  
In thine own sense of duty, it would choose  
This doom—the least a noble soul could lose.  
There is a time when the assassin's knife  
Kills not, but stabs into eternal life;  
And this was such an one. Thy homely name  
Was wed to that of Freedom, and thy fame  
Hung rich and clustering in its lusty prime;  
The gods of Heroes saw the harvest time,  
And smote the noble structure at the root,  
That it might bear no less immortal fruit.  
Sleep! honored by the nation and mankind!  
Thy name in History's brightest page is shrined,  
Adorned by virtues only, and shall exist  
Bright and adorned on Freedom's martyr list.  
The time shall come when on the Alps shall dwell  
No memory of their own immortal Tell;  
Rome shall forget her Caesars, and decay  
Waste the Eternal City's self away;  
And in the lapse of countless ages, Fame  
Shall one by one forget each cherished name;  
But thine shall live through time, until there be  
No soul on earth but glories to be free.

## The Spectator

### Matt Speaks to the Mission

Was Matt Sullivan defending himself or the Mayor when he spoke at the M. P. A. Monday night? That question must have occurred to some of the two hundred Missionites who heard Matt read his carefully prepared remarks. Perhaps the attempt to answer that question distracted them from Matt's speech; at any rate, there was little applause, except when he roasted Kaiser Wilhelm. There was no enthusiasm in the audience, a remarkable thing for a Mission audience, for enthusiasm is usually rampant when the warm-belters get together to hear one of their idols. Matt is a Mission idol, or was. All the Mission knows that Matt makes up the Mayor's mind for him, and has worshipped him accordingly. Why not? Matt has never let Rolph forget that he is Mayor of the Mission first and of the rest of San Francisco afterwards, if at all. The best evidence that criticism is getting under Rolph's skin was Matt's speech Monday night. Criticism of Rolph is criticism of Matt; and the fact that Matt felt called upon to make a defense shows how much the recent criticism hurt.

### His Masterly Defense

Matt's defense of himself and the Mayor was masterly. Not logical, perhaps, but telling. The Chamber of Commerce called upon the Mayor to do his duty in the car strike. Matt's answer to that impertinence is that Koster reminds him of the Kaiser. The downtown merchants complained that the strike was hurting business.

Matt points out that our bank assets are larger than those of Los Angeles and Seattle put together. The plain ordinary citizen has been incensed by the rein given to violence. Matt shows triumphantly that the number of telephones in San Francisco trebled between 1906 and 1916. The Law and Order Committee ventured the opinion that murder and riot were too common on the streets of our city. Matt says that they were much more common in the last car strike. Why didn't the Law and Order Committee complain then, demands Matt. Even the slowest member of the M. P. A. must remember that there was no Law and Order Committee in 1907. Yes, it was a masterly address, and delivered with considerable force until Matt's voice gave out. When Matt offered resolutions demanding the abolition of the Law and Order Committee, the Missionites passed them, but without enthusiasm. When Matt offered further be-it-resolved verbiage congratulating Rolph on the enemies he has made, the Missionites passed that too, but there were expressions of doubt on some faces. Even Mayor Rolph may have his doubts about that latter resolution, for Rolph doesn't like to have enemies; but Matt may be counted on to make up the Mayor's mind on that as on other puzzling matters.

### A Letter from "Dry" Portland

My esteemed friend William J. Jacobs, sterling newspaperman when he chooses to work at the game, but just now employed at a hand-

some salary as treasurer for the Kolb and Dill show "The High Cost of Loving," writes me an arresting letter from Portland where K and D have been duplicating their San Francisco success. Jacobs has the born reporter's "nose for news," and accuracy he regards as a cardinal



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virtue of the craft. So when he sits down to report on the operation of bone-dry prohibition in the neighboring commonwealth, we may well give heed to his words. Here is his letter: My Dear Spectator:

Coming from a dyed-in-the-wool wet, I hardly believe this letter, if published, would carry any degree of weight among San Francisco prohibitionists. Nevertheless, here are a few indisputable facts about the bone dry State of Oregon.

At the present time the sovereign State of Oregon is about as dry as the Pacific Ocean. There is booze on every side, booze as far as the eye can see and to the stranger in our neighbor State to the north, D. Rum is on tap for the asking or the purchasing. Of course nobody flaunts a flask under the several noses of the several authorities, but I solemnly aver that the task of getting a drink in Oregon at any time of the day or night does not require half the skill necessary to secure a shot in San Francisco after two a. m. In fact a mere amateur looking for a drink in Oregon, is an eighteen karat cinch to find one.

So far I have visited Medford, Eugene, Albany, Astoria and Portland. In all five cities I found that those not fortunate enough to have a store in their own homes or hotels, could lead you, blindfolded, to a spot where bottled dynamite could be purchased at a high but not prohibitive price. In fact from my observation, boot-legging is now the principal industry of the State.

The utter futility of bone dryness is best evidenced here in the fact that the authorities are constantly on the job in their effort to suppress illicit liquor traffic. Raids on suspected blind pigs are frequent and arrests abundant, but the officers of the law—county, State and Federal—are so badly outnumbered by the Knights of Old John B., that it's really no race at all. It stands to reason that in the long run a great, grog-drinking public is certain to out-figure and out-brain a handful of officials, even though the latter be overflowing with zeal and diligence.

In voting their State bone dry the liberty loving prohibitionists of Oregon have brought about one obviously ruinous result: They have succeeded in making whisky drinkers out of beer drinkers. You see, the cheap price of beer compared with its bulk, makes it an unprofitable commodity for the boot-legger to handle, so the chap who formerly tossed off a pint of beer for a nightcap, now tips over a brace of highballs. It's the natural thing for him to do if it has been his habit to inhale a few steins in the evening.

I've talked with fellows right here in Portland who didn't average a drink a day up to the time the crusher was applied to liquor, but who never miss an opportunity now to hit a chance bottle a healthy wallop. In these men a little psychological reaction has wrought a feeling of resentment. They feel that they have been deprived of a privilege they never previously abused and now they have become dogged in their quest for strong drink. These are the sort of fellows to whom personal liberty—that brand of freedom supposed to come in the same package with American citizenship—amounts to something.

As to the quality of whisky available up here, it varies from bad to awful. The average slug would make a dove walk right up and peck at an eagle's eye. Scotch and Irish are lost arts. There is nothing but rank, red fire water—young, unsophisticated but powerful. Two drinks of some of the stuff would knock you from here to Haight and Fillmore.

In starting this note, I might have saved a

lot of time by stating right off the bat that dryness of the bone variety is but little more than a colossal joke, just as I have found various degrees of prohibition to be wherever I have bumped into them. In this instance, however, the joke carries a lesson, for what in the name of common sense is the use of enacting laws that defy enforcement? Even if the government should stop the manufacture of it altogether, men with thirsts would make it in their own homes. (I've tried some home made beer here and found it compared favorably with the best of accepted brands.)

Probably the most glaring proof of the fact that bone dryness of the Oregon sort belongs in the wit and humor column may be gained from this statement, which is the truth, I swear it—I have seen more soused soldiers in uniform on the streets of Portland at night during the six days I have been here than I saw in San Francisco in months.

Sincerely,

—Bill Jacobs.

#### San Franciscans and the Slush Fund

Has the State Department any more information to give out concerning the American recipients of the von Bernstorff slush fund? It is useless to ask, because Lansing springs his sensations without warning. In the latest revelations there were three people implicated whom we in San Francisco would like to hear more about; it may be that our curiosity is to be gratified. I refer to James F. J. Archibald, Edwin Emerson and Ray Beveridge. All three of these had spectacular San Francisco careers. It will be remembered that Archibald got \$5,000 for German propaganda work, giving von Igel a receipt; that Emerson got \$1,000 for traveling expenses; and that Ray Beveridge got \$3,000 to finance her lecture tour.

#### Jimmy's Career

We of San Francisco knew Jimmy Archibald (or Alphabetical Archibald as he was nicknamed on account of his generous supply of initials) long before the rest of the country gained his acquaintance. Jimmy used to make his headquarters here, doing the best he could. When he left, it was usually to return with some glittering scheme for accumulating a million. At one time he was in the good graces of the well remembered Ho Yow, Chinese consul general at this port; and I believe Ho Yow made him a mandarin or something—at least Jimmy claimed as much, which was just as good for Jimmy's purposes. Another time Jimmy blew into town with a tremendous scheme supposed to be backed by Pierpont Morgan for making an Atlantic City out of Santa Cruz. None of Jimmy's schemes ever bore fruit, but he always managed to have a supply of "the ready." Jimmy used to contribute interesting stuff to the maga-

zines. He had the knack of gathering good material (which he didn't bother to verify), but as he was no great shakes as a writer his stuff had to be whipped into shape. When war with Spain broke out Jimmy commissioned himself as a war correspondent, claimed to have been the first man ashore at Santiago and the first American wounded, and had his picture taken solus and in company with Harding Davis, Stephen Crane and others upon whom he thrust himself. When not otherwise busy Jimmy bought himself medals and on gala occasions his pouted chest was decorated like a prize bull at a fair. The lecture tour for which von Bernstorff paid Jimmy \$5,000 brought him to San Francisco. It was suspected at the time that he was doing German propaganda; everybody was certain of it when the English held him up on the way to the continent and found letters for the foreign offices in Berlin and Vienna in his portfolio; the recent revelation revealed nothing but the price Jimmy was paid.

#### Emerson, Soldier of Fortune

Edwin Emerson was in our midst for a couple of years after the fire. A soldier of fortune with a Cuban commission as colonel, Emerson was also a hackwriter, having published a History of the United States in the Nineteenth Century. Here he started a magazine, financing it with smooth talk and wonderful promises. He paid for contributions with stock certificates in his publishing company, which of course were worthless. While here he married Miss Maisie Griswold, one of the old Coppa coterie, a charming girl with considerable talent. Emerson had a constitutional dislike for paying his bills, and collectors made it so hot for him that he had to escape from town between dawn and daylight on a fruit boat bound for Mexican ports. Emerson has been all over the world. Once he cabled to a New York newspaper a picturesque account of his own death in the Far East under painful and interesting conditions. It is said that he was the only writer who dared to venture into the City of Mexico when hades was popping there. His pro-German enthusiasm (strictly commercial) took him to Berlin, and he is said to have been expelled from that city for a violent attack on Ambassador Gerard.

#### The Younger Beveridge Girl

Ray Beveridge, the third of this trio, is the younger sister of Kuhne Beveridge the sculptor. The family was well known here some years ago. Mrs. Beveridge married the penniless Baron von Wrede and in recent years both Kuhne and Ray have lived in Germany, which may help to account for their interest in the cause of the Kaiser. The two sisters were brought up in unconventional surroundings and



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were learning fencing and languages when other little girls of their age were learning the Three R's. While Kuhne was making busts of Jim Corbett and various members of the Bohemian, Ray was hammering out silver and gold horse-shoes on a dainty anvil. She made gold horse-shoes at the World's Fair in Chicago, thereby attracting considerable attention. Before going to Germany the sisters lived for a while in London and cut quite a figure in Bohemian circles.

#### An Explosion in Oakland

The "explosion" predicted last week by Town Talk for the Oakland waterfront has detonated and the smoke and debris have not yet cleared. The first report came in the City Hall when A. J. Woolsey, in the guise of a "mysterious stranger," outbid the Union Construction Company for a twenty-five year lease of twenty-five acres in the center of the city's western frontage. The bids went up one dollar at a time until \$17,601 yearly rental was reached. Then the Union company quit. Followed a great scattering and efforts far and wide to find out whom Woolsey represented. The Harbor Protective League, leaders in the fight to prevent any private corporation from securing a lease on this front, was suspected, but its astonishment at the turn of affairs was as great as anyone's. There remain but two guesses, Woolsey is representing "Borax" Smith who tried some time ago to get the lease, or the Southern Pacific. No one seems to know who the bidder is but it is said "on good authority" that it is a concern which means immediate development. The Southern Pacific guess is favored. Even now the explosion does not cease its reverberations. Someone looked into the charter and discovered that no exclusive franchise or privilege to the waterfront shall be given within 700 feet of another. The Union Construction Company thus finds application for a lease adjoining the frontage they lost impossible. The mysterious bidder is given practical control of the waterfront. As a result the opponents of the lease are given new argument and the ranks of those who are urging the Davie recall are swelled. Unless the recall becomes effective the city will have given to someone the great bulk of its western front, and it won't even know who that someone is.

#### Knowland "Puts One Over"

One of the first things W. W. Chapin did when he got control of the Oakland Enquirer was to look around for a new site for the plant. He found just what he wanted at Thirteenth and Franklin—the ground floor of the Breuner Building. Chapin lost no time in proposing a lease to the owners; meanwhile he secured an option on that ground floor. News travels fast in

Oakland, and Joseph R. Knowland of the Oakland Tribune heard of the matter immediately. The Tribune wanted to move too. Knowland lost no time in acting. He bought the Breuner Building and cancelled the Chapin lease. Pretty soon The Tribune will be installed at Thirteenth and Franklin.

#### Slim Audiences for Orators

One of Oakland's time honored institutions is going by the boards and in consequence several score of men whose chief delight it has been to harangue their fellow citizens are lamenting that public speaking is no longer vogue. The mass meeting is as extinct as the tandem bicycle or the side crease in trousers. With a recall election in prospect a waterfront lease under argument and the high cost of living in painful evidence there have never been so many opportunities for those who would be heard. The anti-lease faction has held three meetings and a man who stood outside where he might smoke counted the attendance as twenty-eight, twenty-four and thirty-seven. The largest Davie meeting, in a commodious hall, entertained close to seventy persons and the widely-heralded high cost of living mass meeting at which the butcher, baker and candlestick maker were to be flayed, ridiculed and defied, attracted the record crowd—eighty-two! It was held in the municipal auditorium and the four score present looked liked so many ants on the kitchen floor. Perhaps Oaklanders are getting all they wish of oratory in their improvement clubs and in their council sessions.

#### Eddie Duffy's Favorite Drink

Eddie Duffy, the lighting wizard of the Bohemian Grove, has only one vice—he smokes cigarettes. In extenuation, however, I hasten to add that he only smokes 'em occasionally, and never, never inhales 'em. Knowing as he did full well that aside from this distressing weakness Eddie Duffy was impeccable, Frank Mulgrew was terribly shocked a few days ago when he journeyed with Eddie Duffy via the Northwestern Pacific to the Bohemian Grove. Eddie Duffy's fellow Bohemian was terribly shocked because Eddie Duffy said to him:

"Mul, if you are thirsty, wait till we get to Petaluma. I know a place! I'll treat you to the best drink in Northern California."

Mulgrew was not only shocked, he was disillusioned. Here was a man whose behavior he had always considered unsurpassedly correct talking like a confirmed frequenter of saloons! Mulgrew rode in silence, inwardly contemplating the ruins of another ideal. The train stopped at the Petaluma station.

"Come on, Mul," said Duffy, and Mulgrew followed him reluctantly; "the best drink on the road! I know the place!"

And with sure steps Duffy led Mulgrew around the depot corner and stopped before a sanitary drinking fountain.

#### "Songs of a Nurse"

There is a nurse "somewhere in Alameda County" who is more than a nurse, for she is also a poet. One of the lesser choir, I grant you, is Margaret Helen Florine, R. N.; but we cannot always be filling our ears with the music of the major singers, and Miss Florine's songs are well worth listening to. Her "Songs of a Nurse" have just been published by the Philopolis Press. There isn't a dull line in the seventy pages. We have all been to the hospital with Henley; going with Miss Florine is a different experience. There is something in this book for every sick-abled lady and convalescent man; something also for the nurse

and the doctor. Miss Florine has the knack of writing down those things which make us exclaim: "How true! I've experienced that very thing!" For instance, there is

#### MY BED

My bed is very, very high  
So my good nurse may see;  
It's also very, very white  
As all beds ought to be.  
It isn't very, very wide—  
Of falling out, I've fears—  
But it is very like a rock  
That's been a rock for years.

And there is

#### MY TRAY

What! prunes again this morning?  
They're good for me, you say?  
And if they are, that doesn't mean  
I want them every day.  
I like fried eggs and pie and stew,  
Rich pastry, cheese and pepper, too;  
Or just plain caviare would do.

And there is

#### SITTING UP

Today I sat up in my chair  
But nothing seemed quite right,  
For pins and needles pricked each foot,  
My head was very light.

And there is

#### A WAKEFUL NIGHT

The stars within the heavens deep  
Gaze down with cold and evil eye  
To mock me, for the God of Sleep  
For punishment, has passed me by.  
The frogs and crickets loudly wheeze;  
I'm sure the moon is made of cheese,  
The rich cream from the Milky Way.

Thank God, at last my friend the day.

And finally there is

#### LEAVING THE HOSPITAL

When first I came for needed care  
It seemed I could not stay,  
For everywhere on every side  
The sick and suffering lay;  
But after weeks within these walls  
Where all is peace and rest,  
I'm like the little unfledged bird  
Thrust rudely from his nest.



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### Longer Poems

I haven't space to quote some of the longer poems in this delightful, unpretentious volume, but I wish I could. I'd like to give you Miss Florine's tribute to "The Surgeon" and to "The Physician" and to "The Psychiatrist." I'd like to call attention to her lines in honor of that ill-appreciated angel "The Night Nurse." And I wish some of my worried friends would take to heart her lines on "The Hypochondriac." There are times when Miss Florine is very serious, as a good nurse should be at times. That is when she is dealing with those in the shadow of death, with the tremendous drama of birth, with the agony that tortures the drug fiend. She has a true nurse's tender heart, has this singer, and her ethics are sound as can be. I imagine that her smile has soothed many a bed of pain and that her bright words have cheered many an impatient convalescent. Her book is very much worth while.

### The Death of Joe Goodman

On another page of this issue of Town Talk is, published Joseph T. Goodman's greatest poem, that poem on the death of Lincoln of which Mrs. Mighels, years ago, said with truth that it was "periodically rediscovered and reprinted." Joseph T. Goodman who died Monday morning at the German Hospital in his eighty-first year, was not the only poet in the Goodman family. He had a younger brother Lyman who died of mountain fever in 1861 at the age of twenty-four, before the promise of his talented youth could fulfill itself in richness. Lyman Goodman (or "Dion" as he called himself in an era which affected pen-names) was mourned in exquisite numbers by his friend Charles Warren Stoddard. Who is there to write a funeral ode for Joseph T. Goodman, an ode worthy of the author of that poem on the death of Lincoln? There were giants in Goodman's time, but most of them preceded him along the last straight road. There is a new generation "which knows not Joseph" or the glories of his day. It was a great day. It made many millionaires, ruined many lives and laid the foundations of our Californian literature so deep and broad that we may be excused for not tolerating mediocrity.

### From the Case to the Sanctum

There should be a list compiled of the writers who began as type-setters. It would contain the names of two great Californians—Bret Harte and Joe Goodman. Goodman was a boy of eighteen when he "stuck type" in the composing room of the Golden Era, and his case was alongside of Bret Harte's. MacDonough Foard and Rollin Daggett were the editors of the Golden Era, and among the contributors whose copy Joe Goodman set up were Starr King, John R. Ridge, E. G. Paide ("Don Jr."), Orpheus C. Kerr and Henry Highton. It was not long before Harte and Goodman joined the editorial staff. But of course Goodman's fame is chiefly associated with that great newspaper of brilliant history, the Virginia City Enterprise. Goodman founded The Enterprise in 1858 and continued to edit till 1874 when he sold it to Senator Sharon, whereupon "its soul departed." Rollin Daggett did the editorial drudgery, while Dan De Quille and Mark Twain were the reporters—two such reporters as never were elsewhere in all the history of journalism. Arthur McEwen who also worked on The Enterprise,

said of Goodman as he knew him at that time: "A poet of imagination, a scholar, a dramatic critic, a playwright and a writer of leaders that had the charm of entire freedom from every restriction save his own judgment of what ought not to be said. Everything from his pen possessed the literary quality. Original, forcible, confident, mocking and alive with the impulses of an abounding and generous youth, The Enterprise was to Goodman a safety-valve for his ideas rather than a daily burden of responsibility." In 1884 Goodman came back to San Francisco and started The San Franciscan. The opening number contained contributions from Twain, Daggett, C. C. Goodwin (an Enterprise associate of Goodman's and dead but a few weeks since), Sam Davis, Ina Coolbrith, Arthur McEwen, Tom Flynn, Anna and Tom Fitch. Goodman ran The San Franciscan for six months and then sold it. Thereafter Goodman retired to his raisin vineyard near Fresno, but from time to time his name was appended to newspaper articles. For the last twenty years he lived across the bay.

### On the Throne of France

Goodman traveled widely, and his correspondence from Europe enlivened the pages of The Enterprise. One of his pen pictures showed the throne room of the Napoleons where, by some strange chance, he found himself alone. He availed himself of this accident to ascend the dais and try the throne. Suddenly the officials appeared on the scene, and he was unceremoniously hustled from the sacred seat.

"Some people," he wrote, "might have felt hurt at such an incident, but I reflected that I was not the first man to be kicked off that throne; in fact, I felt sustained by thinking it was very likely that I would not be the last one, either."

That was in 1870, and before the year was out Napoleon III gave point to Joe Goodman's words.

### Harold Frederic, Prophet

Somebody has dug up an article written for the New York Times twenty-nine years ago by Harold Frederic when he was a Berlin correspondent. It is his estimate of the young Kaiser:

This young man suggests a perfectly bred sleuth hound, under whose smooth, delicately soft coat lie the muscles of steel, and in whose mouth—sinister legacy of Nature—is the inherent taste of human blood. . . . You look into the face of this young heir of the Hohenzollerns and remember with wondering reservations the malignant tales which have been told of his inner nature by those who know it best. . . . The real question is, What will he do? The most common answer is that he will overrun Europe. . . . It seems very probable that some future Taine, a century hence, perhaps, will write to show that Wilhelm II of Prussia and the German Empire was a mysterious belated survival of the ante-medieval Goths and Vandals—an Attila born a thousand and more years after his time. . . . Every young man from Thorn to Coblentz would burn to ride with him for conquest and glory.

It was a remarkable estimate of a young ruler who deceived American college presidents. It reminds us that Harold Frederic was an unusual man. Does anybody now read "The Damnation of Theron Ware?"

### Who Is He?

William Marion Reedy tells this story in his sprightly St. Louis weekly The Mirror: Into an office in Washington that shall be

nameless strolled a prominent citizen of a western State. A number of men were sitting at a table mulling over a lot of papers. One of them looked up, beheld the newcomer and exclaimed, "The very man we're looking for. Do you know a young man in your town in your line named (say) Smith?"

"I should say I do, and he's all right, capable and of excellent judgment," replied the caller.

"Good. We'll make him a captain."

"That's splendid. You know his father was in the Confederate army."

"The hell you say! So was my father. We'll make the young man a major," said the man at the table.

And a major that young man is today, and a most soldierly major too. Perhaps one should comment upon this, but—what's the use? Who cares for the system of selection if we're getting good officers through its operation.

### Car Saving by Shippers

Pacific Coast shippers by coöperating in heavier car loading saved during the month of August enough cars to supply the Southern Pacific's entire Pacific System for one and one-half days according to figures made public by traffic officials. Upon an average, 3,000 cars are required daily to fill the demands of all the shippers located on the 6,700 mile system of the Southern Pacific Company. By heavier car loading 4,537 cars were saved during August as compared with the same month last year. The above saving was sufficient to provide during August all the cars required for sugar, paper, peas, beans, salt, dried fruits, canned goods, rice, potatoes, corn, oats, brick.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## At the St. Francis Plays

It was the first assemblage of the season at which there was no knitting. The only knitted things in evidence were the knitted brows of a few mere men who have been too busy meeting their income taxes to get on familiar terms with that form of intellectual uplift which expresses itself in little theatres. Plainly, these men didn't quite get the hang of the thing, and judging by their expressions I should say that when they left their seats between the plays they were headed in the direction of strong liquor. Doubtless some of them had seen the Holbrook Blinn Players and expected something just a trifle ree-skay. How disappointed they must have been! Mrs. Fay Richards could take all her school children to see these plays and expose their morals to no danger.

## What Did They Think?

I wonder what Walter Martin thought of these plays? He had a seat way down in front close by Queen Eleanor Martin, and I think he stayed for the whole performance. So did John Lawson. But I'm afraid Downey Harvey's feet got ticklish for the fox-trot and ran away with him. Mark Gerstle in his uniform probably had to leave before the end for reasons of military discipline. Henry T. Scott doesn't pretend to be literary or high-browish; he visited around among his friends when there was nothing doing on the stage and disappeared at the first movement of the yellow curtain. Jack Spreckels came in plain clothes, as became a foreman of the Grand Jury, and went home before the evening's thriller "A Game of Chess" was played. Among those who never left their seats was Frank Deering. Now I'd like to know what some of these men thought of the entertainment. Why can't they be interviewed the way prom. cits. are when some paper starts a symposium. Perhaps the most valuable opinion would be Edgar Walter's. He has seen all the great little theatres from Paris to Petrograd. But come to think of it, Frank Mathieu was there too. His opinion would also be authoritative, for he's a wizard of stagecraft and his comments are always just, sympathetic and considerate.

## How They Talked!

If the ladies did not knit, they talked. What a chatter there was before the first play and during every intermission! You'd think most of these ladies hadn't seen each other for ages,

whereas most of them meet at the Franciscan or at war charity events two or three times a week. There were many new and pretty gowns, however, and that is a condition which always stimulates conversation among the ladies. Perhaps if there had not been such a brilliant display of the latest fashions the talk might have turned on the drama. I'm afraid the conversation didn't tarry long on that theme. There was one tense moment—when a lady left in the middle of a play, walking down the middle aisle with a tread that echoed in everybody's ears. Arthur Maitland paused in the middle of an impassioned speech to Mrs. Douglas Crane, and glared after her. Perhaps the poor lady was deaf and didn't know she was walking heavily.

## Bruce Porter's Marriage

Seldom do we find ourselves onlookers at a romance of literature. Indeed, outside the books, there are very few such romances. Perhaps writers would not write so romantically if their own lives were touched with romance. But in the marriage of Bruce Porter of San Francisco and Miss Margaret James of Cambridge, Massachusetts, we have an authentic literary romance. Bruce Porter is one of our dilettanti, one of our cultivated men, one of our men who know. His renown is not parochial; on the other side of the continent, yes, and on the other side of the Atlantic there are many of the great who know Bruce Porter and hold him in high regard. Among this number was Henry James, an esoteric novelist but a great figure of contemporary literature. Another was William James, the well known exponent of the old, old theory of pragmatism. It was at the home of Henry James in London that Bruce Porter first met Miss Margaret James, the daughter of the philosopher, the niece of the novelist. In that atmosphere, heavily charged with literature, so to speak, Bruce Porter's romance began. And it will be crowned with the only true crown of romantic happiness when Miss Margaret James becomes the bride of Bruce Porter today at Cambridge.

## Modest and Able

One of the distinguishing traits of Bruce Porter's character is his modesty. He shrinks from notice, abhors publicity. One of our most notable citizens, he is perhaps the least known of them to those San Franciscans who pride themselves on the extent of their acquaintance with local celebrities. Bruce Porter is an artist, perhaps an artist with almost too much versatility. But all that he touches he adorns, as Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith. He paints, he draws, he writes delicate verse and sophisticated prose, he is a master of design, of decoration, of landscape gardening. Indeed, he is not only an artist but also a craftsman; he believes in the nobility of craftsmanship and honors all labor, provided it be individualistic. It was Bruce Porter who edited those beautifully sympathetic letters of Arthur Atkins, a lad cut off too soon. It was Bruce Porter who advised and facilitated the publication of Margaret Collier Graham's essays on feminism after the author's death. And—this is the most interesting of all—it was Bruce Porter who collaborated with Willis Polk in that immortal labor of love, the Stevenson Memorial in Portsmouth Square.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin H. Lemare and family have taken furnished apartments in the Steinhart Apartments in Sutter street.

## Why It Was Comique

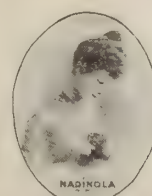
When Finn Frolich named it the "Auction Comique" there were many who asked, why the "comique?" The cause was a serious one—the Red Cross—and the serious efforts of a hundred or more artists were to be sold, but no answer was forthcoming. Frolich has a way of injecting humor into every occasion, and as he was head of this affair, it was argued there would be little use in an attempt at change. And so "Auction Comique" it was and perhaps for a reason that Frolich had foreseen. At the Hotel Oakland the crowds came to the auction in such numbers that \$750 was raised from the ticket sales alone. Then they began to bid on the pictures. Paintings by Bruce Nelson, Clark Hobart, W. Ritchell, William Keith, Sheldon Pennoyer, Louise Mahoney, Carl Hader Ray S. Boynton, Eugen Neuhaus, Elmer Hader and others were sold at from \$25 to \$100 and the bidding became so spirited that over \$2,000 was raised in short order. But here is where the "comique" comes in. Several prints of large dimensions and of colors daringly mixed were eagerly sought. Some of these, of a kind that may be turned out by the hundreds, brought the highest prices while some of the beautiful originals, on small canvas and unpretentious, went for a song. A portion of the crowd, it was plain, was interested mainly in size and bright colors. As a result some real bargains were negotiated and the wise speculator was afforded an opportunity to make money. Also some sizeable prints brought five and six times as much as they are bringing every day in the art stores. To stimulate enthusiasm for the cause

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a group of "wounded" soldiers, among them Frolich who is director of the Art Association, were wheeled into the lounge with great tenderness by another group of nurses. The wounded soldiers displayed great heroism inasmuch as the night was warm and their bandages were heavy. Mrs. Harry Lafler and Miss Genevieve Rix were two of the nurses.

#### The Beringer Recital

Members of the Beringer Musical Club, under the direction of Professor and Mme. Joseph Beringer, will give their thirty-ninth piano and vocal recital next Thursday evening, October 11, at Century Club Hall. An excellent programme is being prepared, and music lovers are looking forward to the event. Miss Louise Cameron, Miss Charlotte Ibscher, Miss Zdenka Buben, Miss Vernita Pellow and Mrs. Frances Westington-Mowbray will be heard in piano compositions by Bach, Weber, Schumann, Rachmaninoff, Moszkowski and Chopin, and Miss Mabel Goode, Miss M. Monica Heffernan and Miss Irene De Martini will sing selections in Italian and English. Miss Zdenka Buben who is a graduate of the Beringer Conservatory of Music, will be the accompanist.

#### The Whitcomb and the Land Show

With the approach of the Land Show which is to be held on Market near Eighth, many participants are arranging dinner and dancing parties at the Hotel Whitcomb. Edward A. Brown, general manager of the Land Show, registered at the Whitcomb the other day, and it is the logical hotel headquarters, being but a few steps up the street. There is no doubt that the big hotel will be a busy and merry place

while the show continues, and that those who attend will regard a visit to the dancing room on the roof of the hotel as the proper plan for rounding out the evening.

#### At the Cecil

Miss Sally Fox who with her mother has taken apartments at the Cecil for the winter, was hostess at a dinner Wednesday. A cordial welcome is being extended to Mrs. Charles A. Walker and Mrs. E. J. Foote. These two charming women arrived Tuesday from their home in Salt Lake. Mr. and Mrs. M. G. De Long of New York will spend the winter at the hotel. Mrs. George Crothers entertained informally at luncheon Wednesday. Mrs. Alan Macdonald of San Rafael is registered. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith who have recently returned from Alaska, entertained a coterie of friends at dinner Thursday. After a delightful visit in Pasadena Mrs. William Statta has returned to her apartment. Mrs. G. E. Goodman and her attractive daughter Miss Marie



MARGARET TAYLOR

With Charlie Howard and Company next week at the Orpheum

Clure will lecture on "War or Peace with Japan." On Sunday evening, October 14, at the same place "China" will be the subject.

#### At Techau Tavern

Every afternoon at Techau Tavern from twenty to thirty-five bottles of Sterns' Suprema toilet water are presented to lady patrons. These gifts are made without competition of any kind. After the souvenir dances at the Tavern, which are held after the theatre hour, a case of Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume toilet favors is presented to the ladies in attendance, and a large box of Melachrino cigarettes to the gentlemen. With a company of high class entertainers a continuous entertainment is given every Sunday evening, and delightful hurried luncheons are served daily to crowds that comfortably fill the place.

There were dining off fowl in a restaurant. "You see," he explained, as he showed her the wishbone, "you take hold here. Then we must both make a wish and pull, and when it breaks the one who has the biggest part of it will have his or her wish granted." "But I don't know what to wish for," she protested. "Oh, you can think of something," he said. "No, I can't," she replied. "I can't think of anything I want very much." "Well, I'll wish for you," he exclaimed. "Will you really?" she asked. "Yes." "Well, then, there's no use fooling with the old wish bone," she interrupted with a glad smile; "you can have me."

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Goodman arrived from New York recently and will spend a month at the hotel. Accompanied by her daughter Miss Marie Goodman, Mrs. G. E. Goodman came down from Juneau, Alaska, this week and will spend the autumn and winter at the hotel.

#### Colonel McClure to Lecture

Colonel S. S. McClure, founder of McClure's and noted as author and journalist, is returning from the Orient after six months' study of conditions in Japan and China, and will give two lectures in San Francisco under the direction of Paul Elder. On Saturday evening, October 13, at Scottish Rite Hall, Colonel Mc-



## Our Two Little Theatres

By Edward F. O'Day

Art or fashion. You pay your money and you take your choice. Of course the line is not drawn straight down the middle, with all the art on the side of the Players' Club and all the fashion on the side of the Maitland mummerys. There is a tincture of fashionable smartness out on Clay street, and there is a breath of art in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis. But art is the note sounded most frequently by the amateurs in the Western Addition; fashion the note accented by the professionals downtown. In the little bit of a playhouse near Presidio avenue the stage settings are inexpensive, the costumes are simple, the audience is weak on evening clothes. In the converted ball room which houses the St. Francis Little Theatre Club the properties and draperies are so rich that they deserve and receive special mention on the play bill. The audience, it goes without saying, is the vogiest of the vogue; you couldn't toss a pebble without hitting a bare bosom or a satin lapel.

I went out to Clay street on Monday night; to Union Square on Tuesday night. The programmes at both places consisted of four short plays. At the Players Club there was "The Fallen Star," a sentimental comedy by George Creel; "The Faun," a fantasy by Lucine Finch;

"The Dragon's Claw," a tragic masterpiece of our own Old Chinatown by Grant Carpenter; and "Big Kate," a delicious comedy dealing with the great Russian Catherine, by Charles Nirdlinger. The two last measured up to the high standard I had learned to expect of the Players Club; the two first fell short of it. "The Fallen Star" permits Reginald Travers to give us a taste of his heavy work in extracts from "Lear" and "Richelieu." I prefer Travers as a stage director. "The Faun" is laden with stilted language of the "thee and thou" and "what boots it" order. But the Grant Carpenter play is a close-knit garment perfectly fitted to the body of essential drama, and it was splendidly acted. Nirdlinger's play too is worth going far to see. You find yourself talking about it not only on the way home, but the next day, and the day after that—the real test of good drama. I am sorry that Dunsany's "Tents of the Arabs" and "Le Pierrot Leger," a pantomime by those brainy members of the Players Club, Will Rainey and Ben Purrington, were not in the bill I saw.

Arthur Maitland gave us "The Maker of Dreams," a sentimental fantasy by Oliphant Downs. It is wordy, actionless; but it permits Miss Florence Howley to look a bewitching Pierrette. Then there was "The Far-Away

Princess" by Sudermann. I should never have guessed its authorship. Here is none of the Sudermann craftsmanship, none of the Sudermann power to make us sit up; but it permitted Mrs. Douglas Crane to look very sad and wistful and sweet. "A Game of Chess" was the strong number on the programme. Its author Kenneth Goodman conceived a gripping situation and wrought it skilfully, tensely. Finally there was "The Playgoers," a jeu d'esprit by Pinero that forces a thin jet of humor.

The Players Club is several years old in experience; the Maitland venture has behind it only a few charity performances. Maitland has not yet struck his stride. We must give him time to perfect himself in the hard business of building a balanced programme. Only "A Game of Chess" was of compelling interest. We must give him time also to assemble a strong cast of players. This is always a matter of elimination, substitution. Maitland himself played in the first three pieces. He directs all the productions. Is he not overtaxing himself? Few actors could achieve the versatility he attempts. Where one man assumes too many burdens some are bound to be badly borne. I counted eight typographical errors in the little one-page playbill.

## At Last a Clean Musical Comedy

By Thomas Lloyd Lennon

Irving Berlin wrote the lyrics and the music of "Watch Your Step," now at the Columbia; Harry B. Smith erased the plot. And the resultant melange is just about the cleverest girl and laughter show seen in this metropolitan town since the happy days before the advent of "So Long Letty," "Canary Cottage" and that other Morosco mistake "What Next?" "Watch Your Step" is different. It is different because it is clean, because its fun is not mere vulgarity, because Irving Berlin is a big league song writer who has found that a discriminating audience soon tires of humor the sole basis of which is a highly improbable situation revolving around my wife in your bed or your wife in mine. And it is different because its cast includes Miss Helen Delany, a dancer who can dance; Harry Van Fossen, a black-face comedian who is really worth-while, and a seemingly limitless number of chorus ensembles as well executed as a military drill. In all the three acts of "Watch Your Step" there is but one reference to cheese. Van Fossen makes it, but the rest of his carriage caller's monologue is of such high order that he is easily to be excused. Cheese, you know, has ceased to be funny; and sly remarks about the Gorgonzola or the Edam no longer brew chuckles in the palates of the fat first nighters. Neither is there, throughout all the piece, any unskilful expose of feminine umbilici, any spank-spot flaunting, any ribald nose-fingering, any bare-legged buffoonery, any tantalizing scene wherein the cuties brazenly disrobe in mosquito netting bath-houses while the lights diplomatically go out before the police come in. This does not mean, however, that "Watch Your Step" is a play for puritans. For there is leg a' plenty in the piece; shapely, well-fed and easy to look at. And if there is a beauty on the American stage today who is more cleverly assembled than the Delany miss she has yet to bless these eager eyes of mine. Rather does

it mean that Berlin has evidently learned the gentle art of suggestion which quite often attracts where the real thing might repel, and that he keeps his ladies in comparatively warm clothing as a consequence. It is difficult to pick the highest of the high spots in "Watch Your Step." Van Fossen's nigger porter talk comes pretty close to the top, and the sweet tenor voice of Frank Coombs runs it a close second, but from the viewpoint of the audience a schottische, Southern style, put over by the Delany and Fred Hillebrand, appears to be the frosting. In this number the Delany is arrayed in attenuated pantalettes and a hoop skirt, looking for all the world like a picture of your Old Dominion grandmother-in-law. The costume is the result of an error of judgment, however, as the Delany was never meant to look well in trousers.

## STAGE

### The Cherniavskys

The programmes of the concerts to be given by the three brothers Cherniavsky offer rare combinations of ensemble and solo compositions. The Cherniavskys are virtuosi, Leo on the violin, Jan at the piano and Mischel on the 'cello. The combination is one of exceptional talent and produces music of a kind rarely heard. The Cherniavskys will give two concerts, on Sunday afternoons, October 14 and October 21, at the Columbia. On their first programme the opening number will be the charming Schubert trio, Op. 99 in B flat major, and the closing trios will be the Glinka Romance, Arensky's Serenade and a beautiful composition by de Boissdreffre called "By the Stream." Mischel will play the 'cello concerto of Golterman; Jan a selected piano group including the Organ Tocatta and Fugue in D minor by Bach, Schubert's "Marche Militaire,"

and two small works by a new composer, Rebikow. Leo, the famous fiddler, will by request play the first movement of the great Tschaiowsky violin concerto. Entirely different works will be given at the second and last concert. The 'cellist will play Boellman's "Variations Symphoniques;" the pianist a Chopin group; Leo the big Paganini concerto for violin. The novelty will be the Gretchaninov trio for violin, piano and 'cello, played for the first time here by the brothers. Tickets for these interesting programmes of music will be placed on sale at the Will L. Greenbaum Attractions ticket offices at Sherman Clay, Kohler and Chase and Columbia Wednesday morning.

### Alma Gluck Coming

The first great vocalist to be presented in San Francisco and Oakland this season by the Will L. Grenebaum Attractions will be the famous and popular Alma Gluck. It will be recalled that Miss Gluck made her first visit to San Francisco just prior to the opening of the Exposition. It will also be remembered that her triumph at that time was immediate and emphatic. Since that visit Miss Gluck has devoted most of her time to concert appearances and has had a season of special coaching with Madame Sembrich. The critics and the public everywhere now acclaim this charming song-bird as America's foremost lyric soprano. In numbers calling for expression through lovely coloring, tender feeling and beautiful legato, Miss Gluck is a past mistress. The conservative Herald of Boston recently said: "Alma Gluck controls with surpassing skill, her voice which is of great beauty, warmth and richness. Her diction is flawless and her phrasing shines with elegance and finesse." Her personal attractiveness and manner would place her in a class by herself. Miss Gluck's two recitals will



take place at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, November 4 and 11. The capacity of the Columbia is limited and undoubtedly more music lovers will want to hear Miss Gluck than can be accommodated. So Manager Selby Oppenheimer of the Greenbaum office will now accept mail orders which will be filled strictly in the order of their receipt, and prior to the general seat sale. Mail orders must be accompanied by check or money order and self-addressed stamped envelope for the return of the tickets. Salvatore de Stefano, the noted harpist, has been engaged by Miss Gluck as assisting artist. A concert will also be given on Tuesday night, November 6, in the Auditorium Opera House, Oakland.

#### The Matzenauer Recital

Musical and social circles are taking great interest in the song recital to be given by Madame Margaret Matzenauer under the local direction of Frank W. Healy, at the Exposition Auditorium this Sunday afternoon at 2:30 sharp. Up to a few weeks ago a stranger in these parts, Madame Matzenauer, by virtue of her majestic appearance, regal gowns and rich, powerful voice, has become the popular idol in this city. Always a great favorite at the Metropolitan Opera House where she made her debut as Amneris in "Aida" in 1911, after achieving notable success in what is said to be the most musically critical city in the world—Munich—Mme. Matzenauer was instantly placed in a niche by herself by the none-too-easily stirred Metropolitan clientele as a deep-toned artist of unimpeachable powers. Imagine the surprise, then, of the enthusiastic following, instantly won by her supreme art and inherent gifts in interpreting the great 'cello-pitched roles of grand opera, when she stepped forth on the Metropolitan stage one evening and dazzled her audience in a Wagnerian soprano part. Since that day surprise has ceased to manifest itself but the wonder of it all has not diminished. The programme which Madame Matzenauer will give, and for which she will have the assistance of the very talented accompanist Miss Erin Ballard, is one of delight. She will not only sing numbers that are heroic but also simple songs. Special arrangements have been made regarding the stage. But thirty of the sixty-three rows of chairs will be used and no auditor will be more than one hundred feet away from the singer.

#### Lion Actors at Orpheum

Georges Marck's Jungle Players, seven humans and four lions, will appear in a wordless melodrama entitled "The Wild Guardians" at the Orpheum next week. It is quite a thriller, acted within a huge steel cage. John B. Hymer's latest skit "The Night Boat" will be presented by a sterling company. Charlie Howard, a comedian of deserved popularity, will present a novel skit called "Cured" which deals with national prohibition and the conditions likely to exist should the country go dry. Harry Norwood and Alpha Hall are delightful entertainers with a singing and talking skit "Sense and Nonsense." Mang and Snyder, athletes who style themselves "Twentieth Century Wonders," perform difficult and hazardous feats. Wilbur Mack and Nella Walker in "A Pair of Tickets;" Kerr and Burke with their talking fiddles; and David Sapirstein, pianist, will also be included in the bill. An extra attraction will be the British Government's official war pictures "The Retreat of the Germans at the Battle of Arras," the exclusive rights to which have been secured by Martin Beck for the Orpheum circuit. Some of them were taken

from aeroplanes low over the German lines. Others were taken amid the smoke and din and death of the battlefields, when two of the operators were killed. One scene shows a German shell exploding ten feet from the camera. The film is in three episodes, the first of which will be presented next Sunday matinee, the remainder following in weekly order.

#### Second Week of "Watch Your Step"

The first week of "Watch Your Step" at the Columbia closes with this Sunday evening's performance. The second and final week will open Monday night. Matinees are given Wednesday and Saturday.

#### Henrietta Crosman in "Erstwhile Susan"

One of the most notable of the season's attractions is announced for the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday, October 15, when Henrietta Crosman in "Erstwhile Susan" will be seen. This comedy enjoyed a successful run in New York. It is by Marian de Forest who, it is said, has excelled her admirable work in dramatizing "Little Women." The play is founded on Helen B. Martin's novel "Barnabette." The scene is set among the Pennsylvania Dutch.

#### Max Figman at the Cort

Anderson and Weber will offer Max Figman, the well known comedian, at the Cort this Sunday in James Montgomery's stage version of Frederick Isham's latest novel "Nothing But the Truth." It is said to be full of laughs. The piece played for a year in New York, and comes with the reputation of a clean and funny farce. Figman who is well known as a farceur, will have a capable company. He is said to have one of the best parts he has ever attempted.

#### First Symphony Concert

On Monday at Sherman Clay the sale of seats for single concerts for the Symphony Orchestra will begin. If advance interest is a criterion, a long line will be found at the box office wicket when it opens at 9 in the morning. The first pair of symphonies will be given at the Cort Friday afternoon, October 12, and Sunday afternoon, October 14. Alfred Hertz has been holding daily rehearsals of his splendid body of men for the past two weeks. In respect to the sale of season tickets, just concluded, Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham reports that the funds received have been much greater than anticipated and he urges those who desire to attend the first concerts to secure their tickets at once to avoid disappointment. The programme for the first pair will be opened by Beethoven's intensely dramatic overture "Coriolanus," followed by Brahms' Variations on Haydn's choral "St. Anthony," one of Brahms' worthiest works and as fine a composition of its type as is to be found in sym-

(Continued on Page 18)

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Mon., Oct. 15—Henrietta Crosman in "Erstwhile Susan"



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—It was an irregular market the past week, but on the whole prices were generally higher. Steel common was the leader, and as this stock is considered the barometer of the market, stocks were on the upward trend, although business was very small speculatively. The trade seems to be satisfied with the Government's price fixing, as far as the big steel corporation is concerned, but the little steel companies might have some trouble making both ends meet. Bethlehem Steel did not show any snap, and the general feeling seemed to be that this company has gone a little too far with its financing plans, and the new stock was fully subscribed for. Prices on the curb for the new preferred stock, which is an 8 per cent stock, sold at 99. The copper stocks seemed to mark time, and held quite strong until toward the end of the week, when the bears tried their hand at forcing prices down, and succeeded in taking off a point or two from the best prices early in the week. The feeling at the end of the week was not so optimistic on this group, and a good many in the trade were predicting a cut in the copper dividend distribution at the next quarterly meeting. The money situation eased up a trifle last week, and it was said that the bankers had the situation well in hand, and while there was no real danger of tight money, yet money rates are not expected to ease off much until after the Liberty Loan is out of the way. Some of the specialties like distillers and corn products were strong and higher, and much higher prices are predicted for both these issues. The oil stocks were better, and the general feeling prevailed that the Government would not reduce the price very much, as this is one commodity that needs a stimulus in production, as it is the most vital essential in the plans of the Allies. More attention has been centered recently in miscellaneous stocks, and particularly on rails, investors going into this branch of the market on the simple theory that prices now are so low that practically everything bearish in connection with them has been fully discounted. It may be some time before there comes a material change in their conditions, but the office of speculation is to anticipate rather than to wait the actual occurrence. It would be an easy matter today, or at any time, to point out many bearish features, but those must always be considered in connection with the previous action of the market, as well as the level of values, and in view of the fact that prices are so low and previous selling was based on these same bearish arguments, as market factors they may be ignored, and the changes would decidedly favor the investor, on the theory that when a change comes, it will be for the better. We are of the opinion that

a conservative bullish attitude is advisable, and on reactions would buy standard stocks.

**Corn**—Prices are ruling at a moderate decline from the level of last week at this time. In the early days of the week a good decline took place; however, the loss was rather suddenly recovered, but was not maintained. The weather has been the main influence in the movement of prices, intimations of cold weather causing advances and the prospect of warm temperatures bringing about declines. The severe frost of some time ago was not regarded as doing material damage, but since then from various sections reports come to hand indicating that the crop may have suffered more than was generally thought. However, the prospective crop is no doubt quite promising, and the fact that milder temperatures are predicted for a protracted period leads to the expectation that it will reach maturity without serious setback. In the Southwest the crop is estimated to be materially improved, and the South is said to have a very good crop. The latter fact has given rise to the impression that there may be a liberal movement from the latter region. Primary receipts have increased a fair amount for the week, but still are moderate. Cash prices are higher owing to the fact that there is a better demand on account of the resumption of operation by industries. The clearances continue moderate, as well from the Argentine as this country. Shipments from the Argentine are quite small compared with last year's volume, but it is stated that the quality there is showing some improvement. It is stated that abroad consumption is larger than the quantity being received, and there is no accumulation of supplies. Should a movement of corn from the South materialize in volume, there might likely be a considerable decline in cash prices, but it is doubtful if the December and May would be affected in a particular degree.

**Cotton**—The advance in cotton continues, the market having every appearance of substantial support in futures as well as in the spot market. The position of the farmers is becoming the dominating influence in shaping values. They are in a strong position, independent financially and are determined to dictate the price for their staple. A well organized movement is now on, the purpose of which is to hold cotton for 30 cents a pound. Whether they will be strong enough to accomplish their purpose is a question, but in the meantime they can make it exceeding uncomfortable for any one who undertakes to go short of their property. We therefore suggest the advisability of surrendering all bearish ideas, as no headway in that direction can be made successfully until there has been a burdensome

accumulation of cotton. The market has every appearance at present of working higher.

American—Do you know what our word "bulldoze" means?

Frenchman—No doubt it is ze masculine of your flower, ze "cowsleep."

He—Do you think your father would consent to my marrying you?

She—He might. Father's so eccentric.

## VALUABLE INFORMATION

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JUNE 30, 1917

Assets .....	\$64,566,290.79
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Number of Depositors .....	65,717

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## Stage

(Continued from Page 16.)

phonic literature. Modern Russia will be represented by Rachmaninoff's First Symphony in E Minor, a work full of Slav passion which was responsible for the beginning of the great Russian's vogue in this country. As was the custom last year, the Friday concerts will begin at 3 and the Sunday concerts at 2:30. The Sunday symphony programme will be exactly the same as that given Friday, though the prices will be just half. On Sunday, October 21, the first "pop" will be given.

## La Scala Grand Opera at Cort

With Maggie Teyte as guest artist, and such songbirds as Ester Ferrabini, Nina Morgana, Giuseppe Gaudenzi, Mario Valle and other celebrities, La Scala Grand Opera Company, under the direction of Berry and Behymer, will offer two weeks of grand opera at the Cort, beginning October 22. There will be a chorus of forty, thirty principals and an orchestra of forty, under Chev. Fulgenzio Guerrieri who was last here with the Boston National Grand Opera Company. Following is the repertoire for the first week: Monday, October 22, "La Tosca," with Ferrabini; Tuesday, "La Boheme," with Teyte; Wednesday matinee, "La Tosca," with Ferrabini; Wednesday night, "Rigoletto," with Morgana; Thursday, "Mme. Butterfly," with Teyte; Friday, "Carmen," with Ferrabini; Saturday matinee, "Mme. Butterfly," with Teyte; Saturday night, "Lucia," with Morgana. Mail orders are being received.

## Stella Mayhew at Alcazar

Those who have witnessed the antics of Stella Mayhew on the Alcazar stage during the two hours nightly in which she disports herself in "A Mix-up" are pretty sure to fancy the plump Stella is enjoying the proceedings as much as the audience. Possibly that is the secret of Miss Mayhew's success. The comedienne manages to inoculate crowded house with her own brand of joy germs. The miniature revue of fourteen vaudeville numbers precedes Miss Mayhew's Shubert farce and includes some delightful singing and dancing features, of which perhaps the contribution by the Gardner Trio of dancers is the most effective. Miss Mayhew's season will be for two weeks only. She will be succeeded by the Oliver Morosco musical comedy "Nobody Home" in which Richard Carle and a company of forty principals will appear.



MISCHEL

The famous 'cellist of the Cherniavsky brothers who appear at the Columbia Sunday afternoons, October 14-21

## Ireland

(Continued from Page 8)

is a baton charge. For no special reason. A young man lies on the pavement, senseless, surrounded by a knot of chattering people. A few paces off the police stand lined up. There the lad lies—knocked out. An hour later an ambulance arrives and takes him to hospital. Method! The Cossack method. Again I wonder whether the emotional Welsh Prime Minister knows of our police government in Ireland. I have seen Cossacks do that in Petrograd. I am puzzled. There was no riot. There was no reason for any violence or excuse for it. If any particular individual was unruly, why not arrest him? But to knock a man out and leave him like a dog in the street seems a queer way in the Empire of Liberty. I never saw the Berlin police do that. I go to bed that night ashamed. I talk to a soldier in the hotel. He laughs. "Fine chaps, the Dublin police," he says; "expect they were annoyed being kept up so late."

Perhaps. But why is this fine body of men not at the front, knocking down Germans? I try to obtain a perspective. Eighty thousand soldiers in Ireland, eighteen thousand police. That is the plus on the balance. The minus is Sinn Fein, now an emotional wave sweeping across the country, and the result is the unknown quantity. I sum up what I have felt in the course of a week. The crippled player of national airs; the tricolor flag; the disciplined election supported by the young priests and the young women; the man lying senseless on the Dublin pavement; the hideous slums of Dublin with its thirty thousand hovels; the spying and mystification, the atmosphere of suspicion, unrest; the printer showing me his injured linotype machine; the coal pit near Kilkenny still waiting for a railway, blocked because of the want of local government; the ruins in the center of Dublin; the decay in the towns; the poverty and want and the misunderstanding of centuries.

Can this continue? Can this be allowed to continue? No. In Ireland our good faith is at stake. The settlement of the Irish problem is the justification of our course. We have to face that now. Fortunately, I feel that in the Convention there is genuine ground for hope.

## Grouchy Remarks about Billy Sunday

(Continued from Page 7)

the best imitation of a frenzied glare he could accomplish on short notice, fixed his eyes on the chandelier.

"Wait a minute, God!" he yelled. "Wait a minute, Jesus! Give them a chance! Wait a minute there, angels! Don't write down their names in the bad book! Just give them another chance!"

It was the call for trail-hitters.

Oh, those trail-hitters.

I was all in a palpitation of excitement.

I expected to see a couple of murderers come up, screaming for repentance; I expected to see them lay a couple of notched guns on the pulpit, wipe their bloody hands on Bill's shirt front and pray to be forgiven.

I had a sneaking hope that some fellow might come up lugging a fresh corpse he had just murdered and ask Bill what was to be done with it.

But Great Sticks—to quote one of Bill's wicked words. . . .

Most of the sinners who hit the trail were pious and flat young ladies from the choir. No lady sinner can be convincing who is without curves.

I never saw such a pious looking gathering in my life as the sinners who hit the trail. They looked like a graduating class of a Bible institute, and my belief is that they were.

Not a sinner wept. They all came by, grinning. One female sinner reached up to say something to Bill. I leaned over eagerly. I hoped she would tell how she had burned her darling little sister to death on a red hot stove. But what do you think the sinner said?

She said, "I wish you success, Mr. Sunday." Did I say that no sinner wept? I forgot. There was one. He was the weepiest sinner I ever saw. He leaked all over the place. He got a good strong start before shaking Bill's hand and was going with all cylinders hitting by the time he got to the mourners' bench. He wept all evening without a stop for breath.

He was a lubberly fat boy. I don't know what crime he was repenting. I imagine that he hadn't washed his neck behind the ears as his mother told him to. Or was it that he had sneaked off to the movies when he should have been hosing the petunia bed? Anyhow, it was something equally awful.

This moral monster interested me so much that I drew near. He had something gleaming on his coat lapel. I wanted to see if it was something that revealed his sin more clearly. Perhaps it was the badge of a well known murderers' gang.

Brethren, honest, I hate to tell you. But the hardened sinner was wearing a

Christian

Endeavor

Badge.

Oh, Bill! Oh, Bill! Oh, Bill!

—Los Angeles Times.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for October 1, 1917.

State of California  
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John J. Dwyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOHN J. DWYER,  
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1917.

(Seal)

JULIUS CALMANN,  
(My commission expires May 29th, 1921.)



## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83397; Dept. No. 10.

KATHERINE MAY HESS, Plaintiff, vs. DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and mental cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of July, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

9-15-10

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY CORPORATE NAME SHOULD NOT BE CHANGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application of the CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY, for Change of Name.

WHEREAS, an application has been filed in the above entitled Court by the CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY, a corporation, and H. W. DIMOND, J. S. ROLLS, J. H. HUMPHREY, F. E. FARMER and W. B. RYDER, all of the Directors of said corporation, praying that the corporate name of said corporation be changed from the CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY to the CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said matter appear before the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Court Room, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 25th day of October, A. D. 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., and show cause, if any they have, why said application for change of name should not be granted.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for a period of four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be mailed to each stockholder of said corporation, at his last known address, by depositing such copy in the United States Postoffice, directed to such stockholder, with postage thereon fully prepaid.

Dated this 19th day of September, A. D. 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 84,455.

GERMAINE KEYWORTH, Plaintiff, vs. HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's failure to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life, he having the ability to do so; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of September, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. E. ROTHE,

Attorney for Plaintiff,  
948 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

9-29-10

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She—And if you should lose your wife, will you marry me?

He—My only regret is that I have but one wife to lose for you!

## NOTICE OF HEARING OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 84195.

In the Matter of the Application of Richmond Subdivisions Corporation of California for Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that application in due form of Richmond Subdivisions Corporation of California, a corporation duly organized, acting and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation by decree of court has been duly filed in this Court, and said Court having on the 5th day of September, 1917, made its order directing that notice of said application be published for five successive weeks in "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper of general circulation, printed, published and circulated in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Now, therefore, notice is given that the period for the publication of this Notice commences on the 8th day of September, 1917, and expires on the 6th day of October, 1917, and that at any time prior to the said date of the expiration of this Notice any person may file objection to said application.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court this 5th day of September, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. T. KEARNEY,  
Attorney for said Corporation,  
1012 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

9-8-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEON di NOLA, Deceased.—No. 23,272; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of LEON di NOLA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEON di NOLA, deceased.

VINCENT di NOLA,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Leon di Nola, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 29, 1917.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Executor,  
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

9-29-5

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83,219, Dept. No. 16.

SARAH E. MUNCK, Plaintiff, vs. M. G. LOEFLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

Alfred B. Lawson and John Prosek, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: M. G. LOEFLE, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON and JOHN PROSEK,

Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
Grant Building, San Francisco, Cal.

9-29-10

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REALTY IN RENEWAL OF EXISTING MORTGAGES

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 14141; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor.

Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, guardians of the person and estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, having this day filed herein a verified petition for authority to mortgage the real property belonging to the said estate in renewal of the existing mortgages for the period and upon the terms hereinafter stated and it appearing that the making of said mortgage in renewal of the existing mortgages will be advantageous to said estate.

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department Number Ten thereof, on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of October, 1917, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of said Court in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted and an order made authorizing and directing said Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, as guardians of the estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, to make, execute and deliver a promissory note secured by mortgage on the hereinafter described real property or some part thereof and for the sum of three thousand nine hundred (\$3,900.00) dollars or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge of the above-entitled Court shall seem meet, due one year after date with interest at the rate of six (6%) per cent per annum as set forth in said petition, for the purpose of renewing the existing mortgages thereon.

The said real property is situate in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and is bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. Beginning at a point on the Western line of Broadway, distant thereon Northerly fifty (50) feet from the intersection thereof with the Northern line of Fifth Street, as said streets are shown upon the map hereinafter referred to; running thence Northerly along said line of Broadway thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Westerly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Southerly thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Easterly seventy-five (75) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 20, and the Southern five (5) feet of Lot No. 19, in Block No. 54, as said lots and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland on file in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Alameda.

2. Beginning at a point on the Northern line of Fifth Street, distant thereon Westerly seventy-five (75) feet from the intersection thereof with the Western line of Broadway, as said street and way are shown on the map hereinafter referred to; running thence Westerly along said line of Fifth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 23, in Block No. 54, as said lot and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland, on file in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of Alameda.

For all further particulars of said petition you are hereby referred to the same, which is now on file in the above-entitled estate.

It is further ordered that this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 24th day of August, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

G. GUNZENDORFER,  
Attorney for Guardians,  
Holbrook Bldg., 58 Sutter St.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

9-8-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83334.

GERTRUDE R. KNOPLER, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN KNOPLER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

G. C. RINGOLSKY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 805 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN KNOPLER, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal)

8-11-10

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.



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Edited by THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, OCTOBER 13, 1917

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Our Well Mannered Soldier Boys

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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San Francisco-Oakland, October 13, 1917

No. 1312

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## Roosevelt Doing His Bit

Deprived of the pleasure of participating in the war as a soldier Theodore Roosevelt is doubtless grieving, but he is nevertheless playing a useful, if querulous, part. Indeed he is playing what Mr. Wilson might in other circumstances describe as a noble part. Who is so zealous as Mr. Wilson for what the idealists of the inner circles, the college presidents and the intelligentsia call "service?" It is noble to render "service" to our fellow-men, says Mr. Wilson and all the good philosophers and kindly Christians of the class-room and front pews. Indeed the man who does not render "service" is a slacker. "Service" is the cant term of the unco guid. Now, "service" is precisely what Mr. Roosevelt is rendering to his country in this great war, and this despite the studied neglect of him in Washington, notwithstanding the wet blanket that was thrown on his ambitions when he announced his readiness to become either a leader or an obscure subordinate in France. Yes, Mr. Roosevelt is indeed rendering valuable "service," for these are times in which there is need of a Thersites to keep our political rulers mindful of the urgencies and exigencies of a frightful situation; and Mr. Roosevelt is attending to this business in fine style. We know of nobody so well qualified as he to keep the High and Mighty from stewing in the exudations of their self-satisfaction. And he is doing so well in the performance of this self-imposed duty that we have ceased to deplore the little politics that was played to deprive him of the opportunities of conspicuous display on the battlefield.

★ ★ ★

## The Lessons of the Past

Nowadays we are all inclined to sympathize with Mr. Wilson, the all-serene; for we realize that with all his serenity he is sore beset with troubles and anx-

ieties. The magnitude of his task we appreciate, and though we believe that all things considered he has the situation fairly well in hand we feel that a little judicious prodding will be of considerable benefit to the country. Roosevelt is a good prodder. Admitted that he lacks serenity, is perhaps temperamentally impulsive and painfully critical, but may not there be need of painful criticism? Have we not had a little too much serenity? It was serenity that kept us out of war even when common sense pronounced war inevitable. Also it kept us remote from preparedness and tolerant of pro-German propaganda, including Teutonic spies and Shadow Huns of the La Follette brand. Through the years Mr. Wilson was so fearful of disturbing and agitating our emotions that he preached pacifism almost till the eve of the war; and the dear people when they saw a Daniels confusing the navy remained complaisant. We have seen that the dear people are incredibly patient and that their faith in their politicians is inexhaustible. Surely it is high time for them to be aroused. It is really important that their faith should be shaken. We should therefore welcome the Colonel as an alarmist. As a politician eager for office he had his faults but as a patriot he has proved a prophet, and assuredly only the stupid remain insensible of the fact that his warnings were well-founded. Now he is warning us against the serenity of a lackadaisical Administration, and though it is desirable to give Mr. Wilson our whole-hearted support, at the same time it would be well to consider that Vox Populi is about as far from divine as the Kaiser himself. Mr. Wilson is serene but not infallible. If we examine his record closely we shall see that we were living under a comic opera Government from the time Bryan was made Secretary of State and Daniels was appointed Secretary of the Navy down to the days of the Denman-Goethals shipping board. During all the years of procrastination we took it for granted that God was in His Heaven and His appointed instrument in the White House, but nearly all the while Bernstorff was in Washington and as Mr. Roosevelt has pointed out, we had been approaching a disastrous upheaval. Indubitably great blunders have been made, and serenity has not helped us to avoid them. Mr. Wilson was serene when he allowed Mr. McAdoo to drive away the capital that was intent on building up a mercantile marine; again, when La Follette put

through his bill for the benefit of the sailors' union, but now we see that despite his serenity his mind was not working flawlessly. However, he kept T. R. at home, and perhaps that was the best thing he ever did, for Teddy is rendering "service."

★ ★ ★

## Bolo and Bill

A little light reflected on the secret doings of Bolo Pasha seemed to have a bewildering effect on our foremost publisher. Mr. Hearst behaved like a man with blind staggers. Startled by certain invidious implications he gave a good imitation of a person threatened with panic. He fairly frothed at the mouth while fulminating epithets of abuse against sundry individuals whom he threatened to sue for slander. For the first time in his checkered and tumultuous career Mr. Hearst lost his poise. Yet he is as mild a mannered man as ever practiced the fine art of defamation, a man heretofore, when held up to public execration, as has often happened, as unemotional as a fish at the end of the spawning season. How are we to account then for his inflamed behavior in this instance? Why so many red herrings drawn across the trail? Of course Mr. Hearst didn't borrow money from Bolo Pasha. But why blame it on the Plunderbund? Why represent himself as the victim of vicious plutocrats and measly politicians? He almost tempts us to view him with distrust. But really he is not to be suspected of doing business personally with the Kaiser's agent. Yet why so excited about the Bolo Pasha affair? One might suspect that he had been inadvertently involved by one of his own agents. Years ago, it may be remembered, Mr. Hearst suffered from unpleasant complications arising out of a contract with the Southern Pacific Company, but he was able to prove that the deal was made without his knowledge by his business manager. Nowadays Mr. Hearst has many business managers. Perhaps it was one of them that attached him to the pro-German propaganda in such a manner that he has never been able to effect a complete disjunction. Perhaps it is because of the indissolubility of the union and the consequent ineffacable blot on his career that he is now disposed to lose his temper when color is given to an almost universal assumption.

★ ★ ★

## The Mooney Case

The miscarriage of justice is never so lamentable as when the consequence is the



conviction of an innocent man. It is deplorable enough when a man whether innocent or not is found guilty of crime by reason of a wrongful, superheated prosecution; for the prostitution of justice whatever the motive is a great crime against the State deeply to be resented by every citizen. However, in the case of Dynamiter Mooney there appears to be more of an affectation of resentment than the real thing. One receives the impression from this case that the resentment manifested is neither authentically inspired nor honestly indulged. In other words, it has not the complexion of a genuine resentment, of an emotion inspired by sympathy with the law. This impression one receives from the circumstance that Mooney's case was most zealously championed from the beginning by a lawless element and that the presumption of his innocence was first indulged by folks to whom it would never matter very much whether the defendant had a hand in the Preparedness Day outrage or not. The fact is that the fight for Mooney has never had the appearance of a fight for the vindication of justice. The hullabaloo over Mooney is the result of an agitation inspired with class hatred. And notwithstanding the hullabaloo the average citizen has been left cold. Though we all love a square deal, and though it is our duty to insist that Mooney be given a square deal, yet it is difficult to develop a passionate concern for the fate of this particular individual whom we all have reason to believe is a cowardly murderer at heart and who might be hanged tomorrow without causing any heartfelt sorrow. This is

not our fault; it is chiefly Mooney's. It is partly the fault of his active champions whose zeal has been somewhat excessive and has become a species of cant. They have made it appear that they were more eager to bring contempt on the law and its officers than to set Mooney free, and though they have grounded their protestations in professions of concern for justice they have far from impressed us with a sense of purity of motive. Nevertheless it is to be hoped that no injustice is to be done despite the spirit of more or less bitter partisanship that has been generated by the men who have been conducting a nation wide propaganda in the interest of our little colony of anarchists. While it would be to the advantage of the community to have a Mooney hanged occasionally it would certainly be lamentable to accomplish so good an end by so great a crime as the one which Mooney's champions are threatening to commit.

★ ★ ★

#### La Follette and Vallandigham

There is peace in the swamp, though the quiet  
is death,  
Though the mist is miasma, the upas-tree's  
breath,  
Though no echo awakes to the cooing of  
doves,—  
There is peace: yes, the peace that the Copper-  
head loves.

Thus Bret Harte in his poem *The Copperhead* written in the dark days of 1864. It is, by the way, a poem which makes good reading in these days of seditious pacifists. The most notorious of the Copperheads, the loudest of the pacifists during the Civil War, was Clement Laird Vallandigham of Ohio, though Governor

Horatio Seymour of New York ran him a close second. Vallandigham lives in history because Lincoln played a practical joke on him. When Vallandigham was tried by court-martial and imprisoned, Lincoln commuted his sentence to banishment—and sent him into the Confederate lines. That was not treating Vallandigham as some people including Vallandigham, thought he should be treated. Many thought the Copperhead should be killed; the event proved that the wise Lincoln had effectively scotched him. La Follette is the Vallandigham of our day. As Vallandigham misrepresented the purpose of the North in fighting the South, La Follette misrepresents the purpose of the United States in fighting Germany. Vallandigham saw in the course of Lincoln "the change of our present democratical form of government into an imperial despotism." La Follette will have it that we are seeking to dictate a form of government to Germany and to render England's domination of the sea more secure while at the same time permitting what he calls "the triumphant war party" in power to break down our liberty. Vallandigham was a vigorous demagogue; so is La Follette. Vallandigham was wrong-headed; so is La Follette. In his speech in Congress last Saturday La Follette compared himself to Burke and Fox who opposed England's war with the American colonies. But the level-headed public will prefer to compare him with the Copperhead Vallandigham, and will hope that his capacity for making mischief may be curtailed as effectively as Vallandigham's was by Lincoln.

## Lest We Prove Unworthy

By Clinton Scollard

On the sea-swept forelands let the watch fires  
kindle!

On the wind-swept hilltops let the beacons  
flame!

Let our glowing altars neither die nor dwindle,  
Lest we prove unworthy, unworthy of our  
name!

We have chosen the sword and ploughshare  
for our burden;

We have chosen the pathway that leads to  
blood and flame;

Let us march together, with honor for our  
guerdon,

Lest we prove unworthy, unworthy of our  
name!

Though we suffer sorely, though we may be  
stricken,

Let there burn within us a sacrificial flame!  
That our cause may triumph let our courage  
quicken,

Lest we prove unworthy, unworthy of our  
name!

Though it bear us onward through Death's  
shadowed valley,

Bravely let our banner breast the battle  
flame!

Cheers for every star of it! Round it let us  
rally,

Lest we prove unworthy, unworthy of our  
name!



## Varied Types

352—DENIS M. RIORDAN

By Edward F. O'Day

At the beginning of the Great War many Americans found themselves stranded in London, some with letters of credit on which they could get no money from the London banks, others with no money or next to no money at all. To relieve these, it will be recalled, the American Government sent the battleship Tennessee to England with a million and a half of Government money and some three millions in private funds. The funds were in charge of officials of the State, War, Navy and Treasury departments. But in addition to these officials there was on board a personal representative of President Wilson and Secretary McAdoo. This was Denis Matthew Riordan of New York and San Francisco.

It was a signal honor which was thus conferred on Denis M. Riordan. Yet to the American public his name meant almost nothing. It is strange but true that the American public knows less about the big Americans in the mining business than about any other kind of big Americans. Who knew anything about Hoover before the war? And yet Hoover was one of the biggest men in the mining business. And so of Denis M. Riordan; he is one of the very big men in that big business, but his celebrity hardly extends beyond the various branches of the engineering profession. In San Francisco, certainly, Denis M. Riordan is not well known; and yet he lives and has an office here.

The career of Denis M. Riordan is one of the most remarkable of the last half dozen decades. It is a career made through solid worth by one who started without advantages and is today a millionaire and more than a millionaire, for Denis M. Riordan has that high standing among men which comes from a life of high integrity and fineness of character—a standing many a millionaire would like to have but can never hope for.

Denis M. Riordan—I need not indicate the nationality of his parents—was born in Troy, New York, in 1848; so he is now in his seventieth year. He left school at the age of ten; what education he has since acquired—and it is much—has been self-directed. In 1861 the Riordan family was living in Chicago where the father was a carpenter. The thirteen-year-old boy enlisted for the war, only to be taken out of the army by his father. He enlisted again and again, however, and his fifth enlistment at the age of sixteen, stuck. He served with the

Army of the Cumberland, was knocked down by a bullet but not injured at the battle of Nashville, and was discharged at Memphis after Lee's surrender.

Employers looked askance on ex-soldiers in those days, and Riordan had a hard time finding a job. But finally he landed in the shipping office of the firm of Field, Palmer and Leiter, now Marshall Field and Co. But he had a natural liking for out-of-doors, so when he reached his majority and was his own master he went West. He worked as a carpenter in the White Pine district of Nevada. Thence he walked to Virginia City where he arrived with his blankets and \$1.60. After considerable difficulty he got a job in the Chollar Potosi of which I. L. Requa, the father of Mark L. Requa, was superintendent. Then he went to Carson City to succeed W. O. Mills, a nephew of D. O. Mills, as superintendent of the Carson lumber yards under H. M. Yerington. Yerington took a liking to this young live-wire, and before very long employed him as private secretary. In 1878 Yerington sent him to the famous camp of Bodie to take charge of the Syndicate mill.

Riordan was thoroughly conversant with all the manual labor of mining, but he knew nothing of assaying or metallurgy. There was a Freiberg man at Bodie, and Riordan arranged for lessons. He worked in the mill from half-past five in the morning till nine at night, and then walked a mile and a quarter to Bodie to take lessons. That shows the mettle of this rising young man of thirty.

The richness of the ore at Bodie is still a favorite subject with old-time miners. At one time in the Bodie Consolidated the ore was so rich that it kept the tanks, pans and settlers full of amalgam. One day Riordan recovered 900 pounds of gold amalgam, and he sent a telegram to Yerington to that effect.

"Riordan is excited," was Yerington's comment; "of course he means 900 ounces."

But Riordan was not of the excitable kind; he meant pounds. The Bodie ore at that time averaged \$1,000 a ton; some of it ran as high as \$50,000 a ton. Before the Bodie "pocket" was exhausted the stock had gone from 50 cents to \$50 a share, and was paying dividends at the rate of \$5 per share per month.

Riordan's next field of activity was in the copper regions of Arizona. Here he increased his knowledge of mining and embarked on a new line of work—running a lumber mill at Flagstaff and building the Arizona Mineral Belt Railroad. Through no fault of his this was not a pleasant experience. Then followed two years of mineral investigations in the Southern States. After that he was made president of the King of Arizona mine near Yuma. He was still busy with this concern in 1900 when he happened, in New York, to meet a representative of the General Electric Company who asked him if he would examine some copper properties for that company. The General Electric turned over to Riordan seven or eight hundred reports of mines and asked him to investigate them. Out of that great mass of reports and through thorough and exhausting work Riordan advised the purchase of the Shannon property in the Clifton district, one in the Cananea district, the entire Shasta County

group; the Granby at Phoenix, B. C., the Britannia on Howe Sound, the Wall property in Bingham canyon, now the Utah Copper, and two or three others in Mexico. Only miners can appreciate the soundness of this monumental report. Riordan's principals in the General Electric adopted some of his recommendations and ignored others, doubtless to their great chagrin. Riordan is still connected in an advisory capacity with the General Electric.

He is a rich man. Judicious investments begun at the time he got his first big start under Yerington yielded him capital for bigger investments, and today he is rated a millionaire. He was not always working for others. On his own account he developed the La Grange mine in Trinity County from which, in seven years, one million and a half were taken out by the hydraulic process. The mine was afterwards sold to English capitalists represented in this country by Baron de Ropp.

During all his years of hard work Denis M. Riordan was increasing his knowledge of mining and of human nature. He is today one of the big experts on mining; and his wealth of information about his fellow man, obtained though it was in the hard school of rough mining experience, has not made him a cynic or a pessimist. Denis M. Riordan is a kindly, genial man, a great story teller, a lover of good humor. He is charitable and helpful. And by sheer ability he has raised himself to a position where his word is of authority in the inner councils of the national administration.

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## Perspective Impressions

Russian peasants have pillaged Tolstoi's estate. One can hear Countess Tolstoi saying: "What did I always tell you?"

The office of Supervisor can't be seeking all those forty-nine candidates.

Wanted: a baseball reporter who doesn't use military figures of speech.

Women may be the equals of men, but just suppose women were sitting on the exemption boards.

Hearsterics may be defined as a fit thrown by a star-spangled shammy.

It's General Pershing now. Congratulations, Jack!

Hearst is making friends for John Purroy Vanehel.

Suppose Elihu Root had gone to Bolo's dinner, instead of Hearst. Can't you imagine what the Hearst papers would say?

Congress having adjourned, a lot of solons will have time to think up new kinds of damfoolishness.

What member of the House has stood out above the ruck? The answer is easy: Julius Kahn.

The Rominger bill is camouflage for prohibition.

We hope Paul Smith reaps a fortune from his moving picture, because then he may quit making a minor nuisance of himself.

Was there ever a candidate for office who couldn't answer questions satisfactorily?

We no longer feel obliged to apologize for not reading H. G. Wells.

The W. C. T. U. is opposed to sending tobacco to the soldiers. We offer the prize of a bottle of whiskey and a box of cigars for a satisfactory answer to the question: Why is the W. C. T. U.?

It's a safe bet that a lot of women don't knit as assiduously in private as they do in public.

A little emancipation goes a long way with the ladies. How do we know? Well, the hobble skirt is coming back.

However, we shan't bother having our glasses fixed until the slit skirt regains its vogue.

Advice to married women: Before knitting sweaters for soldiers, darn your husbands' sox.

Bowbeer and McGuire are still popular—with the jitney drivers.

Who knows? Twenty years from now the historian of this war may head one of his chapters "The Last of the Hohenzollerns."

The greatest handicap of the man who rises in American public life is the rhapsody chanted over him by the magazine writer.

William Randolph gives the impression of one whose withers have been wrung.

To read the Eastern papers you'd think our success in this war depended on the next Mayor of New York.

Paul Smith has joined one of the oldest professions in the world—that of a showman.

The Greek priest whose wife eloped with his bank roll and another man probably envies the celibate clergy.

## Fifty-Two

By Harry B. Kennon

If memory plays me no trick there is, or was, a street in the city of St. Louis known as Cates avenue. Is there a No. 5012 on that thoroughfare? Is 5012 a vacant wooded space or a residence? If the last, is 5012 the home of a matchless musician? If so, I feel assured that he will pardon the natural curiosity of one who endeavored to deliver his priceless instrument to him without knowing whether he succeeded or not. Cates avenue and 5012 are the only clues.

To begin where the quest began: Madam Warnolsky received.

My only impression of Madam Warnolsky's guests is that they were charming people, charmed with me another and their hosts. The low flow of pleased talk, of which no word remains; the dimness fragrant with incense of cigarettes indulged in as freely by women as by men; the general anticipation of something exquisite in the way of entertainment, was very beguiling. Why I should have been under this spell of expectation I do not know.

Nor can I imagine why Madam Warnolsky invited me. I had never been presented to the lady, had never seen her or heard of her. I only knew that her name was Warnolsky, because it was Warnolsky.

However, if the company was indistinct, Madam Warnolsky was most clearly to be distinguished, from the waist up. I have rarely seen a woman of such amazing bust development. A shadowy, low-cut, black gown and a spread-out necklace of dull jet made the white

expanse appear more expansive. She had beautiful, speaking hands. Whether her arms were shapely or shapeless, I may not say. Her hair was dark, and her eyes compelling; her color high, her nose long and straight, and her wide mouth smiled under mustaches at the corners. She smoked a large, black cigar. Her voice, though somewhat masculine, was cultivated; her conversation delightful, evanescent. Topic melted into topic—every subject of absorbing interest, none interesting beyond the moment. I realized that in Madam Warnolsky I had met the mistress of a salon—an unique experience.

But she, too, shared the suspense of all, if one may call the prevailing, well-bred, suppressed expectation suspense. Now and again her eyes would range to an immense Canton punch bowl such as may be seen in Salem, memorials of New England argonauts, that stood on a teak table in the center of the apartment. That I should have reveled in anticipation, too, that I should have been intrigued by the bowl, seemed entirely natural. That I should have exclaimed "Ah!" when the bowl became fitfully illuminated, quite so. Everybody did the same: Madam Warnolsky exclaimed "Ah!" rapturously.

The illumination of the Canton bowl was from the interior, so flickering that the Chinese ladies leaning from their balconies smiled beneath the flower and fruit-laden greenery; smiled, and waved their fans to Chinese gentlemen going about their affairs with oriental neglect of the feminine. The movement was all rather wonderful—but not so wonderful as the two long, shapely hands playing about the rim of

the bowl and producing ravishing music. At intervals the hands would flutter in the air, and then melody would come from all parts of the room.

Then it was, my eyes fell on the musician—a head only, at the height of a tall man's body: a pale, immobile face with closed eyes, surmounted by a shock of hair the color of a peacock's breast, that caught the light and held it. He held his hands at rest but for quivering fingers. He opened his eyes. The light of them and harmony flooded the apartment. I seemed to drown in it. The company broke out into soft, intense ejaculations: "Compensation! Compensation! Compensation!"

I may have swooned in the general rapture, but remained unconscious of doing anything of the sort; nor do I recall wondering: "Why 'compensation,' or how?" . . . .

Next morning, for morning had inexplicably, indubitably arrived, as light and Madam Warnolsky's changed costume attested, I found myself alone with the lady and the punch bowl.

Madam Warnolsky was disturbed. The musician of the night before had departed, but had left his punch bowl behind. Doubtless he was forgetful, like most musicians. Would I return the punch bowl to its owner? Most assuredly I would. I told Madam Warnolsky so. Much relieved, she placed the precious punch bowl in my hands, told me that the home of its owner was 5012 Cates avenue, and bade me goodbye. And so I set out from Madam Warnolsky's to find 5012 Cates avenue.

It may be imagined that bearing a burden



of the kind would be awkward and inconvenient. Not at all. Imagination when dealing with realities is a poor guide. I carried that bowl with the ease with which a man carries an air in his head. I was as happy in returning his porcelain tool to the artist as was Madam Warnolsky in having it returned. Of such is the kingdom of art.

I came to an old man driving an old horse attached to an old, shackling spring wagon. "Did he know where 5012 Cates avenue was? Would he give me a lift?" He did, and would. But our progress was so exasperatingly slow, as compared with electric cars whizzing in the same direction, that I dismounted and

transferred. The conductor of the car knew all about Cates avenue, would let me off at 5012. Then both he and the motorman vanished into thin air.

I rode and I rode in that self-run car for miles and miles uncounted, and for hours not to be accounted for. I had a very pleasant time. Fear of failure in reaching my destination and delivering my treasure did not once assail me. I just rode. Then, either "the juice" ran out or I came to the end of the line. The car dematerialized. I stood in an Inness landscape, a wooded space where tree trunks loomed black against the sunset glow, all sulphur. I roamed about, hunting for 5012

Cates avenue. For how long, is past telling. Time did not grow in that wood. I kept saying to myself, "Fifty-twelve must be here—must be there." Perplexity began taking toll. I awoke saying "Fifty-twelve, fifty-twelve, fifty-twelve." . . . .

Now I know that there is, or was, a Cates avenue in St. Louis. Is there a No. 5012? Is it the home of a matchless musician with peacock-blue hair? Perhaps. For these be psychic times. Was he trying to send me a message? Did he ever get his priceless punch bowl? If so, will he give me a card to another of Madam Warnolsky's musical smokers? That would be compensation, indeed.—St. Louis Mirror.

## The Cafe de la Paix

By C. Kennett Burrow

Sergeant Dennis O'Reilly—I had known him in the old days in a civilian occupation of no importance—sat in my room, eating strawberries and cream with great enjoyment. He used his left hand because his right was bandaged and in a sling. Like so many soldiers, he would say very little about his own fighting experiences, though he would yarn endlessly about the doings of other men, often with touches so obviously imaginative that one wondered what the stories would be like when he had worked on them, as it were, for two or three months, and given them the final polish.

He had just concluded one of these narratives, when, leaning back in his chair with a sigh of great content, his eye was caught by a bowl of roses standing on my writing table. He stared at them in a puzzled kind of way for a moment, and then, turning to me with a faraway, reminiscent look in his gaze, he said quietly:

"Sure, them roses bring it back same as it might be this blessed day."

"Bring what back?" I asked.

"'Tis a small matter," he said, "but it stuck in my mind like a burr in a shawl. 'Twas the quietness of it, an' the light of evenin', an' the garden like you'd see in a picture."

"If there's any story," I said, "you might tell it. I should like to hear a quiet story."

"Maybe you'd call it a story an' maybe you wouldn't," O'Reilly said cautiously. "There's some'd give it a hard name. I wouldn't be tellin' it to everybody." By way of encouragement I set the bowl of roses on the table before him. He smelt at them meditatively.

"Them others," he said, "was different, but I won't say but these are sweet enough to move the heart in a man."

"Let me hear about the others, O'Reilly," I said. He took another sniff at the blooms and then sat back in his chair, with his eyes half closed.

"Now and then," he said, "'way back over there, you'll chance on a bit of country as neat an' trim as it might be here. There'll be ruin round about, but that bit 'll be sittin' there an' smilin' like it had a soul of its own an' had put

a spell on itself. I wouldn't say but it's likely it might. I've known queer things the way of that in Ireland. Anyway, it was a patch like that I came on one afternoon out beyond."

He paused, smelt again at the roses, and nursed the injured with the uninjured hand.

"It was that still in the blessed sunshine," he went on, "an' that shady with trees, an' the scent of flowers was that strong, I'd a fancy I was back in Balgoyle, only it was different somehow in the look of it. But I wouldn't have been took 'back to see Bridgy Moran as was come dancin' down the white road. Then my eye lit on a cafe in a garden, an' all the roses of the world was climbin' over it. An' there was a notice over the door with 'Cafe de la Paix' painted on it, an' there was a bench an' a table outside on the green grass. Then I knew it wasn't Balgoyle."

"It was France," I said.

"Just that. . . . I stood there starin' like a calf at a new fence. 'Twas all there, waitin' for me, as you might say, but never a step did I take towards the place for five minutes, maybe. There was never a soul in sight, an' I had it in my mind that if I walked up to the door there'd be no one to answer me. 'Twasn't afraid I was, but the same as you might feel in a church. Well, after awhile I opened the wee gate an' went up to the door, an' it's my belief I walked on my toes for fear I'd make a noise."

"You certainly wouldn't do that in Balgoyle," I said.

"That's the truth. . . . The door was open, an' I peeped through it into a room as cool as a dairy an' as pretty as a picture. There was a white cloth on the table, an' food an' drink, an' in the corner was a cradle with a child asleep in it. Now, I had a fierce thirst on me by reason of the dust an' the sun, but I says to myself, 'Sure, if I knock, the childeen 'll wake up, an' maybe cry,' an' I hadn't the heart to put my hand out to the door. 'Tis my belief I'd have gone back on my toes the way I came if a woman hadn't come to the door, an' she with a finger to her lip. 'Is it wine you'll be wantin'?' says she. 'I'd thank you for that same,' says I; 'an' maybe a bite of anything you might have about the place. An' I'll take it,' says I, 'out on the grass there, for I wouldn't disturb the child for the world.'"

O'Reilly's eyes were now closed, and the fingers of his uninjured hand, resting on the table before him, moved in a curious, caressing way.

"Well," he said, "I sat down by the little table on the grass, an' the woman brought wine an' a length of white bread an' cheese that had a strange look to it. I disremember to have tasted the like of that wine before. 'Twas livin' red, same as the sun was in it, an' it went to the heart like a song."

He paused, shot a glance at me, and closed his eyes again, still making the caressing movement with his fingers.

"I hadn't the courage to look well at the woman," he said, "till I'd tasted the wine, an' that was a strange thing for an O'Reilly. I wouldn't say she was beautiful, the same as Bridgy Moran—for she's like a spring day for the quickness an' brightness of her—but there was that about her made a man feel better in himself. I could tell by the look in her eyes she was the mother of the childeen in beyond. I sat an' looked at her sideways-like, turnin' over a word to say, an' she standin' there on the grass waitin', as it might be. 'It isn't here,' says I, 'that you get great trouble by the war.' 'War!' says she. 'What war?' 'Why,' says I, 'the war that's tearin' the world to tatters.' When she shook her head I went cold to the scalp. 'Why,' says I, 'don't you hear the guns far away, this blessed minute?' 'Guns!' says she. 'What ails the man?' An' when I cocked my ears, divil a sound of a gun was there! Only the bees buzzin', an' the wind in the trees, an' the roses rustlin' like silk. I hadn't a word left to my tongue. Sure, thought I, she has me bewitched, an' I'm best away out of this."

The movement of O'Reilly's fingers stopped. He opened his eyes wide and looked at me.

"Believe it or not," he said, "there it is. There's some 'd put it on the wine, or say I was dreamin', or give it a hard name. I'll dispute with no man about it. If it was a dream it came from the right place. But I'm not one to quarrel with my own eyes, an' I can feel the wine on my tongue an' smell the roses this minute."

I did not cross-examine him. I was content to leave it at that.

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# The Spectator

## The Moral Outlook

"The fight to make the world safe for morality is proceeding satisfactorily on all fronts."

Thus spake the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock in answer to his pal Gus Hartman who had blown into the pendulum room in the Ferry tower and casually asked for "an earful of the latest."

"The allies are timing their blows against the Huns of vice," continued the clockwinder. "Engaged on all fronts at once and unable to shift reinforcements from one point to another, the Huns of vice may be expected to commence a strategic retreat almost any time. That at least is the way the head strategists of the cause of virtue dope out the situation."

"If you'd be a little more perspicuous I might penetrate your meaning," said Hartman who can sling words when he's aroused.

"True," said the clockwinder. "Well then, it is believed among the allies that this war against vice will be won on the western front. That's San Francisco. So Generalissimo Paulsmith is launching an offensive all along the line, staking the issue on a moving picture calculated to put the devil in Hell and cop a few cold dollars for the canny generalissimo's private purse."

"I wonder how far Paul will go with that picture," said Hartman.

"As far as Film Censor Peter Peshon will let him, you may be sure," replied the clockwinder. "But if the picture is dirty, Paul's cloth won't save him. Corporal Peshon will land on his artistic temperament like a ton of vitrified brick."

"I see Paul says there's no reason he shouldn't make money out of the picture," commented Hartman.

"The man's work is getting coarse," said the

clockwinder. "He's becoming careless. The Call is spoiling him. But what could you expect from a newspaper run by a sob sister? The chances are that Paul always thought in dollars, but he had the cleverness to conceal his silver thoughts under a golden silence. Now he sees easy money in the offing, and the vision has made him daffy. If Generalissimo Paulsmith doesn't watch out he'll be caught in his own barrage fire and the Huns of vice will outflank him and roll up his line."

## On the San Jose Front

"As I understand the campaign," continued the clockwinder, "San Jose may be compared to the eastern front. Things are terribly disorganized on the eastern front. That boob Stidger made an advance without securing his line of communications, and the result is that the soldiers of morality have been all cut to pieces."

"I take it that you refer to the onslaught on the Eighth Infantry," said Hartman.

"You take it as it should be took," said the clockwinder. "And Stidger took it that way too. He took it 'on the lam,' as my esteemed friend Billy the Fink would put it. In other words, being scared stiff that the soldiers he lied about would tear down his steeple and make him eat it, Stidger beat it for the friendly purlieus of Los Angeles where a lying preacher is a commonplace feature of the landscape."

"How do you explain an outbreak like this latest of Stidger's?" asked Hartman.

"It can't be explained," confessed the clockwinder. "No sane man is capable of understanding a Stidger or a Chaplain Livingston. I have a hunch that such creatures are suffering from preacher-paralysis of the truth-telling apparatus, but that's only a theory."

"Will Stidger come back?" asked Hartman.

"To San Jose?" said the clockwinder. "Perhaps. And then again he may get a convenient 'call' to some other field of endeavor where his odor of sanctity will be fragrant in the nostrils of the godly."

"The odor of tar and feathers would suit him better," said Hartman.

"You are almost worthy to be a Christian, Gus," said the clockwinder.

## On the Long Beach Front

"But to continue my analysis of the war," said the clockwinder who was wound up as thoroughly as his clock. "General Rominger is to be seen, gloomy as a war cloud in the Balkans, advancing from the south with his bill brandished above his head. General Rominger is ready for a long campaign. He doesn't go into action till November, 1918. But the munition factories have piled up immense stores of misinformation and garbled statistics and wholesale slanders, and poor old John Barleycorn is going to have a devil of a time holding his trenches."

"I see there were 611 arrests for drunkenness during September in bone-dry Seattle," said Hartman.

"Undoubtedly those were 611 agents of the booze trust who got drunk on purpose to give the cause of prohibition a bad name," said the clockwinder. "At least, that's the way the man from Long Beach will explain the figures."

"Did you hear about the latest scandal at Long Beach?" inquired Hartman.

"Have they had another?" exclaimed the clockwinder in surprise.

"You bet they have," said Hartman. "A lot of school teachers, both men and women, were caught violating the rooming house ordinance, also using the beach for immoral purposes. Several of them left Long Beach in a hurry to avoid arrest and haven't been heard from since."

"Poor Rominger," said the clockwinder. "He hails from a tough place, doesn't he? But a little thing like that can't affect the great war to make the world safe for morality. Long Beach may be a little eccentric sexually, but it's sound on the great issue of rum, Rominger and rebellion. And now, please, Gus, run away. I'm expecting a visit from Matt Sullivan."

At the mention of the name of San Francisco's boss Gus Hartman faded.

## "Whose Ox Is Gored?"

During the past few days William Randolph Hearst has given us an exhibition of fury. The sacrosanct name of Hearst was mentioned in the disclosures concerning the New York intrigues of Bolo Pasha. Immediately Hearst threw a series of conniption fits. He gave a good imitation of a man bitten by a mad dog, barking, snapping and frothing at the mouth. He threatened suits by the wholesale. He spattered everybody in sight with vituperative epithets. And all for what? All for one of those things which many, many men have suffered at the hands of Hearst, but which Hearst himself has not learned to suffer. Known by all the world to be pro-German, Hearst flew into a rage because by a reporter's mistake his name had been connected with the names of those notorious German arch-spies Boy-Ed and von Papen. When the mistake was corrected Hearst's rage refused to abate. The incident is worth study because it shows that Hearst can be sensitive himself, though his career has been distinguished by complete disregard for other people's feelings. Hearst has crushed many men, has cruelly wronged many; but he cannot stand the gaff. The whole incident adds to our knowledge of the Hearst psychology, and I am going to devote a few paragraphs to it.

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### Hearst in a State of Mind

Let us traverse the ground in this Bolo-Hearst affair and note how Hearst reacts to the sort of unpleasant notoriety he is continually bestowing upon others. On last Thursday Attorney General Lewis of New York was quoted by the Associated Press as stating that Hearst had entertained Bolo Pasha at dinner at his home, and that later Bolo had given a dinner at which were present Hearst, Jules Bois, Boy-ed and von Papen. Some eight hours later the Associated Press wired a correction to all its correspondents throughout the country. This correction was to the effect that Lewis had been misquoted in the single item of the presence at Bolo's dinner of Boy-ed and von Papen. In other words, the Associated Press had made a mistake in including the names of Boy-ed and von Papen in its first dispatch. It had made such a mistake as any news service is likely to make, and it took proper steps to correct that mistake. Very different, this, from the mistakes so often made by the Hearst International News Service—"mistakes" which led to the exclusion of the I. N. S. from Great Britain and Canada. And yet this mistake of the A. P. wrought Hearst up to a terrible state of mind—Hearst, mind you, who is a newspaperman and knows how easily mistakes may be made, and who has made a few himself in the course of a not infallible career.

### Friday's Three Counter Attacks

On Friday, the day following the A. P. mistake and its correction, the Hearst papers contained three articles in reply and retaliation. First of all there was what is called "a news story" wherein Lewis was quoted as repudiating the insinuation that Bolo Pasha had sought to corrupt American newspapers with his slush fund. This insinuation had not come from

Lewis and could not be read into the original A. P. dispatch which had carried these words: "It was explained by the attorney general that the editor's (Hearst's) relations with Bolo were purely social, as far as he was aware." In addition to this "news story" Hearst gave out two statements, one not being deemed sufficient. In the first statement Hearst declared that the "statements and innuendos" of Lewis were not true. This despite the fact that there were no innuendos in Lewis's statement, and the one misquotation of Lewis by the A. P. had been adequately corrected. This statement ended with a threat that Hearst would "proceed against the small attorney general of the great State of New York for petty and premeditated slander made in conspiracy with rival newspapers in the interest of his already defeated candidate for Mayor." Here we see Hearst accusing Lewis of slander and conspiracy, although Lewis had accused him of nothing except social relations with Bolo Pasha. This first statement of Hearst's was given out before the A. P. had made its correction of the mistake in the first dispatch. The second pronouncement of the anguished publisher was issued, it appears, after the correction had been made by the A. P. It spoke of "a conspiracy to defame," lugged in the mayoralty fight in New York, rapped "rascally public plunderers and controlled newspapers and unscrupulous politicians." Hearst reiterated his threat to hold Lewis responsible for his "false statements and libelous insinuations," and declared further that he intended to sue the Associated Press and every newspaper which had printed the dispatch, particularly "the newspaper publishers who conspired with Attorney General Lewis to concoct and issue this tissue of falsehoods with intent to injure and defame." The question naturally presents itself: What tissue of falsehoods? Lewis had been misquoted concerning Boy-ed and von Papen. Was that a tissue of falsehoods concocted by Lewis? And where was the conspiracy? It looks as though Hearst lost his head, as though he was frenzied.

### Saturday's Outburst

On Saturday it took Hearst about one thousand words of black-face type to ease his mind further on this subject. "One by one the falsehoods and malicious slanders in Attorney General Lewis' statement are being punctured and proven untrue," the excited publisher begins this statement. The sentence excites interest. Ah, the reader says to himself, more inaccuracies have been discovered in that A. P. dispatch. And the reader reads on to find out what they are. But the reader is doomed to disappointment. The falsehoods and malicious slanders which are being punctured one by one are not even two in number. Hearst is speaking in this superheated rhetorical manner of the same

old misquotation to the effect that Boy-ed and von Papen were at the dinner, the misquotation amply corrected two days before by the A. P. In this Saturday statement Hearst calls Lewis a rascal and declares once more that he is going to sue "the whole lot of scurrilous newspapers and unscrupulous politicians," etc., etc., etc. He is eager now to find out "what particular big blackguard is back of the whole scheme." Once more Hearst connects the affair with the mayoralty election in New York. And he tries his best to make it appear that the man whose relations with Bolo Pasha need investigation is J. Pierpont Morgan who did some of Bolo's banking. This statement is twice as long as either of Friday's and one-half as strong. It suffers from the weakness of repetition. It suggests that Hearst is writing himself out.

### Brisbane to the Rescue

On Sunday, finally, the Hearst papers devoted a great deal of space to an editorial defense of Hearst published by the Washington Times. The Washington Times changed hands not long ago. Its ostensible purchaser was Arthur Brisbane, Hearst's chief editorial writer. In newspaper circles, however, it is understood that the paper actually passed into the control of Hearst, Brisbane acting as his agent in the purchase. The Washington Times is not the only paper which Hearst is supposed to own sub rosa, as it were. Such holdings are valuable when Hearst wishes to make it appear, as in the present case, that other newspaper proprietors are defending him or indorsing his stand. And so we find Hearst (per Brisbane) defending himself at great length in an editorial reprinted from the Washington Times. "The journalistic political blackguards that combine to attack William Randolph Hearst," this editorial begins, causing us to suspect that Hearst wrote it himself and wired it from Los Angeles where he has been sojourning, to Brisbane at Washington. We read of "journalistic rats" who run to their holes, "squeaking explanations as they disappear head first." And then the editorial goes on to elaborate what Hearst has said in previous statements. It ends with this gem which blinds the eyes with its radiance—no matter whether Hearst wrote it, or his chief scribe Brisbane:

Citizens who read attacks on Hearst, owner of a chain of big and honest newspapers throughout the United States, should realize what the country owes to him. It is thanks to him more than to any other man, that the corporations are compelled from time to time to realize that the kind of newspaper you can buy isn't worth owning, and the kind of public official you can hire is unable to deliver the goods. There is not a rascal in the State of New York, from the New York Central Railroad trying to steal the people's streets, down to the miserable blackguard newspaper man trying to curry financial and social favor with

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Hurrah for Hearst! Three cheers and a Tammany tiger!

#### Advertising Gerard's Book

The enterprising "Jimmy" Gerard went to Oakland to inform, astound and predict, and he did all three. But it is for a commercial lesson that the former Ambassador to Germany will be remembered on the east side of the bay. The Gerard reception was, perforce, a brief one. "Jimmy" was rushed from Key Route to City Hall, and from City Hall to hotel. He shook a lot of hands, ate a luncheon served in his honor, and then delivered one of his characteristic "messages." It was all interesting and exciting and the big surprise was held to the last. As the crowd filed out of the room where Gerard held forth young men at the doors saw to it that each was given an advertisement, with return post card attached. The advertisement announced that the Ambassador's book would soon be off the press, told where it might be purchased, and the amount of money necessary to seal the bargain!

"Shades of Bill Bryan!" murmured one Oakland man, "I'll bet the Chautauqua circuit won't overlook this precedent."

#### The Davie Recall

The eight thousand persons who signed the Davie recall are the popular ones in Oakland these days. Not only are open communications addressed to them in the newspapers but visitors are sent to wait upon their doorsteps and in their ante-rooms. The Davie forces have until Monday morning to secure 1,900 withdrawals and they are losing no time. Stories of intimidation are being received at the recall headquarters. Some of the signers, it is said,

have been told that unless they withdraw their names they "will get into trouble," will have a lot of newspaper notoriety, possibly will have to go into court, and that they will be responsible for a sharp rise in taxes. So many are these intimidators and so varied are their arguments that something like consternation has resulted in the Davie camp. "We ask you for the sake of Oakland's present and future welfare not to sign any paper or card concerning the recall," reads an appeal sent out by Perry Burlingame, Mrs. S. C. Borland, W. H. Graham, C. H. Johnson and Mrs. C. E. Wilson. In the Davie camp there is a determined examination of the names already filed and some rare finds have been reported. One man, it is said, has signed three times and there are some who have signed from addresses which are not to be found. One dead man's name is there and the names of three who have been out of the city for years are included. If the recall movement reaches an election without getting into the courts the open prediction of the streets will have proven false.

#### Asmodeus in Oakland

D'Annunzio in a drama written long before the war tells of a man who accompanied the devil to a place of eminence where both might look down through the roofs at the lives of the inhabitants of a great city. The man saw little chapters out of a great many stories: he looked upon tragedy, comedy and scandal and he understood something of the soul or spirit of a city. Now in a clubroom on the top floor of a high building in Oakland something of the same kind is being done. One of the members has presented the club with a telescope and it is mounted for the use of all in a window. Of a Sunday morning it is the particular pastime of this club to turn the telescope in all directions upon Oakland. Glimpses of the life in apartment houses, in the hotels, the parks and the highways are to be had, and it is said that bidding for the opportunity to look often becomes spirited. Of course these men are merely serious-minded students of human nature and are using the telescope only to further their studies. Nevertheless, if certain persons in Oakland knew that a spyglass was being trained upon them they would change their ways or—pull down the curtain.

#### Row Over Lincoln's Statue

Some time ago Charles P. Taft, brother of the ex-President, commissioned George Grey Barnard to make a statue of Lincoln for the city of Cincinnati. George Grey Barnard is a great sculptor, as those who have seen his "Great God Pan" in Central Park, New York, or his sculptures for the Pennsylvania capitol at Harrisburg, will readily admit. He tackled the Lincoln commission with eagerness, and the result was a statue which pleased Charles P. Taft mightily. Indeed, it pleased Mr. Taft so much that he decided to offer replicas of it to the cities of London and Paris. It pleased others besides Mr. Taft, including Colonel Roosevelt and John S. Sargent. In the opinion of the one and only Colonel the statue is bulky, and the great Sargent said that he "had no words in which to tell Mr. Barnard how much he liked it." On the other hand, the late Joseph H. Choate declared that it was "horrible," the adjective which local art critics used to apply to those cast-iron effigies of himself which ole Doc Cogswell had a weakness for standing on end in our public places. Just as positive as Choate in his disapproval of the Lincoln statue

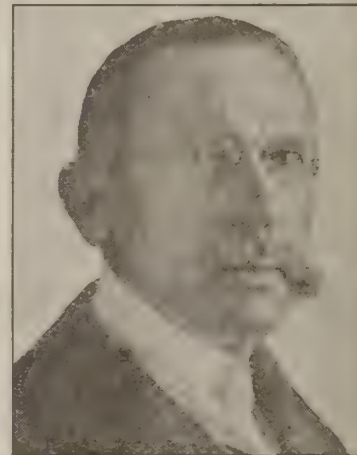
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is one whom many people are inclined to regard as the final authority, namely, Robert Lincoln, the son of the President. Robert Lincoln says the statue shows "a monstrous figure, which is grotesque as a likeness of President Lincoln and defamatory as an effigy." As in all matters of art—witness our exciting row over the plans for the State Building in the Civic Center, also the squabble over the statue of the Pioneer Mother in front of the Palace of Fine Arts, also the controversy over the statue of Hall McAllister in front of the City Hall—this debate is bitter, acrimonious. Those who hold with Roosevelt that the statue is bulky, point with pride to the indorsement of Sargent. Those who hold with Robert Lincoln insinuate that Sargent used words carefully to conceal his real meaning—and indeed, his language is ambiguous. But there is one aspect of the matter which would repay study. That is, to determine whether a son is competent to pass upon the statue of his father. Robert Lincoln may be the last man in the world capable of saying just what President Lincoln looked like. We do not see our parents as others see them. Suppose Balzac had a son living when Rodin made his famous statue. Would not that son have headed the party which insisted that Rodin's Balzac was monstrous? And yet that statue is today regarded as a masterpiece.

#### Ford's Friend Rosika

It has just come out that when the notorious Russian traitor Colonel Nekrasoff was in New York intriguing with von Bernstorff, the enemy of his country, one of their meeting places was in the apartment of Rosika Schwimmer. This must be unpleasant news for Henry Ford. It was the vivacious, the fascinating Rosika who induced Henry Ford to charter the peace ship Oscar II and set off with a cargo of nuts to take the boys out of the trenches. Most of the trouble aboard that floating menagerie arose when Dr. Aked and others found that Rosika dominated Henry and that the manufacturer of fivvers was not open to any advice but hers. Previous to her participation in the Ford peace crusade Rosika was known in New York as a pacifist—she was one of the first to grasp the convenience of pacifism as a disguise for sinister activities. Rosika was variously described as an Austrian and a Hungarian. There is now no doubt about her loyalty to the cause of the Central Powers. And so we see that the comic interlude of our days of neutrality—the sailing of the Oscar—was engineered by a devoted friend of Germany, an intriguante on close terms of intimacy with von Bernstorff, one of the negotiators with the purchasable Nekrasoff. How does Hank feel about all this? And how does Dr. Aked regard the matter?

#### Noted Engineer and Educator Coming

The engineering and educational professions of the bay cities are interested in the expected visit of Dr. Ira N. Hollis, president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. Dr. Hollis is also president of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. He is one of the foremost and best known of the engineering profession in the country. He is an Annapolis graduate of the famous class of 1878 and was one of the active force in building the White Squad-



HENRIETTA CROSMAN AND DODSON MITCHELL

In a scene from "Erstwhile Susan" at the Columbia

ron of those days. In addition to his years of service with the navy he was professor of marine engineering at Union College and held the chair of engineering at Harvard from 1893 to 1913. A dinner will be given in his honor October 25 by the Joint Engineering Societies, consisting of the American Society Mechanical Engineers, American Society Civil Engineers, American Institute Mining Engineers, American Institute Electrical Engineers and American Chemical Society.

#### Tavern Delights

The friends of Techau Tavern, and they are legion, continue to approve of the Tavern's delightful feature of presenting every afternoon to its lady patrons from 25 to 35 bottles of Stearns' Suprema toilet water, and after each

souvenir dance in the evenings a large box of Melachrino cigarettes to the gentlemen, and Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume favors to the ladies. The supremacy of the Tavern's Sunday night dinners and entertainments has been absolute and unquestioned since it inaugurated the policy of presenting every Sunday evening continuous entertainment by a corps of vocal and instrumental artists of the highest class. Every Sunday evening finds the Tavern comfortably crowded with the best people of San Francisco.

Mrs. Jocelyn: Don't you miss your husband very much now that he is in the army?

Mrs. Golightly: Oh, not at all. You see, he left me plenty of money, and at breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of his place and half the time forget he really isn't there.

## SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

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## Our Well Mannered Soldier Boys

By Helen M. Bonnet

A simple little letter in The Chronicle "Safety Valve" has been haunting me since I saw it a few days ago. "Please speak about the soldiers' manners" it said, and went on in praise of the deportment of the boys in khaki. Well deserved praise it was. Surely all of us have observed it, but the refined manners of our soldier boys are so general that we carelessly omit to compliment them. Singly and in groups one sees them in the street cars, hotels, cafes, theatres and the shops, but one never hears any loud talk or sees any boisterous behavior. They labor hard physically, but are never too fatigued to rise with alacrity to give women in the street cars their seats. They don't ogle pretty girls. Not one Sammy have I seen, officer or private, swaggering himself to attract the public eye, but all proceed upon their ways with the sublime self-unconsciousness of youth. They are the flower of young American manhood which has suddenly appeared uniformed before our eyes, causing American hearts to swell with pride, causing American souls to expand with confidence in the legions who defend us, making us want to sing joyfully, "America for the Americans!" These soldiers with innocence still curving around their boyish lips, their bright eyes looking out steadfastly, their white teeth flashing, their smooth skins glowing, their well-kept hands so strong and willing, their lithe figures, represent the very heart of our country; for they have come just as they are now fresh from American homes and schools and enterprises; it is our American rearing which has made them so splendid. Their manners reflect their instincts and training. Of the hundreds I have encountered, city youths and country lads unsophisticated from California ranches, not one have I seen deficient in bearing or "conduct becoming an officer and a gentleman." The American gentle-

man is the finest gentleman in the civilized world, the one who holds woman on the highest plane and aspires, not to bring her up to his own level, but to climb proudly to hers. All our American soldiers are gentlemen, I rejoice to say, and the many who have had the advantages of social training have manners as polished as those of the much boasted European officers. Not only are they sound to the core but they have polish as well. The country farm hands and factory workers who have become our defenders show a natural courtesy which speaks volumes for their good hearts and brave spirits.

Many kindly disposed patriotic people and units in the city try to make life pleasant for the soldiers. The Y. M. C. A., Father Philip O'Ryan of the Richmond District have provided lounging rooms for the enlisted men and the good ladies who have established the soldiers clubs in the Palace and the Monadnock Building are all doing good work.

I would like to suggest that our civilian men go out to the training camps and visit the soldiers often and take them to their homes to dinner. Of course, any man wishing to do so should have a credential, say from the Defense League, that he is an American citizen and a respectable person. There are many among our army men far from home and friends and mighty lonely in this big town. To sit at a home table with "the folks" would make many a boy feel less a stranger. Even considering the h. c. l. one does not need to be rich to provide occasionally for an extra place at the table for a brave lad with a healthy appetite. I know of a wealthy family on Jackson street who often entertain a young man from Idaho, their former home. One evening he told them that he felt selfish and unhappy because, he said, "I have this lovely place to come to and enjoy all your

kindness while so many of the boys are so lonesome and haven't any friends that I feel as if I ought to stay there with them and be lonesome too." So, citizens of San Francisco, go out to the training camps and bring a soldier or two home now and then. If you have servants, so much the easier; if not, mother and the girls will cheerfully do the cooking and feel honored to be able to offer hospitality to boys who gladly offer their lives to defend our homes. Of course this is not a new suggestion but one which can't be made too often. And, citizens, don't pick out the most ornamental soldiers or the ones who look as if they would be jolly guests—they will be looked out for, most likely. Select the ones with the homeliest faces, the least polished exteriors, who otherwise would be left for pitfalls in their lonely craving for diversion. After all, how can you distinguish in the movies a real hero from an actor representing one? In a second by the hero in real life's betraying awkwardness and self consciousness facing the camera. Besides every one of our soldier boys is good looking and polite, only some are more so than others. All that I've said about the soldiers applies as well to the navy as to the army. Indeed, as a mark of special attention to the sturdy sons of the sea, why not take them out often in your automobiles? They go to battle on the dangerous waters to protect you, so take them about and let them feast their eyes upon this fair and fertile land. Don't be afraid of spoiling them,—the American boy can stand an awful lot of petting. Who shall say that it is not because our boys have never been repressed that they have so marvelously adapted themselves to military rule? They, having been brought up in freedom, will never commit any atrocities when they subdue the foe.

## Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

### The Popularity of "Bob" Koshland

"Bob" Koshland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Koshland, is captain of a company training at Camp Devens in Massachusetts. And he is the most popular young officer in that camp. So great is his popularity that the Springfield Republican, perhaps the most conservative newspaper in the country, devoted more than half a column to him a few days ago. Here are some excerpts from the article:

"Five feet eight inches tall and wearing a heavy coat of tan from exposure in the Plattsburg and Ayer camp suns, this young officer can be found any day looking after the comfort of the 30th, 'Springfield's Own.' His slender frame is tough and rugged enough to withstand a campaign on the fields of France. Captain Koshland is not a New Englander; in fact he comes from San Francisco, 3000 miles away. It was in that coast city that the head of 'Springfield's Own' was born, and it was there that he received his first schooling. Like most 'native sons,' this youth chose the University of California in which to study. Military training is a part of the course at the university, and Captain Koshland soon became one of the most enthusiastic college soldiers.

He found time to go out for the swimming team, and made his letter in that sport. With his newly received sheepskin in his trunk Captain Koshland who was just plain 'Bob' in those days, bade farewell to the snow-capped mountains and the fertile valleys of the coast. That was in the summer of 1914. He headed for Boston, and there became connected with a large woolen business. An itching to get back into military life made Captain Koshland forego a vacation and a possible trip to sunny California a year ago. He went into training with hundreds of other men in Plattsburg. During the winter he successfully passed his examination for lieutenant. And when the Plattsburg camp opened in May this lieutenant was there in an endeavor to rise higher. He did, and today one finds him in charge of a company. Men of the 30th company swear by Captain Koshland."

### Answered Mrs. Atherton's Appeal

Not long ago Gertrude Atherton made an appeal through the New York papers for women to go to France and help in her pet war charity, Le Bien-Etre du Blesse. Marquise d'Andigne is the head of this charity in Paris. In asking

for helpers Mrs. Atherton wrote: "Any one who goes must expect to work. War relief work is no cinch. Many of the fashionable women who have lived in Paris for years have felt a sincere desire to help the country of their choice in her hour of need, but their pampered pasts have proved stronger than their noble intentions, and they give out again and again." And Mrs. Atherton made it plain that the volunteers would have to pay all their expenses from first to last. Eight women immediately volunteered on these by no means easy terms. Among them, we should be proud to know, are Mrs. Richard Hammond and Miss Marjorie Josselyn.

### A War Wedding

One of the most charming of our war brides is Mrs. George Blake Lyle, formerly Miss Louise Queen, who bade her husband goodbye and Godspeed the other day when the latest of the drafted men entrained for American Lake. Mrs. Lyle is a daughter of the well known Queen family. The romance which culminated in a pretty wedding was known to the friends of the young couple, and all were delighted with their happiness, tinged though this hap-



pinness was by the necessity of their parting in the midst of the honeymoon. George Blake Lyle has made a name for himself in the local field of illustrating, and he had to forego some very tempting contracts for advertising posters when his country called him to the colors. He is the son of Mrs. Sara Kelly Lyle, and the grandson of the late James R. Kelly, for many years president of the Hibernia Bank. He is a popular member of the Olympic Club for whose magazine *The Olympian* some of his most effective posters and cartoons were made. Young Mrs. Lyle saw her husband leave for Camp Lewis with all that smiling bravery which is expected of a loyal American girl.

#### The Monterey Jockey Club

California is promised a Piping Rock Club. The Monterey Jockey Club makes the promise, and its first racing will be given over the course at Del Monte opening Saturday, November 3, and continuing to Saturday, November 10. There will be two days' intermission for the special match series of the Del Monte Polo Club, while the racing week special handicap will be played off in its various flights on the mornings through the week. The 26th Artillery Regimental Band will give concerts on the lawn at Hotel Del Monte in the mornings, and two notable dances and salon concerts are down on the club's roster of events for racing week. Scores of motoring parties are being organized, for the trip down from the city can be made easily in a little over four hours upon perfect highways.

#### No Racing for Profit

The Monterey Jockey Club will race for the zest of the sport, not for stockholders' profits. All earnings will go into stakes and purses or the improvement of the club's racing facilities. However, the proceeds of the coming meeting will go to the fund for Christmas comforts for our boys in France. Next spring the club will race twelve days and again in the autumn for a like number of days, and thereafter these two meetings will be observed annually. The gentlemen of the Monterey Jockey Club will breed and race their own horses. The club will

strictly observe the spirit of the Walker-Otis law just as the Jockey Club and the Piping Rock Club have done in their attitude towards the repressive anti-racing Hart-Agnew law in New York. The club has chosen John H. Rosseter as president with D. C. Jackling, Walter H. Dupee, Edward Cebrian and R. J. Mackenzie as vice-presidents. S. F. B. Morse is the treasurer and J. S. A. Macdonald the secretary. The racing committee includes William Mayo Newhall, S. F. B. Morse, J. O. Tobin, George Wingfield, John H. Rosseter, Fred W. McNear. Among the honorary presidents are August Belmont, H. R. Huntingdon, W. H. Crocker, Harry Payne Whitney, A. K. Macomber, L. J. Rose, A. B. Spreckels, C. W. Clark, James L. Flood and Charles Sutro.

#### Harpischord Recitals

Three harpischord recitals by Frances Pelton-Jones will be given in San Francisco and Oakland under the direction of Paul Elder in the near future. The first will be at the St. Francis on Tuesday evening, October 16, when the programme will be selections from the music of the Elizabethan and Shakespearean era to the eighteenth century. For the second event on the following Thursday afternoon at the same place Miss Pelton-Jones has chosen the period of the Rococo, from Rameau to Mozart, for her programme. On the following Thursday afternoon, October 25, a third recital will be given at the Hotel Oakland, illustrative of the reign of the harpischord. Each of the programmes will be preceded by a short lecture on ancient instruments and early musical art forms. Miss Pelton-Jones is acknowledged as a harpischord virtuosa.

#### At Hotel Oakland

Dr. M. Cartwright and daughter Laura of Albuquerque, Mexico, and David Cohen of the same place will spend a month at the Hotel Oakland. R. Dixon of Santa Rosa is there on a business trip. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Maze and Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Maze of Modesto motored down and will remain for about two weeks. Mr. C. R. Ingles of New Zealand has taken apartments for the winter. W. Bernard and wife of Salt Lake will stay about six weeks. Mrs. W. Thornburg and daughter of Turlock are there on business and pleasure and will remain about three weeks. V. G. Barr and wife of Globe, Arizona, are registered. Miss Margaret Oleese has returned to the hotel after a delightful vacation. Amongst others who have taken up their residence at the hotel are J. W. Dougherty and family of Pleasanton; Mrs. Alice M. Biddle of Hanford; Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Frazer of Reno; Mr. and Mrs. John P. Hill of Philadelphia; Mrs. F. L. Wilds of Carson City; Mrs. W. S. Phelan of Oakland.

#### At the Whitcomb

Mrs. R. B. Mitchell of 2211 California street gave a luncheon of eight covers the other day. Mrs. D. E. Leighy of 1326 Fifteenth avenue entertained the same number of guests at luncheon, followed by bridge in the Sun Room on the Whitcomb roof. Another luncheon hostess was Mrs. C. W. Mark of 320 Broderick street who had six guests. Among recent guests were Mrs. Paul Rosseter of the well known Los Gatos family, and her charming daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Drury came up from Del Monte a few days ago and took an attractive apartment. They have been entertaining quietly at luncheon and dinner parties. The hotel continues to attract a great many distinguished Hollanders going to and from the Dutch East Indies.

#### At the Cecil

The Pompeian room was the setting for the delightful bridge party at which Mrs. E. V. Foote was hostess Monday evening. The guests included Mesdames Elizabeth Pratt, Charles Walker, Eugene Davis, C. B. Kenyon, Lewis Moore, B. R. Keith, Howard Turner, W. L. Clapp, George Henry, L. N. Armstrong, S. B. Zeigler of Paris, Dr. Damkroeger and Miss Clara Wilson. Mrs. M. C. Smith arrived from Manila Monday. Mrs. A. M. Burns presided at a handsomely appointed luncheon Monday in honor of her daughter Mrs. Louis Long who came up Sunday from her home in Santa Barbara. Dr. and Mrs. F. B. Reardan, U. S. A., are the motif for much entertaining. Mrs. G. E. MacGregor of New York and her daughter Miss Dorothy will spend the autumn months at the hotel. Dr. and Mrs. George Orr of Cincinnati have engaged apartments for the winter. R. H. Hagood and family are being greeted by old friends. They will not return to their home in Manila until after Christmas.

#### Promenade Concert at Fine Arts

What promises to be one of the outstanding events of the season will be held at the Palace of Fine Arts on Friday afternoon, October 19, at two o'clock, when the first of a series of Promenade Concerts will be given under the patronage of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst who will be the hostess of the occasion. A score or more of patronesses will contribute to the social success of the occasion; while a programme of orchestral and vocal music will assure the artistic success of the event. The concert is being given for the maintenance fund.

#### Colonel McClure Lectures

Colonel S. S. McClure who has just arrived in San Francisco from the Far East, will give two lectures here under the direction of Paul Elder on the results of his study of conditions in the Orient. This Saturday, October 13, he will lecture on the Orient. Benjamin Ide Wheeler presides. On Sunday the 14th Colonel McClure will discuss the question "Is the Open Door in China Safe?" Judge John F. Davis will introduce Colonel McClure on this occasion. The lectures will take place at Scottish Rite Auditorium, beginning at 8:15.

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## The Stage

### No Play for a Man With a Conscience

"Nothing but the Truth," now at the Cort, is supposed to be a farce. It was written by James Montgomery, a farce-writing fellow whose perpetrations are pretty well known among the theatregoing gentry of the East. At times it closely resembles a farce. And occasionally it smells like a farce. But it is not a farce, and neither Max Figman, unquestionably a most accomplished farceur, nor Lolita Robertson, beyond doubt a charming actress, can ever make it over into one. "Nothing but the Truth," to make a very poor pun, is nothing but the truth. It tells of the futility of trying to be honest in a world of knaves and fools, which is the tragedy of this artificial age. Montgomery may have been attempting to be funny when he wrote it, but if he was he seems to have gone about his funny business in a quite strange manner. It is even possible to accuse him of cynicism. And it is very probable that if the complacent camoufleurs who love the dishonesty of convention because they are afraid to break its bonds are able to see beneath the surface of his play they will sick the dogs upon him instant. Twentieth century people do not like to look facts in the face; they are especially resentful, in truth, when this particular fact is slapped at them. And if a man be brave enough to expose realities mercilessly and bold enough to tear away the masks of idealism and sentimentalism behind which the unpleasantnesses of life try to hide, he must prepare quickly to flee the wrath of the professors and the paulsmiths, who will brand him a cynic and a maker of paradox and other unintentionally complimentary things. It is dangerous indeed to call a spade a spade nowadays; one must call it a shovel or be set down forever as a common gardener. Yet Montgomery appears to do this. Whether unconsciously or with valor aforethought matters not. The point is that he appears to do it, and to the discerning appears to do it well. In the not-too-far-fetched situations of "Nothing but the Truth"—situations resulting from the efforts of a modern young

businessman to win ten thousand dollars from the father of his fiancée by telling the unpolluted truth for twenty-four hours—the sham and the pretense and the hypocrisy, some of it petty and some of it monstrous, which must be cultivated and practiced by him who would bask in the evanescence of material success, is uncovered and revealed in all its ugly, rotten meanness. Of course the young man cannot tell the truth and keep his friends; of course he cannot refuse to prevaricate and retain his social standing! Neither, as long as he persists in being honest, can he hold his job or his self-respect! And the girl herself, for whom he is endeavoring to win the money so that with it she may do her father out of ten thousand more, is just about to desert him as a loathesome fellow lacking the instincts of a gentleman when the expiration of the twenty-four hours unstraps him from the chair. And here is perhaps the cleverest touch of the entire three acts: After the bet is off, and the young man is privileged to fabricate as in the times before its making, he proceeds to lie like a trooper to regain what he lost by telling the truth! Figman, as the temporary paragon, is intensely amusing. And Miss Robertson is as pretty and as engaging as ever. But the light of these two stars is not bright enough to outshine the x-ray of the piece itself. Verily, "Nothing but the Truth" is likely to be enjoyed only by those who having eyes see not and having hides feel not; it is no play for a man with a conscience.

—Thomas Lloyd Lennon.

### Madame Matzenauer Sings

Impresario Healy was fortunate in having an artiste of such high rank as Mme. Margaret Matzenauer to inaugurate his concert season and it has been a delight to San Francisco's song lovers to find a new star in their musical firmament, for this is the first time that Mme. Matzenauer's light has illumined the west. Many people here at once placed her among the world's greatest singers, while an equal num-

ber, though conceding her greatness, found her lacking in that inexplicable essential which bestows divine right upon a singer. I am of the latter group but feel that this mysterious quality she probably possesses (otherwise she could hardly have achieved her present pinnacle of success), but merely that it is temporarily absent. Musicians are the most sensitive beings in the world and there possibly is something which oppresses this artist, seeming to deprive both her voice and personality of spontaneity. I have seen this happen to Schumann-Heink, Nordica and even Melba when they had gripping cares. At the time, I grieved profoundly, thinking their wondrous powers diminished; but, presto! each regained her sovereignty with the flitting of her cares. So my experience teaches me to expect a more impressive, appealing Mme. Matzenauer later on. Her art is irreproachable and her voice has a commanding brilliance, power and range. Her interpretations are intellectually dramatic and her enunciation is a rare delight. Her voice, like her person, is heroic and if the Auditorium were three times as large she would suffer no embarrassment in trying to be heard. Her Jeanne d'Arc number, "Du Christ Avec Ardeur," was a superb portraiture. To me, it was her best number, for her "Liebestod" while exultantly splendid, was without tenderness. This, as an occasional dropping from pitch upon a sustained note on Sunday, her only concert which I attended, I attributed to the possible fatigue of soul. She gave a long, varied programme and was gracious about encores. She is very good looking, has a handsome figure, and only Mary Garden of all the famous singers is so stylish. She has one very rare beauty, a mouth which, when she opens it to sing, reminds one of a rose. Miss Erin Ballard, a dainty young girl with the loveliest red hair imaginable, played accompaniments so charmingly as to justify the good judgment of that wizard of accompanists, Frank La Forge, in selecting her for her very important post.

—Helen M. Bonnet.



GUS EDWARDS' "BANDBOX REVUE"

Next week at the Orpheum



**The Cherniavskys**

Music lovers of this city who had the pleasure of hearing Leo, Jan and Mischel Cherniavsky at their concerts last season, will welcome them on their return to the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon. These three famous brothers, Leo, the violinist; Jan, the pianist; and Mischel, the 'cellist, will give but two concerts here on this visit and these will take place tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon and a week from tomorrow, both programmes to be played in the Columbia. Each of the brothers is in the virtuoso class, and a recital by any one of them would interest serious music lovers anywhere and with the three playing solo numbers as well as ensemble works, the event becomes a musical feast of importance. The beautiful programme to be played tomorrow (Sunday) will be as follows: Trio, B Flat Major, Op. 99, Schubert; Violoncello Concerto, A Minor, Goltermann. Piano solos: (a) Organ Tocatta and Fugue, D Minor, Bach-Taussig; (b) Two Items from "Reveries d'Automne," Rebikow; (c) Military March, Schubert-Taussig. Violin Concerto, D Minor (first movement), Tschai-kowsky. Trios: (a) Romance, Glinka; (b) Serenade, Arensky; (c) At the Stream, de Boisdeffre. The final concert of the Cherniavskys takes place a week from tomorrow, October 21, and will offer an entirely different programme, but one of equal attractiveness. Mischel will play the Boellman violoncello "Variations Symphoniques." Jan will play a Chopin piano group. Leo will play the Paganini Concerto in D Minor, and the brothers will unite in the Gretchaninow Trio, Op. 38, in C Minor. Tickets for both concerts on sale at Sherman Clay, Kohler and Chase, or the the-

atre, or they may be secured at the Columbia any time after 10 o'clock tomorrow.

**Alma Gluck Coming**

Among announcements of musical interest, there is none that brings a keener expectation of pleasure than the news that Alma Gluck is to be heard here on Sunday afternoons, November 4 and 11, at the Columbia and on Tuesday night, November 6, in the Oakland Auditorium Opera House. This most delightful soprano has won ardent admirers all over the country. She has limited her concert appearances, so that only fifty or sixty cities will have the opportunity of hearing her this season. Miss Gluck has sent a copy of the programmes which she will give here to Manager Oppenheimer of the Greenbaum office, under whose direction she will appear. They are gems of song selection, works of Bach, Mozart, Spohr, Beethoven, Schubert, Loewe, Brahms, Reger, Richard Strauss, Debussy, Glinka, Moussorgsky, Rachmaninoff, Vogrich. The first programme includes "The Only Voice" by William J. McCoy, the local composer. The second programme is of equal beauty and includes works by Rameau, Mozart, Haendel, Ott, Rachmaninoff, Paladilhe and Rimsky-Korsakow, and arrangements by McCoy, Zimbalist, William Armes Fisher and Fuentes. Sig. de Stefano, the famous harpist, will be Madame Gluck's as-

sistant. Miss Eleanor Scheib will preside at the piano. Mail orders should be sent as soon as possible to the Will L. Greenbaum Attractions, care of Sherman Clay. The limited capacity of the Columbia assures a complete sell-out for both concerts and mail orders will take precedence. Enclose money order or check and stamped envelope for the return of the tickets.

**La Scala Grand Opera at Cort**

The large number of mail order reservations already made assure the success of the two weeks' season of grand opera to be given at the Cort by La Scala Grand Opera Company beginning October 22. San Francisco is obviously hungry for grand opera worthily presented. The fine impression made by Messrs. Berry and Behymer on the occasion of their previous local season, the list of notable songbirds promised for the forthcoming season, the assurance of productions of the first class, have combined to create great interest. The international celebrity Maggie Teyte, who is as popular as any opera star before the public, will be guest star, but the organization boasts of many other artists of repute, notably Ester Ferrabini, Nina Morgana, Giuseppe Gaudenzi, Roberto Corallo, Mario Valle, Italo Picci and others who are well known to San Francisco opera lovers, either through appearances here



MAGGIE TEYTE

The great soprano, guest artist of La Scala Grand Opera Company coming to the Cort October 22



ALFRED HERTZ

The distinguished conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra which opened its seventh season at the Cort Friday



or by reputation. There will be a chorus of forty, principals to the number of thirty and an orchestra of forty under the baton of Chev. Fulgenzio Guerrieri. Following is the repertoire for the first week, in which, it will be noted, the more popular Puccini operas play a prominent part: Monday, October 22, "La Tosca," with Ferrabini; Tuesday, "La Boheme," with Teyte; Wednesday matinee, "La Tosca," with Ferrabini; Wednesday night, "Rigoletto," with Morgana; Thursday, "Mme. Butterfly," with Teyte; Friday, "Carmen," with Ferrabini; Saturday matinee, "Mme. Butterfly," with Teyte; Saturday night, "Lucia," with Morgana.

#### Gus Edwards' Revue at Orpheum

Gus Edwards' "Bandbox Revue" which is described as "a youthful fantasy," will be the headline attraction next week at the Orpheum. It has been specially arranged to exploit the talents of Georgie and Cuddles, Edwards' two most famous proteges. Although still youngsters, they have grown in stature and in years since last seen here. "The Bandbox Revue" is said to be more elaborate than any of Edwards' previous efforts. He secured Jean Havez to write the lyrics and James Gorman to stage the marching. The melodies are entirely Edwards' and are of the typical Edwards variety. With the two principals is associated Vincent O'Donnell (the Kid McCormack), Goldie Crusader, Marie Hall, a company of entertainers and a chorus of beauty buds. Al Herman who is described as "the black laugh" is a black-face monologist of the impromptu kind. Santly and Norton are popular singers and comedians.

DIRECTION OF PAUL ELDER

### FRANCES PELTON-JONES

#### THREE HARPISCHORD RECITALS INTIMES

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 8:15  
THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 3:30

#### HOTEL ST. FRANCIS

Tickets \$2.00, \$1.50, Boxes \$15.00, \$12.00. On sale at Paul Elders's, St. Francis News Stand

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 3:30

#### HOTEL OAKLAND

Tickets \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00. On sale at Hotel Oakland, Sherman & Clay's, Oakland; Paul Elder's, San Francisco

### SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ - CONDUCTOR

#### FIRST SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT CORT THEATRE

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 14, AT 2:30 SHARP

#### PROGRAM:

Beethoven ..... Overture, "Coriolanus"  
Brahms ..... Variations on Choral, "St. Anthony"  
Rachmaninoff ..... Symphony, E Minor

PRICES: Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats, \$1.50  
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert day;  
at Cort concert day only

NEXT—Sunday, October 21—1st "POP" Concert



Come  
This Saturday Afternoon  
October 13  
at 3 sharp to

#### SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

to hear and to meet  
personally

### Margaret Matzenauer

(The Greatest Singer Ever Heard Here)

IN A MATINEE MUSICAL AND RECEPTION,

Assisted by Miss Erin Ballard, Pianist

Seats 75c to \$2 on sale now at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s  
and Kohler & Chase

The Reception immediately follows the musical programme

Their act includes a few minutes at the piano. Miss Frankie Heath, a singing comedienne of great popularity who is thoroughly original, will present four song stories written for her by Blair Treynor. Her accompanist is Eben Litchfield. Colonel Diamond has decided at the age of 81 that he is too young to have an elderly woman as his dancing partner, therefore he now trips with his granddaughter. The Three Jordan Girls are among the most capable and attractive exponents of the wire. Georges Marck's Jungle Players in "The Wild Guardians" and John B. Hymer's comedieta "The Night Boat" will be the only holdovers. A special added attraction will be the second episode of the British Government's official war motion picture "The Retreat of the Germans at the Battle of Arras."

#### Henrietta Crosman in "Erstwhile Susan"

Henrietta Crosman and a splendid supporting company in "Erstwhile Susan" will be seen at



FRANCES PELTON-JONES

Who will give harpischord recitals under the direction of Paul Elder at the St. Francis October 16 and 18  
and at the Hotel Oakland October 25

the Columbia for two weeks beginning Monday. It is said that never before has Miss Crosman delighted her admirers more than by her impersonation of Juliet Miller, the elocutionist from Iowa, in the quaint and humorous comedy of Pennsylvania Dutch life in which she is now appearing. "Erstwhile Susan" is described as a play of various appeals. To those who enjoy humorous situations it is a broad and laughable comedy. It is said that the role of

(Continued on Page 18)

### LEO - JAN - MISHEL CHERNIAVSKY

VIOLIN - PIANO - CELLO

A TRIO OF VIRTUOSI

#### COLUMBIA THEATRE

Tomorrow (Sunday Afternoon) at 2:30

Schubert trio; Golterman 'cello concerto; Tchaikowsky violin concerto; piano and other trios

Sunday Afternoon, October 21, at 2:30

Beethoven 'cello variations; Chopin piano group; Paganini violin concerto and Gretchamow trio

Tickets, 50c, \$1.00 and \$1.50, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Kohler & Chase's and Theater.

Chickering Piano Used.



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#### COLUMBIA THEATRE

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS, NOVEMBER 4 AND 11

AUDITORIUM OPERA HOUSE, OAKLAND  
TUESDAY NIGHT, NOVEMBER 6

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O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

GUS EDWARDS' "Bandbox Revue" with GEORGIE CUDDELS, VINCENT O'DONNELL, and Chorus of Beauty Buds; MISS FRANKIE HEATH, in Song-Stories; COLONEL DIAMOND & GRANDDAUGHTER, Youth and Old Age; JORDAN GIRLS, Comely Trio of Wire-ists; "THE NIGHT BOAT"; GEORGES MARCK'S JUNGLE PLAYERS; AL HERMAN, "The Black Laugh"; SANTLY & NORTON, Singers (with Trimmings).

#### Special Added Attraction

The Greatest Fighting Picture Ever Made

#### THE SECOND EPISODE

"THE RETREAT OF THE GERMANS  
AT THE BATTLE OF ARRAS"

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays):  
10c, 25c, 50c.

### CORT

LEADING THEATRE

Ellis and Market

Phone Sutter 2460

2d and Last Week Starts Sunday Eve., Oct. 14

Anderson and Weber Present

#### MAX FIGMAN

In the Greatest of all Farces

#### "NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"

Nights and Saturday Matinee, 50c to \$1.50

BEST SEATS \$1.00 WEDNESDAY MATINEE

Next—Oct. 22—LA SCALA GRAND OPERA CO.

### Columbia Theatre

The Leading Playhouse Geary and Mason

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Two Weeks Beginning Monday, October 15

Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays

#### HENRIETTA

#### CROSMAN

In the Comedy with the Message of Gaiety and Kindness

#### "ERSTWHILE SUSAN"

By Marian De Forest (Founded on Helen R. Martin's Novel "Barnabette")

Evenings 50c to \$2. Matinees 50c to \$1.50



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The stock market showed a little more snap the past week and prices were advanced fractionally throughout the list. Sentiment was a little more optimistic due to the fact that almost everything in the way of bad news had been discounted and the adjournment of Congress is welcomed as bringing definite relief to the unsettled feeling produced by the legislative experimentation of the last month, and a period of optimism in financial circles is already in the making. There was also a feeling of patriotic spirit upon the inauguration of the campaign for subscription to the coming bond issue. It is a foregone conclusion that this will be a success, as it should be. Every individual and corporation in the country, regardless of all other matters, will undoubtedly do their utmost to make the subscription impressive. Soon after the early strength, liquidation again appeared as it has on every rally recently and the effect was soon noticeable in lower prices for rails, then in coppers, steels and other stocks. A survey of the general situation and conditions surrounding the stock market leads to the conclusion that temporarily at least a big investment market is not to be expected. While call money was easier at lower rates it was without significance as the financing had been completed at a uniform rate of six per cent. Railroads continue to make poor showing. The gross earnings continue to show large increases but the net shows a corresponding decrease. Baltimore and Ohio stock has been on the decline for the past week and on the publication of its quarterly report the stock broke below 60 with only a fractional recovery. The traction stocks were weak; Brooklyn Rapid Transit and Interboro seemed to be for sale on every little bulge with the latter selling at practically its lowest price in years. The tobacco stocks were under pressure led by United Cigar Stores. This company will get hit hard by the new tax plan and the pool that has been instrumental in putting this stock up recently, dissolved itself, which resulted in a quick break in the stock and carried the other tobacco shares with it. There was really nothing special in the general news to account for the selling toward the end of the week but the general opinion seemed to be that if money conditions are such that bankers will not permit a bull market, then a decline is inevitable. The market is at just that uncertain condition where the public is ill at ease.

**Corn**—Prices are somewhat above the level of last week at this time, and during the early part of the week were still higher. The market showed a very good tone at times, and on the advance attained a level that had not been reached for some time. Probably a rather extensive congested condition existed, and this interest was fairly well eliminated on the up-

turn. The removal of this condition left the market in a rather weak technical state, and the result has been the gradual loss of most of the recent gain. Primary receipts for the week were somewhat above last week's movement, and the shipments were also larger. Cash prices are firm and continue at very strong premiums. There is considerable demand and quite equal to the supply available even at present prices. Light to heavy frosts were quite general throughout the corn belt but as nearly all of the corn that will make corn is out of the way of frost this was not considered bullish. There is very little foreign demand and shipments abroad are light. Argentine shipments are also light, due to the inferior quality of the crop, it is said, and also the upset conditions in that country because of strikes. Supplies abroad are regarded as being low, for the reason that shipments from America and Argentine are much below that of last year's volume. Viewed from the standpoint of world food conditions and the very moderate stocks of corn every place there appears to be little likelihood of any lower prices for December and May especially as present cash prices are so much higher than the futures. Even with a crop of unusual size, the movement would have to be very large, and continue so for a long time, to make any durable impression on prices. Conditions abroad promise a considerable demand when the crop is matured. Declines take place from technical conditions and we believe such losses will be recovered and expect prices to be higher eventually.

**Cotton**—There was no mistaking the trend of the cotton market the past week. Prices advanced daily until at the close of the week the market is up above the 26 cent level. The holding attitude of the farmer seems to be at the bottom of the market. At a farmers meeting in the South it was the unanimous opinion that 30 cents was to be the minimum price for cotton this year and all farmers were urged to hold their cotton. Wet weather in the eastern belt as well as prospects of frost was an added factor with private estimates of a crop around twelve million bales. Spot cotton in the South is selling well above the New York futures and there is no reason to expect much of a decline in futures until this congestion is relieved. There is no weakness to any of the leading spot markets. In the face of all this the bearish element have been trying to hold the market in check. With the farmer financially strong buyers will have to submit to his terms. The theory heretofore has always been that during the month of October the market should decline, as the farmer is compelled to sell, and the resulting movement is large. It may be well, however, to understand that this past condition was not the result of any written or

unwritten law, but simply because of the financial necessity of the planter. At present he is not compelled to sell, and a glance at the in sight figures should prove very convincing. We do not advocate the buying of cotton, however, on such a bulge as is now on and believe notwithstanding the bullish situation the price is so high that a reaction can be expected at any time which would make for a safe place to buy cotton for a long pull.

## VALUABLE INFORMATION

Of a Business, Personal or Social Nature  
from the Press of the Pacific Coast

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## German Savings and Loan Society

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JUNE 30, 1917

Assets .....	\$64,566,290.79
Deposits .....	61,381,120.63
Reserve and Contingent Funds .....	2,185,170.16
Employees' Pension Fund .....	259,642.88
Number of Depositors .....	65,717

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P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and  
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For the 6 months ending December 30th, 1916,  
a dividend to deposits of 4% per annum was  
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PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST



## STAGE

(Continued from Page 16.)

Juliet Miller is one of the most difficult roles Miss Crosman has essayed, since its successful interpretation necessitates a sustained emotional effort through scenes of whimsical comedy. Joseph Riter, Miss Crosman's manager, has surrounded the star with players of the first rank. The play is mounted with great care.

### The Sunday Symphony

The seventh season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, begun so brilliantly on Friday afternoon at the Cort, under Alfred Hertz, gives promise of being the most successful ever given in this city. The Cort was crowded to capacity, as will be the case at all of the Friday events. It is to meet this condition that the series of Sunday symphonies is given, when the Friday programme in its entirety, interpreted by the full orchestra under Hertz, will be repeated. The only difference lies in the time of starting, which is 2:30 on Sunday, as against 3:00 on Friday, and the prices which, on Sunday, are half those for the Friday events. The concert this Sunday will be a repetition of the opening programme. The first part consists of Beethoven's dramatic overture "Coriolanus" and Brahms' beautiful variations on Haydn's choral "St. Anthony." The second part is devoted to Rachmaninoff's First Symphony in E Minor.

### Figman's Second Week

Max Figman will begin the final week of his engagement in "Nothing but the Truth" at the Cort Sunday. Messrs. Anderson and Weber, the producers, have given Figman an excellent supporting company headed by charming Lolita Robertson and including Mac M. Bevins, Frederick Trobridge, Clem Bevins, William Friend, Adelaide Hastings, Margaret Allen, Emily Murray, May Doherty and Thurley Ross. On Monday, October 22, La Scala Grand Opera Company comes to the Cort, with Maggie Teyte.

### Matzenauer Matinee

Madame Margaret Matzenauer, the great singer from the Metropolitan, assisted by Miss Erin Ballard, her solo pianist and accompanist, will give a matinee-musical and reception at Scottish Rite Auditorium this Saturday at three o'clock. In addition to seeing and hearing the artist those in attendance will have the pleasure of meeting her personally. Madame Matzenauer has selected from her repertoire those songs best adapted to such an affair. The programme: Cara mio ben, Giordani; Aria, "Suicidio" from Gioconda, Ponchielli; La Folletta, Marchesi, Madame Matzenauer; Improvisation, McDowell, Miss Erin Ballard; Stille Traume, Schumann; Botschaft, Immer Leiser wird mein Schlummer, Brahms; Spinner Liedchen, Reimann, Madame Matzenauer; Romance, Debussy; Pauvre Lasques, Guedron; Printemps nouveau, Vidal, Mme. Matzenauer; Etincelles, Moszkowski, Miss Erin Ballard; Retreat, Take, O Take Those Lips Away, La Forge; Dawn in the Desert, Ross; Blackbird's Songs, Scott, Madame Matzenauer.

### First "Pop" Concert

On Sunday afternoon, October 21, the first concert of the "pop" series will be given, with Alfred Hertz conducting. The "pop" series last year met with fine support and was the means of developing interest in the more serious events. At these "pop" events Conductor Hertz aims to give compositions of more obvious appeal than on the Friday and Sunday programmes of the regular symphony series, and they are certain to prove a source of pleasure to those who prefer good music in the more popular forms.

### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of ADELE MAGENDIE, a Minor.

LIZZIE MAGENDIE, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Guardian of the Person and Estate of Adele Magendie, a minor, having filed herein her duly verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing her as such guardian to renew to French American Bank of Savings, a corporation, a certain mortgage now sub-

sisting in its favor upon the interest of said minor in certain real property in said petition and hereinafter particularly described, and it appearing that it will be advantageous to said minor and to the estate of said minor that said mortgage be renewed, it is by the Court

ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said Adele Magendie, a minor, do appear before this Court, Department No. 10, thereof, at its Courtroom in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 5th day of November, 1917, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause if any they have why a certain mortgage subsisting in favor of French American Bank of Savings, a corporation, upon the interest of said minor in certain real property in said verified petition and hereinafter particularly described, should not be renewed upon said interest or some part thereof of said minor in said real property and mortgaged to said French American Bank of Savings, a corporation, for the sum of \$19,000.00, as prayed for in the petition of Lizzie Magendie, the duly appointed, qualified and acting guardian of the person and estate of said minor, or for such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet. Reference is hereby made to said verified petition on file herein for further particulars.

Said real property, the property to be mortgaged, is situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Jackson Street distant westerly thereon one hundred seven (107) feet and six (6) inches from the westerly line of Montgomery Street; running thence westerly and along said southerly line of Jackson Street fifty (50) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly nine (9) feet and three (3) inches, more or less, to the northeasterly line of Columbus Avenue; thence southeasterly and along said last named line seventy-eight (78) feet and eleven (11) inches, more or less, to its intersection with a line drawn at right angles to said southerly line of Jackson Street through the point of commencement above described, and thence northerly and parallel with said westerly line of Montgomery Street sixty-three (63) feet and ten and  $\frac{1}{4}$  (103 $\frac{1}{4}$ ) inches, more or less, to the southerly line of Jackson Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty Vara Block No. 68.

2. COMMENCING at a point on the northwesterly line of Market Street distant northeasterly thereon thirty-six (36) feet and one and  $\frac{1}{4}$  (1 $\frac{1}{4}$ ) inches from its intersection with the easterly line of Sanchez Street; running thence northeasterly and along said northwesterly line of Market Street seventy-seven (77) feet and six and  $\frac{1}{2}$  (6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly two (2) feet and six and  $\frac{1}{4}$  (6 $\frac{1}{4}$ ) inches, and thence in a southerly direction one hundred twenty-five (125) feet, more or less, to the northwesterly line of Market Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 98, and the interest of said minor therein is an undivided one-half (1/2) thereof.

It is further ORDERED that this Order to Show Cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the date of hearing of said petition in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 3rd day of October, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,  
Attorney for Guardian.  
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-134

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.  
of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for October 1, 1917.

State of California  
City and County of San Francisco—ss.  
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John J. Dwyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOHN J. DWYER,  
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1917.

(Seal)

JULIUS CALMANN,  
(My commission expires May 29th, 1921.)



LEO, JAN AND MISCHEL CHERNIANSKY

The famous trio of soloists who appear at the Columbia tomorrow afternoon and a week later in splendid programmes



## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83397; Dept. No. 10.  
KATHERINE MAY HESS, Plaintiff, vs. DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and mental cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of July, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-15-10

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY CORPORATE NAME SHOULD NOT BE CHANGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application of the CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY, for Change of Name.

WHEREAS, an application has been filed in the above entitled Court by the CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY, a corporation, and H. W. DIMOND, J. S. ROLLS, J. H. HUMPHREY, F. E. FARMER and W. B. RYDER, all of the Directors of said corporation, praying that the corporate name of said corporation be changed from the CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY to the CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said matter appear before the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Court Room, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 25th day of October, A. D. 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., and show cause, if any they have, why said application for change of name should not be granted.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for a period of four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be mailed to each stockholder of said corporation, at his last known address, by depositing such copy in the United States Postoffice, directed to such stockholder, with postage thereon fully prepaid.

Dated this 19th day of September, A. D. 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 84,455.

GERMAINE KEYWORTH, Plaintiff, vs. HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also on the ground of defendant's failure to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life, he having the ability to do so; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of September, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. E. ROTHE,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
948 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-10

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He—Why—er—yes, of course; but why pick on poor Friday?

## NOTICE OF HEARING OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 84195.

In the Matter of the Application of Richmond Subdivisions Corporation of California for Voluntary Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that application in due form of Richmond Subdivisions Corporation of California, a corporation duly organized, acting and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, praying for the voluntary dissolution of said corporation by decree of court has been duly filed in this Court, and said Court having on the 5th day of September, 1917, made its order directing that notice of said application be published for five successive weeks in "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper of general circulation, printed, published and circulated in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California. Now, therefore, notice is given that the period for the publication of this Notice commences on the 8th day of September, 1917, and expires on the 6th day of October, 1917, and that at any time prior to the said date of the expiration of this Notice any person may file objection to said application.

Witness my hand and the Seal of said Superior Court this 5th day of September, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. T. KEARNEY,  
Attorney for said Corporation,  
1012 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-8-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEON di NOLA, Deceased.—No. 23,272; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of LEON di NOLA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEON di NOLA, deceased.

VINCENT di NOLA,  
Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Leon di NOLA, Deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, California, September 29, 1917.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Executor,  
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-5

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83,219, Dept. No. 16.

SARA E. MUNCK, Plaintiff, vs. M. G. LOEFLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

Alfred B. Lawson and John Prosek, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: M. G. LOEFLE, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served, within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON and JOHN PROSEK,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
Grant Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-10

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REALTY IN RENEWAL OF EXISTING MORTGAGES

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 14141; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor.

Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, guardians of the person and estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, having this day filed herein a verified petition for authority to mortgage the real property belonging to the said estate in renewal of the existing mortgages for the period and upon the terms hereinafter stated and it appearing that the making of said mortgage in renewal of the existing mortgages will be advantageous to said estate.

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department Number Ten thereof, on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of October, 1917, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of said Court in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted and an order made authorizing and directing said Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, as guardians of the estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, to make, execute and deliver a promissory note secured by mortgage on the hereinafter described real property or some part thereof and for the sum of three thousand nine hundred (\$3,900.00) dollars or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge of the above-entitled Court shall seem meet, due one year after date with interest at the rate of six (6%) per cent per annum as set forth in said petition, for the purpose of renewing the existing mortgages thereon.

The said real property is situate in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and is bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. Beginning at a point on the Western line of Broadway, distant thereon Northerly fifty (50) feet from the intersection thereof with the Northern line of Fifth Street, as said streets are shown upon the map hereinafter referred to; running thence Northerly along said line of Broadway thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Westerly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Southerly thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Easterly seventy-five (75) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 20, and the Southern five (5) feet of Lot No. 19, in Block No. 54, as said lots and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland on file in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Alameda.

2. Beginning at a point on the Northern line of Fifth Street, distant thereon Westerly seventy-five (75) feet from the intersection thereof with the Western line of Broadway, as said street and way are shown on the map hereinafter referred to; running thence Westerly along said line of Fifth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 23, in Block No. 54, as said lot and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland, on file in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of Alameda.

For all further particulars of said petition you are hereby referred to the same, which is now on file in the above-entitled estate.

It is further ordered that this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 24th day of August, 1917.  
THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

G. GUNZENDORFER,  
Attorney for Guardians,  
Holbrook Bldg., 58 Sutter St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 9-8-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83334.

GERTRUDE R. KNOBLE, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN KNOBLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

G. C. RINGOLSKY, Attorney for Plaintiff, 805 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, California.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: JOHN KNOBLE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.



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wherever you are!

In the offices, banks, mills,  
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and little towns.

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In frozen Alaska, where  
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are dangerous.

In tropical jungles.

In navy ward-rooms, on  
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whiff of the right cigarette  
is a "wireless" from Home.

On ranches, golf links,  
ocean liners, campuses, in  
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hotels, stock exchanges, leg-  
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layman or professional man  
gathers.

Wherever the FLAG flies  
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Greeting!

MURADS are THE  
Turkish cigarette, aren't  
they?

They DO stand the test.

They DO smooth over the  
rough places and make the  
smooth ones more delightful.

You have smoked MUR-  
ADS, and YOU KNOW.

And you have told the man  
shoulder to shoulder with  
you, about MURADS.

It is YOU who have made  
MURADS the greatest sell-  
ing Turkish cigarette in the  
world.

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Why?*

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, OCTOBER 20, 1917

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Charles W. Clark's Incunabula

Oakland's Western Battle Front

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Class Consciousness in San Francisco

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## THE GREAT DEGAS IS DEAD

When the great classical painter of modern France, Ingres, was a young man in Rome his wife had a curious duty to perform in the course of their walks together. If one of the crippled beggars who patrol the city crossed their path Madame Ingres was expected to interpose her shawl between her husband and the ugly sight. Beauty was all he lived for. Now Ingres, in the fullness of time, became the idol of Degas, whose death in Paris at a great age has recently been reported, and Degas was so far from hating ugliness that spent his life extorting beauty from it!

All the anecdotes of this remarkable man point to a rather hard, cynical nature. He lived much alone, even before failing eyesight restricted intercourse with his fellows, and when he went into society he carried with him an almost venomous wit. He had no sympathy with mere phrase making. Whistler's histrionic habit got on his nerves, and on one memorable occasion he rebuked it with scorn, saying to the American, "You carry yourself as if you had no talent." But his tongue was unbridled when his sense of artistic things was irritated. There is the instance of his encountering one of Meissonier's famous military pictures. "Everything in it is of steel, save the swords." George Moore has preserved the master's remark to Manet when the latter was complaining that the world had not given him enough appreciation. "Why you are as well known as Garibaldi," was all the comfort his colleague got from him. In another story, also told by Moore, there is an interesting sidelight on the artist's philosophy. The foppish Comte de Montesquieu—the subject of Whistler's noted portrait—once called upon him and pressed him to go to a ball. "Leave me to my dunghill," Degas said, looking about him in the studio. There was truth as well as satire in the saying.

The technician in Degas was doubled with the social philosopher, and in the latter role his ideas, though often powerful, were of the earth earthy. There are pictures of his, notably of racehorses and of ballet girls in action on the stage, which beguile us altogether through the fire of movement in them, through their elegance and grace. But looking at the works of Degas in their length and breadth, so to say, the life-long preoccupation which they suggest is one with dull, ugly things. It is the fashion, of course, to swallow all those works whole, and in some quarters it is customary to assign a special kind of virtue to the typical Degas subject, as though a hideous maid servant, for example, exposed in the privacy of her bedroom, half nude and wholly repulsive, had something talismanic about her, commending her deplorable fabric to the eye of the artist.

The brief dispatches recording the death of Degas laid stress upon the great commercial value attached to his works. There is a legend affirming that the "Dancers at the Bar" was so prized by M. Rouart, in whose collection it remained for many years, that he had it chained to the wall, and would not let Degas retouch it when he wanted to.

In 1912, when the Rouart pictures were sold, this one was bought by Durand-Ruel for the collection of Mrs. Sears, in Boston, at the price of \$87,000. Some one carried the news to the painter.

"Well, that is curious," he remarked. "It is a picture that I sold for 500 francs."

The difference between the two sums gives a clear enough idea of the extent to which the cult for Degas has flourished.

—Royal Cortissoz in N. Y. Tribune.

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXX

San Francisco-Oakland, October 20, 1917

No. 1313

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## The American Way in Battle

From what General John J. Pershing tells us in his cablegram from France we shall presently make our presence felt in the war as combatants as well as supporters of the peoples who are defending civilization against the Hun. Not yet has the enemy taken our little army seriously. He has not yet deemed it desirable to consider the American system of making war as developed at West Point, but it will soon be revealed to him. Let us hope it may prove at once a surprise and a shock. Already, judging from reports that have leaked through, we have gone about the business of war at sea in our own way, and judging from the views expressed by our leading army officers we shall engage the enemy on land in the same way. Thus far, though the enemy has recently lost the offensive and is no longer setting the pace, he has been playing the game with his own tools and in the manner most suitable to their employment. So for a long period he has enjoyed many advantages, and these may soon be shifted to the American side of the front. Such is the belief of our army officers who have been trained to utilize the infantry as the queen of battle with the artillery working hand in hand and without the domination of either but with the weapons on which American soldiers chiefly rely for success. On the principle of this system the infantry rifle is never neglected. It is recognized as a weapon made to shoot and one that is preferable to bombs, grenades and bayonets. We have learned many lessons from Europe, but we have not lost faith in the rifle and we are training our soldiers with a view to efficiency in rifle fire which we believe is vastly superior to liquid fire. General Pershing is a great admirer of the man with a full magazine, a ready trigger finger and a good eye, and with the aid of this man he will do his best to compel the Hun to play the game in the American fashion.

## Our War Aim

"The world must be made safe for democracy," said President Wilson in that epoch-making message of April second. We are a phrase-loving nation, and that phrase has been used ever since Good Friday as the summing up of our war aim. But now comes Lord Northcliffe and questions it. "The American people are not fighting to make the world safe for democracy," he writes in *Current Literature*, "but to make the world safe for themselves." Doubtless President Wilson will be the first to accept the correction. For Lord Northcliffe is correcting, not a mistake of the President, but a mistake of the *polloi*. President Wilson did not attempt to put our whole war aim into one sentence. It was the man in the street who picked out the striking phrase, repeated it until he knew it by heart, and then forgot the rest of the message. We are in this war to make the world safe for a number of things besides democracy, and more especially, to make America safe for these things by removing the Teutonic menace. Most people have preserved a copy of that war message of the President's. It isn't a bad idea to reread it once in a while.

★ ★ ★

## "Liberty Wednesday"

San Francisco is one of the richest cities in the country for its size and one of the most generous. A good cause never lacks hearty support in San Francisco. What cause could be better than that which the Liberty Loans are financing? So San Francisco may be counted on to give its full measure of support to this second Liberty Loan. For the first one the city did much more than its share, and it is quite likely that the pleasant performance will be repeated. Let us lose no time in setting an example for other communities. Next Wednesday has been designated as "Liberty Day" by the President. It should be a great day in San Francisco. At sunset of Liberty Wednesday San Francisco should be able to report a total subscription to the Liberty Loan which will make other great cities sit up and take notice. In such a cause as this friendly rivalry should be stimulated. So let us set a pace for other cities of our size to follow. "Let the result be so impressive and emphatic," says the President in his proclamation, "that it will echo throughout the empire of our enemy as an index of what America intends to do to bring this war to a vic-

torious conclusion." There is our work cut out for us. We'll not disappoint.

★ ★ ★

## Mercier and the Kaiser

We have yet to hear whether the Kaiser has granted the Vatican's request for safe guidance in behalf of Cardinal Mercier in order to enable that prelate to meet the Pope for the purpose of a conference. We were told that the request would be granted if the Cardinal would agree to refrain from anti-German propaganda en route. The probability is, however, that the Kaiser would rather see Cardinal Mercier stay where he is; for anti-German propaganda is automatically made wherever and whenever the great Belgian hero becomes the subject of discussion. Made immortal mainly through German instrumentality, he will be forever associated with the theme of Germany's shame and the story of Belgium's wrongs. How amusing that he should be asked to refrain from propaganda against Germany in the heart of the Empire! But this is the German bureaucrat's idea of a telling rebuke by way of informing the world that Mercier is an ordinary partisan serving the Allies as a mouthpiece to traduce the blessed Kaiser and misrepresent the dear German people. At times we are inclined to the belief that the Germans are a very much misunderstood people. Thought to be very intellectual, they are really very stupid. Throughout the war they have been very busy trying to create impressions of their own superior virtue and the dishonor of their enemies, and their methods have been as crude and futile as those adopted in the case of Cardinal Mercier. Of course in their intrigue they have been under the handicap of their own conduct. Their actions speak louder than their verbal camouflage.

★ ★ ★

## Class Consciousness

San Francisco is not the most immoral city in the country as some of our evangelical preachers tell us in their quest of the calcium. A tolerably temperamental city this of normal passions and vices; not bad enough to deserve the kind of government it gets; but for consistency in misgovernment it is hardly without a peer on the continent. For this there is probably a reason. It is not, we venture to suggest, a mark of divine disapproval, like the earthquake, as once we were told by some of our preachers; it just hap-



pens that we do politics the wrong way, not that we are perverse, but because as a community we are unfortunately constituted. San Francisco is a city of little feuds and stupid factions. Quite large enough to have metropolitan airs, yet the city is dominated by a parochial spirit which manifests itself in the petty personal aversions of neighbors who regard their private grievances as matters of public importance. Sometimes these prejudices are developed in church circles, sometimes in commercial and industrial bodies. Likewise men's preferences are developed just round the corner, and not infrequently we find a man boosted for Supervisor because he belongs to somebody's club or lodge rather than on account of the qualities that should mark men for leadership in the public service. And so it is that San Francisco has time and again suffered from misgovernment. Of these things we have been reminded by preliminaries taken to provide us with a new set of Supervisors. In this connection we would observe that while there is much complaint of class consciousness nowadays it is not confined, as some folk imagine, to the Labor Temple. Something of class consciousness may be perceived in the selections that have been made of men deemed desirable to assist in improving the quality of the city's legislative body. Among them is one who has many associates in clubdom and financial circles, but who happens not to be otherwise notable for his fitness for public service though no stranger thereto, nor for qualities that command the admiration of his intimates. That he

may prove worthy of public confidence we will not dispute, but the point we would make is that his support is wholly due to class consciousness and that it was in all probability due to the ingrained sentiment of the class by whom this individual was supported that endorsement was denied to one of whom it is to be presumed that he is at least not at all lacking in capacity or integrity. For the purpose of illustrating our point let us deal with the case of "Joe" Corbett, who was endorsed by the Laborites. We believe that this case is especially worthy of consideration because it points among other things to the value of sensibility to the human note in politics. Too often men who organize in the interest of good government are indifferent to elements that ensure success. Too often they take it for granted that as they are working for the public weal they should receive enthusiastic public support, and too late they learn that the public is very human, very sentimental. We believe that as "Joe" Corbett wished to be a Supervisor it would be unwise to alienate his sympathies offhand, and certainly there was no reason why a man enjoying a good measure of popularity should be forced into the camp of the labor politicians. Now Corbett is not one of our prominent business men, nor is he a shining light of clubdom. He has not a talent for getting his name in the dailies that celebrate the brummagem heroes who act as vice-presidents on empty state occasions, but he is a man who might make an excellent beginning in the public service. If he has

no record therein, this is a circumstance that ought to be counted more to his advantage than a record it might be well to forget or one that has been not quite forgotten. All that we know of Corbett is very much to his credit. Formerly a ball player of national reputation, before that he received a good schooling and religious training, and during his career as an athlete he played an important part in which he was doubtless subjected to many temptations, but he came through with a fine record and with the admiration of the public as well as of his friends. Perhaps it will be said that we do not look to our baseball diamonds for material for public office, but as a matter of fact some very fine men have come to us from the fields that produced a Spalding, a John M. Ward and a Tener, as fine perhaps as any that have come to politics by way of the counting house. The ball player's profession is one that develops ideals of fair play and fair dealing and these are ideals it might profit an American city to encourage in public office. Surely it might profit a political organization to postulate these ideals of a former professional ball player whom it might be desirable to use for a public purpose, especially in the case of a man regarding whom no presumption to the contrary would be warranted. "Joe" Corbett has lived a clean life publicly and privately, and considering the confidence reposed in him by friends of high character we regard it as unfortunate at this time that the opportunity of nominating him was not seized by all the most zealous advocates of good government.

## The Guns in Sussex

By Conan Doyle

Light green of grass and richer green of bush  
Slope upwards to the darkest green of fir;  
How still! How deathly still! And yet the hush  
Shivers and trembles with some subtle stir,  
Some far-off throbbing, like a muffled drum,  
Beaten in broken rhythm oversea,  
To play the last funereal march of some  
Who die today that Europe may be free.

The deep-blue heaven, curving from the green,  
Spans with its shimmering arch the flowery zone;  
In all God's earth there is no gentler scene,  
And yet I hear that awesome monotone;  
Above the circling midge's piping shrill,  
And the long droning of the questing bee,  
Above all sultry summer sounds, it still  
Mutters its ceaseless menaces to me.

And as I listen all the garden fair  
Darkens to plains of misery and death,  
And looking past the roses I see there  
Those sordid furrows, with the rising breath  
Of all things foul and black. My heart is hot  
Within me as I view it, and I cry,  
"Better the misery of these men's lot  
Than all the peace that comes to such as I!"

And strange that in the pauses of the sound  
I hear the children's laughter as they roam,  
And then their mother calls, and all around  
Rise up the gentle murmurs of a home.  
But still I gaze afar, and at the sight  
My whole soul softens to its heart-felt prayer,  
"Spirit of Justice, Thou for whom they fight,  
Ah, turn, in mercy, to our lads out there!"

"The froward peoples have deserved Thy wrath,  
And on them is the Judgment as of old.  
But if they wandered from the hallowed path,  
Yet is their retribution manifold.  
Behold all Europe writhing on the rack,  
The sins of fathers grinding down the sons,  
How long, O Lord!" He sends no answer  
back,  
But still I hear the mutter of the guns.



# Varied Types

353—HOWARD SUTHERLAND

By Edward F. O'Day

During twenty years of intimate acquaintance Joaquin Miller never called him anything but "Duke." All Miller's letters to him—he has a sheaf of them—begin "Dear Duke."

It was one of Joaquin Miller's jokes, for Joaquin Miller could joke—was joking most of the time when unhumorous people thought he was posing. This particular joke signalized the first meeting, in the early nineties, between Miller and the humbler poet.

Howard Sutherland had been at a party in Fruitvale, and in the beautiful early morning, attired in the severe black of ceremony, he set out to make the acquaintance of the great Western singer for whom he had a poet's profound reverence. He climbed to The Hights and made his way to that queer little chapel-like cubicle which the Bohemian Club had built for Miller. The door was open, the poet of the Sierras was in bed. Sutherland leaned on the jamb and admired that leonine head. Said Sutherland:

"Wake! For the Sun who scattered into flight  
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,  
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and  
strikes  
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light."

"Who are you?" demanded Miller.

"My name is Sutherland."

"Come in Duke. Anyone who comes to me with old Omar on his lips is my friend."

"Do you know anything about barbed wire?" Miller asked as he dressed.

"I know all about barbed wire," lied Sutherland who felt that this was no time to disappoint.

"Good," said Joaquin. "You shall help me to string barbed wire."

"The barbed wire was not alone in being strung," says Sutherland in telling the anecdote. "We worked all morning under a scorching sun, and at the end of it my best black suit was ruined."

"I did it on purpose, Duke, to see if you had the real stuff in you," Miller told Sutherland long afterwards.

"Why did Miller call you 'Duke?' " I asked.

"Well, there is a Duke of Sutherland, you know, and I am English by birth," Sutherland explained. "Miller's mind made the humorous connection as soon as he heard my name."

That friendship grew with the years; the letters beginning "Dear Duke" only ceased when Joaquin Miller could no longer hold the last of his celebrated quill pens.

Howard Sutherland sometimes calls San Francisco home, sometimes Denver and sometimes New York. He has published several volumes of poetry, of which perhaps "Idylls of Greece" is best known. It may be that these fine poems are better known among the classicists of London and Oxford than they are in this country. Howard Sutherland does not write poetry for a living. Of late he has had charge of one of the finest Japanese shops downtown.

"I spent a great deal of time on The Hights," continued Sutherland. "I stayed there for weeks at a time. Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, was living there then. He was at that time a young Oriental of an ideal type. But he was not a handy man about the place. I never saw him do anything but study English books and gaze at the stars.

"Joaquin and I were sitting one day over our glasses. He raised his and said: 'To the Queen.' I had just taken out my first papers. I was ardently republican. I put down my glass.

"'I can't drink that toast,' I told him.

"'Nonsense,' replied Miller with a twinkle in his eye. 'To your mother, sister, wife, sweetheart—to the Queen.'

"Speaking of queens, have you heard the story of Miller's behavior at an English garden party? It was in the early days when he went to London, six feet two of virile Western manhood, with a golden beard and long golden hair and great round sapphire eyes. He was lionized as no man from this country had ever been lionized before. He was the pet of the drawing rooms and the country houses. He went to this garden party in his invariable London attire—cowhide boots, red shirt, big black sombrero. The king and queen were there, but that made no difference to Miller—he would not remove his sombrero. But suddenly Lily Langtry appeared. Miller strode up to her, bowed low before her and with a magnificent sweeping gesture removed his sombrero. And out of it came a shower of rose leaves that fell at the Jersey Lily's feet.

"In those earlier days on The Hights Miller's mother was with him. He showed her the most beautiful affection. She always treated him like a little boy. One day I said to her:

"'Mrs. Miller, that boy of yours has been a gay dog in his day.'

"'It's better for a man to have one Highland Mary too many in his life than one Highland Mary too few,' she replied.

"'Shooting for the pot' was one of our favorite amusements. Miller and I would go out into the hills, frequently walking as far as Berkeley. And all the time Miller would talk—wonderful talk on all sorts of subjects, natural, unaffected talk, but very little of it about himself. His conversation was splendid, and his voice beautiful—a voice to attract little children. In the course of a long ramble we'd shoot a few rabbits, then return to The Hights and cook dinner. Our favorite drink was a mixture in equal parts of whiskey and claret."

"What!" I exclaimed. "How did it affect you?"

"The first drink made your eyes snap," said Sutherland; "but after your eyes had snapped two or three times you didn't mind it. Miller could drink a great deal, but I never once saw him under the influence. He had a powerful constitution and led a healthy, out-of-door, hard-working life. He arose at five and went to bed every evening at half past six. There were no late sessions at The Hights. He wrote his poetry in bed. That helped to account for his atrocious handwriting. I saw him write many times. He wrote slowly and revised over and over again. I have the manuscript of his 'Father Damien,' and it is blotted a great deal.

"Miller had on the back of his left hand several ugly white slashes. I asked him about them and I believe his story. The incident occurred either when he was living among the Modocs or later when he was a pony express rider. In a bad place in the mountains one day he met a grizzly face to face. There was no chance for Miller to back out, and the bear showed no intention of retreating. There was

nothing to do but fight. Miller advanced with his left arm shielding his face. The bear reared and closed with him, setting his teeth in Miller's left hand. Miller whipped out his bowie knife and ripped open the bear's belly.

"I found Miller in Dawson when I got in during the gold rush. He had gone through the terrible winter of '97 and seemed none the worse for it, though he was then in his fifty-seventh year. But the golden beard was turning to gray. He was a splendid figure in his mackinaw and mukluks. Then as at all times he wore the ring with the big diamond which had been given him by the Empress Eugenie, the ring which had belonged to the young Prince Imperial who was killed in the Zulu war."

"Did Miller make money out of his poetry?"

"Not as much as he made out of oil investments. Harr Wagner who is writing his biography, could tell you all about that. Miller was on a lecture tour in Texas when the oil excitement began down there. He bought stock and made a pot of money. I never knew Miller to be in straitened circumstances. Of course he had that magnificent estate of The Hights which he bought in the early days for about fifty cents an acre. But he cared nothing about money. Wealth did not appeal to him. He earned a great deal on his lecture tours, but often gave away the night's receipts before leaving the hall. He could not, would not withstand an appeal."

"What do you consider his best poetry?"

"The earlier poems—'Songs of the Sierras,' 'Songs of Italy,' 'Songs of Sunlands.' That early work was racy of the West; it had the fragrance of the pines, 'the tang and odor of primeval things.' But it is not his most popular work. I sometimes wished that he would write in the manner of Whitman whom he admired. There was a sameness about his rhymed poetry. He had little of the singing quality and only occasionally experimented with new metres, as in 'Columbus.'

"A great deal has been said about Miller's pose. I never saw him pose. He was a great and simple man. In London his true character and genius were appreciated by the great Victorians. Tennyson, Browning, the Rossettis, Dean Farrar and Swinburne were his friends, his admirers. You may judge him by his friends—a man like Charles Warren Stoddard would never have loved him so had he lacked splendid traits. I never heard him tell a nasty story, or say an unkind word about anybody. Where others blamed he always excused—a rare thing, you will agree, in writing men. Even in the Klondike where life was rough and men's tempers on edge he never lost his serenity, his kindness. He was the best man's man I ever knew.

"Miller read nothing ephemeral, but his mind was stored with the great works from Isaiah down. His talk was set off by many poetical quotations which came easily to him. He quoted Shelley a good deal.

"He was a great man—one of the last of the great Westerners—and a great poet. He will always be read, and will always have influence. His 'Mothers of Men' has been going the rounds of the press continuously ever since it was written."



## Perspective Impressions

Being a Hohenzollern is a state of mind.

What ever became of the real Raemaekers?

The Kaiser is out of iron. Let him look in his heart.

Some people read war books, and some still devour Harold Bell Wright.

Not those who damn the Kaiser loudly but those who quietly buy Liberty bonds are helping to win the war.

Let us hope that most San Franciscans will pay their taxes before election day—a visit to the tax collector's office makes citizens exacting.

The wives of the striking carmen are trying to win the strike their husbands lost. They'd be better employed if they ordered their "lords and masters" back to work.

Food is getting so scarce in Switzerland that pretty soon the people will have to eat the holes in Swiss cheese.

Among the items which leave us quite cold is the news that Chile has reorganized its cabinet.

Santa Rosa is a beautiful place, but we shouldn't care to go there during the W. C. T. U. convention.

They are playing "The Scrap of Paper" in New York. Those who go, thinking to see a war play, learn that there was a Sardou before there was a Bethmann-Hollweg.

Judge Morrow doesn't think this city is handling its liquor problem satisfactorily insofar as soldiers are concerned. But Colonel Edie is satisfied. And Colonel Edie ought to know.

You'd think Hetch-Hetchy was a song and that O'Shaughnessy had it copyrighted.

What has become of the old-fashioned H. G. Wells who wrote "Tono-Bungay?"

At the Land Show the other night Luther Burbank said a horticulturist had to be a chemist and a mechanic as well. But the trouble with Burbank is that he thinks he is also a philosopher.

First the striking carmen try to beat the substitute carmen to death; then they demand that the United Railroads house them comfortably.

Colonel McClure does not think that Japan is unfriendly to the United States. All students of the Far East who have keenness and honesty of observation come to the same conclusion.

## A La Bayonette

By W. L. George

The word went round. It was shouted, and yet in the storm of sound was as a whisper. Private Denny just nodded; his neighbor belled into his ear and handed on to the right the news they all guessed, though they knew it not yet. His heart began to beat with an excitement in which there was haste, lust and a little fear. As he filled his magazine he smiled. It was a broad smile, a smile of memory, for as he secured the bayonet more firmly he noticed a long black streak upon the stock which had dried there in the night and stained the wood dark. For this was not the first time he had used the bayonet, and he looked at it fondly, trying the point. He thought of the French who called it "La Rosalie." "Sentimental tosh!" he thought, and then softly caressed the blade. Readiness increased: his neighbor on the left cast away his overcoat; another felt nervously at his puttees. They looked knowing, they laughed a little nervously; they did not try to speak, for the broken roar of the guns which it seemed could not increase . . . yet increased.

Already the sun had risen in the pale morning, gay with laughter, balmy with soft airs. Private Denny's cheek was caressed by a wind tenderer than any woman's hand. He breathed of that air full of the sweet scents of new grass, breathed deep as if to gain strength from earth. But all the time he was conscious of the things which passed over his head, invisible and yet present in movement and in sound, little eighteen-pound shells, glittering no doubt in the sun for the angels to see, not presences but half hisses, half screams, little things that burst not far away, hardly a hundred yards, in a fume of green smoke and a spatter of stars. . . and bigger things, too, of which he was just conscious by the rushing of their wind, things that fell just ahead there, in the German trench, fell wetly and dully, raising a pillar of smoke and earth. He knew, and he knew, and still his heart was beating. As if with ears not his he heard the sergeant at the periscope who watched the fall of the explosive shells: "That's got 'em! Good! Got 'em again! Half a dozen more like that. . . ."

Steady, boys! Steady! It won't be a minute before . . . ."

He did not hear the voice any more, for his body was filled by the sound of the whistle. It came, sudden, imperative. So shrill that it burst through the dullness of heavier sounds just like, though Private Denny, a bayonet. . .

The whistling did not last a second and it lasted for hours, for it was born in a wilderness, an earth on which all other sounds had died. For quite suddenly the little shrapnel and the big shells that swung overhead, as the ghosts of birds, flew no more, and in the emptiness was nothing now but the needle sting of the whistle. Private Denny did not know how it happened: perhaps the whistle had jerked him to his feet, seized him by the neck, with all those others of his battalion, hurled him out of the trench upon that soil in front, so oddly pock-marked everywhere with holes.

He was running in the silence. He was separate from his body, and hardly knew what he did; his feet registered a crumbling of the earth all torn with shell, rose up painfully from steel shards. The light sun was in his eyes and he was all aglow as he ran on stumbling, by instinct rather than intent maintaining his place. There were men to the right and left, brown shadows, ordinary men who played billiards and went to church, and got drunk, just like Private Denny; but here they were, running on, rather bent, hardly thinking of the wheezing sound the bullets made as they buried themselves at their feet. A man fell in front of him . . . he stepped over and forgot him. It seemed so far, so long, though only twenty seconds, and he ran on as if bound for a paradise, anxious only to see, to feel something other than this soft air.

And then, at his feet, so near that he almost fell, he saw the German trench. Its trim edges torn like a saw, its roofs of timber and turf fallen in, the timbers, shuffled and knotted together like ropes, a ruin of black holes full of water, mounds of earth shored up into incredible pillars. He leapt. With all those other brown shapes he struggled as in a dream,

lost among the walls that hung over him ready to fall, angry because here was nothing for him in this place, pricked everywhere with bullets, laid bare to its very entrails by explosive shell. He stepped forward, he recognized a difference of ground. He understood, he had trampled a body that lay there, and before him was another. Driven on, without knowing why or how, he made for the traverse. He tottered in this lake of water and earth where many gray-coated things lay still or rolled uneasily, broken, blood-soaked, unlike men. An order came to him; he seized his spade to begin repairing his section of the parapet. He stuck it into a mound of earth at his feet to clear it away. He started back, for half the mound fell away, and there came out a gray-clad arm with a hand that, straight-fingered, clutched at the air.

He did not dig, for from the left he heard the crackle of rifles. He obeyed an order that he half understood. A trap then! The trench not wholly dominated! A spurt of rage filled his heart and a sudden heat filmed his eyes.

They could not get into the traverse this way, for the earth had fallen in. The sound of musketry in his ears, Private Denny found himself following his sergeant, cautiously crawling along the ground towards the traverse on the left. It seemed so long, and stones and steel shards hurt his hands, tried to stab him in the breast. But nearer and nearer they came, silently. His heart leapt, for here was the edge of the traverse . . . he saw the long line of spiked helmets a little below.

There was a cry, a shout, and Private Denny had joined in it, felt it come out of him, solid and sonorous as stricken brass. And now with the others he had flung himself into the traverse. It was narrow, he fell almost against his enemy, so close that he could not use his bayonet; he had a confused sense of rifle fire suddenly dying away, of a new atmosphere that was all heat and effort, hand to hand. He could hardly see anything because he saw too much, flying shapes, things that struck at him, things

(Continued on Page 18)



## Au Colonel Stanton!

J'aime le mot précis sans feston ni paillette,  
Bref, et qui comme un choc d'épée étincela!  
J'aime, entre tous, près du tombeau de La Fayette,  
Ce "La Fayette, nous voilà!"

C'est le salut le plus vibrant de l'Amérique;  
Et que pouvaient, en cet hommage fraternel,  
Ajouter toutes les fleurs de la rhétorique  
A ce mot de ce Colonel?

C'est l'éloquence née à l'école de Sparte,  
C'est la langue qu'il sied parler entre soldats,  
C'est la concision, c'est ce que Bonaparte  
Hérita de Léonidas.

C'est l'appel héroïque à l'âme qui frissonne,  
C'est simple, c'est sublime et c'est électrisant,  
C'est le mot qui dit tout, c'est au clairon qui sonne,  
Le soldat qui répond: présent!

Oui, La Fayette, les voilà! Sus au pirate,  
A l'égorgeur, César fouillant Spartacus!  
Que n'a-t-il entendu, le marquis démocrate,  
Au cimetière de Picpus,

Que n'a-t-il entendu ce magnifique verbe  
Qui s'envolait si clair dans le champs de repos,  
Et mieux qu'aucun discours et mieux qu'aucune gerbe,  
Eut pu réveiller le héros?

Les voilà! Dans la belle ardeur qui les embrase,  
Pour la chasse aux requins et la traque des loups,  
Les voilà! Froidement, sans bluff comme sans phrase,  
Ils sont venus au rendez-vous;

Et le disent! Et le drapeau semé d'étoiles  
Epouvante déjà l'impérial bandit.  
Leur flotte est leur réponse à la frégate à voiles  
D'ou La Fayette descendit.

Le Nouveau Monde rend sa visite au Vieux Monde;  
L'Histoire n'est pas une inutile leçon.  
Et du bon grain semé sur la terre féconde  
Un siècle a muri la moisson.

Les voilà! Les Etats-Unis sont dans l'enceinte,  
Tous les bras vigoureux, tous les coeurs résolus;  
Ils sont venus servir cette liberté sainte  
Pour qui combattent nos poilus!

Ils sont venus aider à notre délivrance  
Et défendre le Droit contre l'Iniquité.  
Ils ont franchi les mers pour l'amour de la France  
Et l'amour de l'Humanité!

L'Amérique fera sa tache grandiose,  
Elle accomplira l'oeuvre ou l'honneur l'appela.  
Fallait-il, Colonel Stanton, dire autre chose?  
—Non! "La Fayette, nous voilà!"

9 Juillet 1917.

## The Spectator

### The French Tribute to Stanton

Some months ago I reported that our fellow townsman, Charley Stanton, now of Pershing's staff, had made the hit of his life and of the first American army in France on the occasion of a Fourth of July celebration "over there" when he delivered a speech at the tomb of Lafayette in the famous Picpus cemetery in Paris. It was such a rattling good talk in Stanton's characteristic vein that his audience almost mobbed the gallant soldier in the ebullience of their joyous approval, and the Colonel had to suffer himself to be Hobsonized right out before everybody. That speech has become matter of history and literature, for the Colonel having risen to the occasion in a manner familiar to his friends here (who know him as a post-prandial speaker of peculiar charm) his praises are now sung in the poetry of France.

### "Au Colonel Stanton"

Major Charley (I suppose we shall always call him Major, though he's Lieutenant Colonel now) has sent me from Paris a little paper of eight pages called "La Quinzaine de Guerre." It is devoted entirely to war poems by Paul Ferrier, honorary president of the Society of Authors and Dramatists. The poem celebrating Stanton appears just above. It is a noble tribute breathing sincerity, simple, earnest and very eloquent. When Major Stanton in his brief speech at the grave of Lafayette

said: "Lafayette, we are here," he thrilled his hearers. Perhaps Paul Ferrier was one of them; at any rate, the pregnant phrase inspired this poet, and within five days (the poem bears date of July 9) he had given Major Stanton that celebrity not only of the boulevards but also of the drawing rooms which is the fruit, in Paris, of this sort of poetical celebration. For those of my readers (perhaps there are some) who cannot enjoy the verses in the original I have been at pains to obtain an English version. I asked my associate O'Day to do this for me; he says it was a labor of love. Here is his translation:

### TO COLONEL STANTON!

Not spangled words in wreaths of flowers set,  
But sharp quick words, like sword thrusts, I hold dear—  
A speech like that at the tomb of Lafayette:  
"Lafayette, we are here!"

A soldier's salute saying all that Americans feel,  
A gesture that laid before France her homage fraternal—  
What has rhetoric to add to the truth, to the vibrant  
appeal

Of that speech by the Colonel?

'Tis an eloquence pithy and terse, abrupt but precise;  
A language for men whose business is fighting, not barter;  
Bonaparte framed it to phrases laconic, concise—  
He got it from Sparta.

'Tis the diction of heroes; its sense goes straight to the  
soul;  
It is simple, sublime, it says all; like a bugle note clear  
It electrifies, thrills, calls the mustering roll,  
And the soldier cries: "Here!"

Yes, they are here, Lafayette! So to hell with the foe,  
The cut-throat, the Kaiser who'd fasten his yoke on the  
free!

In the grave where you lie can't you see, can't you hear,  
can't you know,  
Freedom-loving marquis?

Do you heed them, these glorious words, that take  
wing and are swift  
In their flight o'er the field of repose where your vigil  
you keep?  
Oh, how more compelling than cold panegyric to lift  
A hero from sleep!

They are here for the hunt of the monster on land and  
the deep!  
They are here, and we fold them in ardent, in grateful  
embrace.  
Without heat, without brag or fine phrases—fine phrases  
can keep—  
They are come for the chase.

They have sworn! And at sight of the star-spangled  
banner they raise  
Already the emperor-bandit has weakened and quailed.  
Their dreadnaughts, acknowledge a debt of the old frigate  
days

When Lafayette sailed.

The New World returns the call that was made by the  
Old;  
Not unheeded the lesson that History spread for her  
eye.

The seed that was sown long ago is ripened—behold,  
The harvest is nigh.

They are here! Lo, the Union of States in the battle  
for Right,  
Bringing vigorous strength and a heart that is steady  
and true;  
They are come to serve Liberty's holiest need, and to  
fight

Side by side with Poilu!

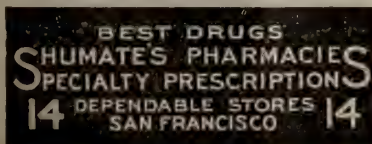
They are come to our aid in the hour we need them the  
most;  
They are come lest Right be dethroned and Evil enshrined;  
For love of sweet France they sped o'er the sea to our  
coast,

And love of mankind!

Never fear that America fail in the glorious task;  
She'll accomplish the work to which Honor directs her—  
no fear!

Colonel Stanton has spoken; remains there aught more  
we should ask?

No! "Lafayette, we are here!"





### Stanton Can't Read It

Colonel Stanton has reason to be very proud of the fame that has come to him from his simple tribute to Washington's friend and our country's earliest champion, but in his letter to Town Talk from the Finance Department of the American Expeditionary Forces, dated at Paris September 26th, he alludes to the matter in a few lines in humorous vein. "I never flattered myself," he says, "that it was as a fighting man I had been selected to come to France, but I did have the hope that possibly it was on account of my ability in the finance line that a place was made for me. Certainly the last thing that occurred to me was that whatever prominence I might attain would come from the gift of gab." Speaking of the poem he says: "I cannot read this poem myself, but I am told it is very good, and let us hope that this is the fact. It only goes to show that we never know what a day may bring forth and that each man in his time plays many parts." Speaking chiefly of his work in France Colonel Stanton says: "Far be it from me to say I am homesick, because my work is too interesting and of too much importance to permit any such luxury, but I certainly would like to be in two places at one time. My work takes from 8 to 6 and every minute there is something doing because the problem of paying an army of the size contemplated by our Government has no precedent, and we must work out our own salvation by main strength and awkwardness."

### Some Thoughts of Home

As Colonel Stanton's letter passed through the censor's hands I will not be suspected of violating any confidence in quoting the statement regarding the army: "New faces are coming daily and I have had a better chance within the last three months of renewing old army acquaintances than at any time during the past ten years." He adds: "The holiday season approaches and instinctively my thoughts turn to you all out there in the land of sun-

Speed—  
Comfort—  
and safety—  
when combined  
with Fred Harvey  
meals mean travel  
satisfaction. All of  
these are found on the

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shine, where each day is complete in itself and where the spirit of good fellowship reigns supreme always. Again I say, I am not homesick, but I certainly would like to drop into the club. This is only a line to say that there is no day goes by but that my thoughts turn towards the Golden Gate, and that the very day I am relieved from duty here will see me on my way to renew my acquaintance with the choicest spirits that exist on earth."

### Paul Verdier and Bolo Pasha

The name of Paul Verdier figured in the New York investigation of the intriguing activities of Bolo Pasha. But, as might be taken for granted, there was nothing discreditable to bring out against the gallant young San Franciscan who is fighting for France. Here is part of the examination of Adolf Pavenstedt, Bolo's go-between, conducted by Attorney General Lewis:

Q. State just what your communications were with Captain Verdier and what you know of him.

A. Well, Bolo Pasha and Captain Verdier came over on the same steamer together.

Q. Do you know what business he is in?

A. Yes. He is owner or part owner of the department store "City of Paris" in San Francisco. He came to me with a letter of introduction from Mr. Marshall, the partner of Perier & Co., and he was on leave. He had been with Mr. Marshall in the trenches or in the war, and gave him a letter of introduction to me in a social way, and we dined together, and I showed him some civilities and so on until he went to San Francisco to look after his business.

Q. What was the purpose of his stay in New York?

A. Well, he wanted to establish a house of modiste here.

Q. That was the Maison Buzenet at 715 Fifth Avenue?

A. Yes.

Pavenstedt said he did not give any financial assistance to Captain Verdier. He said he visited Verdier at the Maison Buzenet, but did not recall meeting Bolo there.

### Oakland's Western Front

If one asks in Oakland, "How goes the battle on the western front?" he will be told that there is a lull right now but that, once the speech-makers get into action, all manner of excitement may be expected. The battle of the western front in Oakland means the recall election, for it is on that stretch of waterfront facing the sunset that the result is to be determined. The preliminary skirmishes, the verification of signatures and the filing of the petition are over, and the election has been set for December 4. The forces are now being marshalled for the fray. Davie, it is apparent from circulars he has already issued, will make his campaign on the development he has fostered on the waterfront. This development is represented, mainly, by a lease granted to parties unknown after these parties had raised the bid of the Union Construction Company. West Oakland improvement clubs and citizens in general who prefer an immediate expansion to a policy of conserving the city's gateway for its own use are strong in their support of the Mayor. Opposed to the Administration are the Chamber of Commerce and business and civic organizations who would grant leases to manufacturers on the estuary front alone, and who would not give to private capital the very center of the city's bay frontage. Davie has announced that he will take the stump and that he welcomes the recall election as an opportunity to recite for the people the deeds of his administration. The recallers will meet him speech for speech and as a result things promise to be so stirring that a lot of persons will forget to do their Christmas shopping early.

### Soderberg Jumps the Traces

Behind the breaking of the "solid three" in the city commission of Oakland and the declaration of Commissioner Frederick Soderberg that hereafter he will be dictated to by none and will vote independently there is a story of another break no less startling, and one that may explain many of the puzzling developments in the political situation across the bay. Why did Soderberg break, is a question that is being asked by friends of Davie and of the Mayor's adviser George Kaufman. Soderberg's explanation is that he has discovered that the council has been frittering away money and that there will not be funds in his department, that of streets, sufficient to fulfill the pledges the city has made. As the budget was the Kaufman budget and as Soderberg's vote was the decisive one to carry it, this explanation has met with a vigorous protest from Davie, Kaufman and the second of the former "vote together trio," Commissioner Edwards. But here is a new angle. It is known that the Taxpayers' League of which L. F. Herrick is president, and which was the bulwark of Davie's active support in his campaign, has split into two factions. One group has openly threatened to leave Herrick and to quit Davie and Kauf-



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man unless the Mayor's secretary Preston Higgins be removed. They also represent league members who feel that Kaufman has been given too much power under the Administration and that questions which should be referred to the league are being decided by the volunteer Colonel House before the league has even had the chance to discuss them. That Soderberg is one of this faction is recognized. Hereafter, unless Kaufman's advertised diplomacy stands a test which seems too great for it and affects a healing, Soderberg is not going to vote with Davie and Edwards. His vote with Morse and Jackson can defeat any Davie-Kaufman measure that may be put up and his announced determination not to follow schedule is the greatest obstacle the Mayor has met. Had Soderberg jumped the traces a few months ago, it is admitted, the recall movement might never have been launched. His leap, at this time, may help the recall, as he has charged publicly a waste of the city's money. If it has done nothing else it has made his vote on any question in the future a matter for speculation and has impaired the smooth Kaufman machine which has always been able to turn out three votes on any question.

### Clark's Incunabula

San Francisco should be very proud of its Book Club. This association of bibliophiles receives very little attention in the public prints, but lovers of the Book Beautiful all over the country know about it, treasure its publications and entertain golden opinions of San Francisco's literary cultivation simply because San Francisco is the home of the Book Club. Just now the Book Club is adding to its laurels. On top of its latest essay in fine book-making—the publication in exquisite format of thirty-five sonnets by George Sterling—the Book Club is giving an exhibition of incunabula belonging to one of its members. This member is Charles W. Clark who has selected sixty-six items of incunabula from his great collection at San Mateo and has permitted the Book Club to place them on exhibition, for the benefit of the general public, in Hill Tolerton's print rooms. It is pleasant to know how many people have availed themselves of the opportunity to see these beautiful exemplars of early printing.

### A Great Horace

Receiving an invitation to visit this exhibition—and by the way, the invitation itself is a typographical accomplishment, a work of art by John Henry Nash—I dropped in the other afternoon, and found that Mr. Clark had selected from his many incunabula specimens of sufficient variety to satisfy a diversity of tastes, whether literary or technical. There is something here for the student of early printing, something for the student of book-binding, something for the student of early woodcuts, something for the student of "diplomats" and something, last but not least, for the student of literature—whether that student specialize

in the classics, the works of the Renaissance, theological lore, or what you will. I found fifteen of the prime classic writers represented in the exhibition. First of all, there is one of the noblest Horaces ever printed—the editio princeps, Venice 1471. Mr. Clark's copy was acquired in the Hoe sale, and is an absolutely perfect copy of a book which is of the greatest rarity. It was not always a perfect copy. Until August, 1916, next to the last leaf of "De Arte Poetica" was missing. At that time, however, a fragment of 92 leaves was found in England, and from that fragment the missing leaf was added to this copy. The name of the printer of this great Horace is a problem.

### The Aristotle and the Apollonius

Special interest attaches also to the Aristotle which is the folio editio princeps in six volumes. Collectors say of this Aristotle, "Les exemplaires sont tres rares." It was printed in Venice in the years 1495-8 by the great Aldus Manutius; it was, indeed, the work with which that prince of printers started his great Greek Library which had such an influence on modern culture. Aldus was remarkable for many things; among others, for an attempt to make books cheap and thus bring them within the reach of slender purses. This Aristotle so prized today he sold for the fifteenth century equivalent of \$40. Another most interesting item is the editio princeps of Apollonius Rhodius which was printed by Laurentius Franciscus de Alopa at Florence in 1496. Only thirteen works, all Greek, came from the press of de Alopa, and this one is of great rarity. It was edited by the famous scholar John Lascaris, the man who bought manuscripts for Lorenzo de Medici from the Sultan of Turkey, who assembled the



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library at Fontainebleau for Francis I and whom Pope Leo X put in charge of the Greek College he founded at Rome.

#### The Senecas

There are three fine Senecas here. There is the editio princeps of the Tragedies printed by Andreas Bellfortis at Ferrara about 1484. This is one of the rarest of the classics. Bellfortis or Beaufort was the first printer of Ferrara and his books are very scarce. The date of this one is fixed by the colophon which says it was printed when Ercole d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, returned from the Venetian wars. There is also the editio princeps of Seneca's Morals printed by Matthias Moravus at Naples in 1475. It was the first book from his press. And there is the "De Remediis Fortuitorum," editio princeps, 1471, and first product of a press at Cologne. Only five copies are known, and this of Mr. Clark's is a taller one than that in the British Museum.

#### The "R" Printer

All students of typography are interested in the so-called "R" printer. The "R" printer was one of the first printers at Strassburg, and is so called because his books are identified by a peculiarly shaped R. This printer is represented here by a folio Plutarch (the Lives) which has the additional interest of a contemporary German pigskin binding. The date is about 1469. Mr. Clark identifies the "R" printer with Adolf Rusch who was the second printer at Strassburg, and the first of all printers to use Roman type. Rusch married Salome, the daughter of Johann Mentelin, Strassburg's first printer.

#### Other Incunabula

There are two Plinys here. There is a Natural History, second edition, printed at Rome in 1470 by Conrad Sweynheym and Arnold Pannartz who were Italy's first printers. These were the first printers to use a good font of Greek type, and their books are beautiful because they used a superior quality of paper and copied their typographical style from particularly beautiful manuscripts. The other Pliny is the "Panegyric," but this volume also contains the "Agricola" of Tacitus and the "Satyricon" of Petronius. All these are editiones princeps. This book was printed at Milan about 1482 by Antonius Zarotus. The Martial in this exhibition is by Philippus de Lavagna, the second printer of Milan (about 1478). It was edited by the great Italian humanist Merula, and has marginal notes by a contemporary, a scholarly hand. The Cornelius Nepos was printed at Milan about 1479 by L. Pachel and U. Scinzenzeler. The Epistles of Cicero is an extremely rare book. There is no copy in the British Museum, the Bodleian or the public libraries of France. It was printed 1476-7 at Rome by Bartholomaeus Guldinbeck. One volume contains Diodorus Siculus and "The Germans" of Tacitus. It is the editio princeps of Diodorus and the first dated edition of Tacitus. It was printed at Bologne in 1472 by Baldassare Azzoguidi. It was one of the first books printed in Bologne, and one of the hardest of classic incunabula to find. The Aulus Gellius printed by Boninus de Boninis at Brescia in 1485 is a fine copy of a rare and

beautiful edition. It is from the library of the great tenor Mario and has his autograph. Finally, there is the first separate edition of Persius printed by Martin Blach at Basel in 1473. Aside from Mr. Clark's there are only six known. These are the Morgan copy at Harvard, the copy at Florence, the copy at Paris, that at Vienna, the copy in the British Museum and the Spencer-Rylands copy.

#### Automobile Advertising

To the automobile dealer's mind it is not so much the display ad which counts as the free "write-up" which accompanies it. He has always insisted on this "write-up," and the result is that the newspapers have had to publish a special automobile section every Sunday. The Examiner has decided that the automobile man is getting too much for his money, and the edict has gone forth that there are to be no more free "write-ups" in connection with automobile ads. The result was apparent last Sunday, and it must have startled The Examiner business manager. The Examiner carried 56 inches of automobile advertising, less than three columns, or about \$250 worth. The Chronicle which still gives the "write-ups," carried 1180 inches of automobile advertising, about 59 columns, nearly \$5000 worth. The automobile dealers evidently got together and decided to take their ads out of The Examiner. Will The Examiner stand the gaff?

#### The Great Cadorna

There is much joy in the Italian quarter these days. The Italian colony, from the most prosperous banker to the humblest fisherman, rejoices in the triumphs of General Cadorna who bids fair to come out of this war with a military record unsurpassed. Other generals have had their glory dimmed, none but Cadorna has played the leading role from the firing of the first gun, the Italian alone has directed the strategy of his army from the beginning. For a time it seemed that the Italians were not playing the game with much energy or much success, but that was because all eyes were concentrated on the western front and not much was known of the nature of the struggle on the Austrian front. Not till recently did the world learn of the difficulties Cadorna was encountering and overcoming. Italy was severely handicapped from the moment she joined the Entente. As a member of the Triple Alliance she had ordered a supply of big guns from Krupp. The order was cancelled as soon as she entered the war and at the time of the advance of the strong Austro-German force from the Teuton front in Vincenza Italy was in the greatest peril. Had this movement succeeded the Isonzo army would have been cut off and either destroyed or forced to surrender, but in a counter-offensive the invaders were repulsed, and it was on the Isonzo front at the crossing of the Isonzo River from a plain below mountains strongly fortified that the Italians made their greatest gains. Now this front is regarded by some strategists as "the key to the entire situation not only in Italy but with respect to the whole European war." Italy, thanks to Cadorna's strategy, no longer occupies a position obviously of less than primary importance.

#### The Italian Campaign

Indeed it has been seriously suggested that the centre of gravity should be shifted from the western front to Italy by concentrating on Cadorna's efforts to capture Vienna. Cadorna himself believes that he is better situated for the achievement of the great consummation—the ending of the war—than his allies on the western front, but he lacks equipment and the Allies have no ships to spare. Meanwhile the Italians are not content to rest with their successes on the Bainsizza plateau, but are using the advantages gained to win the Chiapovano Valley, cut the communication between the Austrian army in the region of Trieste and the forces to the north, and thus push on toward Laibach and into the heart of Austria. Instead of waiting for the spring General Cadorna, according to despatches received at Washington, considers the advance made merely as the "first phase of the campaign" and is preparing for the immediate resumption of his offensive on a greater scale than before. The development of this signally successful movement, its progress under difficulties which the world scarcely understands, and its ultimate purpose, are clearly set forth by General Pasquale Tozzi, chief of the Royal Italian Military Commission to this country. The difficulties that faced Italy on all three fronts, the Trentino, Isonzo and Trieste, appeared almost insurmountable. Austria, under German guidance, had spent thirty-five years in perfecting defenses on the Austro-German frontier. "On our side," said General Tozzi, "we had lowlands and plains; on Austria's they had virtually solid rocks of mountains." Those mountains were captured by Italy and Cadorna is still pursuing the enemy.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## La Loie Kissed Frank Gould

The booksellers of San Francisco got a thrill when they met for business and luncheon at the Hotel Plaza last Friday. If you don't believe me, ask Aleck Robertson or Paul Elder or Jack Newbegin or Jim Blake. If they can't convince you about the thrill, ask Frank Gould—he helped to provide it. The lawyer-politician was a guest of honor at the luncheon and enlivened the affair by a rattling good talk on Liberty bonds. The great La Loie Fuller was also a guest of honor, and she enlivened the affair by an eloquent talk on her pet war work—Rumanian relief. But these two talks did not provide the thrill. The thrill came after a lively conversation 'cross-table in which La Loie asked Frank to help the Rumanians and Frank promised to do as much if La Loie would buy a Liberty bond, which La Loie promptly declared to be a bargain.

"But a bargain must be sealed," said the vivacious La Loie. "And this one must be sealed with a kiss."

Frank is modest, so he blushed; but he is gallant, so he did not hesitate. The bargain was sealed with a hearty smack. That was when everybody got a thrill.

## The Ebell Flare-up

It was a cruel blow dealt by the Ebell Club of Oakland to the array of oratorical talent assembled by Postmaster J. J. Rosborough to spread the gospel of the Liberty Loan to the highways and byways of Alameda County, and it was because of the "highway and byway" feature that it was delivered. When Mrs. J. A. Vandergrift, president of the club, denied Rosborough the chance to have one of his speakers urge bond buying before the organization there was consternation in the Liberty Loan committee's camp and many a hasty word was spoken. "We were rebuffed," explained Clifton Brooks, one of the campaign committee. "This woman of the Ebell Club could have come to us and we would have furnished her with an excellent choice of speakers," said Rosborough. But there were some who whispered around that the club did not favor the loan itself. Mrs. Vandergrift quickly quieted

this insinuation by a declaration that the club had already listened to an effective talk for the bonds by Mrs. Aurelia Reinhardt, president of Mills College, and that other speakers were to present the matter before the membership within the next week. She showed that the club members had purchased bonds to a goodly sum and that, in addition, they had adopted several French orphans. "We are distinctly loyal to the bonds," she said, "but we insist that it is our right to select our own speakers. All through our administration we have been having the best of speakers and we can get them because we can afford it." The explanations have put an end to the charges that the club is not sufficiently patriotic but they have not stopped the speculation as to which of Rosborough's orators the women consider below par.

## Clampett and His Three Sons

Three members of the Clampett family will soon be fighting in the war—all sons of the Rev. F. W. Clampett. This is going some. I said three, but as a matter of fact I should have said four. Dr. Clampett himself, an Irishman, by the way, to the backbone, has been enlisted in this war from the beginning. He made at least one trip to the other side to assist in Red Cross and other work and he has been active right here lending inspiration and counsel and enthusiasm to the cause of the Allies. Now he sees his three sons going to the front. Two of them were on their way to separate camps the other day and it became known to their father that within three days of their arrival they would be on shipboard on their way to France. A third son is in the aviation service, and Dr. Clampett—well, that popular clergyman is playing golf. How many a man has taken to golf to divert his mind from the tragedies of life! There's never a whimper from Dr. Clampett, but his friends who know something of his manner of rearing his sons, of his devotion to them, of the spirit that himself and Mrs. Clampett have infused into them, and who appreciate the results of an ideal home-training are not insensible of the great tragedy that has entered their lives as a result of their separation from their brave young sons. Yes, Dr. Clampett is playing golf, but as he looks over the links to measure the prospect of the next drive I'm sure from the glance in his eyes that at times his thoughts are not invariably concentrated on that little white ball.

## Sonoma Guy Burned

From the Valley of the Moon comes word that in a fire on the Jack London place at Glen Ellen, Jack London's beautiful saddle horse Sonoma Guy was terribly burned. The fire broke out in a large barn containing nearly half of Mrs. Charmian K. London's newly baled haycrop. Within five minutes the structure burst into flame, and it took all the workers on the ranch to man the fire hose and prevent the fire from spreading to other buildings. Barn and hay crop were a total loss. There was no insurance on the hay. The cause of the fire is a mystery. The saddle horse was very badly burned before he could be taken to safety. Sonoma Guy is a son of Guy Dillon and nephew of Lou Dillon.

## Mrs. London's New Book

Mrs. Jack London's second book which is to be entitled "Our Hawaii" will be issued this fall by the Macmillans. The title suggests the attitude which Jack and his wife shared toward the islands. "Our Hawaii" is said to contain a great deal of matter peculiarly interesting to lovers of Jack London, Mrs. London having woven into the narrative an intimate study of her distinguished husband during his stay in the islands.

## An American Doctor in England

Major E. H. Johnstone, medico, of the regular army, veteran of the Spanish war, is still in the land of the living. Not for more than three years has Dr. Johnstone been heard from by some of his friends. During all that period he has been somewhere in the war zone. When the war broke out he was traveling in Europe with his wife, sister of Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, and he tried to join the British army, but owing to complications arising from his American citizenship he failed despite the influence exerted in his behalf by a lady of title, a friend of Queen Alexandra. Now he writes me from the County of Middlesex War Hospital, Napsburg, St. Albans, where he is attached to the medical staff, that for a year he has been up to his eyes in work attending to the wounded direct from the front. He informs me that when he failed to join the British he went to Italy and was there assigned to supervision of a hospital in which an outbreak of cholera had occurred among Austrian prisoners. With this disease he had had some experience in the Philippines and by reason of this fact his services were eagerly accepted in Italy. But he suffered from an attack of



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Sicilian fever, and as a consequence he had to go to Switzerland to recuperate. Later he was made Sanitary Inspector of Emigrants for New York on the Italian liners, but when the British ran short of doctors there was a call for Major Johnstone and he went to the Middlesex War Hospital where he has been on duty ever since, but he is now hoping to join Pershing's army. By the way, Mrs. Johnstone, living in a little town three miles distant from the Middlesex Hospital, is "doing her bit" in Red Cross work.

#### What Does Elva Mean?

Miss Elva De Pue who has a talented pen, has contributed a poem to The Masses. The title is "The Foolish Virgin Lights Her Lamp." Miss De Pue went to the New Testament for her title, but she went to Apuleius for her theme. So much we know from reading her, but just what meaning she has read into the story of Cupid and Psyche as told by Apuleius and retold by Walter Pater, must be left to the individual investigator to discover. Here is her poem:

In the first dreaming days,  
The day of dreams,  
A friendly generous phrase  
More than its words conveys  
Subtle and welcome praise;  
Smilingly gleams  
In the first dreaming days,  
The day of dreams.

Tender the darkness deep,  
Dear the deep dark.  
Psyche, o'er Love, asleep,  
At his closed eyes to peep,  
(Curiously, fondly peep),  
Kindles a spark.  
Dearer the darkness deep—  
Best the deep dark.

The eyes are alien eyes—  
His eyes estranged!  
Psyche, unwarned, unwise,  
In candle glow, surprised,  
An old fear verifies  
Mocking and changed.  
Malicious, stranger eyes  
His eyes, estranged!

#### The Del Monte Races

Here is something we ought to have had long ago—the racing week at Del Monte of the Monterey Jockey Club with its incidental carnival of sports. The affair promises to provide the most interesting outdoor events enjoyed by society in many years. Seemingly, everybody with a motor is intent upon making Del Monte for the races, the golf, the polo, the dances and the other varied attractions during this period, Saturday, October 27, to Saturday, November 3. The committee of the fund for Christmas comforts for our boys in France is headquartered at 1016 Hotel St. Francis where reservations for boxes at the club house may be made. As the bugle blows and the thoroughbreds step out from the smart little pad-

dock at the rear of the club house to make their way towards the starter's post, quite the most sprightly spectacle ever seen at Del Monte will be observed in the boxes and along the club house balconies.

#### Americans at the Metropolitan

With the assistance of Gatti-Casazza and the war, American singers are beginning to conquer the Metropolitan. No less than six American artists will make their debut at the famous house of opera this season. One of them is a Californian: Helen Kanders who studied in France, Italy and Austria and for three years before the war was a member of the Strasburg opera company, singing also at the Wagner festivals in the Brussels Royal Opera. Her repertory includes the leading lyric roles in French, Italian and German. Then there is Florence Easton, a dramatic soprano of English birth but American bringing-up; May Peterson, a lyric soprano from Oshkosh, Wis.; Ruth Frances Miller, another lyric soprano, a New Yorker; Thomas Chalmers, a New York baritone; Marie Conde, a lyric soprano from Ann Arbor, Mich.; and Cecil Arden, a mezzo-soprano born in New York.

#### At the Whitcomb

R. Lloyd Litchfield, a member of the first Stanford unit to join the American Ambulance in France, related his experience as a driver at the front to the members of the Mills Club who held their monthly meeting at the Hotel Whitcomb Tuesday afternoon. Other features of the programme given in the Sun Room on the roof of the Whitcomb included a paper entitled "Lafayette in the American Revolution," read by Dr. L. L. Dorr, and the rendition of a group of French songs including "La Marseillaise" by Mrs. Zelpa Ruggles Jenkins. Mrs. John H. Perine, president of the club presided; Miss Helen T. Bacon was hostess; and Mrs. Alexander Wagner and Miss Henrietta Casebolt acted as a reception committee. . . . . The members of the Building Owners and Managers Association of San Francisco held a banquet at the Whitcomb Thursday night. Among those who gathered in the Blue dining room were Edward M. Applegarth, I. J. Egan, T. A. Preston, A. G. Luchsinger, William Geer Hitchcock, R. T. Smith, F. W. Workman, I. N. Rosekrans, S. R. Marvin, A. Lachman, Earl Pooler, S. Lardner, R. E. Fazackerley, R. W. McElroy, D. M. Hanlon, John C. Newlands, E. M. Hart, William K. Gutzkow, T. A. Woodward, H. S. Bulloch, F. C. Dutton.

#### He Was Not a Joshua

Little sister and brother had quarreled. After supper mother tried to establish friendly relations again, and quoted to them the Bible injunction: "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Turning to Edward, the older,

she said: "Now, Edward, are you going to let the sun go down upon your wrath?"

Edward squirmed a little as he looked up into her pleading face.

"Well, how can I stop it?" he asked.



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## "Erstwhile Susan" Is More Than Clever

By Thomas Lloyd Lennon

Somewhere in the dim recesses of my soul there is hidden a speck of chivalric dust that whirls itself into a wildwind of disgust whenever I see the brute rampant—in other men. The sight of another man striking a woman makes me wroth indeed. And due to the superlatively excellent acting of Dodson Mitchell, who is with Miss Henrietta Crosman in "Erstwhile Susan" at the Columbia, I was made wroth indeed the other night, as was every other blooded male in the audience. This Mitchell plays the part of Barnaby Dreary, the tinsmith of the town of Reinhartz, Pennsylvania, and he is enough of a mummer to put the character over as rougher and more uncouth, meaner and more contemptible than you or I, in our worst thoughts, could hope to be. Mitchell's role is a difficult one for many reasons but his facility is such as to make his portrayal the outstanding feature of the piece—excepting, of course, Miss Crosman's limning of the heroine Juliet Miller. And of Miss Crosman's art let it suffice to say that the lady is an actress. The story of "Erstwhile Susan" (the play was written by Miss Marian de Forest from Helen Martin's novel "Barnabette") is the story of a curse lifted, the tale of how the sunshine of a woman's laughter and the keen winds of her sarcasm melted the ice of small-town cruelty and swept the cobwebs of stupidity from the brains of stolid men. Dreary the tinsmith, twice a widower, at the age of fifty-five "feels for gettin' married." He has two grown sons and a seventeen-year-old daughter. Jake, the elder

of the sons, is a carbon copy of his father—greasy and selfish, unkempt and brutal. Emanuel, the younger boy, is less dislikable. And the girl, Barnabette, is a woeful, weary, heavy-hearted little thing, tired of the life she lives, longing for the sleep that is dreamless and unending. Unbeknown to his children old Dreary has advertised for a wife. And Juliet Miller, an elocutionist from a neighboring village, comes to him in answer to his advertisement. Juliet is a woman just topping the grade, her own heart not any too light, who has seen and pitied the lonely daughter and who has determined to marry Dreary if only so that she may raise the girl from the mud of misery into which the bullying provincial Kultur of the father has driven her. She is super-sophisticated withal her kindness, and somewhat sickeningly full of familiar quotations. However, she marries Dreary. And then she bravely conquers him. She conquers him with smiles, with satire, with open ridicule, with courageous force when force is needed. She turns the Dreary dwelling from a place of squalor and tears and cursing and dirt to a home of surpassing quietude and neatness. She dries the tears of Barnabette and leads her feet from the path that runs to the river where another whipped and scorned creature has drowned herself. Of the younger son she makes a man. Of the older—well, the older is a harder case; she cannot make much of him; the material isn't there. But when matters finally do come to a show-down and it is Juliet against Jake, Juliet lashes Jake's

Dutch pride until it bleeds. "Erstwhile Susan," despite its name, which is weak and misleading, is a strong piece of work well-knit. It is more than merely clever. Aside from the picture it paints of the Pennsylvania Dutch, a quaint and curious people as yet unexploited though not unexplored by the writing gentry, it is chock with characterizations that are at once discerning and finely drawn. Its lines are calculated to jounce the humor and jar the funnybone. Every woman who sees it will learn from it the value of a smile and the worth of a laugh. Every man who sees it will try, for ten minutes at least, to be kinder to the woman he loves—even if the woman he loves chances to be his wife. Its one defect is its ending, in which Barnabette, home from a Boston finishing school, throws the hook into a presumably sane lawyer who saved her from a thrashing in the first act, gaffs him and lands him safely in her creel. Why every American play that is not frankly a tragedy has to end with some sweet and succulent wench lip-dueling in the arms of a man who earlier in the play is made to appear sensible is beyond me. Perhaps our playwrights feel that the people of this enlightened age really cannot get along unless all actuality is jellied o'er with the smear and spreadin's of slobber-gabble; perhaps an unhappy ending of the piece may also mean an unhappy ending of the profits. How the devil do I know? At any rate, "Erstwhile Susan" ends with the usual half-nelsons, and its pleasant taste is soured slightly as a result.

## The Stage

### The Symphony Season Opening

Lucky mortals are we. Our symphony season has been coming round to us with the regularity of Christmas, New Year's and Washington's Birthday. In the midst of war have we not reason to felicitate ourselves that this is so, that on the calendar we may include among red-letter events the opening of the symphony season? The first concert on Friday of last week was a success that more than realized expectations. A fine programme was splendidly played by an orchestra whose personnel, though not entirely the same as last year's, is nevertheless mainly of artists who have distinguished themselves here under the baton of Maestro Hertz. The programme was opened with the Coriolanus overture, Hertz once more vindicating for us his interpretative instinct for Beethoven which has so enhanced his reputation as a symphony leader. Needless to say, he won enthusiastic applause. Then came Brahms in cameo embroideries of a theme of Haydn's. A glorious climax was Rachmaninov's E Minor Symphony. A distinguished London authority has called it provincial for a composer to believe that he is writing Russian music or for a listener to think that he is hearing Russian music. "For," he says, "there is no such thing as Russian music; there is only music." For once I reflect that perhaps it is not discreditable to be called provincial for entertaining the belief thus scoffed at. I rejoice that it is in my creed. With rapture I heard the Muscovite idiom all through the Rachmaninov symphony which the Hertz band played inspiringly.

The Sunday concert as well as the Friday opening had a big house, the difference being as



MAGGIE TEYTE

Noted soprano, guest artist with La Scala Opera Co. at the Cort.

in previous years, that the Friday's audience was largely feminine with a somewhat sartorial cadence; while on Sunday the audience included a large number of the masculine music lovers in our population. There is no doubt that symphonic music makes a stronger appeal to men in general than any other form. The psychological explanation may be its complexity. Milton probably had the symphony in mind when he called music "heavenly maid."

—H. M. B.

### La Scala Opera at the Cort

"The worthiest productions of grand opera ever given at popular prices in San Francisco" is the slogan of La Scala Grand Opera Company which will open an engagement limited to two weeks at the Cort, beginning Monday night. The famous Maggie Teyte heads the organization as guest artist, but it is not a "one star" company, say Berry and Behymer, the impresarios and managers who point to a long list of operatic celebrities: Ester Ferrabini, Nina Morgana, Italo Picchi, Giuseppe Gaudenzi, Mario Valle, Roberto Viglione and others. La Scala forces number thirty principals, a chorus of forty and an orchestra of forty under the direction of Chev. Fulgenzio Guerrieri. The offering on Monday night will be "La Tosca." It will introduce Ester Ferrabini as Floria. Giuseppe Gaudenzi, a favorite with San Francisco through his appearances with the Boston National Grand Opera Company, will be Cavaradossi; and Mario Valle, a baritone from whom much much may be



expected, will play Scarpia. "La Tosca" will be repeated at the Wednesday matinee. Tuesday night will bring "La Boheme," with Maggie Teyte in her famous role of Mimi. Wednesday night will give the coloratura Nini Morgana a great opportunity in "Rigoletto." She will also sing the titular role in "Lucia" on Saturday night. Thursday night and Saturday matinee will be devoted to "Mme. Butterfly," with Maggie Teyte as Cio-Cio-San, a role in which she has never appeared here. Ferrabini's singing of "Carmen" on Friday night is another notable offering.

#### Cherniavskys on Sunday

The three brothers Cherniavsky will give their second and last recital at the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) at 2:30. A novelty will be the first performance here of the Gretchaninow trio in C minor. The programme includes solos by the brothers and the Gretchaninow work, as follows: Violoncello solo, "Variations Symphoniques," Boellman, Mischel Cherniavsky. Piano solos: Nocturne, F sharp minor, Op. 15, three preludes, Nos. 3, 23 and 24, Ballade in A flat, Op. 47, Chopin, Jan Cherniavsky. Violin concerto, D minor, Paganini-Welhelmj, Leo Cherniavsky. Trio for piano, violin and 'cello, C minor, Op. 38, Gretchaninow, Jan, Leo and Mischel Cherniavsky.

#### The Alma Gluck Concerts

Alma Gluck, the peerless American soprano, will give concerts at the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, November 4 and 11, and at the Auditorium Opera House in Oakland on Tuesday night, November 6. Sold-out houses are the rule at Gluck recitals, and there is no doubt that this condition will prevail here. Already Manager Oppenheimer of the Will L. Greenbaum offices who is managing the affair, is being besieged with requests for seats and boxes. On the first programme the initial group includes works by Bach, Mozart, Spohr and Beethoven. Then comes a group by Schubert, Loewe, Brahms, Reger and Richard Strauss. Group three contains "Green" and "Fantoche" by Debussy, Glinka's "Persian Song," Moussorgsky's "Starlet, Where Art Thou" and Rachmaninoff's "These Radiant Nights." Works by Vogrich, William J. McCoy's beautiful "The Only Voice," Grinel's "Behave Yourself Before Folk," Ward-Stephen's "The Nightingale" and other numbers are included in the superb offering. Mail orders for the San Francisco events should be sent to the Will L. Greenbaum Attractions, care Sherman Clay. For the Oakland event, to Miss Z. W. Potter, manager, care Sherman Clay in Oakland. The general ticket sale will begin Wednesday, October 31, at the usual offices, but mail orders, if accompanied by check, will have precedence over the regular sale.

#### The Foys at the Orpheum

Eddie Foy and the Seven Younger Foys will be the headline attraction at the Orpheum next week, appearing in a new act called "The Old Woman in the Shoe" written for them by George V. Hobart and William Jerome. The piece, based on the nursery rhyme, is a musical production. Lillian Fitzgerald, although an imitator, is not a mimic. Those she selects to depict she satirizes and caricatures, and she is to the stage what a cartoonist is to the newspaper. This season she is supported by Clarence Senna. He is a composer-pianist and plays his own arrangements. William Ebs is a ventriloquist. Libonati is a ragtime xylophonist. Fern, Biglow and Mehan, comedy

pantomimic gymnasts, will appear in "Highballs and Jumps." Al Herman, the blackface monologist; Santly and Norton, singers; and Gus Edwards' Bandbox Revue will be held over. The third and last episode of the thrilling war pictures "The Retreat of the Germans at the Battle of Arras" will be presented.

#### Leo Ornstein Coming

Leo Ornstein, the ultra-modern composer and pianist, will make his first appearances here Thursday night, November 1, and Friday night, November 9, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, and Thursday night, November 8, at the University of California. This young Russian composer made his debut in the East in 1912 when but seventeen years old. Sweden and Norway, Paris and London heard him next. He has also gained fame in Russia.

#### The First "Pop"

The first of the series of "pop" concerts to be given by the San Francisco Symphony is scheduled for this Sunday afternoon at the Cort. The time is 2:30. Conductor Hertz has programmed some delightful light masterpieces. The first number will be Auber's melodic overture to "Masaniello," sometimes called "The Dumb Girl of Portici." Massenet's "Alsatian Scenes" is a charming number. "Heart Wounds" and "Last Spring" are two of Grieg's sentimental compositions. "The Scarf Dance," by Cecile Chaminade, is also announced. The Second Rhapsodie of Liszt will conclude the concert.

#### Second Pair of Symphonies

The second pair of symphonies of the Symphony Orchestra will be given Friday afternoon, October 26, and Sunday afternoon, October 28, at the Cort. Dvorak's "New World" symphony, Debussy's exquisite "Children's Corner" and the Liszt symphonic poem "Mazeppa" will be the offerings.

#### "Potash and Perlmutter in Society"

"Potash and Perlmutter in Society," the new comedy by Montague Glass and Roi Cooper Megrue, a continuation of the Potash and Perlmutter play presented here already, will

be at the Columbia beginning Monday, October 29. The new play, like the former one, bristles with homely virtues, and of course, with humor. It is Harlem "society" of which it affords us intimate glimpses. Jules Jordan will be seen as "Abe" Potash and Chas. Lipson as "Mawruss" Perlmutter.

#### Miss Crosman's Second Week

Henrietta Crosman is to be seen at the Columbia all next week including Sunday night, in Marion de Forest's "Erstwhile Susan." The play is a dramatization of Helen R. Martin's novel "Barnabette." Matinees are given Wednesday and Saturday.

#### Another Week of Carle

Success has marked the performances during the week of the Oliver Morosco musical show "Nobody Home" at the Alcazar, with Richard Carle in the stellar role. Carle's song "Foolishness" is one of the hits. Mons. Rodolph who was the dancing star in "The Masked Model" does a waltz with Miss Urban, styled "Mon Plaisir," while his fox trot with Evelyn Kellar is another delightful bit. Boyle and Brazil have dancing specialties. Percy Bronson sings catchy songs.

#### The Carnival at Sutro Baths

The sale of seats for the patriotic pageant and aquatic carnival for the benefit of the Allied War Relief and American tobacco funds at Sutro Baths October 27, will open at Sherman Clay's on Monday. There will be two performances, afternoon and evening. Gare Holme and Mrs. D. E. F. Easton are directing the pageant and will present three episodes—"The Landing of Noah's Ark on Mount Ararat," "Noah's Dream of the Future" and "The Concourse of All Nations Paying Homage to Liberty." Three hundred persons will take part in the spectacle and there will be interpretative dances by sixty pupils of Misses Ida and Isabelle Wyatt, also music by the navy band from Yerba Buena Island and a number of enlisted men. The aquatic carnival is under the direction of William Unmack and includes a fifty yards championship swimming race for girls, authorized by the Pacific Coast Athletic As-



EDDIE FOY AND THE SEVEN YOUNGER FOYS  
Next week at the Orpheum



sociation, and a sham battle between an American warship and a submarine. Tickets may also be obtained and boxes (price \$15) reserved at the office of the Allied Bazaar, room 516 Hotel St. Francis.

#### At Hotel Oakland

Scott Weisser of San Francisco gave a delightful and elaborate dinner at the Hotel Oakland Friday evening, having as guests Rev. and Mrs. G. E. Kirchner of San Luis Obispo, Mr. and Mrs. Schudel, Miss Helen Silva, Dorothy Weisser and A. W. Plummer. Among the prominent arrivals recently are Mr. and Mrs. M. Cellanten and son of New York, Mrs. H. A. Zeche and Miss L. Zeche of Long Beach, Mr. and Mrs. J. Washburn and son, Wawona, Mr. and Mrs. J. Banker and J. Doolittle of Belvedere, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Lane of Wyandotte, Mich., Mr. and Mrs. H. Wesson of Palo Alto, Mrs. N. Graham of Alhambra, Mrs. E. C. Baldney, New York, H. J. Meloche and wife, Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. C. Little, Whittier, Louis Ghirardelli, San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Lenhardt, San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. H. McHoughton, Pasadena, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mayberry, Sacramento.

#### At the Cecil

Mrs. Howard Turner gave a bridge tea Tuesday, with four tables in play, and later in the afternoon a dozen friends dropped in for tea. Among the guests were George J. Clapp, Ray Frazer, E. V. Foote of Salt Lake, W. L. Henry, B. R. Keith, Eugene Davis, Elizabeth Pratt, S. B. Zeigler, Henrietta Damkroeger, Dora Ahlborn of Honolulu, Charles Kenyon, J. D. Riddle, Charles Graf, Charles Walker, Frederick Mead. Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Miller have closed their home at Burlingame and will spend the winter at the Cecil. Mrs. A. M. Burns was

hostess at a dinner Thursday. Mrs. George and Miss Dorothy MacGregor arrived this week from New York. Judge William Hunt and Miss Hunt are sojourning. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Long are receiving a warm welcome from their friends. Mrs. James F. Tracey of Albany, New York, will be at the Cecil while her son Lieutenant Tracey is stationed at the Presidio.

#### Sunday Night at the Tavern

There are many who never fail to spend Sunday evening at the Techau Tavern, San Francisco's high class family cafe and restaurant. There is a continuous entertainment at the Tavern every Sunday commencing at the dinner hour and running on until the "After the Theatre Hour." This entertainment is given by the best vocal and instrumental artists available. Every afternoon during the week lady patrons are presented with from 25 to 35 bottle of Stearns' Suprema toilet water, and after each souvenir dance in the evening, with Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume favors, and the gentlemen with a large box of Melachrino cigarettes.

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MONDAY, OCT. 29—"POTASH AND PERLMUTTER IN SOCIETY"



ALMA GLUCK

The American soprano who will appear at the Columbia Sunday afternoons, November 4 and 11, and Oakland Opera House Tuesday night, November 6

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#### PROGRAM:

Overture, "Masaniello" .....Auber  
"Alsatian Scenes" .....Massenet  
"Heartwounds" and "Last Spring" .....Grieg  
"Scarf Dance" .....Chaminade  
Second Rhapsodie .....Liszt  
PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert day; at Cort Theatre concert day only.

NEXT—Oct. 26-28: 2nd Pair Symphony Concerts



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## From Ocean to Ocean

The men who steer the course of craft up and down the coast are pioneers of trade, and ultimately they help to form the backbone of the traders of the nation. Captain Charles J. Swanson is illustrating this fact in the water-front life of this city. Captain Swanson comes of that hardy northern race of Europe whose sons are the natural-born sea-rovers of the world. When but a small boy in Sweden he went aboard ship, like a duck to water, lived aboard ship, grew up on a ship, and what he doesn't know about ship and shipping isn't worth knowing. He served in all capacities in all parts of the world, and finally won a captain's certificate which made him master of both steam and sail vessels. In the course of time he sailed a vessel into San Francisco Bay. Quite naturally this immense harbor impressed him favorably, and he determined to make it his home port. That was in 1896. Since then he has become acquainted along the Pacific Coast ports and the Orient and with the leading men with whom he came in contact. All this while he was learning the lesson that there is more profit in trading goods for yourself than in carrying them in vessels for others. After he had accumulated a comfortable fortune some years ago he retired from the sea, and set up in business for himself in

a well-equipped general store at 119 East street, opposite the Union Ferry Depot, where he



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built a tremendous and ever increasing business in uniforms and seafaring men's clothes, in fact everything needed by captains and officers, besides giving particular attention to the yachting service and any man who wanted to be quickly outfitted in general clothing could find exactly what he wanted at a moderate price.

Several months ago, 119 East street with the entire block was destroyed by fire. Nothing daunted, but like a duck to water, Captain Swanson immediately started out to find new quarters, and that he was the first tenant to secure a lease and open the first store in the new Southern Pacific Building at Market and Steuart streets the accompanying photograph bears attest.

That the Captain does not propose to be outdone in this line goes without saying; everything being new from the building down to a shoe string, so that the most whimsical are sure to be satisfied.

In remarking the fixtures of Captain Swanson's new place, which add so materially to the store, let it be known that they were installed by the Finke and Schindler Co. of 218-228 Thirteenth street, San Francisco, in accordance with Captain Swanson's own idea.

A visit to this new store at 36-40 Steuart street—whether a seafaring man or an ordinary laborer, a banker or a broker—will more than repay even though you make no purchase.



CAPT. CHAS. J. SWANSON'S NEW STORE



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—While the movement of prices on the stock exchange last week was disappointing to shareholders, there were indications that a turn in the downward trend is not very far distant. One of these was the diminishing volume of liquidation of bonds. Fewer bonds declined to new low levels last week, although stocks seemed to be for sale on every little rally and liquidation was quite general, forcing many stocks to the lowest level reached since the market started down some months ago. The collapse of the tobacco issues as well as persistent selling of the copper shares helped to unsettle the market, and decline finally spread to the rails which brought about the lowest prices seen for some time. What is going on in the securities market is a readjustment of prices to the higher cost of capital. When the Government is selling bonds on a 4 per cent basis corporation stocks and bonds without the enormous financial strength of the entire nation behind them will necessarily sell on a higher investment return. Bonds, railroads and industrial corporations have gradually depreciated from 5 to 7 per cent on the investment. Standard railroad securities are selling on a 7 to 8 per cent basis, with industrials on a 10 to 15 per cent basis. Eventually a level will be established where capital will be content with the return on its investment. In the case of bonds that level appears to be near. Railway stocks have been liquidated freely and the underlying motive has been to secure larger returns on invested capital. A factor in the weakness of rails has been the large absorption of liquid capital by Government bonds. Money which ordinarily would be invested in stocks is withdrawn from the market and put into Government bonds. Low priced rails have held up better than the standard issues. The cheap railroad stocks yield no dividends which could be taxed. Those companies are slowly improving their financial condition. Meanwhile a gradual appreciation in values will take place. Capital invested at present low prices will grow and the growth will not be taxable until the rails are liquidated. Stocks are cheap at the prevailing prices, but liquidation has not as yet run its course, and while we believe stocks can be bought at present level we would not be surprised to see the market sell somewhat lower.

**Corn**—During the last week and chiefly during the last few days prices have sustained a considerable decline. Prices had about reached their maximum on the last upward movement at the time of the issuance of the Government crop report and the fact that the prospect was better than generally anticipated brought on liquidation. Selling of this character has continued since then and prices have receded sharply. There has been only a meager demand as

compared with the offerings. Talk of peace has been a contributing factor to the weakness as has been the unsettled condition of the security market. Severely cold weather occurred during the week but had very little influence on values, as it was believed that the greater part of the crop had reached a degree of maturity that rendered it immune to frost, and some sections have since reported that the frosts were beneficial. Some apprehension existed over the Iowa crop but the Government weather report since issued indicated that 85 per cent had reached maturity. Cash prices sustained a decline. The situation abroad presupposes a good demand from there when our crop becomes available, as shipments from the United States and Argentine have been small for a long time. However, with a crop in excess of the largest ever raised, the foreign demand is unlikely to supply any special stimulation to values. Stocks are quite moderate abroad, but Europe continues to buy sparingly and evinces no anxiety over supplies. The trend of opinion seems to be that lower and more reasonable prices for all articles is probable and with a more generous crop there seems warrant for the view that values will sustain a further decline.

**Cotton**—The cotton market advanced to new high records last week, with prices for the near-by futures selling above the 27 cent level. The principle incentive for the advance was the scarcity of spot offerings in the South as well as fear of frost. Spot cotton in the South is selling well above the New York future price and as long as this condition prevails very little cotton will come to New York to be delivered on future contracts. Light frost appeared in parts of northern Texas, Arkansas and the extreme northerly portion of the eastern belt. Generally the weather has been favorable in all sections for picking and harvesting the crop but labor is scarce and high. There is nothing now to come forward in the way of crop reports and it is only a question now of frost which, if delayed, will add to the total crop which is now expected to be around 12,250,000 bales. The immediate future of the market will be in doubt because of the tremendous advance that has occurred in a very short period. With values at a very high level, naturally much that was bullish has been met by the price. The more distant futures, however, will be governed entirely by the final crop figures. When it is possible to form some intelligent estimate of the probable size of the crop, it may then be possible to formulate some definite idea as to the possible price. Our own theory is that the crop has been further reduced by the damage from frost; that, at best, supplies will be scant, and we would prefer to take the long side on good breaks.

She—And if you should lose your wife, will you marry me?

He—My only regret is that I have but one wife to lose for you!

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### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEON di NOLA, Deceased—No. 23,272; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of LEON di NOLA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEON di NOLA, deceased.

VINCENT di NOLA,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Leon di Nola, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 29, 1917.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Executor,  
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

9-29-15

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## A La Bayonette

(Continued from Page 6)

at which he struck. He was conscious only of movements and of feelings, of being thrust against a wall, of striking back at some heavy phantom and hearing the crunch of bone against the butt of his rifle. They were all about him, gray shapes and brown shapes. A bullet hissed past his ear. He struck out savagely into space, and his bayonet entered the wall of the trench . . . he swore. There were things about his feet too, soft things that struggled and moved . . . then the air seemed to clear, and, quite suddenly, as if he had taken a section of the battle, he was alone with a single enemy. An extraordinary clarity came into his mind, and for an interminable second the long Englishman with the hard mouth, and the Bavarian, much shorter, much heavier, gazed into each other's eyes. They were watchful, they were nimble, they were like cats about to spring. Private Denny felt himself dodge from right foot to left foot as if he were sparring.

The Bavarian struck straight out. Denny got the bayonet upon the barrel of his rifle, and it fled aside past him, incredibly fast and brilliant, like a pike in a stream. And automatically he lunged back, straight towards the thick gray body that stooped. He failed as the other leapt aside . . . he cried out, for carried away he had fallen right against his antagonist, so near that he could see the different colors in his eyes, feel the heavy warm weight of him. For a second they remained gripped and swaying. Jaws locked, with eyebrows knitted, they sprang apart, still watchful, feinting with their weapons, heads down. They struck again and the rattle of their rifle barrels was as that of castanets. Private Denny gave a little growl, for suddenly the Bavarian, lunging on, pierced his sleeve, and he felt the sharp sting of the bayonet along his skin. He was not sparring now, but as the other half fell, carried away

by his rush, Private Denny stepped aside and, raising his weapon, brought it down straight against the fleeting gray side . . .

He was thrilled with an excitement that held hardly any horror as the speared body resisted. He thrust on, deeper and deeper, desiring only one thing, to drive in the steel yet deeper . . . and for a second he held him pinned, all his body shaking with the quiver that ran through from his stricken foe up the knife and along into his arms. He was taut, wanted to hold the thing so pinned forever. His lungs quite nar-

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row, his hands rigid as dry bones in the intensity of his clutch, he so remained for a second. Then, suddenly lax and shivering, he withdrew the bayonet.

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### ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of ADELE MAGENDIE, a Minor.

LIZZIE MAGENDIE, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Guardian of the Person and Estate of Adele Magendie, a minor, having filed herein her duly verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing her as such guardian to renew to French American Bank of Savings, a corporation, a certain mortgage now subsisting in its favor upon the interest of said minor in certain real property in said petition and hereinafter particularly described, and it appearing that it will be advantageous to said minor and to the estate of said minor that said mortgage be renewed, it is by the Court

ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said Adele Magendie, a minor, do appear before this Court, Department No. 10, thereof, at its Courtroom in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 5th day of November, 1917, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause if any they have why a certain mortgage subsisting in favor of French American Bank of Savings, a corporation, upon the interest of said minor in certain real property in said verified petition and hereinafter particularly described, should not be renewed upon said interest or some part thereof of said minor in said real property and mortgaged to said French American Bank of Savings, a corporation, for the sum of \$19,000.00, as prayed for in the petition of Lizzie Magendie, the duly appointed, qualified and acting guardian of the person and estate of said minor, or for such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet. Reference is hereby made to said verified petition on file herein for further particulars.

Said real property, the property to be mortgaged, is situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Jackson Street distant westerly thereon one hundred seven (107) feet and six (6) inches from the westerly line of Montgomery Street; running thence westerly and along said southerly line of Jackson Street fifty (50) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly nine (9) feet and three (3) inches, more or less, to the northeasterly line of Columbus Avenue; thence southeasterly and along said last named line seventy-eight (78) feet and eleven (11) inches, more or less, to its intersection with a line drawn at right angles to said southerly line of Jackson Street through the point of commencement above described, and thence northerly and parallel with said westerly line of Montgomery Street sixty-three (63) feet and ten and  $\frac{3}{4}$  (104  $\frac{3}{4}$ ) inches, more or less, to the southerly line of Jackson Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty Vara Block No. 68.

2. COMMENCING at a point on the northwesterly line of Market Street distant northeasterly thereon thirty-six (36) feet and one and  $\frac{1}{2}$  (37  $\frac{1}{2}$ ) inches from its intersection with the easterly line of Sanchez Street; running thence northeasterly and along said northwesterly line of Market Street seventy-seven (77) feet and six and  $\frac{1}{2}$  (78  $\frac{1}{2}$ ) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly two (2) feet and six and  $\frac{1}{4}$  (6  $\frac{1}{4}$ ) inches, and thence in a southerly direction one hundred twenty-five (125) feet, more or less, to the northwesterly line of Market Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 98.

and the interest of said minor therein is an undivided one-half ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) thereof.

It is further ORDERED that this Order to Show Cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the date of hearing of said petition in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 3rd day of October, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,  
Attorney for Guardian,  
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-13-4



## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83397; Dept. No. 10.

KATHERINE MAY HESS, Plaintiff, vs. DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and mental cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of July, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

9-15-10

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY CORPORATE NAME SHOULD NOT BE CHANGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.

In the Matter of the Application of the CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY, for Change of Name.

WHEREAS, an application has been filed in the above entitled Court by the CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY, a corporation, and H. W. DIMOND, J. S. ROLLS, J. H. HUMPHREY, F. E. FARMER and W. B. RYDER, all of the Directors of said corporation, praying that the corporate name of said corporation be changed from the CITY ABSTRACT AND TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY to the CITY TITLE INSURANCE COMPANY, and good cause appearing therefor,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said matter appear before the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, at its Court Room, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Thursday, the 25th day of October, A. D. 1917, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M., and show cause, if any they have, why said application for change of name should not be granted.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for a period of four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be mailed to each stockholder of said corporation, at his last known address, by depositing such copy in the United States Postoffice, directed to such stockholder, with postage thereon fully prepaid.

Dated this 19th day of September, A. D. 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 84,455.

GERMAINE KEYWORTH, Plaintiff, vs. HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also on the ground of defendant's failure to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life, he having the ability to do so; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of September, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. E. ROTHE,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
948 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

9-29-10

## Letters

## H. G. Wells Shows to Poor Advantage

Possibly a book like H. G. Wells's "The Soul of a Bishop" may create more of a sensation in England than here in America where new cults spring up like mushrooms and churchless creeds and creedless churches are as common—and as short-lived—as new political parties. But even in England dissent is nothing new, and the country, somehow, has managed to survive even greater cataclysms than the discovery that a clergyman has changed his mind, or, for the first time in his life has been forced to do a little thinking about the doctrines he professes to believe and uphold. Bishop Scrope's lines had fallen amongst people of his own social station, and he had advanced steadily, married the daughter of an earl and never had anything particular to trouble him until he was made bishop of a manufacturing district where there were self-made men occupying prominent positions in social and industrial life, assertive and opinionated as such people are likely to be. There were also labor disputes, and when the bishop, conservative and conciliating, as was his wont, offered his mediation, he was promptly told by both sides that he knew nothing about their business, and they wanted the church kept out of their disputes; in fact, that they could get on very well without the church. It was extremely annoying to a gentleman accustomed to consider himself an important personage. He did not like the neighborhood any way and his wife and five daughters were not pleased with the "palace," and besides he had too easily taken a pledge to abstain from wine and tobacco, and right on top of all this, a couple of his subordinate clergymen had shown an inclination to be too independent or unorthodox. So between domestic annoyances and physical and mental irritations, Bishop Scrope became afflicted with insomnia and dyspepsia. He betook himself to a physician who supplied him with "a drug not mentioned in the pharmacopoea," and while its effects lasted the bishop "dreamed dreams and saw visions" some of which he acted upon, certainly to the betterment of his material fortunes, though whether to his spiritual regeneration readers will have to decide for themselves. One of the characters who aided materially in bringing about the readjustment of the good man's ideas was a Lady Sunderbund, enormously wealthy to begin with and daily growing more so as a result of war industries. Between the lady, the drug and the constant craving and surreptitious indulgence in cigarettes, the bishop cuts a poor figure and no one but himself cares whether he has a soul or not. The great trouble about renovated religions is that they are only variations, and very trivial variations from the existent creeds; the novelty in the form of the service has life only from its originator. What is good is to be found in any of the great world-religions, and the rest, the trimmings and feathers of adornment, are soon blown away like thatledown. People in search of novelties flock to the new tabernacles to be amused and entertained and go from one to another as they circle around to the different theatres. There is always a suspicion that the insurgent minister is more intent on his own glorification than that of religion. Ex-Bishop Scrope's summing up of his aspirations and intentions was "the achievement of the Kingdom of God." For more than nineteen hundred years the prayer of the faithful has been "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." Drugs and dyspepsia and pretty ladies have never been

considered factors in hastening the coming of the millennium. It is a pity H. G. Wells was so ill-advised as to publish this book. It will add nothing to his reputation. From the Macmillan Company.

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REALTY IN RENEWAL OF EXISTING MORTGAGES

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 14141; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor.

Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, guardians of the person and estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, having this day filed herein a verified petition for authority to mortgage the real property belonging to the said estate in renewal of the existing mortgages for the period and upon the terms hereinafter stated and it appearing that the making of said mortgage in renewal of the existing mortgages will be advantageous to said estate.

It is ordered that all persons interested in said estate be and they are hereby required to appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department Number Ten thereof, on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of October, 1917, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the courtroom of said Court in the City Hall, Van Ness Avenue and McAllister Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why said petition should not be granted and an order made authorizing and directing said Annie Long and Mamie Schiller, as guardians of the estate of Leon O. Baumgarten, a minor, to make, execute and deliver a promissory note secured by mortgage on the hereinafter described real property or some part thereof and for the sum of three thousand nine hundred (\$3,900.00) dollars or such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge of the above-entitled Court shall seem meet, due one year after date with interest at the rate of six (6%) per cent per annum as set forth in said petition, for the purpose of renewing the existing mortgages thereon.

The said real property is situate in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and is bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. Beginning at a point on the Western line of Broadway, distant thereon Northerly fifty (50) feet from the intersection thereof with the Northern line of Fifth Street, as said streets are shown upon the map hereinafter referred to; running thence Northerly along said line of Broadway thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Westerly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Southerly thirty (30) feet; thence at right angles Easterly seventy-five (75) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 20, and the Southern five (5) feet of Lot No. 19, in Block No. 54, as said lots and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland on file in the office of the County Recorder of the County of Alameda.

2. Beginning at a point on the Northern line of Fifth Street, distant thereon Westerly seventy-five (75) feet from the intersection thereof with the Western line of Broadway, as said street and way are shown on the map hereinafter referred to; running thence Westerly along said line of Fifth Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning.

Being Lot No. 23, in Block No. 54, as said lot and block are delineated and so designated upon Kellersberger's Map of Oakland, on file in the office of the County Recorder of the said County of Alameda.

For all further particulars of said petition you are hereby referred to the same, which is now on file in the above-entitled estate.

It is further ordered that this order be published once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court this 24th day of August, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

G. GUNZENDORFER,

Attorney for Guardians.

Holbrook Bldg., 58 Sutter St.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

9-8-10

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83,219, Dept. No. 16.

SARAH E. MUNCK, Plaintiff, vs. M. G. LOEFLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

Alfred B. Lawson and John Prosek, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: M. G. LOEFLE, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON and JOHN PROSEK,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
Grant Building, San Francisco, Cal.

9-29-10



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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, OCTOBER 27, 1917

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No. 1314

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## The Ways of the Dutch

Sweden is not the only neutral country whose neutrality is not above criticism among the Allies. There is Holland, for example, which has been described as a half-way house on the road to Germany for shippers of materials that are very useful in prolonging the war. Earlier in the war we were told how, as a consequence of the war, the people of The Netherlands were undergoing much distress. Also we were told that Dutch sympathies were with the Allies, and that were it not for a big German army on the frontier the Dutch would plunge in and facilitate matters for the French and English. Now we hear that civilization concerns the Dutch somewhat less than the profits to be made out of the war. If such be the case the Dutch may lose some friends in this country where they have been prospering for a long time. Here they have been building up giant industries, and all the while they have been bidding for the friendship and cooperation of Americans. Perhaps it would be well for this country to pay some attention to the commercial progress of the Dutch Captains of Industry who have been very busy exploiting the industries of the United States. It is to our interest not only to quit trading with the enemy but also to quit trading with too intimate friends of the enemy.

\* \* \*

## Should We Fear the Pope?

Fifty odd years ago Parke Godwin, a noted essayist of his day, addressed this question to his readers: "Should we fear the Pope?" He said that "one cause of the current movement against foreigners was that it was asserted that 'the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church'" and he added that it was asserted that the doctrines of the Church assert the right of the Pope to interfere in the temporal affairs of kingdoms and states, while they demand for him the exclusive allegiance of its mem-

bers; and the inference is that no one professing those doctrines can yield an honest allegiance to any other power." Mr. Godwin, though convinced that Catholicism was a species of fanaticism, would not permit himself to be betrayed by the "chronic terrors of Protestants into an unjust judgment of Catholics and the consequent perpetration of political wrongs," and he argued the absurdity of inferences which, he said, "were intended to frighten us out of our seven senses." It is interesting to read the Godwin essay in the light of current events. The hereditary aversion of some Protestants has not been dissipated, and we see that the Pope is interfering in temporal affairs to the extent apparently of conducting propaganda in favor of peace. As the representative on earth of the Prince of Peace he is assuming the right of urging the Powers and all peoples to quit fighting. By reason of his attitude he is thought by some folk to be playing into the hands of the Kaiser and his Allies, and it is suspected in certain quarters that he is especially interested in the welfare of the Catholic Austro-Hungarian Empire. Admitting this to be so we see no evidence of the "exclusive allegiance" of Catholics to the Pope. Assuming it to be so there is evidently mutiny in the Church, not among the masses but in the College of Cardinals, right among the Princes of the Church. Here is Cardinal Mercier, for example: surely he is not espousing the cause of the great Catholic empire of Austria-Hungary. He is regarded in Germany as the leading propagandist of the Allies. Temporal interference, nor Church allegiance (if we accept the postulates of some of the unthinking bigots) has deterred Cardinal Mercier from fighting for the cause of his native country. Certainly he is not for a German peace. As a polemist he has justified hatred of the peoples who have martyred his countrymen of all religions and of no religion. Here is a churchman who is teaching all the world the virtue of patriotism. In his devotion to the proscribed flag of his country and in defiance of the enemy, whether Catholic or Lutheran, he flaunts that banner from the altar held sacred to the holy emblems of his Christian creed, and when the music of the Mass is ended all the ears (not only those of the worshippers of God) are thrilled with the inspiring strains of the national anthem that surge from the organ. Thus does a Prince of the Church keep his countrymen mindful of the terrible wrongs that have

been inflicted on them by the Princes of a Roman empire, nearly all of whom are Catholics. Perhaps there are some folks who wonder that the Cardinal has not been excommunicated.

\* \* \*

## Conscientious Objectors

If that fine old patriot Parke Godwin were to return to the glimpses of the moon he might be inclined to ask himself whether there might not be less reason to fear the Pope than the teachings of the evangelical preachers who have long nursed their pet hereditary aversion. For certainly "conscientious objectors" in the pulpits of the land are somewhat startling in number. There are many preachers, as we have learned from the newspapers, who, though they owe no allegiance at all worth speaking about, are however true to the principles first enunciated in the heart of the Central Powers. Freedom of conscience, or the right of private judgment, the thing they regard as their greatest blessing, has turned out to be for them a principle in which they may ground disloyalty to their country. They are the men who have been teaching Americans that we should be fearful of the Pope because of the possibility of his interference in temporal affairs to the disadvantage of our country. These men at this time are aggressively non-patriotic on principle. How refreshing to turn from the vaporings of men some of whom are pacifists for the protection of their own hide to the utterances of a man like Cardinal Gibbons. Here is another Prince of the Church with whom patriotism appears to be inferior to no other virtue. Always we find him in the first rank of aggressive patriots. The other day the National Association for Universal Military Training proposed an amendment to the law empowering the President to raise armies by the selective draft, the purpose of which is to enable the government to give military training to youths from 19 to 21. The proposed amendment has received the endorsement of many of the foremost men of the country and the association is calling particular attention to the following letter from Cardinal Gibbons to H. H. Sheets, secretary of the association:

"Dear Mr. Sheets: In reply to your letter of yesterday I wish to state that I am in sympathy with the efforts of the association in striving to bring about legislation which will provide for some military training of young men of the ages of 19 and 20.

"It will benefit them morally as well as physically, and help to prepare them for their



various avocations, or, if necessity arises, for the sterner needs of war.

Very faithfully yours,

J. CARD. GIBBONS,  
"Archbishop of Baltimore."

Cardinal Gibbons, by the way, is not at all singular among churchmen who owe allegiance to the Vatican. Here is our own Archbishop Hanna, who likes peace of course, but who is nevertheless in favor of organizing companies of boy scouts throughout the Catholic Church of America. Loyal to their church are these men, but not one "conscientious objector" is to be found among them.

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### The Sins of the U. S. A.

"What is this conscience that does make cowards of them all?" a writer asks who pronounces all conscientious objectors "shirkers of national duty." He is a little severe in his comments on the breed and also somewhat unjust, as, when he says that the objector is only scrupulous when duty is irksome. This conscience that seems to conflict with patriotism is a very tender thing which had its inception in commercial Puritanism. It might have been observed in process of evolution by any student of political fads at the time when the prohibition propaganda was first substituted for the preaching of temperance. It was after a long period of undisciplined prosperity when low-brow pulpiteers found that it paid to assist plutocrats in diverting public attention from the tricks by which swollen fortunes were amassed. Then it was that sham sentimentalists and humanitarians made their appearance on the public stage. It became urgently desirable to save mankind from retrogression by suddenly shutting off the supply of booze on which the world had thrived for thousands of years. Every Pharisee of the longest robe, whether of press or pulpit, joined in the profitable propaganda ostensibly to save mankind from destruction, and the devil has been very busy ever since quoting Scripture for his purpose. Presently we were re-

minded of James II of whom the great Duchess said that he wanted to drag England to heaven with him. In other words, we had a sort of prevision of Josephus Daniels who barred prophylactics from the navy because men should suffer disease for their sins of the flesh. That the drift of our imperfect argument may be made clear consider the company that the conscientious objector keeps. Whence does he spring? Is he not always to be found in the ever-widening circle of sentimental propagandists

"Who compound for sins they are inclined to,  
By damning those they have no mind to."

Aren't they all pulers, from the pacifist, who wouldn't raise a son to be a soldier, to the total abstainer, who wouldn't take a drink because once he knew a drunkard who beat his wife. A little while ago these men's sympathies were with wife murderers whom they wished to be coddled in the penitentiary with all poor unfortunate prisoners. The average conscientious objector today (if he be sincere rather than a personal hide-saver) is a man who would weep over a crushed black beetle. His whole philosophy is grounded in sentimentality, and it is because of his sentimentality that he joined the anti-vivisectionists and the anti-vaccinationists. The world of Puritanism and Prohibition is full of him. Now the objector is not always insincere. His is often the case of having been bitten by the microbe in the air. So perhaps we should not deride him for losing the first instinct of manhood and seeking to avoid the prime duty of citizenship. In view of all the delusions and all the cant we have encouraged why become impatient of the twaddle about militarism? Think of all the big men of the country who even now are pretending to sympathize with our suffragettes!

★ ★ ★

### Historical Analogies

Considering conditions in Russia with the mind's eye on historical analogies there is

nothing to provoke astonishment; nor is there any reason to be especially indignant. Indeed it is only from an imperfect sense of history that we rail at the Russians or attribute their behavior to their crazy idealism. Revolution is usually a means to a good end, and it is usually prefaced with much wrongdoing. Generally it starts with Democracy run mad. The really striking feature of the revolution in Russia is the comparative restraint of the people. Surely there will be more violence in Russia before law and order are restored. Meanwhile familiar historical analogies are developing. Compare, for instance, the Council of Soldiers' and Workmens' Delegates with the Jacobin Club of Revolutionary France. The one, like the other, is an organization for the purpose of influencing or terrorizing a Provisional Government. The Club at its strongest was composed of about three thousand members, yet for a time it ruled France. All the while it was suspected of being under both Austrian and British influence. Its inner government was a ring of men whose trade was revolution and blackmail and who pretended to be idealists. The difference between its idealism and its reality was described by P  re G  rard, thus: "When I first sat among you I heard so many beautiful speeches that I might have believed myself in heaven had there not been so many lawyers present." In those days Austrian and Prussian armies were threatening Paris, disorganization reigned and famine stalked the streets. Parisians had bread tickets and men were guillotined for hoarding a few crusts in their cupboards. Russia is going through the same experience that marked the French Revolution and many another revolution as may be perceived from a *History of Revolutions*, one of which was written in England by a man driven from France in the midst of revolution—Chateaubriand. However, revolutions have contributed to the progress of the world. They are the punishment that peoples suffer for their ineptitudes.

## The Sons of Freedom

By Marion Couthouy Smith

We are the sons of Freedom!

In her great name we rise,  
With hearts in thrall to her ringing call,  
And the challenge in her eyes;  
We know not whither she leads us,  
Nor when our souls may rest;  
But though we die where her bugles cry,  
We choose the knightly quest.

What is her gift, her guerdon?

And what the price we give?  
No crown, no spoil—but a selfless toil  
For each, that all may live.  
To keep her tryst with justice,  
To heed her children's plea,  
We have set our lance to the splendid chance  
To serve at her decree.

Now we must ride with Freedom,

Must bear her message far  
Through storm and night, with no other light  
Than her eternal star;  
And when the quest is ended,  
And her clear bugles cease,  
We shall know the grace of her unveiled face  
Before the gates of peace.



## Varied Types

354—FATHER JOSEPH A. McAULIFFE

By Edward F. O'Day

His church is that dedicated to St. Charles Borromeo at Eighteenth and Howard streets. His parish is one of those that make more daily demands upon the parish priest and his curates than all together are able to meet in the space of twenty-four short hours.

The parish of St. Charles embraces a goodly part of the Mission district. Wonderful Mission district! A district whose climate cannot be impugned or improved, but whose cultivation and savoir faire have been pronounced inferior. A district in which the Labor Temple is set up, and the heart of labor may be heard beating. A district very unsafe for strike-breakers during labor troubles. A district which is exceedingly proud (in the main) of its lifelong friend and neighbor, Jim Rolph.

Throughout this Mission district, but more especially in that part of it which is his parish, Father Joe McAuliffe is an important man, respected not for his cloth alone.

Father Joe McAuliffe was born south of Market, and so were most of those that dwell about him—that is one bond. He wears a rugged exterior to camouflage a tender heart—that is another. But there are other and tighter bonds.

When Joe McAuliffe was a little boy his father organized the painters and decorators into the first union of that craft in San Francisco. Need I mention that the elder McAuliffe was not a professional organizer but a skilled worker? There were no walking delegates in those blessed days. And so from his youth Father McAuliffe was of the working classes—the unionized working classes. The environment has shaped his thoughts, has directed his sympathies.

Like a good many of our Catholic priests Father McAuliffe was trained on the continent of Europe. He studied for a year in Louvain, for six years in Lille. Louvain in those happy years of another era was a good-sized university town, "lively," says Father McAuliffe, "only at such times as the students went on a rampage." Of course he remembers the Great Cardinal. "The tall, thin, quiet Mercier," as he describes him, was at that time arrayed in a memorable contest with the university authorities, and proven a host in himself. Mercier had established a school of philosophy designed to revive

Thomistic teaching. The project was not popular with the rector of the university; but Mercier was rich and had rich friends, so he was not worried about finances—and he had the powerful backing of Leo XIII. The university was compelled to confer degrees upon his graduates. The outcome of that contest was a complete triumph for Mercier. He succeeded his opponent as rector of the university and received the red hat as Cardinal-Archbishop of Malines. But this is in passing. It was not at Louvain where he knew Mercier and was a class-mate of that brilliant Frenchman Ernest Dimnet, that Father McAuliffe consolidated and philosophized his labor sympathies—it was at Lille.

This great manufacturing city of northern France for whose control Huns and Allies have been fighting so desperately, inherited the glorious university traditions of Douai. There Father McAuliffe spent six years. There he mingled with the men, women and children who worked by thousands in the thread mills. There, where it was not, he learned to respect the dignity of labor. There, in class room and in factory, he pursued his studies of sociology.

In those factory cities of Europe as in the factory cities of America, the worker is the under dog. Father McAuliffe learned to pity the under dog—more than that, to love the under dog. It is a love which has not been disappointed, which has never grown cold.

"When I hear of efforts to make San Francisco a factory city," says Father McAuliffe, "I shudder sometimes. I cannot help hoping that this may never be a factory city if it must be a factory city like those of Europe and the East. The factory hand is a cog in a machine, an instrument to be used as long as useful, then thrown on the scrap heap like a broken tool. We don't want that in San Francisco. We won't have it if we have strong unionism under honest, enlightened leaders.

"The basis of the reforms in working conditions in recent times is the encyclical of Pope Leo 'Rerum Novarum.' There you will find enunciated the right of the worker to a wage sufficient to support his family, to a wage graduated in accordance with his skill, and to a wage which will permit him to save so that he may live without working in his old age. There also you will find a strong condemnation of sabotage, and an insistence that the worker must confine himself to moral persuasion in obtaining his rights from the employer.

"A great deal of the worker's trouble comes from the decay of Christian charity. The rich are no longer in personal contact with the poor. The rich are willing to give to worthy causes, but they give their checks not their personal attention. They do not go into the homes of the poor. They do not know what it means to a family not to have enough to make ends meet.

"How many employers know what it means to try to raise a family on a wage of three dollars a day? God blesses the poor with large families. You cannot support a wife and four children on three dollars a day in this period of the high cost of living. Rent, we will say, comes to eighteen dollars a month. That leaves fifty-four dollars to buy food, clothes and shoes. There was a time when two-bits would buy enough meat to feed six mouths; it buys just enough for two nowadays.

"There must be an improvement in conditions; there must be higher wages. And this will come from below, not from above. The workingman will bring the organized strength of unionism to bear and get what he is entitled to; it won't be granted voluntarily.

"The future of unionism depends on the labor leaders. Labor must insist on leaders who are workers, is insisting on such leaders more and more. Just as soon as a labor leader ceases to be a worker and becomes a politician he ceases to be a true leader. When a labor leader loses his taste for steam beer and drinks champagne, you may be sure that he is no longer true to his cause. You cannot trust the labor leader who forsakes the steam beer emporium for the cafe chantant.

"The union man knows these things. He is an intelligent man. He reads and thinks. And he is a good citizen, a law-abiding citizen, and patriotic. He is fighting our war for us."

As I left the humble rectory on Howard street I could not help thinking how appropriate it was that a priest like Father McAuliffe should be pastor of the church of St. Charles Borromeo. This pastor is a scholar with old-world cultivation, as Charles Borromeo was. It may seem strange to compare a man whose father was a working labor leader with "the genius of the counter-reformation" whose father was a count, whose mother was a de Medici and whose uncle was a Pope. But the comparison lies elsewhere. Charles Borromeo loved the poor, fought for the under dog, hated the abuses of wealth. A cardinal, he tended the plague-stricken with his own hands. But I shall not pursue the comparison too closely. Father McAuliffe would not thank me for likening him to a canonized hero of his beloved church.

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## Perspective Impressions

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Let us raise another billion or two to help make the world safe for Russia's Workmen's and Soldiers' Council and then build another canal for Democracy. In other words, let us all get together and be really altruistic and do our bit toward realizing Mr. Wilson's ideal of service to all mankind including the Kaiser.

What becomes of all the war inventions we read about? Are the reporters sometimes doing a little inventing too?

Whenever the dear people at home are in need of a little heartening the Kaiser takes another fall out of the Russians.

There is some but very little solace in conjecturing that the last days of the Kaiser will not be notable for their felicities.

Judging from the so-called Russian "peace programme," there must be a lot of Russians who think the millennium close at hand.

Now comes a volume of "Russian Poets and Poems" which tells us of a splendid efflorescence of poetic genius. Perhaps this is the explanation of the splendid efflorescence of ideals in which the Russian peace agreement is grounded.

We don't hear so much from Bowbeer these days.

Remember: we'll get the kind of Supervisors we deserve.

The war profiteers are making popular the idea of conscripting wealth.

You can't blame the Kaiser for going on junkets while the going is good.

Hearst has presented a book of clippings to Joffre. He could give the Kaiser a set of books.

In these liberty loan days of new forms of taxation the thoughtful mind wanders backward and reflects on what might be collected under a retroactive inheritance tax law, so much good money that father made is going to waste.

## The Desert Made by Germans

By James Milne

The German Michael has a wonderful sense of art in destruction, a positive genius for ruins as a picture of wantonness. He takes a craftsman's pride in the way he levels a farmhouse, or even a humble cottage. He overthrows a chateau, like that of Coucy, so finely that it becomes an imposing cairn. He drills holes through the walls of a church with such nicety of relationship that he might be arranging new light effects. He even corrects a landscape by hewing down its trees and unloosing its waters as if the ancient plans of Nature needed his betterment. He does all those things so well that they carry an air of permanence, as if red ruin and the breaking up of an historic land were a bequest to the ages, an heirloom which those ages ought to treasure and preserve in inviolate desolation.

This is the devil's pageant which my mind and heart, for it bites into both, have brought back from a strip of France which the German Michael held for more than two years. You may, with authority, reach it as I did, in an hour's motor ride northward from the beautiful and happily unhurt town of Compiègne, which, itself, is a bouquet of France's history and romance. The perfume of that bouquet is still about you as you come to the region laid waste when they were driven out of it in the spring. Consequently, the shock is sharp, even painful to a degree which blunts your natural attitude towards men and affairs, as if they were a new emanation from the lair of an unknown animal. It outrages the spiritual being in you, this brutal wastage of the useful and the beautiful, this dance of ruination, in mockery of the good the world has known. If you listen you can almost hear the ironic laughter of the old gods of force and spoilage who ruled in these northern frontiers of France before Christ gave out his message of Christianity.

"Don't be angry; only be surprised!" So read a notice which the Germans scrawled upon the best public building in Peronne when they left it a skeleton. One loves to think that the man who scrawled these words had a sense of things hidden to the crowd of his fellows, who, probably, stood by applauding his sign

Was he a soul trying to strike a glow among them, a glow which should illumine, by irony, the present and the future to them? Perhaps his writing was just a chance, something done on the surface, into which there crawled a meaning unknown to the author. Anyhow, he wrote better than he knew, and the French have taken him at his word by leaving his message standing. They are not angry, they have long been beyond anger with the Boche, which is always their proud term of contempt for him. They are not now surprised at anything he does, for his long spoon of the nether regions has supped at their table these three years. They are just silent about him, and that is an awful judgment to fall upon one nation from another, and that other, France, the spiritual mother of all nations.

If you will spend ten minutes with me in one village we visited, you will understand the full eloquence of the French silence about the Boche. It was a smiling little place before the war, sheltered from the winds of the north and the east, prosperous in its fields and gardens, self-governed in its domestic affairs, in fine, homes linked into a community. Now its Gothic church, built on those lines found by the mediaeval French architects as having a lift of the soul toward heaven, is no more than a quarry of stones. These lie upon each other with the precision beloved by the Germans when they set a charge to blow up a building. But the man they left to fire the charge was not, in the interest of his own skin, the perfect artist, for its roar caught him, broke half his bones against a grave-stone, and left him to be buried by the on-coming French soldiers. If our poet Gray were alive he could write a new "Elegy in a Churchyard," and some day, who knows, a French Gray may do it, though it is hardly necessary. You gain the impression under all his war doings, of a strange absence of what George Meredith would have called the comic spirit. By that, one does not mean a mere sense of humor, nor a sensitiveness to the ludicrous and a corresponding desire to avoid it. One means the grave quality of comedy which is the companion of tragedy, the

something elemental but soulful which lies between tears and laughter and keeps both in their just places. The war has given us many queer lights on German psychology and this is one which should be counted in, because it accounts for much. If the Germans had the comic spirit in the high sense of life and death, they would never have done the weird things they have done in the valleys of Shadowed France, because those things will mock them to all eternity. You may mock a man and only make him angry, but let the Domesday Book of history mock a nation on the irrefutable evidence of its own deeds, gloried in, and that nation has come by its Purgatory. "Don't be angry; only be surprised!" It was the best word that German scrawler could write for his people above the gray ruins of Peronne; but it is also the just word in their condemnation and damnation.

That, and such as that, is the elegy which the Boche has written of himself across the slopes of Northern France. You would think, from the care of his scanning and the even roll of his rhythm, that he loved his task, was disappointed if he let it go imperfect. His gods of devastation must have chided him for leaving the high-set historic town of Noyon without lacerating it more deeply. True, he stole its metals and its other wares valuable to him, and he broke the canals and made a sea of waters out of which the cathedral lifted itself like a lighthouse. But the cathedral itself he spared, being in a hurry to escape, and so much the artist in destruction that, if he could not do it well, he would not do it at all. Only one street did he sack, in his modern fashion with mine and bomb, and that was as he finally departed, when his false gods were laughing

(Continued on Page 18)

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# Green Silk Stockings

By Edmond McKenna

From my seat in the elevated train I first saw Green Silk Stockings. I was on my way to the office in the morning. One of those psychic jolts that suddenly make casual things appear significant struck me and I realized that a pair of green silk stockings had hung in that tenement window every day for seven months—as long as I had been riding to business on that line. How much longer I had no means of knowing, but I somehow came to believe that they must have been hung there every morning for a very long time—there is such a look about habitual things.

At first I named the girl Flossie. I fancied her to have red hair, wide blue eyes, a nose whitish at the point in winter and freckled in summer, and that kind of thin, cold, pink ear that goes with red hair. I think it was because I saw that kind of ear so plainly in my mind's eye that I began to add other features to match till I finally made up Flossie.

I watched for the Stockings every day, and as the tenement house was on a curve on the elevated line the train passed it slowly, so I had opportunity of seeing them quite well. I knew that they were ribbed, after an old fashion, and darned innumerable times on the heels and toes. That was very plain, for the darned places shone with a greener hue.

No matter how deeply interested I was in my novel, no matter what the heart complications of the heroine, or to what depth of infamy the villain had descended, when my train reached the Curve-of-the-Green-Stockings, as I called it, I did, perforce, leave the heroine with heart flutterings on her lips, or the villain struggling vainly with the hero's hands at his throat, and look up for the Stockings. They were always there. I smiled at them and wondered.

Then one day I was later than usual, and when I came opposite the tenement window the Stockings were not to be seen. There was an old man sitting by the window. I could see that he was blind, for he stared vacantly at the rumbling train—with that odd stare of the sightless, as if they would hear with their dead eyes. It was unusual and unexpected—not seeing the old blind man, but missing the Green Stockings. I became reasonable about it—one way of self-deception. Since it was late that morning, perhaps the Stockings had gone off to business. I should surely have seen them had I taken an earlier train.

But I never saw the Stockings in that window again. I looked for them every morning for several weeks and was disappointed afresh every morning. And frequently, even after the lapse of that time, at moments of introspection I tried to imagine what had become of the Stockings—and Flossie. Flossie of the thin, cold, pink ear that goes with red hair. What had become of her? Had she died and gone to a Green Silk Paradise, or eloped with the grocer's boy and graduated to a life of intermittent but endless darning?

I was to learn after. It befell that one day in spring the office sent me to collect a bill. I was out on the street before I realized that the place where I was sent was only a short distance from the Curve-of-the-Green-Stockings. I got off the elevated train at the station south of the curve. Laboring up the two steps at the ticket chopper's box and panting to catch a train that had just pulled out, I saw a stout, square-built, oldish woman in a little black

bonnet. She carried a basket over her arm. The other hand was engaged in holding up her skirt, and there, before my astonished eyes, on her thick legs I saw the Stockings, unmistakably green, ribbed and darned. My Flossie—how unlike my imagined one!

As she came toward me puffing after the toil of climbing the stairs I looked appraisingly at her face. It was a large, bony, solid face of the kind that we haphazardly call Irish, although I have seen it on women in southern France, and on a man who came from somewhere beyond the Ural Mountains and wore red tasseled shoes and a sheepskin jacket. It was a face hard, enduring, solid—except for a crackly bit around the eyes where the whole expression seemed to have gathered into little zones—sensitive areas out of harmony with all the rest.

I ventured to speak and said some inconsequential word about spring coming.

"It is," she said emphatically. "The warm is in the air again and the birds are singing in the country, if a body could only hear them."

Then I knew her voice was out of harmony also; it was young, the kind that never grows old.

But the Stockings; how was I going to broach that question? If I talked to her for a little while, perhaps, I should find an opening that would lead, not too abruptly, to the subject.

"It is hard work climbing those stairs, especially if one is in a hurry."

"Oh, I don't mind it," she replied, quite eagerly, "I'm used to it; have climbed them every day for years."

"You live in the neighborhood, then?"

"Yes, used to live right up there by the curve."

She made a transitory, confidential gesture in the direction of the tenement.

"Rent went up and I had to get out for a smaller place," she explained. "Pleasant enough place to live though when a body gets used to the noise. James got to like the rumble of the trains. James is my husband. He's blind. Odd how the blind likes to listen for noises."

"I think I saw a blind man sitting at the window when I used to pass," I said.

"That was him," she said, with a peculiar, abrupt tenderness in her voice.

"Wasn't there always a pair of green stockings hanging in that window?"

"Mine," she interrupted. "So you noticed them? Well, now!" There was a casual pride in her voice, if pride is ever casual, when she added, "I have worn green stockings for going on twenty years." She emphasized the word twenty, as if there were something shabby and doubtful and disloyal about nineteen.

"Twenty years!" It was an ejaculation that escaped me.

"All of twenty—I might say twenty. It will be twenty years come the middle of May that James was struck blind at his work—in the quarry explosion, you know. We had been married a month and he had bought me a pair of green silk stockings. He had terrible love for green silk—and me."

"And you have worn green silk stockings since to please him."

She admitted it with slow, solid, thoughtful nods.

"Didn't you ever find it too expensive?" I asked.

"They are getting dearer all the time," she replied. But that wasn't really what I wanted to know.

"Didn't you ever try to—to—to make him believe that black stockings were green, for instance?" A shameless question, but I couldn't resist asking it.

"I tried it once," she said.

"And what happened?"

The look she gave me made me feel as if she had not really looked at me at all before—it was such an amazingly personal look.

"Did you ever see a blind man cry?" It was crushing. She saw the effect on me and regretted it, I think.

"James is that skilful with his fingers," she said, "the touch is that light, that he could tell the difference. He can do anything with his hands."

She took the cover off the basket.

"Just look at these," she invited, and picked out a toy carved from wood—a goat or a cow, maybe—it was meant to be. There were about a dozen of them in the basket.

"He makes them," she told me, "works at them every day regular."

"And you take them out and sell them, of course. How lovely!"

"I haven't sold five dollars' worth in five years," and the note of what I must call casual pride came again.

"What do you do with them, then? Can't you sell them?"

"No; not regular enough to live on. I give them away mostly—to children in the nurseries or schools and in the Children's Hospital. I have given away more toys this last five years than all the rich women in the city together."

"But where do you get the money to live on?"

"Scrubbing, just scrubbing. When he thinks I'm out selling his work, I'm scrubbing—I bring in my dollar and a half a day regular."

A mist gathered in my eyes.

"It is too bad that your husband is blind," I equivocated.

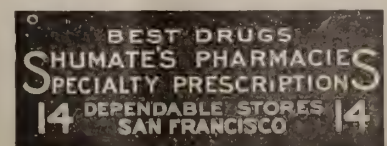
"Not for him—it isn't," she replied, and her eyes became cryptic. "There is a terrible difference between the sight of me now and that spring day when he saw me last."

I felt sure that the sure feet of love were guiding her on some path where the shadows were too deep for me.

"So you are happy?" I stammered.

"Middling happy—most of the time. Sometimes there's a cloud. Like the other night when I came home there wasn't a stick of wood in the house, and I had to put his day's work, as he calls it, in the stove to get enough fire to cook his supper with. And him sitting there by the window talking proudly about being able to earn our living and him blind."

The train arrived and she hustled on board with her basket. I watched the last car till it was lost around the curve. My Girl of the Green Stockings was gone—gone on her errand of deception.





# Poems About San Francisco

218—SAN FRANCISCO

By Anna Morrison Reed

Queen of the Coast, she sits there emerald crowned,  
Waiting her ships that sail in from the sea.  
Brighter than all the western world, to me,  
Seems this young goddess whom the years have found  
Ocean and land, fraught with their treasures sweet,  
Vie as they bring their burdens to her feet.  
In her brave arms she holds with proud content  
The varied plenty of a continent;  
In her fair face, and in her dreaming eyes  
Shines the full promise of her destinies;  
Winds kiss her cheeks, while fret the restless tides—  
She in their truth, with trust divine, confides.  
Watching the course of Empire's brilliant star,  
She looks with patient eyes across the Bar.

## The Spectator

### Rolph's Union Status

Is Mayor Rolph a representative of scab labor?

Seriously, dear reader, I ask the question, it having become the subject of discussion by reason of the recent car strike in which our Chief Executive espoused the cause of the strikers. A car conductor by the name of William H. Buckley assures me that the Mayor has confessed himself a member of a scab body, and I give ear to him just as our Mayor himself would give ear to any honest workingman engaged in earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. Buckley is a conductor on the Turk and Eddy line of the United Railroads. On one occasion during the strike Buckley was chosen to act as one of the spokesmen for the men who were risking their lives to earn their daily bread, risking them more than American wage earners should have been required to, the Mayor having refused to give them the police protection to which they were entitled. So presumably as a spokesman of a large body of men Buckley is a man of parts deserving of at least the recognition I am giving him. Well, Buckley, as I have said, informs me that the masterful Executive of the municipality has confessed to membership in a body of scab labor, and surely this is a matter whereon a little light should be reflected. Far be it from me to leave our newly rich Mayor under a cloud.

### A Colloquy in the Mayor's Office

Buckley acted as spokesman for his fellow workers a week after the so-called strike was pulled off. He had called at the City Hall with three score men to see the Mayor, but as Mr. Rolph said he preferred to confer with a small committee of the carmen all but seven or eight withdrew. "There were present at the conference," says Buckley, "all the big fellows of Rolph's government from Matt I. Sullivan to Chief White. There had been so much talk of strikebreakers and scabs that after telling Mayor Rolph that I had been working on the cars in this city for thirty years I asked him if he thought I was a scab. He said he did not, and he remarked at the same time that he was a member of the carmen's union. 'What union?' I asked. 'The union of municipal carmen,'

said he. 'Then you belong to a scab union,' said I. 'Your union is full of men who came here in 1907 to scab on the members of my union. One of the present officers of your union was one of the men who took the places vacated by me and my friends.' Buckley assures me of the truth of what he told Mayor Rolph. He insists that he belonged to the only bona fide carmen's union in San Francisco. "We went out on strike," he says, "because our union voted us out, but this gang that Rolph wouldn't protect us from had no union when they started murdering us in the public streets. They were a gang of freebooters. And now that they're down and out I wonder what the Mayor thinks of the part he played. There are two thousand of us in town and we'll remember Mr. Jim at the polls."

After punching a transfer Buckley observed that he'd like to see the minutes of the meeting at which he told Mayor Rolph that he was a scab. "Rolph had a shorthand reporter there," said Buckley, "but no report of the meeting ever appeared in the newspapers. Some of our men have asked for a copy of the minutes but they've never been able to get one."

### The Clockwinder Talks to Percy

"Say, Percy, I hope it's not you that's to blame for stewing the beans."

The speaker was the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. He was polishing the pendulum just as the former City Attorney, Mr. Percy Long, entered the room high up in the ferry tower where the machinery never stops whirling, not even when the chief machinist unhinges the pendulum to give it a polishing with his chamois cloth.

"What beans are you talking about?" Mr. Long asked as he sat down in the chair that Senator Hartman loves to occupy.

"Lull's beans," said the clockwinder, hanging up the pendulum. "Who were the dampfools put Paul Smith into the fight to knock Hennessy?"

Mr. Long gasped and then, like one confused, stammered an inaudible reply as though suddenly made incoherent. Much to Long's embarrassment the clockwinder pointed an accusing finger at him and opined that Percy himself was the guilty party. "You always did need a

guardian, Percy," he said, "but as City Attorney you always had a few advisers. By this time you ought to know something about politics."

"What's the matter with Paul Smith?" Mr. Long demanded.

"Nothing the matter with Paul," said the waterfront philosopher, "only he's getting a little common and very much of a bore and he's not just exactly the right kind of reformer to put into a muckraking fight against a man with the good old Irish name of Hennessy."

"I thought you were for Lull," observed the former taxewriter with a suggestion of a sneer in his tone.

"I was for Lull before Rolph was and before Mooser was," calmly replied the clockwinder. "Perhaps you remember that Jim didn't think of Lull till after he named two other men and the job was going a-begging. You fellows are really overplaying your hand. You're not only spilling the beans, you're making a horrible mess of them." And the clockwinder began sweeping up the pendulum room as though the floor were littered with beans.

### When the Clockwinder Laughed

Mr. Long apparently not relishing the topic, ventured to talk about the war.

"Coming back to Paul Smith," said the clockwinder, who evidently was full of the subject that he had introduced, "it's too bad to use

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him in this way. It cheapens him to use him as a booster for the gang."

"What do you mean by the gang?" Mr. Long asked.

"The City Hall gang," said the clockwinder. "It's plain as a pikestaff that all the taxeaters in the dugouts and trenches from Rolph to Matt Sullivan, not omitting my friend O'Shocknessy, are fighting to keep their wire entanglements intact. And I say it's spilling the beans right out before everybody to use Paul Smith as a mud-slinger and my Celtic friend Hennessy as a target. If Paul's real prejudices are uncovered in the midst of a measly political fight what's to become of him as a reformer? A little while ago he was presumably fighting Rolph and all his works but when it comes to fighting a Hennessy we find Rolph and Smith lying down together. Somebody might ask 'Why, if Paul Smith believes that Rolph has been standing in with the tenderloin, why should Paul believe that Rolph is against the tenderloin when he stands in with Lull?'"

"Don't you know," Percy asked, "that Lull was for Hetch-Hetchy and—"

The clockwinder fell over backwards with a crash and spent a little time in a fit of laughter.

The former City Attorney was startled into silence.

"Why, Percy," said the clockwinder, "you were City Attorney in those days. Why blame it on Lull; or is it that you're willing to call general attention to the fact that you never drew your salary as anything but a figurehead? Keep it dark, Percy, and as to Hetch-Hetchy don't we all see now in view of the City Engineer's attitude that there's a whole lot to be kept dark? Say, if you fellows don't watch out the poor saphead voters will presently wake up and decide to elect a Hennessy if for no other purpose than to throw on the light. In truth—"

At this point the clockwinder woke up to the fact that Percy had made a sneak and the pendulum room was no longer the scene of a political conference.

#### Hetch-Hetchy Under Suspicion

Presently another visitor entered the pendulum room, or rather blew in as in stormy weather.

"Say," exclaimed Senator Hartman as he banged the door, "wasn't that Percival Long I met on the stairs?"

"Guess it was," said the clockwinder.

"He seemed to be in a hurry. Say, I used to think Percy was an awful dub when he was fourflushing as the city's legal adviser."

"How did you come to change your mind?"

"When I got wise to Hetch-Hetchy. At first I couldn't understand why Percy quit a fat public office where he didn't have anything to do but look wise. You know Percy is the kind of taxeater who dies but never surrenders—a good thing."

"I thought," said the clockwinder, "that he resigned for another job where he can still do politics and practice law by ear."

Senator Hartman smiled. "Well, there may be something in that," he observed, "but I've got a kind of hunch that he quit the city's payroll when he saw that things were likely to be breaking to the bad very soon. Haven't you been reading about Rolph's great and only City Engineer, whom it was so hard for the city to get because O'Shaughnessy was such a high price man? He was the genius, you remember, who was going to build Hetch-Hetchy for us. Remember Hetch-Hetchy, don't you?"

"God forbid that I should ever forget Hetch-Hetchy," exclaimed the clockwinder. "Haven't we been having it for breakfast, lunch and dinner ever since we had the charter?"

"Sure we had," said Hartman. "I used to think it was some kind of a cure for hay fever when I was a small boy 'way back in the days when Phelan was Mayor."

"What a great thing for you polities Hetch-Hetchy has been for twenty odd years. Everybody's been elected on it some time or another. 'He worked for Hetch-Hetchy,' that was the

slogan of a thousand conventions and piece clubs. It was like a first-hand endorsement from God at a Methodist camp meeting. Schmitz, Taylor, Rolph—every crooked Supervisor had Hetch-Hetchy to his credit, and Percy Long seemed destined to go to heaven when he died, all because of Hetch-Hetchy.

"And now Hetch-Hetchy, like so many other things that have served as a test for superior political virtue through the years, is under suspicion," said Senator Hartman.

The clockwinder opened his eyes, like one startled from slumber.

#### The Senator Admonished

"And now," continued Senator Hartman, "perhaps you see why I changed my mind about Percy. Percy is far from a dub in politics, whatever he may be in the law. He's on that the time for making political capital out of Hetch-Hetchy is going by."

The clockwinder smiled. "I suppose," he said, "that you've been watching the attitude of the Supervisors toward the taxpayers who want information about the Hetch-Hetchy drama."

"Yes, I noticed among other things that my friend Jim Power, who received the Municipal Conference endorsement, voted to give information to the taxpayers, which is probably one reason why the Rolph Administration doesn't stand for him. Power is too often in favor of standing with the taxpayers."

"And I suppose you also noticed that my friend O'Shocknessy, the great engineer, was not in favor of giving up data on the cost of the dam."

"Indeed I did," said the little statesman.

"Well," said the clockwinder, "don't flatter yourself, Gus, that you saw it all by your lonely. Lots of people are getting wise to Hetch-Hetchy and wondering what it's going to cost. Some of the Supervisors will see it before long. Even Paul Smith will see it."

"Perhaps," said Hartman, "all hands will begin wondering too, about the United Railroads deal that Rolph promises to put through."

"Tut! tut!" cautioned the clockwinder, "you'll be spilling the beans, too, as Percy did when he put Paul Smith in Lull's fight."

It was now Senator Hartman's time to open his eyes. "What do you mean?" he asked. "Whose beans? Put me on."

But the clockwinder crossed his lips with an index finger. "Hush!" he said. "Come and see me when I've more time."

#### The Evolution of Paul

Our Paul Smith told Mrs. Billy Sunday, the other day, that sixty-five per cent of San Francisco is heathen. Paul, no doubt, has taken a census; we have not. The figure is startling; it suggests the crying need of missionary work in our pagan midst. Supposing that Paul spoke



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by the book of statistics, that he did not make the tenderloin the basis of his computations—it is obvious that we cannot spare a single regenerator. Being, I fondly hope, one of those who make up the thirty-five per cent of minority Christians, I am panic-stricken at the thought that the apostles of the faith are to be diminished by one. I see Paul deserting the fight, and I am afraid. We need Paul, we need all our pulpit-pounders no matter how whipper-snappery, if the proportions are to be reversed and Christianity is to prevail over heathendom in this unfortunate town. It is true, Paul has not announced his resignation from the Methodist ministry of which he is so conspicuous, so typical a unit. But he is hinting. The other night he discovered (or pretended to discover) in his congregation an opposition to his moving picture enterprise. It might be necessary, he said, to withdraw from the ministry to silence carping. No talk of withdrawing from the movies. There is money in the movies. So I see Paul, one of these days, vaulting over his pulpit into the aisle, pocketing the last collection and bolting from the church never to return. Paul is evolving; he is giving his temperament free rein. You never can tell where a man like that will wind up. But the pulpit isn't his place.

#### Generous Billy Sunday

When Billy Sunday was here Monday he considered the matter of returning for a two-months' orgy of evangelism. There are difficulties in the way. Mrs. Sunday voiced them. They are financial. Before Billy consents to come there must be \$25,000 in the bank, "not for us, but for the cause," says the naive Mrs. Sunday, forgetting for the moment, perhaps, that Billy and the cause are one and inseparable. Then \$25,000 more must be raised after Billy gets here. In other words, if fifty thousand silver reasons are put to him, Billy will come to San Francisco. Which is generous of Billy. But Billy was always generous. A man from Denver told me so the other day. When Billy was in Denver good people of all denominations were raising a fund for the Sisters of the Good Shepherd who were in dire poverty. A Catholic lady, head of one committee, called on Billy and solicited a subscription for the nuns. Billy promised to contribute before he left Denver. Then a Protestant lady, head of another committee, called on Billy, not knowing he had already been asked, and also asked for a subscription. Billy repeated his promise. And the day Billy finished his Denver work—work which had netted him a sum in five figures—he sent a check for five dollars to the charity fund, asking that it be split fifty-fifty between the Catholic and the Protestant workers!

#### Union Scabs

When is a union striker not a striker? Answer: When he's a scab. It's very simple when it's explained. Some time ago the laborers engaged on the Twin Peaks tunnel quit work and went on strike. They were getting the charter minimum of three dollars for eight hours, but they demanded three and a half. Their places have been taken, and by whom do you suppose? To a great extent by the former employees of the United Railroads who have been on strike—so-called—since August 11. In other words, these union men who

loathe strikebreakers and scabs are doing a little scabbing themselves. While trying to win their own dispute they are helping to prevent the municipal laborers from winning theirs. They are striking against the United Railroads and at the same time scabbing on the jobs of the laborers who are striking against the city. Consistency is not the most conspicuous virtue of the union man.

#### How Deasy Lost Out

The early stage of the application of the Dominican fathers for permission to rent their property at the corner of Pine and Steiner streets as a gasoline station, was marked by an exciting incident in the course of which Supervisor McLeran lost his poise and informed Father Townley that he was no gentleman. Of course Ralph regained his good humor almost immediately, apologized, and the incident was forgotten. But the last stage of the affair was marked by an incident of another kind. For championing the Dominicans Con Deasy lost a valuable political indorsement. The Dominicans were offered by the Shell Oil people \$100 a month rental for their corner at Bush and Steiner. This order was hard hit in 1906 and has been struggling with a load of debt ever since. The chance to rent part of their property was too good to lose. So they applied to the Supervisors for the necessary permit. But after making application it was discovered that the foundation of the old church would have to be blasted out before the lot could be used as a gasoline station. An examination by experts showed that foundation to be in perfect condition and worth \$30,000. As the new St. Dominic's will rise some day on that site, it was considered out of the question to destroy a \$30,000 foundation. The Shell people were consulted, and said that a station at the other end of the property—the corner of Pine and Steiner—would suit them just as well. So the application was changed accordingly. But then came trouble. P. J. Mehegan has a gasoline station on Pine near Fillmore. He protested against having a rival so close at hand. As P. J. Mehegan has political influence the protest carried weight. Nevertheless, the application was pressed, and was finally granted. The Supervisor who moved that it be granted was Con Deasy. An hour afterwards he was informed that the action had cost him the Republican County Committee indorsement of his fight for reelection.

#### Rolph and the Ladies

When Mayor Rolph spoke for the school bonds and his Administration in the Mission last week, Miss Sallie Jones and Miss Agnes Regan of the Board of Education sat with many others on the platform. Rolph was addressing his friends and neighbors, as he put it, and there was a good deal of off-hand familiarity about his talk. He picked out his Mission friends in the audience and on the platform, and gave them flattering personal mention. At last he got round to the ladies.

"And here is my dear old friend Sallie Jones," said His Honor. "Why, she has been teaching school in the Mission for forty years."

Miss Jones covered her face with her hands, and the audience roared. The Mayor looked surprised at this reception of his compliment.

"I mean what I say," he went on. "And here is Miss Regan too. She has taught in the Mission for thirty years."

There was another roar of laughter in which Miss Jones and Miss Regan joined heartily. The Mayor looked puzzled.

#### It Didn't

Will the Examiner stand the gaff? That was the question I asked last week apropos the disappearance from the Sunday Examiner of almost all its automobile advertising. The Examiner decided not to give the automobile dealers any more free "write-ups," and at once the volume of motor advertising shrank from fifty-nine to three columns. I wondered whether The Examiner would stand pat. It did not. The free "write-ups" and the usual volume of advertising were in last Sunday's paper. This goes to show that when advertisers take their ads out of a Hearst paper, Mr. Hearst "listens to reason."

#### The Recallers Outplayed

With many of the leaders of the Davie recall movement believing that they have been made the victims of a clever game of politics and with prospects of a full field of candidates in the election the campaign has been muddled until the most optimistic opponent of the Oakland Mayor is slow to hazard a prediction. The upset in plans came with the refusal of Commissioner F. F. Morse to run against Davie after the committee had felt assured that he would make the race. Morse was chosen by a mass meeting of the recall forces. He was urged by those close to him and it was thought his mind was made up. When a delegation called upon him for his formal announcement the next day, the candidate was bashful. He

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wished time to deliberate, he said, but his immediate followers gave it out that he would accept. The hesitancy, it was felt, added to the effectiveness of the publicity work. Then Morse called on Davie, he says, and asked the Mayor to give a promise that the campaign would be conducted on "gentlemanly" lines. Davie would make no agreements with the Commissioner, and after more hours of thought, Morse decided not to run. Added to this the recallers have to face a proclamation issued by Commissioner Edwards—he who announced the other day that Kaufman might have the Mayor's vote in his pocket but "the vote of Edwards was not there"—a proclamation urging support to Davie. And Soderberg, the other Commissioner who publicly broke with the Mayor, has gone back to voting with his honor. The recall force sees "programme" to all this and is feeling that it has been outplayed. They think that the public has been made to believe that the "solid three" has been broken and that the same three are leading the fight for Davie, and some of them go so far as to say that Kaufman is leading the three. With Morse's decision not to run there have sprung up a number who would enter the race. Anson B. Weeks, fuel dealer and candidate for Commissioner at the last election, and Leonard A. Moberly, a former Davie supporter who had bolted with a half of the split Taxpayers League, are the most prominent. They make it certain that the count will be split. The recall committee, gasping for breath, has announced that it will support the candidate who is chosen to oppose Davie.

#### A Woman Wonderful

Bernhard in her seventies with her leg amputated, taking a deep interest in the war, is thought to be one of the wonders of the ages, but what about Madame Adam? Perhaps you have never heard of her. Again, perhaps you have but assumed that she died years ago. Well, Madame Adam of whom many people have only a vague knowledge of the part she played in the career of Léon Gambetta, Madame Adam who said to Skobelev in 1886: "I am ever holding myself ready for the holy war of the Gauls and Latins against the Teutons," is still living in Paris. She is in her eighty-first year, and is still vigorous, still beautiful with the beauty of dignified, beneficent old age; also she is absorbed in war work; she initiated the first considerable effort to cope with the piteous problem of the permanently disabled and she is convinced that the ultimate triumph cannot be long delayed. She is more wonderful than Ninon de L'Enclos. Madame Adam possesses a gift that is rarely given to woman—the gift of friendship, selfless, kindly, helpful friendship—perhaps the most valuable human asset an eager-natured, enthusiastic, ambitious man or woman can possess. During Juliette Adam's long life it has not been so much the number as the variety of her friendships which arouses astonishment. She has been on intimate terms of affection and trustful intimacy with men as utterly different the one from the other as were Skobelev, the Count von Beust, de Lesseps, the Duc d'Aumale, Jules Ferrey, Mérimée, and last, not least, Gambetta, whom she may be said to have formed into the considerable statesman he ultimately became.

#### She Defended George Sand

In some ways, apart from certain obvious differences, the first half of Madame Adam's life curiously resembles that of her beloved foster-mother and friend, George Sand. Like George Sand, she was in early youth the victim of a

most unhappy arranged marriage; and, like George Sand again, she went to Paris with her child, and, dropping her married name, determined to earn her living by her writing. In those far-away days—in the 'fifties, as a matter of fact—a fortune-teller told the then unknown Juliette Lamber that she would become famous through writing a book in answer to another book. This prediction came true with "Idées Anti-Proudhoniennes," an answer to the then fashionable writer Proudhon's coarse attack on George Sand and Daniel Stern. The latter—that strange, stormy petrel of love and letters who in private life was the Comtesse d'Agoult—immediately sought out her young defender, and it was in the Comtesse d'Agoult's famous salon that the future Madame Adam met, among others, Lamartine, Béranger, Wagner, and, oddly enough, Bismarck, as also the group of remarkable Frenchmen then known as the "Abstentionists" because they refused to take the oath of allegiance to Napoleon III. Among the Abstentionists were Grévy, Carnot, Girardin, and with them was the then less known Edmond Adam, a bachelor, and incidentally a successful banker. At that time Edmond Adam was private secretary to Thiers, and though he had none of the brilliant wit and showy cleverness which distinguished so many of his contemporaries, he was, as Madame Adam is proud of saying, a perfectly honest man. Their marriage, which followed soon on the death of her first husband, was extraordinarily happy.

#### When Gambetta Was Dying

It was Madame Adam who first suggested and later engineered her country's alliance with Russia. Gambetta was never sympathetic to this project—more, there came a moment, tragically painful to his political godmother, when he seemed fascinated by the personality of Bismarck. Their friendship waned, and not long before the curious, mysterious accident which caused his death she allowed an attack against his policy to be published in the "Nouvelle Revue," founded and edited by herself. When Gambetta was dying he was heard to murmur, "It hurts!" "Your wound?" asked a friend solicitously. "No, not my wound. Madame Adam's article." Though "La Nouvelle Revue" has always been primarily a political publication, its claim to ultimate fame will surely rest on the fact that during Madame Adam's editorship there were published in its pages the first writings of Pierre Loti, of Paul Bourget, and of Marcelle Tinayre. "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" also first appeared in the "Revue." The awful conflict which has brought such heavy grief to so many has not spared Madame Adam. Her favorite grandson was killed at the battle of the Marne.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## The Death of Mrs. de Young

Helpless, mother and friend of the poor in this trinity of characters the late Katherine Leane de Young made our city richer and happier for her presence. For thirty-seven years of married life she moved hand in hand with her husband's heart, counselling with him, upholding him, conducting him, a companion and a sympathizer in all the secret moods of childhood. She bore him two children, ten of whom live to commemorate the fragance of her personality. The fifth was stricken, a tragedy she could never have borne had not a lifetime of Christian duty taught her that the ways of Providence are mysterious, but not the best. Endowed with great wealth, she never forgot that the poor were in our midst and that life's joys were to be won by helping them. That she was, like Dorcas of Joppa, "full of good works," the establishment of the San Francisco Polytechnic, the support of other benevolent institutions, bear ample witness. Hers was a full life; she did not cushion herself in the lap of luxury but took her part of the hard tasks and bore the heat and burden of the day. Such women are of an order of nobility whose regard is a spiritual garment and whose prayers are sung in prayers by the grateful poor, crying and on their knees.

## Ethel Crocker Engaged

The Will Crocker and San Francisco are going to lose a favorite daughter. If these brilliant marriages made by our lovely girls didn't so often take them away from us we should be more enthusiastic. As it is, I suppose the Countess de Limur (as Ethel Crocker will be called pretty soon) will leave us with an occasional visit and then return to a mansion in some fashionable haubourg of Paris. If we could only stipulate that the girls we like must either marry San Francisco men or else bring their husbands here to live. Which of course is perfectly close to talking nonsense. Love knows no geography. "Thy country shall be my country," the girl whispers to her heart's choice, and feels perfectly content provided she can have a visit with the folks once in a while. This is a pretty romance of Miss Crocker's, it had its genesis, as did Daisy Polk's, in the great work Miss Crocker undertook on behalf of the stricken villages of France, no less an undertaking than the rehabilitation of entire villages. Daisy Polk and Ethel Crocker worked side by side in the rehabilitation of Vitrimont. Daisy Polk met her fate there in the person of General Louis Joseph Marie Robert de Boyer. Now Ethel Crocker meets hers in the person of

Count Andre de Limur. He is a friend of her cousin Stanislas Pomatoz de, and as her cousin is like another brother to Ethel, you may be sure that the match delights more members of the family than the young lady most particularly concerned. It goes without saying that Count Andre has fought for France; he's a bird man with a Croix de Guerre.

## A Dansant, Not a Charity Ball

When it was bruited about that there was to be no Charity Ball this winter many long faces were pulled, but the smile came with the news that there was to be something less formal and (who knows?) perhaps more enjoyable—a tea dance. So many of our best dancing men are in uniform that a Charity Ball which begins late and ends in the wee sma' hours presented difficulties. But a tea dance is different. A tea dance starts in the late afternoon, lasts through the dinner hour and is over by the time soldier boys must be thinking of bed. So a tea dance fits the situation perfectly. Archbishop Hanna announced the welcome news on Monday, and enthusiasm has been mounting ever since. The affair will be given November 24 at the Fairmont, and I shouldn't be surprised if it turned out one of the most successful parties ever given for that worthy cause, the Catholic Humane Bureau.

## Clarence Ward Married

This paragraph ought to be written by Willis Polk, because Clarence Ward is the only architect (except the architect of the Hobart Building) of whom Willis Polk approves. Not that Willis Polk is the only man who can say nice things about Clarence Ward. Architects are pretty sharp with the tongue, but there isn't an architect in California who doesn't like Clarence Ward for his personality and for his professional skill. But Willis Polk is the most literary of the architects; he has tried his pen at all forms of literary expression except a wedding announcement, and he'd do justice to it, for he has a good style and he knows how to be sincere. Clarence Ward married! Well, well! The first question that springs to the mind is: What will The Family do now? Clarence Ward was one of the first Fathers of The Family (as the president of that club is called), and has kept bachelor quarters in the clubhouse for years. The Family won't be the same without Clarence Ward coming down to early breakfast and dropping in for late dinner. The lure of domesticity has conquered him. It was all very quiet, and to all but a few close friends, quite a surprise. Mrs. Ward was Miss Evelyn Hammond, and the marriage service was read at the home of her sister Mrs. Waldo Field at Santa Cruz. A host of friends are wishing Clarence Ward all kinds of blessings.

## Mrs. Will Irwin's Precautions

Mrs. Anna Haynes Irwin (wife of Will Irwin) has just published a novel. She informs the world that the idea of the story came to her when she was seventeen, that it grew and grew in her mind and was written into a book ten years ago. She earned it about and worked on it. She confesses, in New York, Massachusetts and California, in Italy, France and England. It has been, she further deposes, three times in California, twice in Europe, has crossed the Atlantic four times and the English

Channel twice. She had the manuscript with her in London when air raids were frequent, and distributed it in three different places so that at least some of it might survive bombs. Crossing the Atlantic and the Channel she slept with the manuscript beside her in a waterproof bag so that she might save it in case of submarine attack. A book so guarded ought to be a great book. Perhaps it is. Anyway it's published. Unfortunately, I've forgotten its title.

## Off to Del Monte

All is ready for the opening of the races at Del Monte today. Most interesting about this alluring week of out-door autumnal diversion is the complete gamut of sports and gayeties to be observed down in the land of the cypress, while King Thoroughbred rules. This means lots of new modish clothes and an infinite opportunity for change and variety. Most everybody will go down by motor car, leaving Saturday morning and arriving for luncheon and in plenty of time to hear the bugle call for "horses to the post" for the first race. The motoring hegira down from the city to the racing course will be quite the most impressive display of California's devotion to the automobile seen since the days of the Exposition. Scores and scores of parties have been organized for the trip. The Monterey Jockey Club officials have provided ample parking and police facilities at the course. Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Macomber will take their guests down by motors, stopping at Favern San Juan for a quaint old-time Spanish lunch al fresco, while house parties at the country places on the peninsula are to be quite generally observed on Friday night to be followed Saturday morning with a wholesale exodus for the races. The new fall modes in sports clothes and motoring wraps will have due exploitation, while the club house lawn during the afternoon is sure to show our society in a brilliant and fetching setting.

## The Race Week Programme

The races will start at two o'clock and be over by five, leaving plenty of time to dress

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for dinner. The Jockey Club ball and salon concert will be held at Hotel Del Monte on Tuesday night of racing week. The preliminary flights and the finals of the annual autumn open handicap of the Del Monte Golf and Country Club will be played off in the morning hours, while the fine concert band of the Eighth Regiment, United States Infantry, is to give a touch of the Saratoga and Newport vogue by rendering the morning concert on the lawn in the Del Monte gardens, and at the club house at the course in the afternoons. The tournament of the Del Monte Polo and Riding Club will be contested on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, between the teams of the Grizzly Polo Club made up from the officers of the artillery regiment at Tanforan, the Del Monte Polo and Riding Club and the San Mateo Polo Club. It will be the best polo seen since the Exposition tournament. Mr. Edward J. Eyre has arranged a gymkana of polo pony races as a prelude to the matches. The racing itself has plenty of attractive phases. For the first time in over thirty years some of the oldest and best known of California's families will be reassembled on the turf. Mercenary conduct of racing drove them away from the sport and dampened their ardor for breeding and racing their own colts and fillies years ago, but here they are coming back. The Crocker Cup for three-year-olds at seven furlongs is conditioned to attract their young horses. The entries have been quite numerous and there will be a more plenteous entry next spring. The President's Cup, arranged and endowed by President John H. Rosseter, will also bring forth from the paddock under the old-time family racing colors the well-trained thoroughbred representatives of Edward Cebrian, J. R. de Laveaga, Edward M. O'Brien, Mrs. George B. DeLong, Charles W. Clark, John H. Rosseter, W. C. Hobart, C. T. Crocker, G. W. McNear, A. K. Macomber, E. W. Hopkins, James L. Flood and other old stalwarts of the California turf in its best and early days. There will be five days of racing and the club hopes to have twelve days, spring and autumn.



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next year and annually thereafter. The proceeds from the racing are to go to the fund for Christmas comforts for our boys in France. The gentlemen of the Jockey Club have awarded this to the committee, whose box reservations are at 1016, Hotel St. Francis. Judged by the list of boxholders who have already arranged for accommodation at the club house and at Hotel Del Monte, this outdoor function is going to be one of the most interesting and brilliant ever seen in this State.

### Golf at Del Monte

Golf will be a big factor in the life of Del Monte for the nine-day period beginning today and ending November 3. The annual Del Monte fall handicap golf tournament will be the important feature which will draw all the crack golfers to the links down there. Play will be in the morning so as not to interfere with the race meet. Such golfers as Dr. C. H. Walter, northern California champion, Douglas Grant, Dr. D. P. Fredericks, Jack Neville, C. E. Maud and E. K. Johnson will be in the competition. Vincent Whitney and Arthur Vincent are two San Francisco scratch men who will be entered in the going. The Del Monte course has been sheared down to first-class condition, and the greens have been put into the best possible shape for the tournament.

### The Paderewskis at Paso Robles

Paderewski and his wife are back at Paso Robles after a trip to New York, Washington and Chicago made to further the relief of desolated Poland. The master pianist has an almond orchard of 3,000 acres in San Luis of which he is very fond. He will remain indefinitely at Hotel Paso Robles where he always stops and regularly takes the baths for the neuritis in his shoulder which has bothered him for years.

### At the Whitcomb

Edwin H. Lemare, the city organist, has taken apartments for his family at the Hotel Whitcomb. Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wilshire are registered for the winter. Dr. B. G. Kingsley of Los Angeles motored north with a party of friends and put up at the hotel, which is motorists' headquarters on account of its free garage. The members of the Union League Club, following a theatre party at the Savoy Tuesday night, entertained the principals of the De Vally Opera Company at a dance in the Sun Room on the roof of the Whitcomb. Among those who had several guests at this delightful affair were such well known Union Leaguers as T. Patterson Ross, A. W. Scott Jr., R. H. Parker, L. A. MacBride, V. S. Persons, J. C. Winterburn, A. J. Rocca, Willard Bowden, Walter N. Brunt, J. F. Dunn and William A. Loftus. The management of the Whitcomb is arranging for a Hallowe'en Dance with special features for Wednesday, October 31.

### At the Cecil

Mrs. E. C. Finlaw of Santa Rosa will spend the winter at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. E. Vogel and Walter Vogel of San Jose are among the recent arrivals. Lieutenant A. W. Bergwin was host at an informal dinner Monday. Mrs. Fred Cassidy of Nevada City is busy greeting old friends and will be at the hotel for several months. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Block of Portland were dinner hosts Tuesday. Dr. and Mrs. David Powell of Marysville have taken apartments. Mrs. R. J. Munro, a society woman of southern California, will remain until after Thanksgiving. Dr. James James of the U. S. army is a guest. After a delightful sojourn in

the mountains Mrs. B. N. Rowley has returned to her apartments. Mrs. H. P. Brainard of Petaluma is being extensively entertained by her San Francisco friends.

### Ice Skating at Winter Garden

Ice skating continues its popularity in spite of golf, tennis, swimming and other outdoor sports of the smart set. At the ice pond fashionable people are to be seen almost any morning, afternoon and evening, many of them practicing their fancy figure and waltz skating. After an afternoon of this exhilarating sport the belles have luncheon at the rink. Steps are being taken to organize a Monday night skating club among the women. Some of those of the smart set who will join the club are Mesdames Hiram Johnson Jr., Marcus S. Koshland, Alfred Sutro, Jack Spreckels, George Uhl, Sidney Lippit, Fred McNear, Frank Kerrigan, C. O. G. Miller, Frank Fuller, J. Chandler, S. H. Ehrman, J. Hart and Misses Cathern Sudden, Mabel Hogg, Jessie Whitney and Kathern Mohun.

### Cooper to Read de Walden Prize Play

At the Paul Elder Gallery next Thursday morning Leo Cooper will read the drama "Change," the Lord Howard de Walden prize play, by J. O. Francis. This depicts the struggle between capital and labor, and is regarded as the highest point yet attained by a Welsh dramatist. The reading will begin at 10:45.

### Hallowe'en at Tavern

For next Wednesday night, October 31, the management of the Techau Tavern, San Francisco's high-class family cafe and restaurant, will regale its friends and patrons with a Hallowe'en dinner and carnival night. There will be special entertainment features including fun-making souvenirs and caps for everybody. The Perfume Favor Dances which are held without competition of any kind, are from 7 p. m. to 1 a. m. without intermission, and continue to meet with as much favor as when they were first inaugurated at the Tavern. Every afternoon during the week the lady patrons of the Techau Tavern are presented with from 25 to 35 bottles of Stearns' Suprema toilet water, and after each souvenir dance in the evenings with Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume favors, and the gentlemen with cigarettes.

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## The Stage

### What the Orpheum Offers

If the woman who professes to love you has been "acting up," do not descend in retaliation to mere plebeian violence. Possess your soul in patience and take the lady to the Orpheum. Martin Beck has brewed a powerful potion of genuine vaudeville for his customers this week and the most shrewish baggage in all Christendom cannot but succumb to it. Yes indeed. The playbill topped by the tribe of Foy and finished off with the roughhouse comedy of Bill Biglow, Larry Mehan and Billy Fern would bring a smile to the Great Stone Face itself. Aside from the Foy act, unquestionably the cream of the cream, there is for instance Al Herman, the black laugh, who assassinates grief and remorse with the insouciance of a Hun general carving a baby. This Herman is a funny fellow if ever one there was. He is neither too subtle nor too obvious. He can't sing and he knows it. He can't dance and he knows that too. And there is about him, at times, the aroma of the music-hall. But he jolts the risibles a heavy jolt and his twenty minutes seem mighty short. Then there is Gus Edwards' bandbox revue with Georgie Price and Cuddles Edwards and Vincent O'Donnell, the Kid McCormack. These youngsters—they really are young—have already acquired the true vaudeville air. Georgie kicks a nimble and a nifty foot, the Kid McCormack's tenor voice is really sweet to hear and the Edwards miss, though somewhat gangling of limb, is pretty enough facially to make one forget about her knees. William Ebs, a ventriloquist who doesn't and who probably can't ventriloquite with any great skill, puts over a novelty quite clever in its conception though a trifle crude in its presentation. Ebs starts out to fool the audience, and from the tenth row backwards he succeeds in fooling it. The human race likes to be fooled—likes to make an ass of itself, as Mark Twain often said—and Ebs is belabored with applause as a consequence. Libonati with his ragtime xylophone and a camouflage temperament gets at the syncopation centers of his hearers and is forced to beat his instrument until his arms grow tired and a glowing dew adorns his none-too-classic forehead. Santly and Norton, programmed as singers with trimmings, hand out more trimmings than singing, and the result is gratifying to those who have a liking for the unusual. Lillian Fitzgerald has just enough personality to put a punch into an act which without her wouldn't be any too peppy. She is supposed to be supported by Clarence Senna at the piano, but the piano itself supports her most of the time. The third and last episode of the British Government's official war pictures of the retreat of the Germans at the Battle of Arras concludes the bill. It might seem that these pictures, showing the hardships and horrors of war just as they are in their ugly nakedness, would tend to lessen the good spirits engendered by the other numbers; but such is not the case at all. Nobody appears to forget that the pictures are of the retreat of the Germans, and a German retreat these days is just cause for rejoicing.

—T. L. L.

### The Opera Season

It appears that San Francisco must have opera every little while. Anyway it has had opera every little while for many a year, the reason being that we have a state of mind in which is bred a passion for the great art. We are inclined

to personal ebullitions and to sentiments that are not always irreproachable and conventional, and opera is the essence of the spirit of our complex civilization. Hence the community temperament that makes it worth while for an impresario to venture this way with an operatic organization, especially one that has something to offer. Such is the case, happily it may be said, with the Scala grand opera company now holding forth at the Cort Theatre, where on Monday night we heard Puccini's "La Tosca" and saw it exceptionally well played and staged, and where on Tuesday night the beloved Boheme was presented in a manner that won the warm approval of a large audience. She whom her teacher, Jean de Reszke, saluted as "the dear and charming Maggie" was Mimi and she pleased those who heard her so well that they doubtless will think of her in that delightful way instead of as plain Maggie Teyte. From what was seen and heard the first two



ALMA GLUCK

American soprano, photographed with her violinist husband Zimbalist. Miss Gluck will give concerts at the Columbia Sunday afternoons, November 4 and 11, and in Oakland Tuesday night, November 6.

nights of this season, when the majority of the personnel was presented, it is safe to say that the company will play the season to the end with the approval of theatregoers. Assuredly it has a goodly lot of songbirds. Both nights the houses were full and fashionable—real opera nights—which make a city feel vain of its urbanity.

—The Operagoer.

### A Harpischord Recital

The harpischord recitals given by Miss Frances Pelton-Jones in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis were more than merely "interesting." They showed that the harpischord is not deservedly an obsolete instrument, and bore out Miss Pelton-Jones' contention that it is the proper instrument for interpreting harpischord music. Bach, Mozart, Scarlatti, Rameau and others of the older masters wrote for string-plucking, and not for string-hitting instruments. They not only kept within the peculiar limitations of the harpischord, with its rather unvaried volume and inability to sustain tone, but made the best use of its superior clarity and delicacy. Another thing, the harpischord reached a high state of development before it went out of fashion. The instrument used by Miss Pelton-Jones had three manuals and six pedals, which

acted like the stops of an organ in varying the quality of tone. For this reason, the harpischord shows a variety of tone colors, a matter in which the piano is notoriously weak. As to the programme, there is always a subtle attraction in eighteenth century art. It was an age of leisurely enjoyment of the superficial things in life, but preëminently an age that loved prettiness and refinement—in painting, the age of the miniature. The charm of the period was reflected in these recitals, which afforded a welcome relief from the strife and jazz of a modern commercial atmosphere. Mrs. Edna Fischer Hall and Madame Stella Jelica assisted Miss Pelton-Jones by interpreting beautifully the songs of the harpischord age. Paul Elder was director.

—The Amateur.

### The First "Pop"

A great concert was the first "Pop" of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra season. It deepened one's impression of Alfred Hertz's genius for captivating the popular ear without making a sacrifice to erring or ill-formed popular taste. The humblest music lover may certainly confess a love of Masaniello and of Liszt's Second Rhapsodie and even a Chaminade dance without incurring the risk of having it satirically remarked that for folks who like this sort of thing this sort of thing is just what they like. In truth the strictest sort of musical purist could find nothing to carp at Sunday except the weather, which was not made for indoor Pops. There was old music on the programme, music that has become somewhat hackneyed perhaps, but there was no dull music; all indeed was good music that appealed to the imagination as well as to the ear. It was music that charmed and enthused all sorts of people and all sorts of people were there to enjoy our fine band and applaud its discerning and conscientious leader who has done so much for the progress of music in San Francisco.

—The Music Lover.

### Alma Gluck's Concert Dates

As the time draws nearer for the Alma Gluck concerts, interest in the coming of the great prima donna grows greater, and when the charming American singer appears at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, November 4, a throng of San Francisco's most ardent music lovers will have gathered to hear her. The soprano is said to be at the top of her career, singing with greater charm, and displaying a finer voice than before. She has spent eight months perfecting her voice with Mme. Sembrich, and the improvement has been noted by every critic before whom she has sung. She has come to excel as a Mozartian interpreter and in the "lieder" of Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, etc., has reached perfection. Miss Gluck is scheduled to give two song recitals in the Columbia on Sunday afternoons, November 4 and 11. Such brilliant song gems have seldom been listed on any single programme. The songs to be sung at the first concert include: (a) Forsake Me Not, Bach; (b) Zeffretti lusinghieri, Mozart; (c) Rose Softly Blooming, Spohr; Der Kuss, Beethoven. (a) Die Post, Schubert; (b) Kanzonetta, Loewe; (c) Vorschneller Schwur, Brahms; (d) Wiegenlied, Reger; (e) Ständchen, Strauss. (a) Green, (b) Fantoche, Debussy; (c) Persian Song, Glinka; (d) Starlet, Where Art Thou, Moussorgsky; (e) These Radiant Nights, Rachmaninoff. (a) Vaer Daer, (b) De ole Wichel, (c) Wenn fromme Kindlein schlafen geh'n, Vogrich; (d) The Only



Voice, McCoy; (e) Behave Yourself Before Folk, Grinnel; (f) The Nightingale, Ward-Stephens. Her second concert will be given at the same theatre on the Sunday following (November 11), and at that time Signor de Stefano, the noted harpist, will be assisting artist. De Stefano will be heard in solo works by Longo, Zabel, Debussy, Bach and Dizi. Miss Gluck's numbers will include works by Rameau, Mozart, Ott, Paladilhe, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Rachmaninoff, McCoy, Zimbalist, Fisher, Fuentes and others. The generosity of Miss Gluck in giving encore numbers is well known.

#### Gluck in Oakland

In addition to the two concerts scheduled for San Francisco, Alma Gluck will give a glorious programme in Oakland. On Tuesday night, November 6, she will hold forth at the beautiful theatre in the Auditorium Building across the bay. Signor de Stefano, the harpist, will assist, and Miss Gluck's selections include works by Bach, Mozart, Spohr, Beethoven, Debussy, Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Rachmaninoff, and arrangements by McCoy, the Oakland composer, her husband Zimbalist, Fuentes and William Armes Fisher. Eleanor Scheib has been specially engaged as accompanist for Miss Gluck whose concerts are given under the direction of the Will L. Greenbaum office, Selby C. Oppenheimer, manager. Miss Z. W. Potter is the representative of the Oakland concert. Mail orders for the above events should be sent either to Oppenheimer in San Francisco or Miss Potter in Oakland, care of Sherman, Clay and Company's stores in either city. A ten per cent addition for Federal war tax should be included with the remittance.

#### The Richter Concert

Francis Richter, the blind pianist and composer, will give a piano recital in Scottish Rite Auditorium on Thursday, November 8, at 8:30 p. m. Francis Richter was born in Minneapolis in 1889. As a mere infant he suffered from a severe eye-trouble. Several major operations were performed by the best then known eye specialists, but total blindness ensued at the age of three. With the fading away of the light the child Richter practically entered upon a new world which interpreted itself to him in sound-ideas. His pre-natal sense of music became strongly accentuated, for at the age of six he was familiar with the great masters. At the age of seven he met Paderewski in his home city. Asked by the great artist to play for him

his Minuet Antique the little boy rendered it forthwith with such precision and sweetness that Paderewski picked him off his seat and with great emotion kissed him on his blind eyes saying: "You will some day, not far distant, outrival me." Leschetizky of Vienna is quoted as calling him "the greatest musical genius of the age."

#### The Ornstein Recitals

On Thursday night, November 1, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, and Thursday night, November 8, at Wheeler Hall, University of California, Berkeley, Frank W. Healy will introduce to the music lovers of this community the ultra-modern composer and pianist extraordinary, Leo Ornstein. The prices for seats will, considering the importance of the events, be as low as they could consistently be. Here is the first programme: One—Ravel, Sonatina, Oiseaux Tristes, Le Barque sur l'océan. Two—Chopin, Nocturne F sharp major, Nocturne B major, Impromptu A flat major, Impromptu C sharp minor, Ballade G minor. Three—Ravel, Gaspard de la Nuit, (a) Ondine, (b) Le Gibet, (c) Scarbo. Four—Chopin, Waltz A minor, Waltz C sharp minor, Etude E minor, Etude C minor, Scherzo B flat minor.

#### The Symphony Concert

Alfred Hertz and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will on Sunday afternoon, at the Cort, repeat the programme given so successfully on Friday, as the second concert of the second pair of symphonies of the new season. The concert will begin at 2:30 o'clock sharp, and the prices will be just half those charged for the previous affair, as is customary at the Sunday events. Antonin Dvorak's "From the New World," which has provoked a great deal of controversy, and which is unquestionably the composer's greatest work, will open the programme. The symphony was written by Dvorak in gratitude to America because of the whole-hearted way in which his music had been received, and it ingeniously employs old negro and Indian themes. Debussy's "Children's Corner," originally conceived for the piano only, and dedicated to his little son, is an exquisite orchestral composition as arranged by Andre Caplet. The six parts, which may be said to make up a series of thumb-nail sketches of porcelain daintiness, are: "Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum," "Jimbo's Lullaby," "The Serenade of the Doll," "The Snow is Dancing," "The Little Shepherd," "The Golliwog's Cake Walk." "Mazeppa," Liszt's symphonic poem, first conceived as a piano etude, and based on Victor Hugo's story of the wild ride of Mazeppa, will be the concluding number of an exceptional programme. The second "pop" concert of the season will be given on Sunday afternoon, November 4, at the Cort, utilizing the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, with Alfred Hertz conducting. The graceful overture to Ambrose Thomas' "Mignon" will open the event and Liszt's tremendously popular "Les Preludes" will conclude as charming a programme as Hertz has yet arranged for a "pop" programme. Further numbers will be Tschai-kowsky's exquisite Andante Cantabile, from the great Russian's first string quartet, written in 1871; Schumann's much-loved "Traumerei," Tschai-kowsky's effective fantasia, "Capriccio Italien."

tradition of the stage, "Potash and Perlmutter in Society," which comes to the Columbia Monday evening for an engagement of two weeks with matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays, and which carries on the story of the very popular "Potash and Perlmutter" of last season, was fated to disappoint its audience when it was presented on the opening night at the Lyric Theatre, New York, early last season. But for once theatrical tradition was upset. Precedent was squarely refuted. The new piece built by Roi Cooper Megrue around the cloak and suit merchants created by Montague Glass, sent its first audience into convulsions of laughter. From the sheer fun of its dialogue and the cleverness of its character sketches it forged ahead of its predecessor, rounding out a season of capacity business on Broadway. Critics declare it is the best laughing hit of the season. The excellent cast to be seen here includes Jules Jordan, Chas. Lipson, Maurice Barrett, Pearl Sindelar, Belle Mitchell, Jennie Moskowitz, Roma Ray, Eleanor Martin, Jean Gray, Rhea Vanola, Ann Sydel, Louis Morrell, Dore Rogers, William Ely, Joseph Redman, Roy McNichol, Arthur Ross, J. J. Powers, Charles J. Pierson, Edward Maxwell, Joseph Swaine, Robert Barber and James T. Ford. There will be Sunday evening performances during this engagement.

#### Submarine Thriller at Orpheum

The Orpheum programme next week will have as a special attraction "Submarine F-7," the most complete production that has ever found its way to the American stage. The scene depicts the middle compartment of a United States subsea fighting machine and it is complete in every detail. It is the device of Henri de Fries, the well known protean artist who recently presented "A Case of Arson" in vaudeville. A stirring little play has been written by James MacQueen which is a fine example of the morale and courage to be found in the navy. The story briefly tells of and shows an American submarine encountering an enemy. Her torpedoes find their mark, but in the course of the action her air tanks become empty and the submarine sinks to the bottom of the sea. Every effort to raise the craft proves futile. One man in a diving suit has a chance of rescue. By opening the hatch and floating to the surface of the sea, while the water drowns the others like rats in a trap, he may possibly be saved. A member of the crew who has a wife and kiddie at home is forced to make this effort. His shipmates en-



LEO ORNSTEIN

Composer and pianist who gives concerts in this city and Berkeley under the direction of Frank W. Healy



MAGGIE TEYTE

The celebrated prima donna with La Scala Grand Opera Company at the Cort

#### Potash and Perlmutter in New Fun

As a rule, the surest way to court disaster in the theatre is to attempt to produce a continuation of a once successful play. So, by every



## FRANCIS RICHTER

*The Great Blind Pianist and Composer*

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PIANO RECITALS

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Thursday, November 8, 8:30 Sharp

## PROGRAM:

1. Prelude, Choral, et Fugue.....Cesar Frank
2. (a) Gavotte ..... Gluck-Brahms  
(b) Rondo from Serenade for String Quartet .....Mozart-Richter
3. Sonata Waldstein .....Beethoven  
(1) Allegro con Brio, (2) Adagio-Rondo
4. (a) Grand Polonaise in E flat, Op. 22  
(b) Nocturne, G major, Op. 37, No. 2.....Chopin
5. (a) The Brownies (from Fairy Pictures)...E. Corngod  
(b) Jeux D'Eau .....Ravel  
(c) Vols des Oiseaux .....F. Richter
6. (a) Sonata del Petracca  
(b) Rhapsodie Espagnole .....Liszt

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2nd and Last Week Starts Sunday, October 28

LA SCALA  
GRAND OPERA COMPANY

(MAGGIE TEYTE, Guest Artist)

Sat. Eve., Oct. 27—"LUCIA," with Morgana.  
REPERTOIRE FOR LAST WEEK: Sun., Oct. 28,  
"IL TROVATORE," with Ferrabini; Mon., "LA BO-  
HEME," with Teyte; Tues., "THAIS," with Ferrabini;  
Wed. Mat., "LUCIA," with Morgana; Wed. Eve.,  
"FAUST," with Teyte; Thurs., "CARMEN," with Ferra-  
bini; Fri., "LA BOHEME," with Teyte; Sat. Mat.,  
"THAIS," with Ferrabini; Sat. Eve., "BARBER OF  
SEVILLE," with Morgana.

Prices, 50c to \$2.00.

NEXT Sunday, Nov. 4 ANNA HELD in "Follow Me"

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close in his helmet messages and tokens for their own loved ones at home, but the hatch will not open. It has become jammed, so the entire crew must face the end together. Being American sailors they prepare to meet death like men, and with the lack of air already devitalizing them, they stand together and with superhuman effort try to sing their national air. There is a noise on the steel shell of the submarine. She has been grappled by a huge wrecking barge and just as the end seems inevitable is raised to the surface. Nina Payne, exponent of descriptive dancing, does a group of character studies in dance which for the most part are travesties "Skeet" Gallagher and Irene Martin will introduce a novelty singing and dancing act. Fleta Brown and Herbert Spencer always please their audiences. Miss Brown is a novelty song writer and a musical comedy prima donna, while Mr. Spencer is the composer of many popular songs. Georgia Earle who has won fame as actress and author-ess, will appear in a quaint rural comedy of her own writing entitled "Getting Acquainted." Nelson is unique as a juggler. There will be only two holdovers: Libonati, the celebrated ragtime xylophonist, and Eddie Foy and the Seven Younger Foyes in "The Old Woman in the Shoe."

## Final Week of La Scala

An elaborate presentation of that fine old favorite "Il Trovatore" on Sunday night, will usher in the second and final week of the engagement of La Scala Grand Opera Company at the Cort. The final week of the all-too-short stay of La Scala forces will offer, in addition to "Il Trovatore," the seldom heard "Thais" and "Barber of Seville." Maggie Teyte will give her notable Marguerite in "Faust," as well as singing Mimi in "La Boheme." This is the arrangement of operas for the final week: Sunday, "Il Trovatore," with Ferrabini, Arensen, Bartoluzzi; Monday, "La Boheme," with Teyte, Gaudenzi, Valle, Picchi, Gallini; Tuesday, "Thais," with Ferrabini, Valle, Sinagra; Wednesday matinee, "Lucia," with Morgana, Arensen, Corral; Wednesday evening, "Faust," with Teyte, Gaudenzi, Picchi; Thursday, "Carmen," with Ferrabini, Arensen, Valle; Friday, "La Boheme," with Teyte, Gaudenzi, Gallini, Picchi; Saturday matinee, "Thais," with Ferrabini, Arensen, Valle; Saturday evening, "The Barber of Seville," with Morgana, Sinagra, Picchi.

## The Lemare Organ Recital

Among the compositions not yet heard in San Francisco which Edwin H. Lemare will play on the \$50,000 organ at the Exposition Auditorium this Sunday evening is "Clair de Lune" by Joseph Bonnet, the noted organist of St. Eustache, Paris. This piece calls for the frequent use of the beautiful tones of the echo organ, which is located about 200 feet away from the huge main organ, being placed at the top of the Auditorium in the northwest corner of the hall. A weird effect, suggestive of the mystic atmosphere of moonlight, is produced by the combination of echo organ and main organ strains. A recent composition of his own will be played by Mr. Lemare, this being a "Christmas Song," in the rendition of which novel effects are obtained by the use of the chimes and celesta.

## Stella Mayhew at Alcazar

Richard Carle's successful engagement at the Alcazar comes to an end Sunday evening in "Nobody Home," and on Monday evening will come Stella Mayhew, with a company of mus-

ical farceurs in Willard Mack's newest play "Broadway and Buttermilk." Willard Mack wrote this play for Blanche Ring, and the latter starred in it with notable success last season, but Stella Mayhew is regarded as even more perfectly fitted to play the star role than the beautiful Blanche. Stella of course will sing from her big repertoire of character songs and that is saying sufficient to assure the musical comedy of the production.

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2ND SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

CORT THEATRE

Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 28, at 2:30 Sharp

## PROGRAM:

Dvorak... Symphony, "From the New World"  
Debussy... "Children's Corner"  
Liszt... "Mazeppa"  
PRICES—Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats,  
\$1.50. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert  
day; at Cort on concert day only.

NEXT Sun., Nov. 4 Second "POP" Concert

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Thursday, November 8, 8:30 P. M.

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Knabe Piano.

Tickets usual places.

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Detail of a Real Submarine in Action; NINA PAYNE  
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FLETA BROWN & HERBERT SPENCER, Van-  
derville's Singing Composers; GEORGIA EARLE & CO.  
in Her Quaint Rural Comedy "Getting Acquainted;"  
NELSON and His Funny, Hate and Mysterious Patcher;  
EDDIE FOY & THE SEVEN YOUNGER FOYS in  
"The Old Woman in the Shoe."

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.  
Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays):  
10c, 25c, 50c.

## Columbia Theatre

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—For several months the stock market has been going down, more from the lack of buyers than from any great pressure to sell. In the past week buyers have turned in great volume and prices were advanced throughout the entire list. The steel stocks led the list in strength, and when such steel organizations as Republic Iron & Steel, show earnings of \$43,000,000 for nine months, it does not take a statistician to figure the stock cheap at \$80 per share. U. S. Steel was in demand all week, and near the end of the week the best prices were made. The advance in the steels had considerable to do with changing sentiment which had grown extremely pessimistic. The U. S. Steel Corporation have their dividend meeting the last of the month, and some favorable news is expected. The copper stocks did not share fully with the advance in steels. Sentiment seems to be mixed as regards the future in this class of stocks. One argument in favor of the copper shares was that prices had pretty thoroughly discounted even dividend reductions, and that a good sized short interest was still uncovered. The other side of the argument is that these shares have apparently not discounted the big cut in the price made by the Government, the extreme burden of the profit tax, the huge royalties demanded by the Minerals Separation process, which involves several millions of dollars, and the vastly increased production of copper and the expected adverse effect upon the copper market generally, once the war is over. Railroad stocks showed some signs of doing better, and the standard rails recovered some of their recent decline, although speculation in these issues was principally by the professional element, who covered their short commitments. There was noticeable strength in the minor rails, especially Southern Railway and Missouri Pacific. These roads have issued statements showing them to be in a very prosperous condition, and no doubt if their earnings continue to improve, both issues will be put in the dividend column. The Liberty Loan is progressing favorably, although not as fast as expected, but there seems to be no doubt but what the last few days will make up for slowness of sales early this month. Money conditions are satisfactory, and there seems to be plenty of money to be had at low rates. Sentiment in Wall Street is very mercurial, and the pessimism which was so rampant ten days ago, has, to a considerable extent, evaporated. We would assume a trading attitude, and would only buy stocks when they are depressed, with the idea of accepting profits on the rallies for the time being, or until such a time as conditions look more normal.

**Corn**—There might have been some lingering hope that the maximum price on corn would be disturbed, but all who gave any thought to the

best interests of our board were confident that there would be no antagonism to the wishes of the Government. Price adjustment with the new crop is now in order and must not be expected too quickly, for the trade before has never had to face so radical a difference between cash and futures as that which has existed the greater part of this year. It has been the ruling influence in the market, and will not yet be relinquished by those who have been benefited by it, but under the increased pressure of new arrivals they will gradually disappear and pass into history as an exemplification of what war can do with foodstuff prices, including some not really essential to human entity. Readjustment along the legitimate lines of supply and demand is already initiated, the movement will soon be in full swing and will be large in volume, and in our opinion, future prices will soon reflect the influence of bearish surroundings.

**Cotton**—The cotton market continues to act in rather a sensational manner, fluctuating so rapidly as to have a tendency to restrain outside operations. The advance last week was very sharp, and apparently without any reason other than scarcity of offerings. Frost in the northern part of the cotton belt may have been used, but as frost is to be expected at this season of the year, it should not have been considered more than a minor factor. Shorts were the best buyers on the advance, and as they have been punished so much of late, they are timid and run quickly. Spot cotton continues strong in the South, and it is becoming more evident every day that the farmer is to be considered this year as a price maker. At present he seems to have ideas of 30 cent cotton as the minimum price. One factor to bear constantly in mind is that the New York market is in an artificial position, due to small stocks, and a difficulty in buying new supplies there. The result is that near months are advancing to substantial premiums over the distant futures. For this there seems to be no immediate remedy in sight, as the Government regulation of traffic is, undoubtedly, largely responsible for this state of affairs. The market is in a position where it can move either way very quickly, and therefore we believe it advisable to wait for a good decline before taking on cotton.

## Safely Elevated

Office boys being scarce, a certain business man determined to try an office girl, and was interviewing applicants for the job. He eyed rather suspiciously a fair young thing who wore a somewhat flimsy silk blouse and almost, if not quite, a dollars worth of jewelry.

"I—er—hope you were carefully brought up?" he stammered nervously.

"Oh, yes, thank you, sir," replied the damsel; "I came up in the elevator."

## The Only French Bank on the Pacific Coast French-American Bank of Savings

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JUNE 30, 1917

Assets .....	\$64,566,290.79
Deposits .....	61,381,120.63
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,185,170.16
Employees' Pension Fund .....	259,642.88
Number of Depositors .....	65,717

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

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## The Desert Made by Germans

(Continued from Page 6)

at his impotence. We think of the wanton desolation which the Boche has wrought. Possibly he thinks, with regret, how much more complete he might have made it, which is a thought to stagger humanity.

You get the idea, as you pass through the area which the Boche wrecked, because he could no longer hold it, that he showed a special fondness for trying to up-root any patch of history he might come upon. The Chateau of Ham, which fell within his pale of devilment, is an instance. It had, that strong bastion set among the watery lands of the Somme, known the presence of Joan of Arc. It was the prison-house in which Louis Napoleon was confined for years, and from which, disguised as a workman, he escaped to Belgium, and then to England. Since then time had eaten into its vaults, it had become a mere relic of history, but the Germans would not let it stand. They must, with their queer lack of vision, make it a relic of their own doings as super-Huns. So they mined it methodically, and one morning it went up in a tumult of stones and earth, Grosse Tower and all. Now its ruins lie mute, bare to the heavens, and the Germans fancy they have cut a page of history out of the Book of France. What they have really done is to illumine that page for all time, for they have set free the spirit of the keep from the moth and rust of material decay.

Posterity will say that the Germans would have done better for themselves if they had not left any self-made memorials to advertise their spirit as invaders. Often, apparently, there would be an artist, a cartoonist, among them, and what must he do but paint the Boche on a school wall or embellish a dug-out with ribald sketches. These leavings should be preserved, and, if it be possible, gathered into a gallery where people might study the Boche at war, as he sees himself. How he gloats over his supposed strength as a fighting animal; how lust and conquest are glorified; how brutal it all is! How coarse is Boche humor when the soldier-artist lets it loose for the benefit of his comrades billeted with him! Examples of it have a miasma, like a battlefield sown with corpses, with shell-holes full of stagnant water and with poisonous flies. But this reading of his pictures, done in odd, triumphant hours of the war of occupation, could never have struck the German master of art, otherwise he would have destroyed them with the Chateau of Coucy and Ham.

It was a principle of war with Frederick the Great, and the Prussian spoilers whom he begat, to live upon the enemy country, if that was possible. The Prussians of today have carried the doctrine so much farther that they first live upon the enemy country and then seek to destroy it. That is why, in a pilgrimage by the Aisne and the Somme, across ground which was beneath the Prussian war-barrow, you have a feeling of human desolation as well as of material desolation. Where are the young folk whose laughter filled the land? If they are quite young you may meet them, but there is no laughter in their voices. If they are not quite young they are doing the work of France, or, some of them anyhow, doing that of Germany, under compulsion, for they have

been spirited away. Where are the middle-aged people, who were the heads of families, the administrators of communities? Fighting for the Tricolor, carted off behind the German lines, or, a few of them, left to emphasize the absence of the others. And the old people? They remain, numbed, stricken, looking out from herded corners, where they have found retreats, wondering if they will live long enough to have their France herself again.

The Germans made a desert, but the French, with their quick brains and their quick hands, are sorting it into shape, and soon it will take life again. Meanwhile, it is the street behind the sound of the guns, a street along which the man-power of France marshals itself, always on the move forward. Houses cannot be rebuilt in a day, much less towns so thoroughly razed as, say, Chauny. Stately trees which shaded roads taking you over the hills and far away, cannot be grown to stateliness again in this

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#### NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a special meeting of said board, duly held on the 20th day of October, 1917, at the office of said corporation, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of the said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation, No. 962 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meets), on Monday, the 31st day of December, 1917, at 3:00 p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000), divided into twenty thousand (20,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each, to Five Hundred Thousand (\$500,000.00) Dollars, divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each.

The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock is Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000.00).

Also to amend the Articles of Incorporation, and to ratify all acts of the stockholders and Board of Directors at its meeting held on the 11th day of October, 1917.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated October 20, 1917.

LOUIS TRAUNG,

Secretary of Traung Label and Lithograph Company.

L. W. LOVEY,  
Attorney for Traung Label and Lithograph Company,  
1107 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-27-10

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEAN ARTIGUES. (also called JEAN CLODOMIR ARTIGUES), deceased.—No. 23374; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JEAN ARTIGUES (also called JEAN CLODOMIR ARTIGUES), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Landry C. Babin Co., No. 423 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEAN ARTIGUES (also called JEAN CLODOMIR ARTIGUES), deceased.

NORBERT C. BABIN,

Administrator of the estate of Jean Artigues  
(also called Jean Clodomir Artigues), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 27, 1917.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-27-5

generation. But not all this defilement by the German has quenched the spirit of France one little bit. It has outraged that spirit, given it new fire, burnt into it a heat which has not been since the Great Revolution gave the world its Cap of Liberty. The beautiful body of France has been hacked, tortured, but her soul goes marching on, untarnished, untarnishable, because it has a divinity unknown to the German, undivined by him. For those reasons, one returns from the Apian Way of ruins sad at heart, but full of faith, nay of pride, in the redeeming power of the French nation, which may God bless.

#### POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENTS

### JAS. MCSHEEHY ENTERS RACE

James McSheehy, candidate for Supervisor, has launched a whirlwind campaign which seems certain to insure his election on November 6.

More than two hundred representative citizens called at the McSheehy headquarters, 307 Westbank hotel building, recently and pledged themselves to make an active campaign in his behalf.

His enviable record as a conscientious and capable business man, as well as a native of San Francisco, who has on numerous occasions shown his devotion to the city's welfare by earnest participation in civic movements is certain to be a great asset in this campaign, during which the personality and ability of individual candidates will be so closely scrutinized.

McSheehy for Supervisor clubs were formed in every section of the city. Auditor Thomas F. Boyle, Dr. A. S. Keenan, William Burton, George Gallagher are prominent among those who have indorsed McSheehy's candidacy.



FRED L. HILMER  
(Incumbent)

## FOR SUPERVISOR

ELECTION NOVEMBER 6TH

Return Him to Office

His Record is an Open Book

When a man in public office has done his best to fulfill his obligation and trust placed in him by the men and women who put him there; when he has carefully guarded the interests imposed upon him; when each little detail was followed as closely as those of mightier situations; when the collective difficulties surmounting many incidents relative to the capacity in which he revolves; when those difficulties are met and overcome by tireless vigil and by dint of heavy laborious efforts; when in extreme cases his personal business affairs are set aside to accomplish those results, then that man is worthy of more than a second consideration from the voters.

ELECT FRED L. HILMER  
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## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of ADELE MAGENDIE, a Minor.

LIZZIE MAGENDIE, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Guardian of the Person and Estate of Adele Magendie, a minor, having filed herein her duly verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing her as such guardian to renew to French American Bank of Savings, a corporation, a certain mortgage now subsisting in its favor upon the interest of said minor in certain real property in said petition and hereinafter particularly described, and it appearing that it will be advantageous to said minor and to the estate of said minor that said mortgage be renewed, it is by the Court

ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said Adele Magendie, a minor, do appear before this Court, Department No. 10, thereof, at its Courtroom in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 5th day of November, 1917, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause if any they have why a certain mortgage subsisting in favor of French American Bank of Savings, a corporation, upon the interest of said minor in certain real property in said verified petition and hereafter particularly described, should not be renewed upon said interest or some part thereof of said minor in said real property and mortgaged to said French American Bank of Savings, a corporation, for the sum of \$19,000.00, as prayed for in the petition of Lizzie Magendie, the duly appointed, qualified and acting guardian of the person and estate of said minor, or for such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet. Reference is hereby made to said verified petition on file herein for further particulars.

Said real property, the property to be mortgaged, is situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Jackson Street distant westerly thereon one hundred seven (107) feet and six (6) inches from the westerly line of Montgomery Street; running thence westerly and along said southerly line of Jackson Street fifty (50) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly nine (9) feet and three (3) inches, more or less, to the northeasterly line of Columbus Avenue; thence southeasterly and along said last named line seventy-eight (78) feet and eleven (11) inches, more or less, to its intersection with a line drawn at right angles to said southerly line of Jackson Street through the point of commencement above described, and thence northerly and parallel with said westerly line of Montgomery Street sixty-three (63) feet and ten (10) inches, more or less, to the southerly line of Jackson Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty Vara Block No. 68.

2. COMMENCING at a point on the northwesterly line of Market Street distant northeasterly thereon thirty-six (36) feet and one (1) inch (1 1/2) inches from its intersection with the easterly line of Sanchez Street; running thence northeasterly and along said northwesterly line of Market Street seventy-seven (77) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly two (2) feet and six (6) inches (6 1/4) inches, and thence in a southerly direction one hundred twenty-five (125) feet, more or less, to the northwesterly line of Market Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 98.

And the interest of said minor therein is an undivided one-half (1/2) thereof.

It is further ORDERED that this Order to Show Cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the date of hearing of said petition in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 3rd day of October, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,  
Attorney for Guardian,  
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-13-4

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83397; Dept. No. 10.

KATHERINE MAY HESS, Plaintiff, vs. DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and mental cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of July, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-15-10

## Letters

## The Great Pike's Peak Rush

In a former series of boy's stories, Edwin L. Sabin, author of "The Boy Settler," etc., has depicted different phases of Western life of former days, such as ranching and herding. The present story is the second of a new series which promises to be no less exciting and picturesque. Terry Richards leaves his father's ranch in Kansas Territory and, with Harry Revere, a young school teacher, treks six hundred miles across the plains to the new Colorado gold fields. The year is 1859, and thousands of settlers are streaming across in the same direction. The two boys improvise an outfit mounted on two wheels and drawn by a mule and a "half buffalo." The only other member of the party is their faithful dog Shep. From the first day out there are adventures a-plenty, most of which reflect the actual conditions of the time. Many parties are encountered with still odder outfits than their own. One odd fellow is pushing a wheelbarrow. All are animated by the one eager desire to reach Pike's Peak, symbol of the Land of Gold. How the boys worked their own way, how they escaped the buffalo stampede and other perils of the Plains, how they at last reached the gold country and located their claims, how they struck pay dirt and were all but eured out of their rights by other prospectors—all this and much more awaits the reader. Every boy who has previously devoured a Sabin book will need no second invitation to begin this one; and he will end with a good inside knowledge of a very important period in the development of the West. From Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

## "The Shelleys of Georgia"

"The Shelleys of Georgia" appears to be a first novel, and though a creditable piece of work, is far from the first rank. The incidents are all ranged about the household of "Captain Gabe" Shelley who is a type of the progressive Southerner. Captain Shelley has gone in for peach culture and for the best methods of marketing not only his own crop but that of his neighbors. Also he is the independent and fearless editor of a local newspaper, and his outspoken criticisms and denunciations of the political methods of some of his neighbors with whom, all the time, he is on friendly terms personally, arouses their hot blood. His only daughter Rose is a high-spirited girl just about to commit herself to the folly of an elopement with a young man who is a popular idol, when she discovers his moral obliquity. "Captain Gabe" who discovers the plight of a young "hill girl," the daughter of one of his old Civil War comrades, brings her and her child into his home and Rose Shelley makes it her task to teach and train Minnie and eventually to bring about a marriage between her and Tom Blankenship. The time of the story is that of the late war with Spain, which gives the author an opportunity to have something to say about preparedness, or rather, the complete lack of it and the unnecessary hardships imposed on the volunteers. The plight of Minnie Gray and the fate which might have overtaken her child is made the theme for child-conversation and a school for the proper care and instruction of the waifs and strays of humanity. Incidentally, in one way or another, all the questions of the hour, such as universal peace, eugenics, preparedness, conservation, crop marketing, economic independence, as well as the double standard of morals, are touched

upon. Meanwhile Rose is too absorbed in righting Minnie Gray's wrongs and getting her married to Tom Blankenship and "li'l Torm's" legal status settled, to be aware that she is herself in love with Homer Fort, the Northern buyer who is negotiating for the fruit crop, so there are two happy endings, at least as far as marriage goes. "The Shelleys of Georgia" is quite up to the average novel of the day, or for that matter, any day. Masterpieces come only once in a while. From Lothrop Lee and Shepard.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LEON di NOLA, Deceased—No. 23,272; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of LEON di NOLA, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of A. COMTE, JR., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LEON di NOLA, deceased.

VINCENT di NOLA,

Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Leon di Nola, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 29, 1917.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Executor,  
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-5

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 84,455.

GERMAINE KEYWORTH, Plaintiff, vs. HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also on the ground of defendant's failure to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life, he having the ability to do so; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of September, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. E. ROTHE,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
948 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-10

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 83,219, Dept. No. 16.

SARAH E. MUNCK, Plaintiff, vs. M. G. LOEFLER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

Alfred B. Lawson and John Prosek, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: M. G. LOEFLER, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON and JOHN PROSEK,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
Grant Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-10



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# THE LANTERN



Edited by THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

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3, 1917

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A Tribute to Mrs. De Young

When the Kaiser Ignored Hearst

The Psychology of La Follette

The Clockwinder Meets Paul Smith

A Los Angeles "Roast" on Los Angeles

Miss Mary Magner of the School Department

"Water"—A War Incident by W. L. George

What Schlesinger of the Emporium Said of our Merchants

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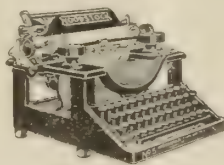
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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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## The Misfortunes of Los Angeles

Occasionally good news comes out of Los Angeles, for the town has seen much prosperity and has grown rapidly and prodigiously, but since we got into the war the well-wishers of the erstwhile boom town have received many shocks. Los Angeles has disappointed many good friends of late. The old town has not been living up to expectation; for example, when it gave evidence of a diminishing population, Uncle Sam having found that not so many men of fighting age lived in Los Angeles as we had been led to believe. Again and again there was disappointment when Los Angeles failed to "come through" with money to help Uncle Sam win the war. As a consequence of these things folks are coming to suspect Los Angeles of being habitually addicted to false pretenses. Long ago the good people of the town were indicted at the bar of public opinion for assuming virtues that in reality they had neglected to cultivate. Since then we have heard it reported that there was more fiction than truth in registration figures down that way, and now it is seriously suggested that perhaps the reputation of the town for affluence is due to the circulation of counterfeit coin. How unfortunate that the people of a whole city in the proud State of California should be so flagrantly discredited throughout the country! Let it be said to the credit of the immoral people of San Francisco that, whatever the chaste and sinless preachers may think of us, at least we sympathize with our unfortunate neighbors.

\* \* \*

## The Welcome Truth

Says *The Examiner* in the issue of October 29:

It is up to us to save France and to succor England and Italy, because if we fail to do these things the Allies will surely be beaten and Germany will become the dominant power of the world, "with all the menace to our own future safety which would follow in the train

of German dominance. . . . We must either conquer Germany or submit to Germany."

*Mirabile dictu*, *The Examiner* is now telling the truth about the war, as the foregoing tends to prove. The truth is certainly desirable. The right way to wake America up, says *The Examiner*, "is to let the American people know exactly how things stand in Europe." The editor adds that this is precisely what *The Examiner* has been doing right along. Here *The Examiner* departs from the truth. *The Examiner* certainly has not been trying right along to let the American people know how things stood in Europe. Though it was obvious from the beginning that if the Allies were beaten Germany would become "the dominant power in the world" and also "a menace to our own safety" Mr. Hearst never told us these things. On the contrary he pooh-poohed the idea of a grasping Germany. He would have us believe that Germany wanted nothing but a place in the sun and that she had so much Kultur that we should be glad to see her get it. He never talked of succoring England in those days but tried very hard to make us hate England. It was England we had reason to fear according to Hearst, never Germany, but now he has the impudence to denounce the individuals who stigmatized him as a Benedict Arnold. Fortunately he has discovered that it was hazardous to pursue the traitorous policy, and we are glad to see that he is now with us, for it is a sign that we are becoming a real United States thus ensuring the disappointment of pro-Germans.

\* \* \*

## A Plea for Golfers

What is our Administration at the City Hall doing for the golf player? We ask the question for several reasons, one of which is that golf has become a very important activity in the life of the community. Once upon a time golf was but a fine source of inspiration to the comic writers, who regarded it either as a fad or as a rather stupid form of recreation for cripples, valetudinarians and worn-out athletes. Nowadays it is recognized as one of the most beneficial of pastimes, one that affords an excellent means of light physical exercise which at the same time induces relaxation of the tired mind in circumstances that make it invigorating. In truth golf is a tonic for the whole human system and it is growing in popularity because the good it has done to men and women is obvious. Another reason for asking what the Administration is doing for the golf player is that our poli-

ticians, who make it their business to foster whatever is popular, may be in need of a hint about golf. Heretofore it has been supposed that only men who loved to belong to clubs played golf, but the fact is that men who can't afford to belong to clubs play golf. What are the politicians doing for these men? What are they doing for the health of citizens who, though in need of mental relaxation, are not able to be bitten by golf or get a taste of its most desirable pleasures? True the municipality has converted Lincoln Park into a playground and put in nine holes for the devotees of golf; further, the Administration is slowly, very slowly, developing an 18-hole course, but the golf players owe more to nature than they owe to the politicians, for ideal is the situation of the park with its marine environment; and for beauty and fascination of prospect with its salt tonic that blows in from the sea Lincoln Park is unsurpassed in this or any other country; it would really be the paradise of golf players were our city officials to be made aware that the golf vote was worth cultivating.

\* \* \*

## The Soulless Corporation

Once upon a time it was commonly remarked that a corporation had no soul, but we were educated up to a realization of the benefits to be derived from the facilities of doing business under the laws by which corporations are directed. For the development of big business and the resources of the country corporations are a necessary evil, but in truth they have no soul, and now that the people are becoming sensible of their own power and of what may be done to regulate the business of corporations it would be advisable for the managers of big business enterprises to provide something that might plausibly be substituted for a soul. In lieu of a soul corporations have developed a passion for efficiency. When this passion seizes a president and board of directors it finds its first expression in a paralysis of generous acts. The victims of this passion shrink spiritually, and they have no use for anybody but the man who can devise a way of seeming to reduce overhead expenses. Now this is not always evidence of genius. It may signify nothing but downright meanness. There are many so-called efficiency experts like the restaurant man who was admired for his genius because he knew the average number of toothpicks consumed by each guest. He



saved not only toothpicks but things to eat and presently the guests preferred to dine elsewhere. Efficiency experts of this type sometimes really do reduce overhead expenses, but also they create an undesirable atmosphere, and in some instances they give the corporation by which they are employed a reputation which, in the long run, may have unpleasant effects on kindred interests. They have been known to be responsible for costly industrial disturbances and to have alienated friends at a time and in circumstances when those particular friends might have rendered valuable services merely for friendship's sake. After all efficiency expertness is a business of many angles, and talent for it is best cultivated along with a knowledge of the world and a certain feeling for the spiritual side of human nature. If a corporation has no soul at least it need not divest itself of all that is really fine in human intercourse.

\* \* \*

### The Usual Thing

Lamentable, in the opinion of a daily contemporary which until recently was engaged in vigorous pro-German propaganda, is the attitude of some of our citizens in local politics. They are actually engaged these days of all days, dark days of war, in trying to elect to office men who keep bad company. Our contemporary holds that men who tolerate evil company should not be elected to office. This is a sentiment that we heartily approve. No citizen should support a candidate whose associations are not untainted. But how hard it is in this miserable world to tell good men from bad! We are always being deceived. Even when we re-

ceive good advice we cannot be sure that the motive is good and the adviser sincere, good advice is so often given merely to gain our confidence and lead us astray. Indeed this may be so in the present instance. Who knows but that our contemporary whose sentiment we approve is merely talking camouflage! We hate to confess suspicion, but we have to wonder a little seeing that our contemporary, while talking in glittering generalities of the advisability of trying to help the present Administration, has singled out one office for special mention and to magnify its importance. "They (certain sinful characters in our electorate) want a friend in the City Attorney's office," says our contemporary. In this connection we are told how important it is to see that certain money is properly spent in the next few years. Now in truth the City Attorney's office is not one of much importance in a government like ours, and as a matter of fact we haven't had a leader, or a near-leader, of the bar as City Attorney for many years. The City Attorney is not an executive officer. Usually he merely writes opinions for the Mayor and the Supervisors, and when they have any important legal work to do usually they hire a special attorney. To be sure it would be better to have a morally good than to have a morally bad City Attorney, but why the long editorial professing a deep interest in the city's welfare if as a matter of fact somebody is merely intent on gratifying his spleen? This is the sort of thing we regard as truly lamentable, it is so characteristic of the parochial journalism of San Francisco. Instead of working for the public interest our newspapers are always satisfying their

personal inclination and their petty, private prejudices. Admitting that certain sinful characters have put a candidate on their ticket does it follow that he is unworthy of our confidence? Should he be condemned merely because bad men have used his name to strengthen their ticket? Come to think of it Paul Smith has expressed suspicion of Mayor Rolph, yet Paul favors a candidate whom the Mayor has endorsed. It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways.

\* \* \*

### Progress in Therapeutics

It is a curious circumstance that while men are being slaughtered as never before in the world's history, at the same time we are making greater progress than ever in the study of means for the preservation of human life. Of late various new antiseptics have been studied and found superior to what are called the classical antiseptics—carbolic acid and iodine. There is for example a substance called flavine which surgeons regard as almost ideal. Clinical tests of this substance have been made with surprising results. Wounds have been cleared up that were recalcitrant for months, and once more there is strong hope that on Ehrlich's principles a substance will be found to put an end to the revolting cancer cell. Already, it is believed, we have a specific against the coccus which is the cause of pneumonia, the most deadly of all acute diseases. Never was the prospect for the future of therapeutics so hopeful, either as to the extent of their conquests or to the speed of their attainment. At the rate our medical research bodies are going it may not be long before we shall have little use for sanatoria devoted to certain special purposes.

## Perspective Impressions

By the way, what has become of the League of Peace?

Be patriotic and improve your health. In other words, eat less.

San Francisco is frivolous in spots, but look how it patronized the Land Show.

If the Germans would lend the Allies Mackensen perhaps we'd end this war much more quickly.

Some names are more valuable to a nation than great books of history. Verdun is one of them.

There are many who think that prohibition has come to stay. How do they explain the result of the Iowa election?

The school bonds carried five to one. In the important things San Francisco is sound.

In the big things San Francisco certainly does "know how." Witness the Liberty Loan subscription.

Doubtless there are many starving Germans, but they don't make us worry as much as the Germans who are fighting.

Maybe Paul Smith thinks he is making a hit when he attacks the Indoor Yacht Club; but the thousands who remember "Kiddies Day" have another opinion.

"Keeping Roosevelt from the Front" will probably be the title of one chapter of history not far removed from another dealing with Josephus Daniels in the Cabinet.

If you don't know yet what candidates for supervisor you ought to vote for, lose no time in finding out.

When soldiers go on strike their crime is called mutiny. Yet in war time every producing worker is a kind of soldier.

Cadorna, about a month ago, said that the war could be won on the Italian front. Fortunately for the Allies, it can't be lost there.

In voting for supervisors, ask yourself: Is there a reasonable expectation that these men will be honest and merciful to the taxpayer?

The Kaiser is making it very plain that there is really urgent need of our making the world safe for democracy and secure for things much more important than a mere system of government or the leading principle thereof.



## Varied Types

355—MISS MARY MAGNER

By Edward F. O'Day

Miss Mary Magner is one of a handful of experts who oversee the education of sixty-six thousand children. In other words, Miss Magner is an assistant to Superintendent of Schools Alfred Roncovieri. Those who are versed in the affairs of that most important department of city government, the Board of Education, say that the personality of Miss Magner is indelibly marked upon its policies, and that the brain of Miss Magner is constantly influencing the brains of a multitude of teachers, and through them, of an army of public school children. From which we may draw the conclusion that there is an opinion strongly held in this community that Miss Magner is a force for good, an instrument of development, an agent of progress.

School teachers, perhaps, are born, not made—a dictum which must not be construed as an iconoclastic criticism of normal schools. Teachers must be trained, of course; but unless the adaptability is there to start with, the most thoroughgoing system of preparation won't make a teacher. The real teacher is one who emerges from a cut and dried course of training with individuality moulded but not subdued. In certain qualities, however, all teachers are alike—they are good-humored, patient, sympathetic, with sunny temper and smiling face. Think of the best teachers you had—were they not all so?

Miss Magner must have been a nice teacher. She has the gift of smiling easily and encouragingly; she has a pleasant way of speaking; she is a winning woman. That she was a very successful teacher there can be no doubt. She must have been a nice principal too—ask any of those who attended or taught in either of the schools—one in the Richmond, the other in the Mission district—where she was clothed with authority. Certainly she is an awfully nice assistant Superintendent of Schools.

At least once a term one of the assistant superintendents must pay a visit to every class room in the city. As the assistant superintendents have also a great amount of routine work to do in their offices in the City Hall, it may be surmised that they are busy persons. Indeed they are. But not too busy to systematize their impressions, to correlate their experiences as they go along.

"One of our duties," says Miss Magner, "is to deal with insubordinate and rebellious children sent to us by the principals. A case is sure to be hard to handle when a principal refers it to us. There is need of diplomacy in this work. The offending children must be disciplined, and in many cases this amounts to disciplining the parents. When you remember that we have sixty-six thousand children in the public schools you are not surprised to learn that there are unpleasant happenings, but really, there are not as many as you might expect. For the most part parents are reasonable. And where the parents cooperate the principals do not have to send the children to us. Take the recent strike of the children at the Bernal school. Only a few children had to be sent to this office, and in these cases it was the parents who proved difficult to handle.

"From time to time we have to deal with parents who cannot be made to understand that their children are not exceptions to the general

rule. Invariably these parents wave the flag of the taxpayer. 'I am a taxpayer, and I am going to get what I pay for.' These parents must be told that there are other taxpayers who insist on their rights. It is hard for them to take that view."

To deal with this sort of unreasonableness, to seek to correct it by reiterating self-evident facts, must try the patience even of a Miss Mary Magner. Wrongheadedness is always irritating. But Miss Magner smiles when she tells of these trials of an assistant superintendent, so I know that she is on terms of good-natured tolerance with the irritating traits of our common nature. Miss Magner is an even-tempered philosopher.

When the dead and lamented Myra Kelly was a school teacher in New York City, she discovered, for the enrichment of American periodical literature, the immigrant child who was being made over into a "little citizen." Many a school teacher in San Francisco was so familiar with some of the types Myra Kelly portrayed that when the stories appeared in McClure's she could not help exclaiming: "Why didn't I think of writing stories like these?"

During her years of service in the school department Miss Magner has had opportunities to study all the aliens who help to overcrowd our class rooms. Her opportunities have been particularly good since she took an administrative position at the City Hall.

"Among the most interesting of the foreign children," she says, "are the Japanese. They are, of course, to be found in all the schools, the Japanese having been able to prove to the satisfaction of the Government, as you probably remember, that they belong to the Aryan race and are not subject to segregation in the Oriental school, like the Chinese. But most of the Japanese children are to be found in a school in the Japanese section; however, they are beginning to be numerous in another school—proof that the colony is shifting or expanding. The Japanese children are very popular with the other children: they are pleasant, have quaint, attractive ways, and are so bright. They study hard and stand high in their classes. They try very hard to master English, and their parents do all they can to help them, speaking English at home as much as possible. The Japanese are eager to get ahead; they are very canny. After public school hours or at night, the children attend Japanese schools. There are a number of these schools in the colony; there are even Japanese kindergartens.

"The Chinese children are all segregated at the Oriental school, so it is hard to compare them with white children. They have more difficulty with the language than the Japanese, because at home, in the play grounds and even in the class rooms they talk Chinese to one another instead of trying to talk English. The Chinese children are well cared for by their parents. They too have schools of their own.

"The Italian children are bright as a rule. They find arithmetic easy, and are very artistic, excelling in singing and drawing. But they find English hard; spelling and reading hold them back.

"The Russian Jewish children are numerous out Potrero way. You find very bright children among them. We have quite a Greek colony

in San Francisco, but strangely enough, there are very few Greek children. Perhaps it is the young unmarried Greeks who emigrate. The Greek children are not particularly bright. Neither are the Rumanians of whom we have quite a number. We took a census of nationalities not long ago, and were surprised to find how many Finnish children we had. Here as among the Russian Jews you find very bright children. Of late there has been quite an influx of Mexicans into San Francisco. They settle in the neighborhood of Telegraph Hill, and gradually spread to other sections. They are very poor, and their children are neglected, shiftless and lazy. But these children have bright minds. Once they learn English it is necessary to advance them rapidly as they master the elements with ease."

From this fascinating subject Miss Magner turned to the subject of truancy, and I learned, with some surprise, that the girl truant is unknown in the public schools. I learned also some very interesting things about the Ethan Allen school at Seventh and Bryant streets where habitual truants are sent to a sort of Coventry.

"Miss Alexander, the principal of this school," said Miss Magner, "has a difficult problem to solve, but she has worked it out patiently, and the results she obtains are wonderful. The boys at this school are not allowed out at noon time. Lunch is served there for them, so that at least one temptation to truancy may be eliminated. Miss Alexander has a system of boy police which works splendidly. When a boy plays truant from the school the boy police go out to find him, and they usually bring him to school within an hour. If they have a suspicion that a boy is planning truancy they go to his house in the morning and escort him to school."

"There have been great changes in the system of teaching since you entered the school department?" I asked Miss Magner.

"The system has changed completely," she answered; "and it is changing all the time."

"Are the changes always for the best?" I asked.

"Yes," was the reply; "there is a progressive improvement."

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## Water

By W. L. George

The battalion had started long before dawn. At first it had been night, blue, mysterious night, pale and fugitive and hung with little golden stars, the night of the East, made for white courts and the spinning of Scheherazade's tales, a night like blue silk flecked with gems. And then it had passed away hurriedly, as if afraid of the day, of the thunderous sun, like a nymph surprised, leaving behind her as a trail the rose and the mauve of dawn, sweet heralds of a fiercer air.

Private Norley raised his head towards the dawn. He had grown tired of the night, for it had been long, and after a while had thought of nothing save the sand which had mysteriously penetrated between his sock and his foot. But he loved the familiar dawn, for it was not as the brooding night; it was passing. For a moment Private Norley thought of dawn as he had often seen it before, when he had gone of nights to feed some calving cow. It had come up sometimes just like that on Winchelsea marshes, making their gray into opal, and little Rye, upon its tiny hill, into a rosebud. He thought of the marshes for a little while, of the fresh, cold wind full of Channel salt. It hurt his mouth to think of the feel of that wet wind, for his tongue was so dry. The heat was coming; he knew that, for already the dawn was dying, sun-slaughtered, and on the eastern horizon a ball of fire, zoned in flame, soared into the Egyptian sky.

He felt very hot suddenly. And he was afraid. He looked at his wrist-watch; he tried to remember the time-table which the sergeant-major had discussed with the sergeant the night before. They were late evidently; already they should be in sight of El Arish. And for a moment Private Norley wondered what it all was for, why they were going east of the canal, why they had gone so far and seen nothing, neither Englishman nor Turk, what there was beyond the oasis. The bewilderment of the private who can range through empires, ignorant as a horse in blinkers, was upon him. But Private Norley did not long wonder: he was a good-tempered, healthy young animal, who had never before thought of life in general: eating, drinking, sleeping, making love and dying as late as possible, that was the sum total of him. And he was ready enough to do it all decently. So at once he abandoned speculation, searched the horizon for the palm trees which promised water and shade.

Then he remembered: a full two hours had been wasted at a dry oued. The ammunition carts had, one after the other, stuck in the river bed, and it had been endless, helping the little oxen, half unloading the carts, shoring up the wheels, so that the beasts might struggle up the crumbling bank of pebble and sand. As the battalion turned towards the south Private Norley caught a glimpse of the carts, massed between the second and third platoon, ammunition wagons, provision carts, ambulances, officers' wagons, canteen, the vast impedimenta of armies. Reflective and impartial, he damned everything on wheels.

The strap of his rifle hurt him a little now as it cut into his moist shoulder. He changed it to the right, and for a long time thought of nothing. There was hardly anything to arouse a thought, for the desert unrolled to the right and to the left, to the front and to the back, without beginning, without end, not quite flat,

just like a dirty blanket, with crumples here and there. Sticking out, it seemed, of the horizon a few rocks that looked black against the felty sand; near the track sometimes a few gleaming white bones, camels', no doubt. Notable only, upon the right and left of the battalion, were the flanking parties, watchful little patrols of the camel corps, so far away that even through a field glass they looked like little brown toys. Private Norley was too used to them to notice that they were there. Besides, there was something else to help the silence that had now come upon the marching troops; they had left their bivouac at Abu Dara singing the inevitable "Tipperary," but, little by little, the song had died down long before the order came that there must be no talking now. For the heat had come and was growing round them.

He realized it, and suddenly there was nothing but heat. The pith helmet made a ring about his forehead; this was wet, and yet hard and hot, as if his head were bound in metal. He felt the sun upon his cheek, a steady burn, and a sting as of a pin-prick upon his upper lip. He brushed it angrily as if to remove an insect. There was no insect, but the movement, so different from the steady tramping, brought him out into a heavy sweat. Private Norley called himself a fool, but it was too late. Water seemed to rush from his head into his hair and under his helmet to steam. He found his fingers so clammy that the wooden butt of his rifle slipped away; he dared not touch the burning steel. For a long time he thought of nothing, but just went on with the water running down from that metal ring about his forehead, hot water that soaked his mustache, soaked his eyelashes until he had to blink them free. And even then there was a veil as of steam before his eyeballs. One thought only came to him then: water. As he went he slipped his hand under his coat, touching as he did so his neighbor, who shrank away a little without speaking, knowing that any contact would increase his heat. Carefully Private Norley drew forward the bottle, raised it to his mouth. He could have spat the liquid out, so great was his disgust, for, osier-covered and then felt-covered, and then sheltered by his coat, it was hot. And yet as he swallowed, hating the tinnish taste, the disgusting suggestion of weak soup, he was gluttonous.

Suddenly he thought of water, real cold water, as it flows out between two stones from the spring by Udimore Hill. He remembered that place where in April there always grew so many primroses, and a spasm of rage shook him as he thought that this very minute oxen and horses were drinking their fill of that water, so clear, so cold.

His pal upon the left had seen him drink:

"Pretty fair muck, ain't it?" he remarked.

Private Norley spat without replying. He heard behind him another another man making a feeble joke about lining up at the bar when they got to El Arish. Somebody said something Private Norley did not catch, but it awakened an immediate echo, and a precise private, a schoolmaster in civil life, said they ought to have some water from the water cart. In a minute the whole battalion was talking of water, and Private Norley could think of nothing but the water carts between the two platoons, that looked so queer, swaddled up in canvas, like fat old men, to keep off the sun.

In front of Private Norley marched his lieutenant. He was a slender young man, and he went with an air alert and disdainful, as if he did not hear the growing murmurs among the men. Private Norley did not remember that this was one of the popular officers, a good fellow who never punished a man without making him feel in the wrong: he thought of that way of his and hated him therefore; his persuasiveness, added to his rare severity, became an insult. For it was hot, so hot, that Private Norley thought only of feeling hot. He found himself cursing quietly, and then grumbling half-aloud, with five hundred others who grumbled also.

"We must have water. We must have water off the cart. . . ."

The battalion was halted, faced to the right. The Major came to quell the mutiny, trotting along the line on his little black horse, whose sweating flanks shone bluish. He stopped, and upon the yellow sand the shadow was blacker than the horse.

"I hear murmurs in the ranks. They must stop. The next man who complains will be shot." The voice was quiet, not very loud, and yet, so light was the air, every syllable came clean and audible. Then the tone softened: "But, boys, I don't want it to come to that."

(Continued on Page 18)

## The Stationery Department of the ROBERTSON BOOK STORE

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# The Spectator

## Good Merchants and Others

One hears much talk in San Francisco about our "little" merchants. Often it is said that the calibre of our merchants is the measure of the things we do when brainstorms seize the community causing it to imperil the interests of the city. These merchants loom large in the public eye, for they are big advertisers and the newspapers celebrate them at every opportunity. They are our merchant "princes" whose families figure in the social columns, so generous are the newspapers. Now while it is quite true that we have quite a number of small merchants with big names, it is also true that we have some big merchants who, though they make very small contributions to publicity for themselves, often do big things for others and try to do big things for the city. I have in mind for the purpose of illustration two merchants, one of whom I heard celebrating the other a week ago. Fancy a merchant paying compliments to another behind his back! This is odd in San Francisco. One of these merchants shall be nameless because he was not speaking for publication, but only in defense of another. The other was Manager Schlesinger of the Emporium. Somebody had remarked that if the merchants of San Francisco were not too cowardly to discipline the press San Francisco would be a much better city. At once the merchant observed that this was not exactly true, that we have merchants who are not afraid of the newspapers, and he mentioned Schlesinger of the Emporium as the most conspicuous. Then it was remarked that we have one high-class house supported by the wealthy which might be mentioned as an exception, its independence being well known. Much to the surprise of the speaker he was informed that the independence of this house had not been shown on a certain notable occasion when it failed to cut down the size of its advertisements though it had been agreed at a meeting of the Merchants' Association that all merchants would reduce the income of the press until the newspapers behaved themselves.

## When Schlesinger Resigned

I learned further on this occasion that Manager Schlesinger more than any other merchant might have reasonably considered it to his interest to evade the agreement; but not only did he enter into it, he abided by it to a greater extent than did any other member of the Association. Further, at the following meeting he told the other merchants in plain terms what he thought of them. Some of them ventured

to excuse themselves, but Schlesinger told them that they had no excuse but their eagerness for dirty dollars, and then he resigned from the presidency of the Association. After the meeting strong pressure was brought on Schlesinger not to insist on his resignation, for all the members felt that he was the life of the Association and that it would be a calamity to lose him. He is still president.

## False Impressions

This was not all I heard in praise of one merchant by another. In a little while I learned that a common impression of the Emporium was due not to Schlesinger but to predecessors; that in truth the present manager had done much to revolutionize the character of the house. It appears that the Emporium is now more generous to its employees than was the White House in the heyday of that fine philanthropist Raphael Weill. Astonishing are the salaries paid to heads of departments. Astonishing also is the community spirit developed in the house and the things that are done for the workers from the roof garden to the hospital wherein two physicians are maintained regularly. While praises were going around I was reminded that Samuel Hopkins Adams of the New York Tribune who had much to say in censure of the advertising methods of the retail houses of San Francisco some months ago, approved as exceptional the methods of the Emporium.

## The Clockwinder Meets Paul Smith

"I'm very glad to meet you," said the Rev. Paul Smith as he was introduced to the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. "I've often heard of you and I've been wanting to meet you ever since I came to town." He bestowed on the famous waterfront philosopher a broad smile. The clockwinder grunted, but said not a word. He was not in a pleasant mood. "You seem to know so much about city affairs," said the clergyman. Again the clockwinder grunted. "I fancy you can enlighten me. Please tell me something about this political campaign, it seems so queer."

"Yes, it is a little queer," the clockwinder observed, "seeing you boosting the Mayor's friend Lull for City Attorney. What are you trying to do to him—beat him?"

"Oh my, no, why do you ask?"

"It was bad enough for Lull, the fact that he's the Mayor's choice; that loses him many a vote among the business men of the city, but now that you're out to beat Hennessy what about the man who regards you as somewhat

of a nuisance?"

The Rev. Paul Smith was amazed. "What do you mean?" he gasped.

"You said you wanted to be enlightened."

"But—"

"Well, let me assure you," said the clockwinder, "you're not bruising Mr. Hennessy's chances. Say, if you'd like to know how many friends you have in San Francisco, get out and run for a job. Did you ever see the people breaking their necks to put money in your collection plate?" The clockwinder paused for a reply, and the Rev. Paul Smith went into a deep brown study for a few moments.

## Looking Over the Ticket

"What I should like to know," said the minister, adjusting his white necktie, "is why there is so much confusion in the campaign. Why, for instance, should the Labor Party be for Supervisor Nolan and Rolph be against him? I thought Rolph was for the Labor interests."

The clockwinder smiled. "Say, if you want to know politics you ought to get out and mix a little. You're as bad as that Municipal Conference bunch that was so eager for Mr. Dutton to run that it allowed him to name two men to keep him company and turned down live ones that might pick up a vote or two. Listen, the Mayor is against Nolan for the same reason that he's against Power."

"What reason is that?"

"Nolan wouldn't eat out of Rolph's hand when the budget was in the making. He pointed out that it was possible to save the taxpayers one million dollars, and that got Rolph mad."

"I had forgotten that," said the Rev. Paul Smith, reflecting on what he had heard.

"Oh, that's nothing," said the clockwinder. "Even the Municipal Conference forgot, too. It forgot many things. Perhaps we were lucky that it remembered Jim Power."

"You talk as though you're against the Municipal Conference ticket," the reverend gentleman observed shrewdly.

"Oh, say not so. I'm against it only in spots. The Municipal Conference is doubtless for the city's welfare, but even civic patriots do a little politics occasionally. The best of men have their personal likes and dislikes. And so it was, perhaps, that I was disappointed at seeing a man like Fred Hilmer, who is a business man and ought to have received the support of business men,—disappointed at seeing him turned down with Joe Corbett who might have got many a vote for the Municipal Conference. On the whole I'm strong for the principles that animate the Municipal Conference, but as you say, there's much confusion in the campaign. This is what comes from non-partisanship, it breeds peace clubs and sideshows and confuses voters. I must confess

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I'm a little confused myself when I think of Mayor Rolph manipulating Democratic politics right in the heart of the Democracy." And the clockwinder made his breakaway.

#### Los Angeles Abused at Home

Speaking of merchants let us consider the merchants of Los Angeles, from whom a lot of criticism of mercantile San Francisco has emanated at odd times. Our merchants are at least good spenders; when called on to help the city or nation they respond generously. They have made the city's reputation for generosity. Los Angeles is known as the jitney town and the city of cafeterias; for this the merchants of Los Angeles are responsible, and once in a long while a newspaper tells the truth about local affairs as was done the other day by The Record thus:

To date this city has been on a speculative basis; the banks are honoring lines of credit based on speculative real estate values; barley fields become cities over night, and millionaires, on paper, are born every minute, but when you rustle around and try to get some real cash for public and patriotic purposes from these much advertised plutes you discover that there is nothing in the family stocking but holes.

Now, it is not that our local plutes are especially selfish, especially unpatriotic; bless you, they don't have it.

There are fine imposing figures of men in this town who leave magnificent homes each morning, who drive to their offices in \$5,000 automobiles, who wear \$100 suits, and have three servants, who can't pay their grocery bills, and who don't.

These men you see at the theater, they talk long and boastfully at banquets, they ornament luxurious clubs, but they actually are living on borrowed money, and they strive desperately to keep within sight of their interest payments and their taxes.

#### Her Bankrupted Citizens

Seldom is the unpleasant truth told about Los Angeles at home; so the "roast" in The Record must have caused a great shock. Here is some more from The Record:

Men of big affairs, men with city blocks, and big equities in suburban property, hanging on, trying to out-wait the assessor; hoping that some day prices may climb up so that they can realize on their equities; and

the banks tote them along and carry the hod and hope for the best.

Investors know these things: the financial circles in the East know the situation in Southern California; it is common report and rumor everywhere but right here, but locally we have "bulled" ourselves so long that we actually believe we are on the basis we should be.

Indeed our profound ignorance of our own situation, and our blissful playing the ostrich hurts immeasurably more than would an open avowal of the true situation; an attempt to get on the right basis, and the assessment of taxes and transfer of property on that basis.

Some day we must come to it; when we do our wonderful native opportunities will become of real value.

The equity game, played with ten points of faith and one point solid value, has about bankrupted a lot of our most eminent citizens.

Quit playing it, brethren, quit playing it.

#### Hearst and Bayard Hale

New light has been thrown on William Bayard Hale, erstwhile correspondent of the Hearst papers in Berlin, and now on the staff of the New York American, by Samuel Hopkins Adams in an article written for the New York Tribune called "News Garbler Hearst." Adams says that Hale is "an ex-clergyman who left the ministry under deplorable circumstances." Also: "As President Wilson's representative in Mexico—a most inexplicable and unfortunate choice which amazed some of the President's most devoted adherents—he enjoyed no small prestige. Since then he has been working for Hearst and the Germans; for Hearst openly, for the Germans, through the American Embargo Conference. The Providence Journal's repeated charges that he was employed at a large salary by the German Embassy on propaganda work, and that he had issued his publications from the German Press Bureau in the Hamburg American Line offices in New York, before that organization's activities were checked by the arrest and conviction of several of its officers, have never been denied." Adams goes on to tell how Hearst attempted to make Hale his agent in direct negotiations with the Kaiser—to do what? Why, nothing less than to bring the war to an end! And wherever he got it, Adams publishes Hearst's amazing wireless to Hale.

#### Hearst the Would-Be Peacemaker

It was on February 10, when Hale was preparing to return to New York, that Hearst sent his wireless to Hale in Berlin. This was only a few days after von Bernstorff had been handed his passports. It was at a time when the slogan of everybody—except Hearst—was, "Stand behind the President." Hearst decided to take matters into his own hands. Here is the message:

Feb. 10, 1917.—Bayard Hale: Mr. Hearst urges bring peace statement from Kaiser or Hollweg. Might solve whole situation. Americans were getting friendly to Germany, and President was wishing for the peace that Americans and Germans desired. German note, especially the two interpolated paragraphs, upset everything. Still President and country hope for peace. Right words spoken by Germany at this time might completely restore good will.

Strangely enough (as Hearst must have thought), the Kaiser ignored this effort of his great American admirer. But was there ever a display of greater impudence, of more egregious conceit, than this attempt of an editor to take the matter of our relations with Germany into his own hands?

#### Explaining La Follette

Two well known American writers have just tried their hands at explaining La Follette. One of them is a woman (and a San Francisco woman), Gertrude Atherton. The other is Rupert Hughes. The explanations are interest-

ing, first because La Follette needs explaining; second, because they give us an excuse for comparing a woman writer with a man writer. Mrs. Atherton is not a popular writer; Rupert Hughes is. Mrs. Atherton has never found the public which reads the Saturday Evening Post; with that public, roughly estimated at some ten millions, Rupert Hughes is a great favorite. Mrs. Atherton's novels have never been best sellers, though they are put out by the best publishers here and in England; Rupert Hughes is probably in, or very close to, the best-selling class. I have read Mrs. Atherton's explanation of La Follette, and also Rupert Hughes's. It seems to me that Mrs. Atherton's is the better of the two. It seems to me that, to use a homely phrase, the mare is the better horse.

#### Mrs. Atherton's Explanation

To Mrs. Atherton La Follette is an example of gradual deterioration. She remembers the time when he was "genial and normal; his egotism no more developed than that of any successful man, although perhaps more naively exhibited." In those days, Mrs. Atherton thinks, "he really had deep disinterested moments when he dreamed only of ameliorating the lot of the human race." This period, she says, ended with La Follette's extraordinary behavior at the Philadelphia banquet in 1912 when he was an aspirant for the presidential nomination on the Progressive ticket. That exhibition, says Mrs. Atherton, proved "that there was a point both physical and mental beyond which La Follette could not go." Not realizing, she says, that he was a "has been," La Follette again aspired in 1916. He did not know that "a brilliant mind and a gift for leadership will only carry a man just so far unless there is character to resupply exhausted energies beset with disappointments, keep them stable and balanced and on the straight track." In 1912 he had reached his limit; from that time on, says Mrs. Atherton, his vanity grew until his ego got beyond restraint. His mind grew morbid. He was convinced that his was "the

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greatest brain in the United States," and that destiny had played him false. "Hatred of power that was not his," says Mrs. Atherton, "panic terror of disappearing from the public eye, drove him into an open opposition that at least assured him of notoriety, and of the illusion of power." And she concludes: "La Follette has a poisoned brain."

#### An Explanation by Hughes

To Rupert Hughes La Follette is just a general nuisance. He calls him a pest, compares him to a rattlesnake. Mrs. Atherton thinks that some day we shall get an explanation of La Follette's collapse at the Philadelphia dinner in 1912. But Rupert Hughes doesn't seem to consider an explanation necessary. At that dinner, in his opinion, La Follette was running true to form. La Follette, he says, is "a congenital attacker, a name-caller, a diatriber." Mrs. Atherton thinks that La Follette attacks the war because it is President Wilson's war (in the sense that it would be La Follette's war if he were President). Rupert Hughes thinks that he attacks the war because the war party is in the ascendant. It will be seen that to Hughes La Follette's character is simplicity itself; there has been no change in La Follette so far as he can see. It is a strange line of thought for a writer who is supposed to study human nature. Hughes was present at the Philadelphia dinner at which La Follette behaved so strangely. It does not occur to him that La Follette may have been radically different from his former self that night; he would have us believe that the normal La Follette was emphasized, that La Follette let himself go. Rupert Hughes describes La Follette's behavior at the dinner. I wish Mrs. Atherton would take this description and set her fine powers of analysis to work on it. I am tempted to say that La Follette showed symptoms of paranoia that night. But Hughes thought he acted naturally.

#### The Philadelphia Dinner

So far as I know, Hughes is the first of those present at the Philadelphia dinner to give the public an account of what happened. We learned at the time that La Follette had broken down during his speech, but the matter was hushed up. Now it appears that he acted like a man in a frenzy. It was the annual dinner of the Periodical Publishers of America. Woodrow Wilson, like La Follette an aspirant to the presidential nomination, was also present. Wilson made a short, witty, graceful speech. La Follette appeared just before the toastmaster called on him. "He made no acknowledgements

of hospitality," says Hughes, "but with a theatrical gesture raised high a fistful of manuscript and howled in an indescribable hostility of tone, (I do not quote verbatim, but the spirit is exact): 'I'm goin' to read my speech to-night, and I'm goin' to read it for two reasons. In the first place my family asked me to, because I've got a way of talkin' on and on when I get started, and they told me I ought to confine myself to about three-quarters of an hour. So I've written it out and I'm going to spend about that time telling you people some things you ought to know. In the second place I've written this speech out and had it type-written for distribution, for I'm sick of being eternally misquoted by you reporters and I want you to print what I say and nothing else. Do you understand?'" Hughes says that La Follette spoke from 10:30 to 1:30 a. m. At times he shook his fist at individuals seated at the table and denounced them as minions of the trusts. Before he had finished most of the diners had retreated to the cloak room. Finally they returned in despair and tried to silence him with applause. But he shrieked that if they did not listen to him he'd talk all night, so they had to let him go on. One of the few who sat out the whole speech was Woodrow Wilson who from time to time filled La Follette's glass with water. Of course that was the end of La Follette as a serious aspirant to the presidency. That something had happened to the man seems plain. But Rupert Hughes can't see it. If only Gertrude Atherton had been at that dinner!

#### Kind-Hearted "Joe" Solari

"I always ate at his table in the old Palace," said a well known San Franciscan when the talk was of the death of Camille (otherwise "Joe") Solari. "He was the best waiter I ever left a tip for. The horses were running at Emeryville in those days, and many a time I sat down to dinner penniless. You can't buy food with 'markers.' Camille knew without my telling him how the day had gone with me—I guess I wasn't as impassive as I am now. When I had no money he'd serve me and my guests—I often had guest who were deceived by my 'front' and accepted my invitation to dinner—Camille would serve us with particular care and at the end of dinner he'd simply slip the bill into his pocket. I used to owe him as much as a hundred dollars before the luck changed and I was able to settle with him. There was only one Camille Solari; there will not be another like him. He proved beyond doubt that a man could be a waiter and have a heart."

#### Union Labor Policemen

How many men are there on the police force who carry union cards and keep up their union dues? I ask the question because I have been informed on very respectable authority that there are a large number. I hesitate to give the figure which I have heard until I find some way of verifying it. That there should be in the ranks of those who are called upon so frequently in this city to handle strikes, union men with union sympathies engaged beforehand, is, it strikes me, a bad situation. A policeman who pays dues to a union is a man



FRED L. HILMER  
(Incumbent)

## FOR SUPERVISOR

ELECTION NOVEMBER 6TH

Return Him to Office

His Record is an Open Book

When a man in public office has done his best to fulfill his obligation and trust placed in him by the men and women who put him there; when he has carefully guarded the interests imposed upon him; when each little detail was followed as closely as those of mightier situations; when the collective difficulties surmounting many incidents relative to the capacity in which he revolves; when those difficulties are met and overcome by tireless vigil and by dint of heavy laborious efforts; when in extreme cases his personal business affairs are set aside to accomplish those results, then that man is worthy of more than a second consideration from the voters.

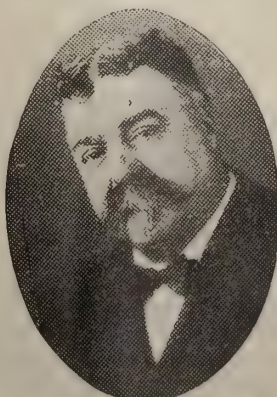
ELECT FRED L. HILMER  
YOUR SUPERVISOR

## For Public Administrator

JULIUS S.  
GODEAU

ELECTION NOVEMBER 6, 1917

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of divided allegiance. He is bound to look with prejudiced eye on disputes between union labor and capital. Suppose such a policeman were ordered to use his club as soon as rioting broke out—do you think he'd break any union heads?

#### The Baumgartner Joke

A few political wisecracks in Oakland are wondering if the city is to do as certain other municipalities have done—take an election and a Mayor as a joke. When "Jake" Baumgartner, baseball umpire, prize fight promoter and bill distributor, announced his candidacy for mayor there were many to sign his papers and hundreds have promised support. Just suppose, it is suggested, that enough vote for "Jake" to elect him. Such things have happened before, and in larger cities than Oakland. It is said that Hi Gill's first victory in Seattle was of the nature of a joke. Baumgartner filed his intention to run with an announced intention to burlesque the election, and because he had bet a friend that he could poll five hundred votes.

"I ain't got no show at all," he said two days after his papers were in, "but if I don't have to spend the money, what's the harm in running? Besides, the public ain't heard from me for some time and it all helps."

But "Jake's" friends are saying now that he is becoming serious in his conviction that he will win. He is starting a campaign and has dozens of helpers who profess to be with him until the polls close.

"One guy has already asked me to be chief of police," confides "Jake." "He wants the job for two days. What do you know about that for a quick worker?"

#### The Battle Shifts in Oakland

With the battle on Oakland's waterfront at a deadlock stage, public attention has been turned to the estuary sector where Dan Hanlon, owner of a shipbuilding concern, is waging a wordy war with State Senator Arthur H. Breed. The engagement started when Hanlon charged that Breed had held the price of a bit of estuary land at so high a figure that shipbuilding plants were frightened away and that the action had helped retard the Government's plans for the speedy completion of vessels. The boat builder even went so far as to take up the matter with Mayor Davie who, in a more or less public way, suggested that the Government be asked to interpose in favor of the buyer. As a recall election is under way and as it was desirable that attention be turned away from the western shore line, all of this was so much capital for the Mayor's forces, and Hanlon is known to be in the camp of Davie. Breed did not let the charge go unanswered and came back with a signed statement that Hanlon was wrong.

"I do not believe Hanlon made the statements," he said, "but if he did they could have been made for only one purpose, and that was to curry favor with the Mayor. The facts are that it is Mayor Davie and his policy that have arrested development and have prevented the investment of large sums of money upon the East Oakland waterfront."

Each side has its cohorts and there is a great deal being said about "squeezing the last dollar," and "playing in with the Administra-

tion" until it may be said the eastern campaign promises all the excitement of the western one.

#### The Chief and the Lotteries

In the course of his four months in office and in the face of charges that the Chinese lotteries have been in operation "full blast," Chief Nedderman of Oakland has accomplished one thing that no other chief has done in years of service. No matter what political enemies of the new official may say, Nedderman will always have the opportunity to "point with pride" to this one accomplishment—he has won praise from the Public Welfare League.

"The League is convinced that Chief Nedderman is in earnest in his efforts to stamp out gambling," says Mrs. Helen Swett Artieda, head of the organization. "Our investigations show that the violators have been dealt with indiscriminately and that for the first time in years defendants have been forced to appear in person for disposition of the cases instead of being permitted to forfeit bail."

The League's statement follows one by Attorney John L. McVey to the effect that certain gamblers are being prosecuted while others are running openly. It also follows disclosures that the green and yellow tickets are circulated so freely about town that a number of them found their way into an exclusive kindergarten in the Hotel Oakland where the children were allowed to play with them until Manager Carl Sword told the unsuspecting teacher what they were. But Nedderman has sent ax squads out, doors have been broken in, and several scores of persons have been arrested. The difficulty, as always, has been to find the particular Chinese who owns the place raided. In Chinatown there is anxiety as to where the ax will fall next and there is more than a little interest throughout the whole city.

#### Congress in War Time

The hard-worked men who print the Congressional Record are catching up with the final flood of oratory, and we are now getting the proceedings of the last days of Congress. Let me quote a colloquy in the House as typical of what occurs there even in war time when time is so valuable. The war revenue bill has come back from conference. Kitchin is explaining the raise in postage. Mind you, this was a matter which was laboriously threshed out in the House before the bill went to the Senate.

Mr. Kitchin. The additional rates upon first-class mail, which the House bill contained and which the Senate struck out, have been restored.

Mr. Butler. To 3 cents?

Mr. Kitchin. Yes; on all except drop letters, where it remains at 2 cents. Postal cards will be 2 cents instead of 1 cent.

Mr. Cooper. Is the increase on the letter postage a flat rate of 1 cent? Is it 3 cents now?

Mr. Kitchin. Yes; in cases where it is 2 cents now, except in the case of drop letters. It will be 3 cents hereafter.

Mr. Cooper. So that instead of now carrying a letter from here to Alaska or the Philippines or Hawaii or Panama or Porto Rico for 2 cents the charge will be 3 cents?

Mr. Kitchin. Yes.

Mr. Cooper. Is this a flat increase?

Mr. Kitchin. Yes.

Mr. Garrett. When does that increase take effect?

Mr. Kitchin. In 30 days.

Mr. Humphreys. What is the tax on drop letters?

Mr. Kitchin. The rate of postage on drop letters of the first class will be 2 cents an ounce or fraction thereof.

Mr. Demson. Is any increase provided for postage on unsealed letters?

Mr. Kitchin. Unless they are drop letters or circular letters they carry an increase of 1 cent.

Mr. Denison. And unsealed letters would pay 2 cents?

Mr. Kitchin. I think so; yes.

Mr. Denison. I was informed differently, and I wanted to get the information from the chairman.

Mr. Kitchin. We intended to have all except drop letters pay an increase of 1 cent, and I think the language will cover that.

Mr. Cooper. The answer which the gentleman gave to my question a moment ago seems to have misled some gentlemen about me. I mentioned only Alaska, Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, and Panama, but the flat increase from 2 cents to 3 cents on letter postage includes all of the territory of the United States?

Mr. Kitchin. Yes.

Mr. Lobeck. Mr. Speaker, will the gentleman yield?

Mr. Kitchin. Yes.

Mr. Lobeck. That makes the rate on post cards 2 cents instead of 1 cent?

Mr. Kitchin. Yes.

Mr. Wingo. I think the gentleman has answered this question, but I did not quite catch it. Say a letter is dropped into an office, etc., etc., etc., ad nauseam.

#### The Will of Willie Redmond

When William Redmond, brother of the Irish leader, joined the British army and went to the trenches he expected to be killed in battle. And he was. Major "Willie" as all his friends called him, died in France in June. His will has been published. He left everything to his wife "to whom I owe all the happiness of my life." A codicil written in the trenches contains these words:

"If I should die abroad I will give my wife my last thoughts and love, and ask her to pray that we may meet hereafter. I should like all my friends in Ireland to know that in joining the Irish brigade and going to France I sincerely believe, as all the Irish soldiers do, that I was doing what was best for the welfare of Ireland in every way."

Major Redmond wrote a series of "Trench Pictures" for one of the London papers. These have been published in book form, and the book is receiving high praise.

#### Laurence Sterne in Disguise

Mark Twain convulsed two continents by publishing a French version of his "Jumping Frog" story with a retranslation into English. Those who read the English edition of the "Diaries of Leo Tolstoy" are treated to a similar curiosity. In 1851 Tolstoy read Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" in a French version, and was so struck with certain passages that he copied them into his diary. One of these passages was the most famous of all—that about the recording angel. Here is how that passage runs in Sterne:

The accusing spirit, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.

In the diary as it was found among Tolstoy's effect this passage was written in French. The translator of the diary felt called upon to put it into English. Here is how it appears in the published work:

The imperious spirit which was to take the oath broke it in swearing it, and the angel sent to hold the registers dropped upon the word a tear, and effaced the entry.

#### S. P. Adopts "Hoover Corn Cake"

The extent to which Hoover's plea to save wheat by the substitution of corn is being prac-

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ticed throughout the country is indicated by the appearance on the tables on all Southern Pacific dining cars of the following printed notice: "The Government earnestly desires that wheat be used as sparingly as possible, and that corn be substituted. America was pioneering on corn; the Pilgrim Fathers almost lived on it. Corn was the first crop planted in all the virgin soil as it was settled, from the Atlantic out across the Alleghanies; upon the broad prairie and beyond. On our menu this morning we have corn-meal cakes, made according to this recipe: 4 cups of cornmeal, 3 cups of boiling water, 1 cup of cream, 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon of sugar, 2 teaspoons of baking powder, salt to taste. Mix well meal and water (do not let it lump), add the cup of cream, into which the three eggs have been beaten; then add sugar, and last, the baking powder. Bake on hot griddle."

#### Kenyon's Latest Play

Charles Kenyon of San Francisco, author of that fine play "Kindling" in which Margaret Illington starred, has another play on the boards. This is "The Claim," written in collaboration with Frank Dare. It is described as "a virile western drama of the Bret Harte period." Florence Roberts has the principal role. Kenyon was not in New York for the premiere; he is in the south, working on a movie. His New York managers, the Estate of Henry B. Harris, wired him for a three hundred word account of himself, and this is what Kenyon sent from Hollywood:

Born '80, San Fran. Trinity School, Stanford University, Calif. Arizona three years, then egg business; failed. Actor, bad. Reporter one month, fired; dramatic critic one night, disgusted. Wrote "The Operator," "Kindling," "Husband and Wife." My youth saves you another dollar.

—Charles Kenyon.

#### Wanted, Soap and Elbow Grease

A party of tourists, admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson, made pilgrimage to the old Plaza the other day to see the "Little Bronze Ship." That fact is not extraordinary. Tourists go to see the Stevenson Memorial every day. It is world famous. But these tourists were a bit disappointed. And why? Because they found the granite base of the Memorial so dirty. This is a just complaint. That block of granite hasn't been cleaned in a long, long time. It affronts the eye. Can't the city send a workman to Portsmouth Square with a bucket of soapsuds and a scrubbing brush? These and some elbow grease would remove the evidences of neglect. We owe this much to R. L. S.

#### Just an Incident in Wales

At the last Eisteddfod in Wales the great Welchman Lloyd George delivered the oration. "The best of all fruit," he said, "is grown by little nations planted in the garden of the Lord." Then came the moment to honor the bard of the year. Of the thousands in the audience none knew who he was, for not until the time for calling him to the chair set for him among the bards, is the result of the competition made known by the judges. The bards in their gowns of white and green and blue made a semicircle on the platform with the new chair in their midst. The winner was the one who had written the best poem of five hundred lines on the assigned subject. This time the theme was "The Hero." The audience and the competitors waited until the motto of the chosen poem should be read by the judge. Then the author, hitherto unknown,

would go forward, proclaim himself and be conducted to the new chair set for him in the circle of the bards. This time there was no response. After a silence the chief bard raised his arm with a solemn gesture and announced that the new bard had joined a higher choir. He had made the supreme sacrifice in France. Then the arch Druid and another draped the new chair in black. The young man who would have been conducted to the chair among the bards of his race was Ellis Evans, a private

in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. He had sent in his poem in July, and left at once for the front and was killed in a recent battle. A lady sang the song that is sung when the bard is "chaired" and then instead of the usual programme the whole assembly rose and sang, without leader or accompaniment, the grand old Welsh hymn about that glad day when all should be joined in Heaven. Thus was awarded the honor and prize in poetry at the Welsh Eisteddfod of 1917.

# VOTE NEXT TUESDAY!

## TO THE VOTERS OF SAN FRANCISCO:

We face on next Tuesday an election of the gravest importance to the welfare of our city. We are to elect, in addition to other officials, nine members to the Board of Supervisors from a list of forty-nine candidates. The Board of Supervisors for some years to come will have problems for decision that will powerfully determine the progress of our city.

It is imperative, with the great number of candidates not only for supervisors but for other city offices, that the best possible selections should be made. The best selections can only be made when a genuine majority of all qualified voters express their judgment on candidates.

Control of the affairs of our city by professional politicians is impossible when the entire citizenship votes.

The Committee on Civic Duty, therefore, backed by a membership of 15,000 patriotic men and women, urges that you not only vote YOURSELF, but that you urge others to vote.

The sole function of the Committee on Civic Duty, as expressed in its original declaration of principle, is to insure the best possible government through the expression at the polls of the judgment of ALL men and women qualified to vote.

OUR COUNTRY IS BATTLING ABROAD FOR DEMOCRACY. DO YOUR SHARE AT HOME BY EXERCISING THE RIGHT TO VOTE, DEMOCRACY'S MOST CHERISHED POSSESSION.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Mrs. De Young

Much well merited praise has been bestowed upon the late Mrs. M. H. De Young for her embracing charity, her strenuous work in the minutiae of charitable organizations. Whether one had a personal acquaintance or not with her, one could not have lived many weeks in San Francisco without becoming cognizant of the fact that hers was a potent influence for the relief of poverty and suffering. "Ask Mrs. De Young, she never refuses anybody," was the sweetest tribute I've ever heard paid to a woman. Not only for the enterprise in which there were many active workers, but for the unknown individual who came to her in indigent circumstances, she opened her purse and gave of its contents without question. Perhaps it was because "none but blest her who left her door" that fortune kept her purse ever filled. "Lady" in Anglo-Saxon means bread giver. She was that! And she cast her bread upon the waters. It came back to her in the form of honor and love and gratitude, for the means and courage to stumble along and often up rugged paths. But something else San Franciscans know of Mrs. De Young: she did more for the social life of our city than any other woman who has ever lived here. Her husband's position as the proprietor of a powerful local newspaper in an embryonic period of our growth brought her in contact with all the world's celebrities who visited here. Her many accomplishments, her tact and graciousness in welcoming and entertaining strangers helped materially in establishing the reputation of San Francisco as a hospitable centre. She encouraged art in our far away land—the writers, the musicians, the painters to work and the wealthy patrons to buy. And how many of our beautiful but impecunious young ladies owe their advancement in life to Mrs. De Young? Their name is legion. While personal beauty serves as the best means of introduction too often it inspires feelings to the disadvantage of young women, and as a consequence they are kept in the background. But Mrs. De Young was above pettiness. If a girl of her acquaintance was very pretty, she often went out of her way to afford the opportunity to enjoy the exhilarating atmosphere which is Beauty's right. The meagerness of a father's bank account or a lack of influential sponsors never counted with Mrs. De Young. So while she enlivened the De Young drawing room with wit beauty bloomed there, and if many a flower blushed not unseen in the far from arid environment it was because of Mrs. De Young's discerning eye.

Sometimes the beautiful flowers were culled by tender hands and transplanted to the most comfortable spots in Life's garden, and thus were the good wishes of their sweet hostess realized. Idleness had no place in this progressive and industrious woman's philosophy of life. She encouraged by precept and the force of her example constant, conscientious study and development of talents, not only in her own children but in all the young people who gathered about her. Of her manifold services one of the greatest was that she helped others to help themselves, that is, to make the most of their opportunities, their gifts. No wonder the warmth of the attachments of friends who delighted to let her know of their love and esteem.

## Greenway Is Better

Friends of Ned Greenway, San Francisco's social lion of the past decade, were worried last week when he was taken from the Bohemian Club, where he makes his home, to Adler's Sanitarium, suffering from an attack of pneumonia. He is much improved and is now up and around for a few hours each day. Ned has recently shown very definite signs of returning to social activities and, more than this, is taking a deep and prevailing interest in affairs military. In the latter regard, he recently reported for drill with the "Old Guard" at the Exposition Auditorium, which has surprised military circles by suddenly standing erect as the "Home Guard" for the protection of our city from Hun or other possible invasion. As far as social affairs are concerned Greenway is the reigning host for Captain M. Cravel and Lieutenant G. Vatel, French army officers who are here as instructors in modern trench warfare to the officers at the Presidio. The Frenchmen came from France with letters of introduction to Greenway from the Marquis de Polignac. Ned was recently host in their honor at the opening of social activities for the winter at the Fairmont Hotel.

## The Baker-McComas Marriage

Only a few days ago Gene Baker returned from New York where for six weeks she had been in the midst of the literary activities she loves. And only a few days ago Francis McComas returned from the Painted Desert where he had been making sketches for the pictures he is to paint for George Gordon Moore. Nobody suspected what was bringing Gene Baker and Francis McComas to San Francisco at one and the same time. Tuesday afternoon they were married quietly. The wedding was at the Palace, performed by Justice Frederick W. Henshaw of the Supreme Court—a very dear friend of the bride's father, the late Joseph Baker, as well as an old friend to Francis McComas. The only witnesses were the bride's sister Margaret, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hill Vincent (McComas was one of the witnesses at their marriage a year ago), and Richard Tobin who is, perhaps, Francis McComas's closest friend. The bride and groom went at once to Monterey, for McComas has many commissions besides that from Moore and feels that he must get to work at once. When Gene Baker was in New York she received offers very flattering to one embarking on a literary career. But now her literary work will be postmarked from Monterey. It is a truly interesting wedding. McComas, of course, has long since arrived; he is known as one of

the world's greatest artists in water color. Gene Baker still has her way to make in literature. There should be no question about her success. She made her start in the editorial rooms of the Oakland Tribune, the paper for which her father was editorial writer so long. Miss Baker's Sunday articles in The Tribune attracted more than local attention: they were more than journalistic, they had the unmistakable literary quality. The name of Mrs. Francis McComas will be known in the land, or I am greatly mistaken.

## We Know Them Both

The principals in two marriages of particular interest to New York are well known in San Francisco: Thomas Fortune Ryan and the Marquis de Polignac. Ryan is in the habit of dropping in on us regularly every year. He comes in his private car with a party of friends, plays golf here, accepts a few invitations to dine out, and goes away happy. The lady who became the second Mrs. Ryan twelve days after the death of the first Mrs. Ryan, has been a guest of the multimillionaire on one or two of these annual trips. The Marquis de Polignac came here about a year ago, and went about in the company of the Hillsborough set. He is a genial fellow who doesn't take himself as seriously as some French noblemen. His wealth comes from the wine cellars in the champagne district where Pommery is stored. While he was here, there were only a few who knew of his devotion to the widow of "Jimmy" Eustis, now his marquise.

## Sign the Food Pledge

The United States Food Administration calls upon the men and women of California this week for 500,000 signatures to a food pledge which has for its purpose a conservation of food throughout the United States. This campaign is considered by Food Administrator

## St. Francis Little Theatre Club

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Hoover the greatest effort on the part of the men and women of the United States yet attempted in their effort to guard against food waste and the saving of certain staples for the fighting men abroad. It is emphatically stated in Washington that the housewives have in their hands the winning of the war. One of the most vital problems confronting the American people today is the necessity for supplying our Allies with necessary foodstuffs. All of Europe is short of food. The scarcity in Germany is even more marked than in other countries. Millions of bushels of wheat, as well as huge quantities of beef, pork, sugar and dairy products must be shipped from the United States. There is only one way to do this. Sign the Hoover pledge card and then live up to the terms of the pledge. This is your opportunity to do your bit and become a member of the fighting force of the United States just as truly as though you were with the soldiers in the trenches. Every State in the United States has challenged California to produce an equal number of pledges based upon a percentage of the population. It is imperative that you and your county accept this challenge as a personal one. It is expected that each family in each county will do all that is possible toward gaining the goal of 500,000 signatures.

#### At the Whitcomb

Second Battery, Presidio Training Camp, had a dinner at the Hotel Whitcomb a few nights ago. Second Battery led all the others in subscriptions to the Liberty Loan, putting up \$123,000, and considered that it was entitled to celebrate the event. Captain Williams, battery commander, Captain Jones, senior instructor, and about one hundred members of the battery, were present. Parodies written by Norwood W. Brockett were sung, and made a great hit. . . . The Northern California Hotel Mens Association and the San Francisco Restaurant Association had a joint dinner in the Blue dining room Tuesday night. John Tait spoke as

the representative of Hoover, and the hotel and restaurant men pledged themselves to observe a meatless Tuesday and a wheatless Wednesday. . . . Hallow'en decorations made the Sun Room on the roof of the Whitcomb particularly attractive to the dancers who thronged it Wednesday night.

#### At the Cecil

Mrs. Charles Chapman who has been visiting relatives in Los Angeles joined her husband this week at their apartments at the Cecil Hotel. A handsomely appointed dinner was given by Mrs. B. F. Keith Saturday. Among the guests were Rev. and Mrs. C. S. S. Dutton, Dr. and Mrs. H. L. Seager, Mrs. A. M. McCloskey and Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Farnham. Mr. and Mrs. Norman Wright and Master Norman Wright Jr. are stopping at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. William Bayless of Juneau, Alaska, arrived Monday. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Davis were hosts at dinner Monday. Mrs. B. F. Keith will give a luncheon Wednesday. Dr. Henrietta Damskroeger left Wednesday for the East. Charles Walker of Salt Lake City has joined his wife at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Yocum entertained informally at dinner Sunday. Mrs. J. R. Edwards of Santa Rosa is a guest. The recent arrivals include Messrs. Walter Hawley of Santa Barbara and C. E. Farrell of Salt Lake.

#### At Hotel Oakland

Amongst the prominent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland recently are G. Middander and wife, Chicago; Inez Nesbitt, New York; Mrs. R. B. Gold, Bakersfield; Mrs. T. M. Wilson, Sacramento; K. E. Cartaridge and family, Belvedere, Ill.; H. M. Hopkins and wife, Clinton, Iowa; Miss E. Scherfeger, Cleveland; J. J. Karger and wife, St. Louis; Mrs. P. Rudrae, Seattle; Frank T. McGinley, Philadelphia; Miss M. L. Olds, Duluth; Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Pratt, Riverside, Cal.; F. S. Townsely, Yosemite; W. J. Johnson and wife, Reno; E. B. Buckley and wife, Chappell, Nebraska; W. T. Spalding, Honolulu; Mrs. Z. A. Franks, Butte.

#### Red Star Animal Relief

Society is taking a keen interest in the tea dance to be given by the American Red Star Animal Relief on November 17 at the Hotel St. Francis. The hours are from 4 until 7 o'clock. The affair is in charge of a group of well known women, and promises to be brilliant. The proceeds will be devoted to helping the United States Government during the war by taking care of the war animals in the training camps and on the battlefield. The American Red Star is but a few months old in San Francisco and the entertainment of November 17 is the first affair to be held by the society. Other entertainments will follow during the winter. We are so new in the war that people do not realize the value of the horse and the dog in battle. No motor can get within five miles of the battle line, and all work of conveyance falls to the horse. There are four million horses now doing active service on the battlefield, and more than one million horses have already been killed. Were it not for the war dogs men could not live in the trenches, owing to the number of rats; the little rat dogs keep them cleared. Then there is the sentinel dog who does guard duty with a soldier and can scent an enemy before the man can hear one about. And there is the sanitary dog who hunts out the living among the dead on the field. It is these creatures the Red Star is organized to protect, and in doing so the Government is saved an enormous expense.

The Blue Star of England saved the British Government \$20,000,000 in sixteen months by saving the lives of injured horses. It is expected the tea dance will provide a considerable sum for the work of the society.

#### Cooper to Read from Benavente and Barrie

Next Thursday morning Leo Cooper who is giving a series of interpretative readings in the Paul Elder Gallery, will present two plays of much interest. "His Widow's Husband" from the Spanish of Jacinta Benavente, which has been only recently translated into English, will be given for the first time in San Francisco. There will also be the one-act play by Sir James Barrie, "Der Tag." The lecture-reading will begin at 10:45.

Town Talk assumes that any one of its readers knows that if a Liberty Bond is lost it means that the owner is out that much money. In a safe deposit box for, say \$4.00 a year, Liberty Bonds and other valuable papers can be placed beyond the reach of fire and burglary. We accordingly advise our readers not to keep their bonds and other valuable papers at home or in an office safe but in a safe deposit box at the Crocker Safe Deposit Vaults, Crocker Building, Post and Market streets, under management John F. Cunningham.

A Russian applicant for naturalization papers was asked, "What is the constitution of the United States?"

"Rugged and healthy," he answered.

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## The Stage

### Music and Music Criticism

Music criticism is chiefly a custom, a newspaper custom, and like many other customs of the press it doesn't matter; at least it doesn't matter when practiced by the average critic who loses sight of the purpose to which criticism in general should be devoted. I am assuming that the judgment of Anatole France in this instance is approximately correct. The clever Frenchman says somewhere that criticism properly understood is a little journey among masterpieces, and he makes plain his meaning that the critic of literature or any other kind of art should be informed about the things of which he writes and write about them entertainingly with a view to inform his readers and at the same time to do a little creative work of his own. In other words, according to France, the critic should be able to produce literature of some value, like Robert Louis Stevenson's brilliant brother, for instance, who devoted himself to art criticism after realizing that he was more of a writer and more of a critic, than a painter. I am not inclined to criticise our music critics, who really do wonderful work on short notice; only pointing out that one of the things we are not conserving these days is the wonderful energies of our talented critics, amiable, industrious gentlemen who are pursuing the newspaper custom of supplying our newspaper readers with music criticism. Now it may rightly be argued that our critics are serving a good purpose; they are keeping the community informed of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, which in itself is certainly serving a good purpose in inducing mental relaxation in these mournful days of stress and worry; for it is important we should sandwich our activities these days, slip a slice of pleasure as it were between the stern realities of life now and then. The critics, by the bye, keep us remindful of the diversions at hand when the band plays. The only criticism to be made of them is that they take a little too seriously the business of criticism, making it too much a matter of offhand cliché-treatises on music as played in our town by a fine orchestra. Their capability along this line is not to be questioned, but how much better it would be in these too-serious days to take Anatole France's tip and enlighten us refreshingly without becoming pedantic. Any other kind of music criticism is in reality comparatively worthless. Again, we should remember that our art-loving public is somewhat provincial; its culture is new. We must be tender of its susceptibilities, never too technical. It is this sort of thing along with teaching of the technique of piano-playing that has made our music-lovers indifferent instrumentalists (consider our colony of pianists) rather than hearty and appreciative lovers of music as a whole. It is because of this that the folk who went to hear the second concert of the season last week regarded it so far as possible from the standpoint of the technician and that our critics had little to say that was new or stimulating. Now (this is merely by way of suggestion), since at least two of these critics—Mr. Mason and Mr. Anthony—are really learned in the musical art and know how to write, they might have done a little creative work worth while. Here they were handling the symphony "From the New World." Dvorak, it occurs to me, did something in this work comparable in a way with Glinka's triumph in "Kamarinskaya" which has been regarded as a model to pos-

terity for the symphonic treatment of the Russian folk-tune. The negro of our country furnished inspiration for Dvorak; the Russian peasant who was released from serfdom just before our Civil War furnished inspiration, with his folk-songs for Glinka, and as there are fragments of folk-song in "From the New World," so also are fragments of folk-tunes to be found in "Kamarinskaya" which, by the way, has been almost as much overrated as the Dvorak work. In both instances it has been a case of lifting good tunes from the peasantry and dishing them up with a variety of spices. Here indeed then was a good chance for our learned critics to expatiate on musical composition in a way to delight and edify and also to exhibit more originality than was shown either by Glinka or Dvorak. This is not to say that Glinka was not a great man. It is merely to escape the ordeal of criticism.

—Theodore F. Bonnet.

### Potash and Perlmutter Again

There are now two Potash and Perlmutter plays. Some day, no doubt, there will be three, perhaps four or five. The stories by Montague Glass are full of good dramatic material, and there is no reason why Roi Cooper Megrue should not go on using it indefinitely. He will have popular approval for his efforts. The American public long ago decided that Abe and Mawruss were "regular fellows." The Jews, like the Irish, are sensitive to ridicule; but they find nothing objectionable in these two merchants who are crude, ignorant and comic, but also honest, tender and true. Abe and Mawruss have hearts, and those hearts are in the right place; that is enough for all of us. We find them now "in society." Prosperity has made them expansive. It proves too much for one of them, and his insecure fabric of aggrandizement falls with a crash and is broken to pieces. That is the subject of this second play. Of course the action is rich in comedy

—the comedy of genuine human nature. The audience is delighted, as usual; and, also as usual, receives some valuable lessons in conduct. For there is a wholesomeness about Abe and Mawruss which must never be forgotten when an attempt is made to explain their great appeal. They are not merely "regular fellows"—they are manly men, despite their ridiculous ways. Of course the lessons are not didactically intruded upon the audience; but you go away from this pleasant play with a reminder that honesty is the best policy, and that's an axiom that needs a lot of reiterating.

—The Second Nighter.

### Leo Ornstein at Wheeler Hall

Those upon whom modern music makes the deepest and most vivid impression will be pleased to learn that Leo Ornstein, the ultra-modern composer and extraordinary pianoforte virtuoso, will be heard at Wheeler Hall, University of California, Berkeley, under the auspices of the entertainment committee, next Thursday night at 8:30 o'clock sharp. While Ornstein, the most advanced of the futurists of music, is more in sympathy with the liberating tendencies of modern music, he is not such an unconscious heretic as to be unsympathetic to the great masters of the classical epoch. Few, if any, of the great futurists are the equal of Ornstein as a Chopin player, and a sonata by Beethoven, the greatest of the masters of the classical school, has been chosen by this young genius as the opening number of his programme. As an educational feature Thursday's concert at the university is to be commended, and the entertainment committee, believing that at this time good music should be put closer to, and not further away, from the people, has placed the prices low. He is the programme: Sonata, Op. 26, Andante con variazioni, Scherzo, Marche Funebre, Beethoven. Sonata, Op. 52 (first performance), Allegro Appassionata, Allegretto, March Funebre, Animato, Leo Ornstein. Des Abenda, Novelette, Schumann; Arabesque, A major, Arabesque, G major, Debussy; Almeria, Albeniz; Poems (1917, first performance), Ornstein; Wild Men's Dance, Ornstein. Nocturne, B major, Valse A flat major, Valse, G flat major, Scherzo, B minor, Chopin. Rhapsody No. 13, Rhapsody No. 12, Liszt.

### Alma Gluck at Columbia Sunday

The appearances of Alma Gluck at the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon and a week from Sunday will be two of the most important of the season's musical events. This charming soprano whose rise to fame has been meteoric, and who in a few years of professional career has reached the top rung of the ladder of popularity, is today recognized everywhere. Gifted with every attribute toward making her preëminent, it is no wonder that she holds the unique position she does. In every city an Alma Gluck concert spells a capacity audience, and tomorrow's event will add but another triumph. Miss Gluck comes to San Francisco in the full glory of her great career to sing programmes of song such as are seldom produced before local audiences. One glance at the list for tomorrow will bring a realization of this. Bach's "Forsake Me Not," Mozart's "Zeffiretti lusinghieri," Spohr's "Rose Softly Blooming" and Beethoven's "Der Kuss," Schubert's "Die Post," Loewe's "Kanzonetta," Brahms's "Vorschneller Schwur," Reger's "Wiegenlied," Richard Strauss's "Standchen," De-



TRIXIE FRIGANZA  
Next week at the Orpheum



bussy's "Green" and "Fantosches," Glinka's "Persian Song," Moussorgsky's "Starlet, Where Art Thou," and Rachmaninoff's "These Radiant Nights," and then three works by Vogrich: "Vaer Daer," "De ole Wichel" and "Wenn fromme Kindlein schlafen geh'n," a song by the San Francisco composer William J. McCoy called "The Only Voice" which Miss Gluck considers one of the finest of American compositions, Grinel's dainty ballad "Behave Yourself Before Folk" and "The Nightingale" by Ward-Stephens. With such an array of song gems, and with the well known prodigality of Miss Gluck in giving encore numbers, the offering is irresistible. For the second and final concert a week from Sunday the programme will be changed in its entirety, and Signor de Stefano, one of the foremost of the world's harpists, will act as assistant to the prima donna. Miss Gluck's Oakland concert will be given on Tuesday night next at the Auditorium Opera House. In the list of songs selected for rendition across the bay a number of works that will not be sung in San Francisco are announced. The Oakland concert will be the event of the season in the transbay city where theatre parties and social events will be made a big part of the affair. Miss Gluck has never before sung in Oakland. The Gluck concerts are under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer of the Will L. Greenbaum Attractions, and Miss Z. W. Potter is managing the Oakland concert. The tickets are on sale at Sherman Clay's in San Francisco and Oakland, at Kohler and Chase's and at the theatre.

#### Anna Held at the Cort

Anna Held in her own musical comedy "Follow Me" is to be the attraction at the Cort beginning tomorrow night. Tonight's performance of "The Barber of Seville" will conclude the very successful engagement of La Scala Grand Opera Company. "Follow Me" is a typical Broadway attraction in that it is of rapid tempo, exceedingly funny, has numerous song hits and offers Miss Held the support of an exceptionally capable cast. It had a long run at the Casino, New York, last season, serving as the vehicle for the return to the American

stage, after two years spent in administering to the maimed and blind soldiers of France, of the famous French star of musical comedy who is sole owner of the production. The attraction is in three acts, the scenes all laid in gay Paris. Innumerable costumes form an almost endless procession of bizarre creations, quaint combinations in color and design; chic and scanty effects in silks and satins and queer fancies illustrating articles of the toilette, the seasons and other ideas decorative and otherwise. Catchy songs, new dances and general high merriment are woven in. There will, of course, be a chorus of stunning Anna Held girls, and the clever cast embraces such notables as Venita Fitzhugh, Harry Short, Ida Fitzhugh, Marie Fanchonetti, Harry and Lew Seymour, Leon Francol and Tilyou and Ward.

#### The Half-Hour of Music

The Musical and Dramatic Committee of the University of California announces that hereafter, until further notice, the Half-Hours of Music in the Greek Theatre will begin at three o'clock in the afternoon instead of four as heretofore. The programme next Sunday will be given by two established favorites with Greek Theatre audiences—Miss Clara Freuler, soprano, and Mrs. Martha Duke Parker, pianist. The programme will be as follows: "Spring's a Lovable Ladye," W. K. Elliot, "Donna Vorrei Morir," F. Paolo Tosti, and the aria "Les Adieux de Jeanne d'Arc," "Farewell to the Mountains and Valleys," Tchaikowsky, Miss Freuler; piano solo, Mrs. Parker; "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," Handel, Elegie, Massenet, "Hayfields and Butterflies," Teresa del Riego, Miss Freuler. The public will be welcome.

#### "Pollyanna" Next Attraction

"Pollyanna," now one of the best known plays upon the American stage, will be presented for the first time in San Francisco at the Columbia on Monday evening, November 12, and will remain for two weeks. It brings to the local stage the diverting characters found in Eleanor Porter's stories of world-wide circulation, showing how an orphan girl, with her sunny nature and quaintly optimistic epigrams,

alters the mental attitude of many very human persons embittered by chronic grouchiness and despondency. The scenes are laid in a New England village and visualize the familiar characters and incidents of the glad-books. Helen Hayes leads the cast, and those prominent in her support are George Alison, John Webster, Fanchon Campbell, Agnes Gildea, Adrian Morgan, Donald McLelland and others.

#### Last Week of "Potash and Perlmutter"

"Potash and Perlmutter in Society" will enter on its last week with Monday night's performance at the Columbia. Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday. The engagement ment closes with the performance on Sunday night, November 11.

#### The Symphony Orchestra

Alfred Hertz has arranged a most fascinating programme of light music for the second "pop" concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra which will be given at 2:30 on Sunday afternoon at the Cort. Ambroise Thomas's overture to his opera "Mignon" will open the concert. The overture is full of grace and delicacy and contains the principal themes of the opera, notably "Knowest Thou the Land" and Filina's "Polonaise." Tchaikowsky will be represented by his exquisite "Andante Cantabile," based on a Russian folk song, and originally written for a string quartet. Schumann's "Traumerei," dear to the hearts of all music lovers, is scheduled for performance, as is "Sibelius' "Valse Triste" and Georges Enesco's First Roumanian Rhapsody, the latter a brilliant composition, freely constructed as to form, and based on Roumanian folk songs. Liszt's "Les Preludes," as performed by Hertz, should rouse the audience to enthusiasm. The third pair of regular symphony concerts is announced for the afternoons of Friday, November 9, and Sunday, November 11, at the Cort. The programme embraces Brahms's Second Symphony in D major, which will be the principal offering. Sibelius's heroic and soulful tone poem "En Saga" and the overture to "Gwendoline" by Chabrier will be the other fine offerings.



SCENE FROM THE COMEDY "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER IN SOCIETY" AT THE COLUMBIA



### At the Little Theatre

The forthcoming production by the Players Club in their Little Theatre, 3209 Clay street, of "The Belgian Baby," a one-act comedy by Felton Elkins, the clever local writer, social leader and polo player, is stirring much interest, especially as the author is now in France with the American Ambulance Corps. Just before leaving for the front, Elkins gave his play to Reginald Travers, director of the Players Club, for presentation. This is not Elkins' first play to be produced by a Little Theatre, as the Washington Square Players have made a successful presentation of one of his dramas. The second comedy to be played in this series, opening November 5, for a two-weeks' run, is "Just Women" by Colin C. Clements, a talented young writer whose work is unknown to San Francisco playgoers. He recently won and now holds a writer's scholarship in the Carnegie Technical Institute in Pittsburg. "The Tragedy of Nan," John Masefield's great drama of the Yorkshire peasantry, will complete the group of plays. Mrs. Pearl King Tanner, as Nan, will have one of her greatest opportunities in this tragedy, for it is a role especially suited

to her. In the cast, playing opposite Mrs. Tanner, will be Rafaelo Brunnetto, an Italian actor of unusual ability, who recently has joined the Little Theatre Players. William S. Rainey will be seen as a tottering old fiddler who still plays at the country dances. He also will have an excellent comedy role in "The Belgian Baby."

### Trixie Friganza at the Orpheum

Trixie Friganza, one of the most popular comedienne on the stage, will head the new bill at the Orpheum next week, and will delight her audiences with new songs, given in her inimitable manner. She will have the assistance of those famous dancers Melissa Ten Eyck and Max Weily. Aveling and Lloyd who call themselves "Two Southern Gentlemen" because their dialogue is given in Southern dialect, will entertain with a clever and humorous "patter" written for them by Aaron Hoffman. Franker Wood and Bunee Wyde, one of the most popular teams in vaudeville, will present their newest offering "That's All Right" written for them by Frank Orth. The scene is the deck of a private yacht and the dialogue, songs and dances are appropriate, witty, clever and highly diverting. Betty Bond, one of vaudeville's newest single entertainers, has already made a splendid reputation for herself. She is youthful and attractive and her specialty which she calls "Five Flights of Musical Comedy" is several character studies in song arranged for her by Charles McCarron. The thrilling play "Submarine F-7" which is proving a great sensation; Fleta Brown and Herbert Spencer, the singing composers; and Nina Payne in her fascinating and quaint dances will also be included in the bill. An extra added attraction will be "Milo?" who is one of the greatest puzzles ever presented on a stage. Even after seeing Milo the audience is in a state of perplexity and on all sides the question is asked "Who is Milo?" Is he a woman or is she a man? Milo may not be as beautiful as the Venus of that name but Milo is one of the most entertaining of vaudevillians. Wait till you see Milo and then you will do some guessing.

### Stella Mayhew Continues

Good cheer and jollity, fun and sweet music, a splendid story told with brilliant effect by Willard Mack, a king of dramatic writers—these are all found in "Broadway and Butter-milk" as presented by jolly Stella Mayhew at the Alcazar, according to the verdict of the crowds that are thronging the theatre. The Alcazar management announces that Miss Mayhew, with her company of New York farceurs will continue for one week more. The piece has proven one of the biggest hits in the Alcazar's history. As the writer of the food ads says, there's a reason.

### At the Tavern

Although it has progressed far along the road of success, there is no diminution in the efforts of the management of Techau Tavern to continue it as a high-class restaurant and family cafe. Everything is well done at the Tavern. There has been the most uniform courtesy, the menus are the best in the land and the entertainment always kept up to the minute, and a little ahead. The Tavern boasts the best concert and dance orchestra, and there are none but artists of superior attainments in the aggregate of talented vocalists and dancers at the Tavern. The many other delightful features of the Tavern are increased by the policy of making presentation of favors to the guests; one such feature, which has been in force for

several months, is that of presenting afternoons to the ladies from 25 to 35 bottles of Stearns' Suprema toilet water, and after each souvenir dance Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume favors; the gentlemen are presented with Melachrino cigarettes.

Katherine and Margaret found themselves seated next each other at a dinner party, and immediately became confidential.

"Molly told me that you told her that secret I told you not to tell," whispered Margaret.

"Oh, isn't she the mean thing!" gasped Katherine. "Why, I told her not to tell you!"

"Well," returned Margaret, "I told her I wouldn't tell you she told me—so don't tell her I did."

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(b) "Traumerei" ..... Schumann
  3. "Roumanian" Rhapsody ..... Enesco
  4. "Valse Triste" ..... Sibelius
  5. "Les Preludes" ..... Liszt
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BUNEE WYDE in "That's All Right"; BETTY BOND  
in "Five Flights of Musical Comedy"; NINA PAYNE  
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## "POTASH AND PERLMUTTER IN SOCIETY"

By Montague Glass and Roy Cooper Mergue

OCTOBER 12—"POLLYANNA"



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The market was influenced from day to day by reports from the Liberty Loan headquarters, and when it was seen that the loan was to be a grand success, the short interest was forced to cover at advancing prices with U. S. Steel and marine stocks leading the advance. The steel stocks seemed to be in good demand and the pessimistic sentiment that has been rampant for so long gave way to a more optimistic feeling. The marine issues were advanced on talk of a big melon cut. The preferred issue is behind in its payments of back dividends, and it is said the directors were considering the advisability of paying off the indebtedness to the stockholders which amounts to about \$98 per share. However, the good feeling was lost generally when the political news from Italy was published, showing that the Italians were defeated and that they had practically lost all of the gain in three days that it had taken them four months to accomplish. Sentiment again became pessimistic and stocks were thrown overboard, which resulted in a general decline of from one to five points before any recovery took place. The market is in a very nervous condition, and is purely professional, and seems to back and fill with the overnight news. At present the political news from abroad seems to have the call and all other news seems to be forgotten. Railroad net earnings are not keeping pace with the gross earnings. Every railroad report of recent date shows a big increase in gross earnings, but also shows a corresponding decrease in net earnings. The railroads have applied for an increase in freight rates, and the prospect for an increase in rates never has been more encouraging than it is just now, and for this reason it would appear unwise for any man to liquidate his holdings of railroad securities at prevailing quotations. There is practically no change in the copper share market. Prices move up and down fractionally with the general list. Oil stocks are neglected, and the trend seems downward for the movement, due to the fears of a big cut in prices by the Government. The money situation seems normal considering the heavy withdrawals from the banks. Last week's bank statement showed a large increase in loans, as well as a decrease in reserves. Call money ruled at 4 per cent. There seems to be no decided trend to the market, and each day some new factor makes its appearance. For the present would take a conservative stand on the market, with the idea of accepting profits whenever they appear.

**Corn**—With the United States Government determined to find a way to take the grain from the producer to the consumer, as is assured by the man supposedly empowered to do anything he elects, there is little value to the theory advanced that the congestion in corn will be

as acute, if not more so, than it has been of late. And automatically the prediction of high prices is revoked, for neither condition can exist without the other. In discussing speculative possibilities, the argument runs to the crippled rail equipment and the consequent inability of the short to meet his contracts through insufficiency of supplies in the delivery month. The immensity of the crop as a total, with its accessories of good pastures, bulging silos and the cloy of rough feed is overlooked apparently and the fiat of Mr. Hoover that no hoarding will be allowed and that the grain will be kept moving from producer to consumer, is not taken seriously, if we are to judge by the action of the market. If the hoarding clause does not include the farmer and, besides the privileges already extended him, the authority to lock up his granaries indefinitely is accorded, how is Mr. Hoover to successfully accomplish the herculean task of feeding the world from the contributions of the United States? We believe that the experience of last year will not be duplicated in another car shortage; that the profits of the industrials will be officially contracted, removing the principal incentive for high prices and permit the legitimate influence of supply and demand to control.

**Cotton**—There are a number of reasons why we think cotton should sell at much higher prices. The beginning of the season, cotton was sold off because we thought the U boat would interfere with the export demand. Instead the U boat has grown less efficient and the percentage of American shipping is only one-half of one per cent. The French and British losses are also much less than in the past. By the present showing the United States should use 8,000,000 bales of crop to be about 12,000,000 with linters, leaving a very small amount of cotton for export. The United States is accepting clothes and blankets for the army fifty per cent cotton and fifty per cent wool (in the past the Government demanded all wool), which will mean an enormous consumption of cotton, and this is new business because the ordinary demand will remain as before. There is no large public interest in the market and we do not expect very great fluctuations on the down side. Silver has advanced as fast as cotton. A rupee today will buy as much cotton as it did three years ago because of the advance of silver having kept pace with the advance of cotton. India with 400,000,000, China with 400,000,000, and all of the South American countries including Mexico—in fact the thickly populated districts of the world—all are silver countries. The Egyptian acreage in cotton has been cut forty per cent by the English Government because of the risk of shipping foodstuffs to Egypt. England has demanded that they curtail their cotton acreage and put it into food. The chances

of the ending of the war this year are infinitely greater than they have been in the past because of the conditions shown in the morale of the army of Germany and the unrest of the population; therefore, it would be hard to predict the price of cotton should the war end within a year.

"Everyone in our family is some kind of animal," said Jimmie. "Mother's a dear, the baby is mother's little lamb, I'm the kid and dad's the goat."

## The Only French Bank on the Pacific Coast French-American Bank of Savings

(Member Associated Savings Bank of San Francisco)



DECEMBER 30, 1916

Total Resources

\$9,705,058.99

DIRECTORS:

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J. A. Bergerot	John Ginty
S. Bissinger	J. S. Godeau
Leon Bocqueraz	Arthur Legallet
O. Bozio	Geo. W. McNear
Charles Carpy	X. De Pichon

Interest on Savings Deposits for year 1916 was paid at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum.

## German Savings and Loan Society

(THE GERMAN BANK)

Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial  
526 CALIFORNIA ST. San Francisco  
Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

The following Branches for Receipt and Payment of Deposits only:

**MISSION BRANCH**  
S. E. Corner of Mission and Twenty-first Streets  
**RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH**  
S. W. Corner Clement and Seventh Avenue  
**HAIGHT STREET BRANCH**  
S. W. Corner Haight and Belvedere

JUNE 30, 1917

Assets .....	\$64,566,290.79
Deposits .....	61,381,120.63
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,185,170.16
Employees' Pension Fund .....	259,642.88
Number of Depositors .....	65,717

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock P. M. and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending December 30th, 1916, a dividend to deposits of 4% per annum was declared.

Office Phone: Sutter 3318  
Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5  
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LOS ANGELES

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PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST



## Water

(Continued from Page 6)

You've got to understand. We're two hours late, we may be attacked any minute. We may not get to El Arish at all, and if we don't we'll need our water. So I must ask you to be patient." The Major added, with an amiable smile: "I'm feeling pretty dry myself, you know!"

The last words were human and the battalion laughed. They went on. But it was still hotter now, nearly half-past ten and the sun above invisible, for all the sky was as the blue flame of a gas-fire and as burning. Upon the sky line Private Norley could see four or five palm trees. The oasis! Yes, but he had seen those palms an hour before and they looked no nearer. His tongue was thick and large in his mouth; he parted his lips to breathe and his tongue tried to come out, while he panted like a dog. The sweat upon his eyelashes had caught the dust, his eyes were full of grit, and he wondered vaguely, when he moved his eyelids, why they did not crackle. He did not look up towards the palms. He merely thought: "We shall never get there," and went on. He thought: "My big toe's blistering." Then again: "We shall never get there!"

A little later he saw a mirage, a village upside down on the top of its own picture right side up. He did not care. He did not know that he cared very much whether they got to El Arish or not. He only knew they never would. His belt hurt his hip. He moved it a little and burnt his finger upon the buckle. . . .

The battalion was lined up in front of the oasis. Private Norley and his neighbor quietly shoved each other: they were fighting in deadly earnest for the scrap of shadow afforded by the stem of a palm tree. But discipline endured: no man moved out of the ranks while water was drawn from the well, and squad after squad stepped forward to fill its water bottles. The officers, fearing mutiny, dared not delay and risked colic. At last Private Norley drank. . . .

His mouth was full of something that felt solid, something new, something he gulped at savagely, tried to bite. . . . He choked and still fiercely he bit on at the cold thing which filled his mouth. He could hardly breathe, for he could not tear his lips away from the bottle neck. He had known what it was to eat when hungry, he had known praise, and love, but now his sweating, burning body was racked to the very entrails by the passionate wedding of his flesh in a cold embrace with this water that penetrated him. He felt his lungs

swell and an exquisite freshness rise from his breath. It was agony, for his teeth froze; and his head ached above the eyes as if he had bitten ice. But still he could not stop, as if he were in the grasp of some frightful sensual desire that imperiously bade him go on to his delight through the pain. . . .

He stopped, threw down the water bottle, and, clasping both hands upon his belt where he felt all swollen and cold, he breathed greedily of the hot air. The bottle was empty.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN ALFRED MARSH, deceased. No. 23396, New Series; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JOHN ALFRED MARSH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 3rd day of November, 1917) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Walter Rothchild, Room 2002 Hobart Building, 582 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN ALFRED MARSH, deceased.

GERTRUDE MARSH,

Executrix of the last will and testament of John Alfred Marsh, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 3, 1917.

WALTER ROTHCHILD,

Attorney for Executrix,  
Room 2002 Hobart Bldg., 582 Market St.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

11-3-5

### NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a special meeting of said board, duly held on the 20th day of October, 1917, at the office of said corporation, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of the said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation, No. 962 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meets), on Monday, the 31st day of December, 1917, at 3:00 p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000), divided into twenty thousand (20,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each, to Five Hundred Thousand (\$500,000.00) Dollars, divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each.

The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock is Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000.00).

Also to amend the Articles of Incorporation, and to ratify all acts of the stockholders and Board of Directors at its meeting held on the 11th day of October, 1917.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated October 20, 1917.

LOUIS TRAUNG,

Secretary of Traung Label and Lithograph Company.

L. W. LOVEY,

Attorney for Traung Label and Lithograph Company,  
1107 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

10-27-10

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEAN ARTIGUES, (also called JEAN CLODOMIR ARTIGUES), deceased.—No. 23374; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JEAN ARTIGUES (also called JEAN CLODOMIR ARTIGUES), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Landry C. Babin Co., No. 423 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEAN ARTIGUES (also called JEAN CLODOMIR ARTIGUES), deceased.

NORBERT C. BABIN,

Administrator of the estate of Jean Artigues (also called Jean Clodomir Artigues), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 27, 1917.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Administrator,

No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal.

10-27-5



ALMA GLUCK

The American soprano who will delight audiences Sunday afternoon and again a week later at the Columbia, and next Tuesday night at Auditorium Opera House, Oakland



## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of ADELE MAGENDIE, a Minor.

LIZZIE MAGENDIE, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Guardian of the Person and Estate of Adele Magendie, a minor, having filed herein her duly verified petition praying for an order of this Court authorizing her as such guardian to renew to French American Bank of Savings, a corporation, a certain mortgage now subsisting in its favor upon the interest of said minor in certain real property in said petition and hereinafter particularly described, and it appearing that it will be advantageous to said minor and to the estate of said minor that said mortgage be renewed, it is by the Court

ORDERED that all persons interested in the estate of said Adele Magendie, a minor, do appear before this Court, Department No. 10, thereof, at its Courtroom in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Monday, the 5th day of November, 1917, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, then and there to show cause if any they have why a certain mortgage subsisting in favor of French American Bank of Savings, a corporation, upon the interest of said minor in certain real property in said verified petition and hereafter particularly described, should not be renewed upon said interest or some part thereof of said minor in said real property and mortgaged to said French American Bank of Savings, a corporation, for the sum of \$19,000.00, as prayed for in the petition of Lizzie Magendie, the duly appointed, qualified and acting guardian of the person and estate of said minor, or for such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet. Reference is hereby made to said verified petition on file herein for further particulars.

Said real property, the property to be mortgaged, is situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

1. COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Jackson Street distant westerly thereon one hundred seven (107) feet and six (6) inches from the westerly line of Montgomery Street; running thence westerly and along said southerly line of Jackson Street fifty (50) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly nine (9) feet and three (3) inches, more or less, to the northeasterly line of Columbus Avenue; thence southeasterly and along said last named line seventy-eight (78) feet and eleven (11) inches, more or less, to its intersection with a line drawn at right angles to said southerly line of Jackson Street through the point of commencement above described, and thence northerly and parallel with said westerly line of Montgomery Street sixty-three (63) feet and ten and  $\frac{3}{4}$  (10 $\frac{3}{4}$ ) inches, more or less, to the southerly line of Jackson Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Fifty Vara Block No. 68.

2. COMMENCING at a point on the northwesterly line of Market Street distant northeasterly thereon thirty-six (36) feet and one and  $\frac{1}{2}$  (1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) inches from its intersection with the easterly line of Sanchez Street; running thence northeasterly and along said northwesterly line of Market Street seventy-seven (77) feet and six and  $\frac{1}{2}$  (6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) inches; thence at right angles northwesterly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles southwesterly two (2) feet and six and  $\frac{1}{4}$  (6 $\frac{1}{4}$ ) inches, and thence in a southerly direction one hundred twenty-five (125) feet, more or less, to the northwesterly line of Market Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Mission Block No. 98, and the interest of said minor therein is an undivided one-half ( $\frac{1}{2}$ ) thereof.

It is further ORDERED that this Order to Show Cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the date of hearing of said petition in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 3rd day of October, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

WILLIAM A. KELLY,  
Attorney for Guardian,  
Humboldt Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-13-4

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83397; Dept. No. 10.

KATHERINE MAY HESS, Plaintiff, vs. DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and mental cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of July, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-15-10

## Letters

## Girl School Life in Belgium, and Other Books

Now that all eyes are turned towards Belgium, "Schoolgirl Allies," by Rebecca Middleton Samson, is decidedly a timely book for girls. It tells of the experiences of two American girls who spent a year in a fashionable finishing school in Brussels, and privately it is being whispered that the story is not fiction at all, and that the schoolmates, from the upper classes of France, England and Belgium, are now titled personages of importance in the eyes of the world. The story which is told by one of the girls, is of real interest, and the intimacies and jealousies, class rivalries, mistakes and mischief are quite in keeping with girl life and character. Especially interesting will be the contrast between the hoydenish tomboyisms and rude practical jokes of the Belgian girls amongst their schoolmates, and the sedate and ceremonious politeness of their behavior on formal occasions. They really make a better showing than the English. The book should interest the mothers as well as the daughters of today, and there is room for comparison of the Pensionnat Von Pelt with that other famous boarding school attended by the Bronte sisters long ago and so minutely described by Charlotte in "Villette." Rebecca Middleton Samson has shown rare discretion in avoiding any temptation to bring her narrative "up to date" by dragging in allusions to the present war. Though the present universal interest in Belgium makes "Schoolgirl Allies" a timely book, it is more than that, for it is a book for all time.

Contributions to the children's library are usually made by the older members of the family, and discriminating fathers and mothers and aunts must have learned long ere this that Edna A. Brown is to be relied upon for something interesting, well-written and unusual as well as free from silly sensationalism and sentimentalism. "The Spanish Chest" contains more thrilling features than Miss Brown usually supplies, but she has used an admirable restraint in dealing with her mystery. There are three American children, a girl and her two brothers, one of them a semi-invalid, who are spending a winter on the Island of Jersey with their mother, and who find a congenial friend in another girl at the house where they take lodgings. Jersey is an unknown land and all four have delightful times making explorations and visiting castles and landmarks. As the invalid boy is something of a bookworm they imbibe a reasonable amount of historical lore, and through his prowling in the old books of a private library a half-mythical legend is verified and the children have the awesome pleasure of engaging in a treasure hunt, exploring an underground passageway and an old smugglers' cave, while the girls are initiated into the mystery of a secret stairway and one of them even sees a most bewitching ghost. Those who are already familiar with Miss Brown's stories will be pleased to meet again that very delightful American boy of "When Max Came," who is one of the incidental characters in this new story, and to find him just as delightfully companionable as a young man. There are a full dozen illustrations, most of them from photographs. If the younger generation is absorbed in the mystery of "The Spanish Chest," the elders should be held by the curious old customs and laws, some of them in force since the days of Duke Rollo and the Conqueror.

Nina Rhodes has taken under her protection the girls of the "between age," who have outgrown their first childhood and have not

yet become "big girls"—those between ten and thirteen years of age. Nearly all of her stories deal with this class and very good stories they are, for, without being pointedly "moral," she shows how these little misfits, by cheerfulness, attention to duty and helpfulness, can make a place for themselves. "Plucky Little Patsy" was one such. To little girls of the right age it is enough to say that "Plucky Little Patsy" is a new Brick House Book.

"The Village Pest," with a sub-title, "A Story of David," is Montgomery Rollin's contribution to the literature of boy life. It is given to us as an account of the activities of a real boy some thirty years ago, and goes to prove that boys of all eras are pretty much the same, just boys. David was not an unmanageable youth, but he was decidedly unmanaged, in spite of the severity of spasmodic discipline. His father was a United States Senator, and his mother, of course, "in society," so the boy was dragged about, sometimes in Washington, sometimes in town and sometimes on the family farm or visiting relatives. As he was a natural born leader but without a sense of money values or the long-headedness that would enable him to see the ultimate effects of his pranks and impulsive actions, it goes without saying that his presence in any locality was not an unmixed joy.

All of these books for children are from Lothrop Lee and Shepard.

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 84,455.

GERMAINE KEYWORTH, Plaintiff, vs. HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also on the ground of defendant's failure to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life, he having the ability to do so; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of September, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. E. ROTHE,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
948 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-10

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83,219, Dept. No. 16.

SARAH E. MUNCK, Plaintiff, vs. M. G. LOEFELER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

Alfred B. Lawson and John Prosek, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: M. G. LOEFELER, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON and JOHN PROSEK,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
Grant Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-10



"A Happy Combination of Sound Thought and Graceful Expression"

—WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor St. Louis Mirror



# THE LANTERN



Edited by THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

A little Periodical of Lucid Intervals which has won the praise of discriminating readers in all parts of the United States.

Taking as its motto the sentiment that "*It is better to search for the truth of what concerns us than to hunt for an honest man,*" THE LANTERN seeks to serve literature as well as truth by providing its readers with thought-provoking essays, inspiring poetry, stimulating fiction, wit, humor and satire.

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ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXI. No. 1316

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 10, 1917

PRICE, 10 CENTS

## *IN THIS ISSUE:*

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At the Cafe des Roses

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The Mysteries of the War

Josephus Daniels the Critic

A Thrilling One-Act Play

In What Germany Has Excelled

Mayor Davie Imitates Billy Sunday

What Society Thinks of the Monterey Races

What Chemistry Has Done During the War

*Watch for the November Lantern*



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# TOWN TALK

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## Our Election

Apparently the people took very little of virtuous counsel last Tuesday. They elected both Schmitz and Lull; also, they turned Paul Smith down by electing both Sullivan and Brady. Of the candidates for the Board of Supervisors they elected two men endorsed by the Municipal Conference, McLeran and Power—the two who had to make a fight to get the endorsement. On the whole there is very little of gratification for anybody in the results of the election. It may perhaps be cogently argued that the election was a rebuke to all concerned, even the dear people, who have been so wonderfully progressive in tinkering with the machinery of politics, and not excepting our lovely Mayor, for though some of his followers were successful at the polls the man he most bitterly opposed—Supervisor Power—was returned to office. And assuredly Mr. Rolph will never regard the election of Schmitz by a big vote as a fine tribute to the Administration that has been personally conducted by himself for several years. It is hardly to be gainsaid that the election of Schmitz was a stinging rebuke to all and singular. Here is the one stroke of irony that may compensate for all else, for a stinging rebuke is occasionally good for the soul.

★ ★ ★

## A Campaign of Slander

Great principles of vital importance to this community were supposed to be at stake in the late campaign, but the trail of the serpent was over all, the same old serpent that was hatched in San Francisco years ago and that stretches across the continent winding through all public affairs, national and parochial. The great principles so vociferously professed in our little campaign turned out toward the close to be nothing more than the echoes of a little mischievous coterie that is always engaged in setting the community by the ears. The motives of this coterie

were inadvertently made manifest when *The Examiner*, following the lead of that zealous mud-slinger, the Rev. Paul Smith, espoused the cause of a candidate for City Attorney and pretended to believe that the fate of the city depended on this minor office. As we observed editorially at the time, "This is the sort of thing we regard as truly lamentable, it is so characteristic of the parochial journalism of San Francisco," for "instead of working for the public interest our newspapers are always satisfying their personal inclination and their petty private prejudice." In this instance the petty private prejudice had its inception in a personal quarrel between editors and men about town who are organized for social and charitable purposes under the name of the Indoor Yacht Club. Consider how this little quarrel has been magnified! It has dwarfed the issues of a whole political campaign involving the interests of a great city. The quarrel itself was of no consequence at all. The result of nothing more than the wounded vanity from which journalists of small mind seldom have respite, it was like a spark kindled into a great flame, and it swept over the whole town. Really of what consequence to the city was the contest for City Attorney? Surely it did not matter very much to the dear people. Yet it set in motion all the most ridiculous and contemptible vices that thrive in subterranean places. It developed into a contest of personal abuse and was closed with a blast of back-wounding malice that revived unpleasant recollections of *The Stinger*, a sheet generated in the same muck-heap which induced the birth of the paper that bespattered poor Lull. Surely nothing could be gained by a noisome campaign of this sort. Even triumph could result in nothing but ignominy.

★ ★ ★

## Josephus Daniels the Critic

So Josephus Daniels objects to the phrase, "Doing his bit." He stoutly objects to it, regards it as language implying a slacker's disposition to do more than is required. As it is every man's duty to do all in his power to aid in ending the war nobody should be content with doing "a bit." Thus argues Josephus, and hence his abomination of the popular phrase. Surely Mr. Wilson will sit up and take notice of his Secretary's pose as a critic. The President has been amiably tolerant of the Secretary as the chief representative of the Administration in the Navy Department, and he has paid no attention to

expert criticism of the man in his political capacity, but what about Josephus as the man with the literal mind? Mr. Wilson is above all things a literary man who prides himself on his phrasemaking. Surely it will jar him somewhat to find a literal mind in the Cabinet. Here is a man who takes a poetical phrase literally, robbing it of its expressiveness. Poor Josephus! this ought to be the last straw. He has given us a piece of criticism that strikes one as having been possible only to a septic mind. Mr. Daniels, with all his virtues, reminds us of one of those little souls that Pope scourged when he attacked Addison. His christening must have been attended by the fairy of stupidity. He is a good man wherewith to personify the commonplace.

★ ★ ★

## In What Germany Has Excelled

There is so much hatred of the Hun that not even his genius is adequately recognized. In a measure this is on account of his own misunderstanding of the qualities that enable him to shine. He regards himself as the superman of the military sphere whereas he is above all things the master of intrigue. He flatters himself that he is the natural fighter celebrated by Tacitus, and that his achievements in war may be attributed to qualities that were first revealed when he was defending himself against the encroachments of the Romans. As a matter of fact the modern Hun bears not the slightest resemblance to the ancient German. The modern Hun is obviously a disciple of Frederick the Great. His notable attributes are the result of intensive cultivation under the tuition of Hohenzollern monarchs destitute of all sense of honor. The modern Huns are legitimate descendants and apt pupils of the man who began his career as a cold-blooded exponent of unscrupulous craft and deception. Frederick never dreamt of Teutonic ancestors in the primeval German forests. He never thought that the victory of Arminius over the Romans had given his followers a divine right to conquer the Latins. And as to the Kaiser he thought only of himself as the War Lord, a romantic Hohenzollern for whom the doctrine of Frederick has clothed itself in Wagnerian language, and to whom the atheism of Frederick has become Biblical. By this man and his immediate predecessors was developed a force by which the Teutons have been carried away in the kind of collective mad-



ness that has overpowered individual madness. They are convinced of the glory of this force, and proud they are of their performances which they interpret as evidence of their superiority in the art of war when as a matter of fact it is the art of the keyhole detective somewhat elaborated. It is all of a simple formula that all the world despises. "Spy on your antagonist" is the first precept of this so-called philosophy of war. Herein is the first principle of strategy. It is also the first principle of the business of the keyhole detective; he spies and then he lies to supply what is missing in the record, and he manufactures. In other words, he takes every dishonorable advantage to facilitate his ends. Thus were the Russians misled to slaughter; also the Rumanians and also the Italians as Mr. Lewis R. Freeman has shown in his article *Italy and Her Allies* in this issue. In truth the world itself was similarly dealt with before the outbreak of war. The Germans have indeed proved their genius for intrigue. They have proved it without danger of competition. But how absurd it is to confuse it with genius for war!

\* \* \*

#### The Mysteries of the War

For whatever the Germans do they are loudly applauded, often under a misapprehension. Giving ear to some critics of the war one may get the impression that the Allies are merely "muddling through" and that mistakes are occurring all on one side. This is one of the many advantages the Germans are enjoying. Their greatest advantage is that they are directed by an absolute monarchy, a supreme Government while the enemy is directed by several heads whose judgments are all more or less subject to reversal at the bar of public clamor. Also there is this advantage, which all military authorities regard as paramount—the advantage of what is technically known as operating on "interior lines," the value of which was signally shown when several armies were suddenly diverted from divers fronts to Italy. Surely the Allies are not rightly to be charged with a mistake for not anticipating this move. In truth it is not to be said offhand that it was not a mistake for the Teutons to adopt the strategy of this offensive. Judgment on

this point must await the result. Meanwhile it is important that the critic should be informed of many conditions which at present are far from apparent. He should know of the whole situation in Europe. He should also know for example that the Allies have been very busy compelling the Germans to use up their reserves. This was the main point of interest before the Germans started their offensive in Italy, but it was not appreciated by our newspaper critics who complained that the Allies were so slow. A little light on this subject may be of interest to folks who have been following the war in dailies and magazines.

\* \* \*

#### The Strategic Reserve

As a matter of fact the Allies were not striving wholly for a break-through on the Western Front. They were striving for a *break-up*. Their aim was to put the German line through so severe a trial that it should first of all call up like a blister the mass of the German reserve and continue to pound until the enemy lost integration. This was not generally understood. Even our so-called experts of the press never understood. They were considering mere advance over ground and through obstacles, and therefore the wisest of them exaggerated special tactical points. After all the object of an army (which so many experts forget) is to put out of action the army opposed to it, and an army is put out of action by the loss of its fighting power in such a degree (compared with the corresponding loss of its opponent) that it can no longer maintain the struggle as one organism against another. This is what the Germans tried in Russia in vain until Russia was broken up with revolutions and intrigue. It was what was done at Waterloo not by loss of men but rather by loss of organization. This was the disaster with which the Allies were threatening the Germans on the Western Front when the desperate offensive was started against the armies of Cadorna. For months the Allies had been worrying the Germans, licking them day after day, getting hold of observation points which had been of much value in establishing immensely strong positions, and the German counter-attacks up hill were failing one after another until it

became apparent that the process of loss of men and position was bound to end in fatal disintegration. All the while the German was in terror on account of his strategic reserve which was constantly being drawn into the Western whirlpool. This, by the way, is another thing of which the experts of the press are either unmindful or ignorant. The future of a strategic reserve was all-important to the Kaiser and his generals. They realized of course that they needed a strategic reserve which might be thrown in somewhere at the eleventh hour to effect a surprise, and this was made possible by the advantage of the inner lines. Undoubtedly the German Higher Command has been for months gathering this strategic reserve from every available source; and the sudden attack in Italy, which served at once the purpose of a surprise and of restoring the initiative to Germany after months of uphill work, may be regarded as the achievement of a new lease of life. But what will it amount to? At this writing the Germans are doing big things. Once more their spies have enabled them to take full advantage of a weakness induced by intrigue, but much depends on the resources of power that remain. The Higher Command is skilled in the theatricisms of war, but the more of theatricism we see the more it is to be presumed that it is employed in lieu of power; and it is surely his sense of the drama and the stage that impels the Kaiser hither and thither to wire his congratulations as he did at Riga and other places at apparently psychological moments. At very short intervals of late he is pointing to his association with God. Meanwhile the strategic German reserve is diminishing. Further, during the months when it was in process of formation there were many heavy bombardments on the Western Front, many Germans killed and many made prisoners of war. This we know because of information vouchsafed by the German inspired press as long ago as when Hindenburg was "retiring according to plan." Now Hindenburg was not permitted to retire precisely according to plan, and he began drawing on his strategic reserve at that time. It may be that he will not be able to use his reserve according to plan.

## I Did Not Know

By Margaret Widdemer

I did not know that I should miss you,  
So silver-soft your loving came—  
There were no trumpets down the dawning,  
There were no leaping tides of flame:

Only a peace like still rain falling  
On a tired land with drouth foredone,  
Only a warmth like light soft lying  
On a shut place that had not sun.

I did not know that I should miss you . . .  
I only miss you, day and night,  
Stilly, as earth would miss the rainfall;  
Always, as earth would miss the light.



## Varied Types

356—CHARLES S. ASH

By Edward F. O'Day

What has chemistry done for Germany in this war? What have American chemists done for us since we have had to depend on ourselves? Here are interesting questions. What San Franciscan could answer them better than Charles S. Ash? For Charles S. Ash is a chemical engineer of the highest standing in his wonderful profession. The firm of Gould and Ash is of more than local celebrity. Among other things, Mr. Ash is chemist for the California Wine Association. He is an authority in his line. I put my questions to him.

"Germany owes her success in this war to her scientists more than to her military organizers," said Mr. Ash. "It is not surprising that an organization which was preparing for forty years for one definite object should win technical victories over those who were unprepared. But for a country almost destitute of food products and comparatively poor in natural resources to put itself in an impregnable position despite its inability to purchase food or raw materials—this is a remarkable achievement. And this is the real reason the Germans are able to hold out. The feat is especially remarkable because the war has continued long past the period the Germans figured on.

"Germany is supposed to grow three-fourths of the food products sufficient for her subsistence. How has she managed to get along? By the intensive study of foods, by the manipulation of foods, by substituting one food for another, and especially by the ability to overcome her poverty in fats. These are the achievements of her scientific men.

"For Germany to put out huge quantities of ammunition was comparatively an easy matter, because Germany controlled probably sixty per cent of the chemical industry of the world; so she could easily make explosives or the materials necessary for explosives. But here, as in the case of foods, she was shut off by the British blockade from some very necessary materials; for example, mercury, copper and nitrates. She has substituted other materials for the metals, and no doubt has made nitrates from the nitrogen of the air. To accomplish all this was the work of her chemists and physicists.

"The reason for Germany's leadership along these lines is, the encouragement the Government has always given to German industries. German industrial conditions were much more stable than ours, as is natural in a centralized government. To illustrate: Some forty years ago the dye industry of the world was controlled by Great Britain, and the first coal tar dyes were made there. Germany was then in her infancy as an industrial nation. But Germany foresaw that to become wealthy she would have to manufacture on a more scientific basis and more economically than countries which were rich in proved resources. Therefore Germany investigated the dye industry among other industries, interested capital in it, and in some cases actually went into partnership with capital in floating dye enterprises. As I understand it, the German Government would investigate the special type of dye the world's market needed, try to encourage its manufacture in the most favorable locality and then guarantee to capital a definite interest on its money for a period of years so as to make the investment secure. No doubt these amounts varied, but we

know of one case where the Government guaranteed eight per cent interest over a period of ten years.

"Practically the same system was used in every other industry, notably in the manufacture of lenses. A generation or two ago all lenses for microscopes, opera glasses, telescopes and so forth were made in France. At present France makes a very small percentage of the lenses found in this country.

"Germany controlled sixty per cent of the chemical industry; but she controlled about ninety per cent of the business of fine chemicals and medicines, and probably eighty to ninety per cent of the business in dyes. When the war broke out we found ourselves in dire need of these chemicals, medicines and dyes. This explains why the Deutschland's cargo consisted of dyes and synthetic medicines, Salvarsan and others.

"The question naturally arises why America doesn't begin to make its own dyes et cetera, especially as we always shipped to Germany the greater part of the raw material needed for these industries. The reason is that capital is very shy about investing large sums of money in plants without protection from the Government. If, for example, we have at present a tariff of sixty per cent on dyes, the next Administration may take it off. And in that event we could not compete with the German manufacturer, a specialist who has overcome all the technical and financial difficulties that beset a virgin industry.

"However, in spite of this, America is now turning out excellent lenses, notably by the Bousch Lomb Optical Company and the Spencer Lens Company. We are making good lenses for scientific and optical purposes, but still inferior to the Zeiss lenses made in Germany. In the manufacture of chemical glassware Germany stood alone. This is now made in America by the Corning Glass Company, Macbeth, Whitehall-Tatum and others. In the last year the improvement in these articles has been enormous, and if these industries are protected they bid fair to become very profitable.

"It has become necessary for America to manufacture medicines and synthetic chemicals, and to do this we have used the German patents, though the Government has taken steps to protect the patentees. However, in this connection a curious thing has been discovered—very few of the processes described in the patents make the products they are supposed to make. Evidently this was attended to with malice aforethought in order to give the patentees as much protection as possible and prevent pirating."

"What has been done in California along chemical lines?"

"California and the West generally have always been very extravagant in the use of foods, as of other materials. Very little has been done in the last ten years to utilize what are known as by-products. The explanation is simple. More money could be made by enlarging a plant than by investing the same amount of money in a by-product plant. Besides, we often faced over-production rather than shortage.

"With the advent of the large canning industry, however, hundreds of thousands of tons of food material which otherwise would have been wasted, or never grown, have been con-

sumed. The development of the California fruit and vegetable industries is due to the large canning and dried fruit plants started in the last twenty years.

"In the preparation of food the work of scientific men has been more limited, naturally, than along other industrial lines; but they have helped to standardize California products so that they are every bit as good as the best Eastern products. The superiority of Eastern manufactured food products, such as catsups, purees and conserva, has been due to their greater uniformity. During the past three years the superiority has been on the side of the California producer rather than the other way. Naturally one could not have this uniformity without chemical control, and this being an age of standardization, food products have to be standardized like all other products. The wine-growing industry, the third or fourth largest in the State, also depends for its success on standardization.

"In Hawaii the chemist has had a larger scope both in the fruit and the sugar industry than in California. Take the pineapple. On account of its shape and character fifty per cent of the weight of the pineapple enters the can, while the other fifty per cent is waste. In other words, of a ton of pineapple, one thousand pounds goes into the can, the other thousand pounds is waste. From this waste pineapple the juice is now expressed and sugar and citric acid extracted. The value of the sugar in the waste material of a ton of pineapple is about five dollars, of the citric acid about two dollars and a half. So the waste, which it was an expense to burn and a nuisance to handle has become a source of profit.

"Take sugar. The waste molasses or blackstrap has been used for some years to produce alcohol, and is now used for the production of potash as well. This alcohol has helped in the conservation of food in that the blackstrap from which it is manufactured replaces the cereal or fruit formerly used for the manufacture of alcohol. This alcohol also replaces gasoline—to a small extent now, but it will be to a greater extent in the future—for explosive engines.

"The American chemist has been able in spite of many obstacles, to replace many of the things Germany had a monopoly of, and with proper encouragement from our Government could make the United States almost entirely independent of foreign products.

"Our position is particularly strong now because we have learned to make potash from kelp, woodash and molasses. Germany once had a monopoly of the manufacture of this important product."

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## Perspective Impressions

The first casualty list! Pray God there may not be many such.

Does New York think that its Mayor-elect will run the war?

From this distance it seems to us that the barring of German operas at the Metropolitan is patriotism of the spurious brand.

Washington, D. C., is trying women letter carriers. Watch the jokers ring the changes on the female mailman.

Coincident with the fierce German offensive on the Italian front came the German withdrawal on the Aisne. Was the first move meant to mask the second from the eyes of the Germans at home?

There are innumerable men with union cards doing their bit in the army and navy. How must they feel about their confreres out of the service who would rather follow a walking delegate than Uncle Sam?

Has Ruef sent his congratulations to Schmitz?

The employer is not always right, nor the wage earner always wrong.

Is Paul Smith proud of the foul odors he gave rise to in the campaign?

How absurd for a statesman to be vain about the history he is making. The voice of posterity is not always the voice of the crowd.

The supervisory returns prove that it is more important to improve your political connections than your mind.

In every campaign you meet the man who is running for office under protest, but who is willing to sacrifice himself. He may be honest but not intellectually so.

Some men are glad to accept ideas, but they lack humility. A man ought to be ready to take off his hat to one who has given him an idea.

The city attorney situation: a Lull after the storm.

Is Purroy Mitchell still in line for the presidency?

We have a suspicion that despite the defeat of Mayor Mitchell the war will go right on.

Thanks to the latest developments on the Italian front, we know where the Tagliamento River flows.

What about those libel suits Hearst was going to start against the Associated Press and umpty-teen papers throughout the country?

William Jennings Bryan was chased by a mad bull in Arizona. Instead of proposing to arbitrate the dispute, Bryan shinnied up a tree.

John Purroy Mitchel is noted for his mastery of the latest dances, but the voters of New York seem to have preferred the Hyland fling.

## At the Cafe des Roses

By John Salis

There are two Bohemias, the one—if one may be allowed in these sophisticated days a pun—the land of the "Checks," the other the land of the "Checkless." Of the former I have a little to relate. With the peculiar orthography which has produced such names as Pjemyzel, they spell themselves Czec, inhabit the lands centred about Prague, and fight more or less unwillingly with our enemies. My concern is with the latter tribe; like the Jews and the Gypsies, they have no land which they can miscall Mother; like these, their patriotism is a matter of accident; they are the people whose castles are in the air, and whose kingdom is enclosed within the fence of a hat brim. It is withal a strange community; the Jew is brought up amongst Jews; the Gipsy amongst Gypsies; half the inherent characteristics of each lies in childhood's influence; transmute the children and the Jew becomes Gipsy, the Gipsy Jew, or excellent imitation; but the Bohemian is otherwise. As a rule he is educated in the home of his enemies; what his soul loves he is taught to despise; his youth is the Serbian struggling against the Turk, and only by the painful process of abandoning the gods of his fathers does he arrive in his kingdom—the kingdom of the scorned, yet envied; the land which instinctively the commonplace man hates because it fulfills his impossible dreams. Like other lands, it is not inviolate; it has its citizens born; it has its citizens naturalized; it has its birds of passage (the most successful these) and its tourists. It is a land where freedom, like the freedom of any other land, is fictitious, only inverting the laws of most nations; its chief virtue is generosity; its chief vice priggishness.

The cynic has quoted: "They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Yet the Artiste Francais refuses 8,000 pictures per annum, the Beaux Arts rejects 4,000, while the Société des Indépendants exhibits 12,000; and as for spinning, those who toil not spend the whole

night, and parts of the day spinning—yarns; but the "arrayed" bit is all right—Solomon was not a Bohemian, save perhaps in his domestic arrangements.

No one would suspect from the demure exterior of the Café des Roses buried in its plane trees at the periphery of the Place — (ha, ha, this is not guide book) that it was the Hotel de Ville of Bohemian Paris; yet in the days before the war this was so. Even on summer evenings one might pass by unsuspecting, for though the Bohemians sported unashamed, the protecting plane trees throw kindly shadows in whose mysterious gloom the guests, like cats, seemed as gray as their fellows. In the winter it held out no temptations to the boulevardier; it had no orchestra with German or Viennese violinists to draw one's feet within; its terrace had no tented covering with red glowing coke stoves. But push open the spring door, and you entered not a café, but a club—a club whose sole entrance fee was intellect, originality, wit or beauty, presided over by a Poet whose name will live in France; whose commonplace conversations were as often as not the fragments of some unpublished poem, but who spoke so indistinctly that a full half of his words were unintelligible even to Frenchmen.

We held a personal invitation from the Poet for one evening; he had heard my wife display a peculiar talent which she possesses for imitating the roar of a camel. Those who understand Parisian argot will appreciate the exact way in which the talent tickled M. F.'s fancy; a sidelight upon her ability of which, however, I must add, my wife was supremely ignorant. Still, there was the invitation, and we became habitués.

It was a cosmopolitan club; we were at that time the sole English, but the nations had contributed in abundance. There was S—, like a young and flexible faun, poet, raconteur and journalist; his wife, dark-haired, dark-eyed, part

Algerian, like a curbed, lazy panther at the Zoo. The two Madame F.'s; the legitimate, our presidentess, great-hearted, adoring her husband; the other, illegitimate, yet recognized, a poetess, each shaking hands formally with the other every evening and then sitting at different tables. There was Ratapouf, the Dutchman, sometime laborer on the Eiffel Tower, guide to the Louvre, man of erudition, and author of three thin books of verse which had taken seven years to produce. There was B—, the futurist, killed lately by a wheel of a gun in the Alps; there was Madame W—, a Scandinavian masseuse with white hair and the carriage of an empress, advocate of the married state, loved by everyone; her husband, sculptor and dude, who was addicted to collars so tall that he wounded himself in the neck upon their points and was forced for some time to go about smothered in bandages. There was an Egyptian writer nicknamed "the Satyr;" there was Dr. M—, Austrian, heavy-souled and a seeker; there was B—, German painter of Apache dens for his own pleasure, and of ladies clad only in stockings pour vendre. There were D— and his wife, large, handsome, kindly, reminiscent somehow of a Pickwickian feast, famed as champion consumers of absinthe, and their son, a Scandinavian Adonis, causing much havoc in the hearts of the ladies from the North. There was C—, cynical, epigrammatic, sandy-haired, sandy-eyed, respected by everyone for his penetrating wit, and who modestly admitted himself to be the greatest man of us all, because while we had talents and used them, he with more talent would not be bothered. And last, but by no means least, Mlle. L—, demure Normand, a governess, prim, modest, middle-aged during the daytime; but at night marvelously altered by a slight rake of the hat, and with a talent for brilliant repartee.

Now we are scattered. Some are dead, others in the blood and mud of the battle. Today is

(Continued on Page 18)



## Italy and Her Allies

(Mr. Lewis Freeman is an American, and this timely article was written by him before we had joined the Allies, and also before the Revolution had taken place in Russia)

By Lewis R. Freeman

Some months ago, very shortly after my arrival in Italy, it was my good fortune to meet one day a distinguished Allied diplomat—a man whose knowledge of things Italian is as profound as his sympathy for the people is warm—who chanced to have read two previous articles I had written in an endeavor to give some idea of the state of popular (rather than official) opinion in France and England regarding their Allies in the war.

"You will find your task a good deal more difficult here than in France or England," he said; "yet there are fairly well-developed veins of sentiment, and you can uncover them if you persist long enough. Unless you persist, however—unless you make something more than a mere traveler's canvass of the situation—any impressions you may set down are sure to be misleading, and may even be positively mischievous. Let me give you an example of what I mean.

"If you were to ask a dozen Englishmen—in Rome, Naples or Florence, but especially in the former—how the British stood in the estimation of the Italians, I have no doubt that most of them would shake their heads and say anything from 'Not very well' to 'Jolly bad.' This feeling is the very natural consequence of the very limited contact the most of these people have with the real Italians—the Italians especially who count in the war—and the traveler or writer who bases his conclusions on what these 'patchily' (if I may use that term) informed individuals tell him is more than likely to carry away and disseminate very distorted and (as I have said) even mischievous impressions.

"Now I happen to know that the feeling of the Italians who count—the Italians who brought their country into the war, and who may be depended upon to keep it there until the cause for which we all are fighting is finally victorious—far from being suspicious and jealous of, or unfriendly to, the peoples of the countries to whom their own is allied, regard us with a frank, if not always uncritical, confidence that has carried them safely through the web of intrigue that has enveloped them from the first. But unless you are willing to push your inquiries persistently and patiently enough to reach these real Italians—and they are the ones whom the casual visitor to this country meets most frequently—you will be doing the Allies an injustice, a distinct disservice, if you write anything based on what you have gathered from the ones who do not count."

"And who are these Italians who count?" I asked.

"You will find them in all parties and in all classes of society," was the reply; "but the great majority of them are what I might call the 'middle-class intellectuals.' These would roughly correspond to what you in America call the 'Progressives,' using the term as descriptive of a class rather than of a party. They are hardly the class that would be referred to in England or America as the 'back-bone,' and yet the corresponding 'back-bone' class in Italy has been greatly stiffened by the 'middle-class intellectuals.' These latter include the most progressive business, professional and military men, with a leaven of writers and students. Those still in civil life you would not be likely to see much of save in the course of a long stay in

Italy; but at the Front—both as officers and in the ranks—you will find them in great numbers. These are in touch with the right sentiment in all parts of Italy, and after you have talked with a few of them you will be able to assess at its proper value the croaking behind the lines. You then need not hesitate longer in setting down your impressions of where Italy stands in the war, and what the Italians think of the people of their Allies. But again, I beg of you, don't stop until you have penetrated the 'crust of the croakers,' for it is that which you will first encounter. It is what lies under that crust that will decide the day for Italy."

The conversations, statements and observations which follow are the gist of a four months' stay in Italy, which is just drawing to a close as the spring campaign opens, and that country girds itself anew for fighting, at the side of her Allies, the decisive stage of the war. If they fail to convey the impression that her effort will be worthy of those Allies—that all of Italy which counts is committed and steeled to a war to a victorious finish, the fault will be mine for not setting them down properly, for in my own mind there is no doubt on that score. It was an American friend of long residence in Rome—I had complained to him of the "rumors" and pessimistic atmosphere that prevail in certain circles of the capital into which the foreign visitor occasionally finds himself drawn—who endeavored to make plain to me the attitude of the Italian commonly spoken of as "anti-war" or "pro-German."

"The 'Tedescofil' (that is, pro-German)," he said, "usually owes his sympathy for the enemy (though instances of those who really go that far are rare), or his opposition to the war, to the fact that he has, or had, either financial, commercial or marital bonds uniting him to Austria or Germany. In endeavoring to vindicate his attitude, however, he always takes higher ground. 'Prussia,' he will tell you, 'fighting against Austria as an Ally of Italy in 1866, won back for the latter the province of Venezia in a war in which that country—on the strength of her by no means brilliant military and naval showing—could never have done so alone, even if defeat had been avoided.' He will also tell you France was the traditional enemy of Italy in the past, and that England—unless broken in the present war—will become Italy's enemy of the future. Moreover, he will point out that Italy was bound by a solemn treaty of alliance to Austria and Germany, and that, even if she could not see her way to fight with the Central Powers, she should at least have refrained from fighting against them. Finally, he will tell you that Germany's military might—ranged with that of Austria—can crush Italy at will, and that this is just what will happen in the spring—provided, of course, that the latter country does not see the error of her ways and conclude a separate peace before it is too late.

"It is the Tedescofil—muttering for the most part in his beard or dropping dark hints in salons or cafes—who is responsible for the flights of foolish rumors which wing their way in certain Italian circles in which talk takes the place of action to perplex the visitor to whose ears they chance to come. If his spirit was not as weak as his tongue is strong—if he were not as cowardly as he is voluble—the Tedescofil might be a real menace. As it is, his vaporings

only create mischief when they are taken seriously by visitors who have no chance to judge them for what they are worth, and who may pass them on to the world as characteristic of Italian sentiment."

Of all the four principal Allies, France is probably the only one that has been fully trusted by the others from the first, the only one that has always enjoyed a full measure of confidence from the peoples of the nations who fought with her. There have been times when doubt and jealousy of Great Britain, Russia and Italy were rife among the peoples of each of these respective country's Allies, but never a moment, even when the ardent German propagandist considered it worth his while to endeavor to sow the seeds of distrust, as regards France. That England and Russia should have given France their confidence from the outset is not remarkable, but how many grievances—real and fancied—Italy, when her turn came to enter the war, had to forget before doing likewise I did not realize until an extremely keen Italian journalist, with whom I spent several days at the Front, passed the last century of relations between these two countries in hasty but illuminative review one evening.

"It is indeed a fact," he said, "that in the minds of the average Italian France had, for a good many decades, ranked as second only to Austria among this country's enemies. Not that there was ever anything approaching—as regards France—the practically universal execration felt for Austria; but rather that we had come to harbor many grudges, to feel that France had been just about everything betwixt and between a good enemy and a bad friend to us. Somehow our people were more inclined to recall the art treasures Napoleon had carried away than the great laws he had left behind him. It was against French troops that Garibaldi made his brave but futile defense of the Roman Republic, and it was French troops that kept the Popes in Rome and postponed the unification of Italy, until France had been beaten by Prussia in 1870. Again, our people—and especially those of Piedmont—felt that Napoleon III drove a hard bargain in claiming both Savoy and Nice in 1859 after he had abandoned us in our attempt to redeem Lombardy and Venezia, when only the former had fallen to our Allied armies. France's seizure of Tunis was another hard blow. We felt—and still feel—we should have had Tunis (whose European population was overwhelmingly Italian) and it was just this trouble which drove Italy into the arms of Austria and Germany—in the Triple Alliance—in 1881. Even as late as 1912, when we were compelled to seize French steamers carrying war supplies to the Turks (with whom we were then at war in Tripoli) we were at cross-purposes with France.

"Then came the outbreak of the present war. On the one side of us was France, with whom our relations had been more or less strained during the greater part of the preceding century; on the other side Austria, with whom we had been closely allied for over three decades. And yet what happened? So sure was Italy's instinct as to what the two opposing groups—represented by these two nations—stood for, so entirely were we in accord with the ideals of the one, and so complete was our abhorrence

(Continued on Page 18)



# The Spectator

## The Clockwinder Talks of the Campaign

"Well, it's all over, thank God!" said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock on the morning after election, "all over but the libel suit, and that will never go to trial."

"No," said Tiv Kreling, "libel suits before election are the camouflage of political controversy."

"That reminds me, Tiv," said the clockwinder, "you better get out of the Indoor Yacht Club." "What for?"

"Because you're one the boys under the ban. Get out or Paul Smith will get you some day."

"Well," said Tiv, "if he ever talked about me as he talked about Hennessy I'd get him," and the little philosopher of the mat looked as though he meant what he said.

The clockwinder smiled.

"Say," Kreling continued, "something has to be done to clean this town up, and I'll be one of the first to take a hand. I'm for red light abatement—the red light of the flaming tongue that protrudes from the lips of the hypocritical reformers. It's time to abate the practice of making the town wide open for the disseminators of personal abuse."

Again the clockwinder smiled. "You seem to be turning reformer."

"Yes," said Kreling, "I'm a reformer as well as a member of the Indoor Yacht Club and I think my kind of reform is the kind the people will want before long—the kind that has a punch without the aid of a moving picture. If the other kind is allowed to continue the old town will be too rotten to live in before long. Just think of what happened in the campaign."

"Yes," said the clockwinder, "it looks bad to see a campaign wind up with a libel suit started by a clergyman to compel a retraction."

## Kreling Gets Winded

Kreling looked at the clockwinder in astonishment. "You seem to take that libel suit seriously," he said.

"Don't you?" the clockwinder asked.

"Not so seriously as the attacks that were made on Lull and Hennessy. Think of the libels on the Indoor Yacht Club, and of the cause and results of them."

"Oh," said the clockwinder laughing, "you're sore because you're a member of the club."

"Yes, I'm a member, but Lull isn't and it occurs to me that as a result of the campaign of wholesale personal abuse started in the pulpit Mr. Lull had his features somewhat marred. Now think of the folly of that sort of nasty

fight. What good was to be done by electing Lull? Election couldn't glorify him. The people couldn't sit as a jury and decide the case on its merits in the midst of a campaign in which the people were influenced by reformers and filled with misinformation by partisan newspapers. What has been published though false about Lull was not likely to be forgotten the day after election in any event."

"I hope you don't justify the attack on Lull," said the clockwinder.

"Indeed I don't," said Kreling. "Far from it. It was a vicious attack, but no small part of the crime was the attack made by Lull's boosters who were really not his friends and who acted without his authority. The point I'm making is that mean personal abuse should be eliminated from campaigns. The mischief of the thing has been made clear and we knew that it would be made clear whichever way the election went. The thing to be denounced in this town is not the ordinary vices of everyday but the practices that embitter men's souls and provoke mean reprisals leading the ignorant to believe that they have justification when they have only a pretext." And Kreling sat down as though winded after a long bout.

## Going Back to the Beginning

Expanding his chest and clearing his lungs the clockwinder uttered himself solemnly. "There is a good deal of truth in what you say, Tiv, and I don't mind saying that in some matters you're as wise as an owl, but I haven't much sympathy with the Indoor Yacht Club."

At once the little sergeant-at-arms of the Board of Supervisors flared up like a turkey-cock. "What's the matter with the Indoor Yacht Club?" he demanded.

"Some of you fellows were for Hiram Johnson and among other damphool things that he pumped into the dear people when there was nobody at home in California was non-partisanship and—"

"What's that got to do with the campaign?" Kreling asked.

"Everything. Wherever you have non-partisanship the people lose interest in elementary principles of government and run wild over sideshows and mean little factions. I was reminded by our campaign of the days of the hunkers, the barnburners, the silver heads, the fire-eaters, the woolly-heads, the soft-shells, the hard-shells, the filibusteros and what nots."

"Never heard of them," said Kreling.

"They were before your time," said the clockwinder, "but they were a very busy lot when

the whigs went to pieces. Now the old line parties may be bad enough but it's never so tough as when many principles are hidden under many names and guided by various influences of personal ambition, selfishness, craft and dishonesty. Perhaps you noticed that the A. P. A.'s were out again this year."

"That was only a coincidence, I suppose," said Kreling.

"Coincident with what?"

"With the pulpiteer in politics."

"Well, whether a coincidence or not, the people have been made more concerned about prohibition than about their country, and it took them a long time to wake up to the fact that they need all their energies to fight the Kaiser rather than to fight the demon."

"I hope," said Kreling, "you don't mean to say that the Indoor Yacht Club is in confusion on this issue."

"No," said the clockwinder, "the indoor boys are not prejudiced against booze. But the fact is there were reformers hereabouts before Paul Smith and even some of your associates tolerated them. It's a wise man who never tolerates a political reformer for though he may try to abate your pet abomination today you'll never know when he'll attack your favorite vice, and after all live and let live is a good old policy to pursue."

## Admiral Sims

What about Admiral Sims? We hear from him occasionally but only melancholy news; that is, only news of misfortune. But we have confidence in Admiral Sims. Everybody who knows his record is confident that in the case of Admiral Sims the best man was picked for the job. So I was told the other day by a

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navy man. "Depend on it," he said, "the American fleet is full of ginger and taking chances here and there." We hadn't been keeping track of our navy and its personnel before the war, and now that it's doing things of interest we are somewhat in the dark. This is unfortunate, but let us get acquainted with our navy, let us endeavor to know something about the men who are making history for us. A little while ago ex-President Taft said to a friend of his: "The ways of history are curious. When I was President, I reprimanded a naval officer for saying the very thing he is doing just now. That officer was Commander Sims, now Vice-Admiral." On December 3, 1910, Sims, as commander of the battleship Minnesota, during a banquet at the Guildhall, given by the Lord Mayor of London to the visiting American squadron, in the course of a speech remarked: "If the time ever comes when the British Empire is seriously menaced by an external enemy, it is my opinion that you may count upon every man, every dollar, every drop of blood of your kindred across the seas." President Taft thought this speech a little indiscreet. It may have been but it was true.

#### The Sims Personality

Canadian born, Williams Sowden Sims, Vice-Admiral in the United States navy, the first naval officer to get on the job, is a man of the Kitchener type, never demonstrative. In the cabin of the U. S. S. Melville, or from a desk ashore, he directs the tactics of the new slayers of the U boat, American fighting craft patrolling the Atlantic, searching for the U boat seawolf. His destroyer officers and crews, doctored by Admiral Sims himself in thinking in "flotilla" terms, carry out the identical ideas which he formulated recently when in command of the American torpedo flotilla. His motto "Cheer up and get busy," made practicable what he is doing today. Admiral Sims belongs to the silent workers, the midnight oil-burners, the constructors of big things. So far as the public is concerned, he is the X of our navy, known to his confrères only, but well known to the British Admiralty, and heretofore almost unknown to the man in the street whether in New York or London. When war broke out and the Navy Department laid down the strategy and tactics for the operations of the United States navy in this war, it is safe to assume that orders were drawn for Admiral Sims to proceed abroad and confer with the Allied Admiralties, and later to command our first naval force in British water. Because of the Admiral's high professional standing and his close affiliation with the British Admiralty he was the logical choice. But save

for the bare announcement that the Admiral was to lead our naval mission in Europe, the press had little to say about him, for the simple reason that they knew hardly anything about him. Naval officers rarely talk for publication—Sims never does. America's most distinguished naval officer is incognito to his own people. Few outside army circles knew much of General Goethals until he built the canal. In peace we mildly ignore our military men, in war we build them arches of honor, and anoint them as heroes so that sculptors may make monuments and spoil good scenery. This is because we are not a military people.

#### What Sims Did for the Navy

Under the Cleveland Administration a navy was formed by Secretary Whitney. The navy was reformed by Admiral Sims, and to another President—Theodore Roosevelt—belongs a good deal of the credit, for Teddy encouraged Sims and accepted his advice. Sims, says Henry Reuterdaahl, our distinguished marine painter, an authority on naval affairs, laid the foundation of the navy's efficiency. In the words of Reuterdaahl Sims put "gun in gunnery." Yet just before this was done we used to do a lot of talking about "the man behind the gun." True enough, the man was there, but he didn't know how to shoot. We had nice ships; they looked well on parade, but we didn't like to "mess them up." We were proud of what we had done in the Spanish war, forgetting that we merely licked poor, decrepit Spain. When Sampson's fleet returned to New York and the boom of guns and the shriek of whistles and the hurrahs rising over the arches of honor welcomed the heroes of Santiago, few were aware that only four per cent of our shots fired against Cervera's fleet hit, and that no heavy projectiles struck home. The late Professor Algar, then the navy's recognized authority on gunnery, wrote: "At the distance of 2800 yards, nearly half the shots fired at Santiago went 100 feet to one side or another." Such poor shooting was not the fault of the "man behind the gun." He did the best he knew, and that he failed to do better was due to the workings of an inferior system. Guns improperly installed, and gun sights far from accurate, were part of it.

#### Always a "Kicker"

For being of any use at all in this war at this time we are indebted to the admiral now in the North Sea. Here is one case of a reformer worth while, of a reformer who knew what to reform and how. After the Spanish war he was a naval attaché in Paris where he wore a French beard and learned to talk French like a Parisian. He also learned something about the defects of our navy, for at every opportunity he studied European navies and whenever he inspected a ship he got busy with his typewriter and wrote home to the bureaucrats in Washington just to prod them and complain. He is a natural born kicker. He has been that ever since, as a midshipman in the navy, he complained to his superior officers that the air in the fo'c's'le was not fit to breathe.

#### When We Began to Hit

Our naval renaissance began in the Far East. One of the keenest naval minds, Captain, now Vice-Admiral, Sir Percy Scott, commanding the British cruiser Terrible, was its godfather. Sir Percy Scott had originated a method of target practice where only actual hits on the target counted. The American way then was firing on a small triangular target, and imaginary hits

were plotted on a profile of a ship. It was farcical, wrong in principle and did not establish the mechanical skill of the individual gunpointer. The American blue-jackets took no more interest in gunnery than in scrubbing decks. It was throwing ammunition overboard. It was a five million dollar ship making five dollars worth of hits, firing away thousands of dollars worth of shells. About that particular time one of our vessels during her annual fighting efficiency practice fired twelve shots with her 8-inch guns with no hits, 166 from the 4-inch guns with four hits, 269 with the 6-pounders hitting three times, in all 447 aimed shots of which seven hit. Again Lieutenant Sims hammered his typewriter. He showed that the Scott system of target practice was based upon the individual sporting instinct of the blue-jacket, upon competition. He proved that the British could shoot and that we could not. In 1901 the Terrible, commanded by Scott, established the world's record, making eight hits with eight 6-inch shells. Night after night Sims wrote. A few of his friends helped to copy his reports and spread the gospel of straight shooting. The work was done after the day's duty, mostly on the quiet. In the East he wrote eleven papers. These were passed from ship to ship. The "anarchy" of "hits and holes" and "continuous aim" spread, and the thumb-marked pages of these reports were the beginning of the new era. But the bureau system would not budge. It was its own judge as well as jury, and always acquitted itself. Sims' reports were again pigeon-holed. Sims said before the House Naval Committee: "I used rather unofficial language because I wanted to tear something loose. I saw later that was a failure. So over the head of the commander-in-chief I wrote direct to the President. It was the rankest insubordination, but according to my ideas, when a situation like this arises, where you know that you are absolutely right, and where there is nothing doing, complete military subordination becomes cowardice." Every chance was against him. The



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bureau system was heavily entrenched. President Roosevelt's own brother-in-law was a bureau chief. The popular impression then was that our ships were the best and that the man behind the gun was all right. Why be disturbed? But to find out for himself, President Roosevelt ordered five battleships of the Atlantic fleet to target practice. These ships fired two broadsides at a condemned light-ship. They hit the target three times. There was no answer. The bureau system collapsed so far as gunnery and self-laudation went. The President called Sims back from China and put him in charge of the navy's shooting. He became the navy's first inspector of target practice. Result, fifty per cent of hits at the first practice—this at 1500 yards at a stationary target—this distance about that time being supposed to be the minimum fighting range.

#### Sims the Epigrammatist

By infusing the same friendly competition that exists between football teams and fostering the individual sporting desire to excel, Sims transformed the navy's target practice from a monotonous drill to a contest where each man's work counted, and where everyone took pride in his effort and did his best to beat the next fellow. Money distributions, trophies and other prizes have made an esprit de corps in training gun-pointers. They kept their guns on the target and learned that only hits counted. It became ship competing against ship, turret against turret, division against division, gun against gun. Admiral Sims, among other things, is a man with the literary instinct and a sense of humor. He has been a writer of essays and epigrams ever since he was at the Naval College of which he was once president. It was then that he wrote these fragments of wise counsel: "Competition promotes efficiency," "Be considerate of inexperience," "Maintain discipline with the minimum reference to higher authority," "Prefer admonition to punishment," "Never decrease a man's self-respect," "Do not let the state of your liver influence your attitude toward a man," "Ask your men to come to you, and train them in initiative by putting it up to them." A philosopher, you see, is Admiral Sims as well as a sailor.

#### Seawell's Successor

Political gossip has it that the late Judge Seawell of the Superior Court will be succeeded by John T. Nourse who has been, for several years, a deputy in the office of Attorney General U. S. Webb. Before that he was a deputy under City Attorney Percy V. Long. Nourse is supposed to be closer to Governor Stephens than any other man holding a public position in San Francisco. During the last Legislature Governor Stephens, it was said, consulted Nourse before taking final action on any legislative measure proposed by a San Franciscan. Nourse's brother "Jim" is city editor of the Los Angeles Examiner, and of course, Los Angeles is the Governor's home. Political gossip adds that the "runner-up" in the contest for the vacant seat on the Superior bench is Justice of the Peace M. J. Roche.

#### Davie Imitates Sunday

To bring Billy Sunday tactics into the Oakland recall circus and to "get away with it"

is a task for an expert ringmaster, and Oakland is wondering if Mayor Davie has not qualified in the role. In Davie's recent speeches the influence of Billy's style of oratory is easily to be recognized. Sunday delivered a speech in Oakland during the last month, the Mayor was there, and there are those who say he made the most of his opportunity. When the crowd that filled the large municipal auditorium waited for Billy Sunday to appear, they were treated to a sight of Davie who walked to the platform, paused as if he had forgotten something, and turned to face the thousands. His flowing mustache held the center of the stage until the other celebrity appeared, and in the applause that followed it was noticed that "his honor" was not backward in appropriating that portion which he deemed was directed at him. And now Davie is making Billy Sunday speeches. "Who is this man Van Nest?" he thunders. "He was assistant in a nut factory handling nuts until the nuts got drunk and all came home; then he packed his

little carpet bag and came to Oakland to try to recall me. Look at Wilhelm Von Geary. He hasn't laid an egg for a long time. Now he has a golden egg and has moulted his pin feathers." Not much of an oration, you say, but you don't see the gestures.

#### Staging an Unconscious Leap

Speaking of Billy Sunday, Oakland is still laughing at the exposure of a bit of the evangelist's stagework made when he was in the east bay city to talk for the bonds. "We must have a table exactly thirty-two inches high," stagehands at the auditorium were told by the press agent in the train of the famous speaker. The stagehands brought in a table, placed it on a spot designated, and retired only to be called back. "Look here, you," shouted the press agent, "this table is thirty-four inches high. It must be two inches lower." Now stagehands are never fond of working more than necessary, and their faces showed their disgust that a matter of two inches could be made responsible for more table-moving. Then came the explanation: "At a certain place in Mr. Sunday's speech," said the agent, "he always becomes very excited and, quite unconsciously, leaps upon the table. If the table is higher than thirty-two inches he might catch his toe and fall." A table of the right height was procured and, sure enough, Billy became excited and leaped upon it! There was no fall and everything, including the speaker's unpremeditated excitement, went off on a businesslike schedule.

#### Joe King Clinches an Argument

Joseph King, president of the Oakland Chamber of Commerce, has clinched an argument in



HELEN HAYES

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a way that is perhaps new in industrial history. King has shown a railroad that he knows as much concerning a certain part of its affairs as does the general manager of the road. It so happened that King and the railroad official had occasion to talk of the amount of filling-in the road had done near the Long Wharf on the Oakland front. The official was inclined to believe that more filling had been done than King's figures would show, and King allowed the argument to progress before producing his "clincher." This was a photograph of the wharf taken from an elevation of over a thousand feet, and taken by King from an aeroplane driven by his friend Jacob Strubel. The picture showed the shallow and deep water in clearly defined colors and was unanswerable. King and Strubel, who lives in the Hotel Oakland where he has a private pipe organ installed, soar over Berkeley, Oakland and San Francisco almost every Sunday. They have gone out to the Farallones and have had many an exciting adventure in the air. But it is only of late that King has discovered the practical use of the sport. It is not every Chamber of Commerce that may boast of a president who looks down upon his city from the clouds, and while doing so records his impressions on a negative.

#### Books for Newspapermen

It seems that somebody asked the omniscient Sunday-editorial writer of the Hearst string of newspapers to name books that ought to be in "the library of a working journalist." The omniscient was willing. He named 'em last Sunday, pointing out first of all that a working journalist "must deal with events as they happen," and that he "needs general knowledge."

The first indispensable book he mentions, after Shakespeare, is "The Martyrdom of Man" by Winwood Reade. "A good book" he calls it. A forgotten book, I should say. Who reads it now? Who needs to read it now? Winwood Reade knew something about some things; he explored the Niger in 1869, and could write with authority about his journey. But "The Martyrdom of Man" is so unimportant that you won't find a mention of it anywhere in the Encyclopedia Britannica. It is a dead book. Another book the editorial wiseacre mentions is Taine's "Ancient Regime." In all the books

philosophical theories have never achieved anything like general acceptance. Haeckel denies the immortality of the soul, the freedom of the will and the existence of a personal God—three reasons why the Riddle of the Universe is such a riddle to him. Next comes Spencer's "First Principles"—a work which the dying Spencer referred to as a failure. Another book mentioned as indispensable to the working journalist who "must deal with events as they happen" is Andrew D. White's "Warfare of Science with Theology" of which, notwithstanding that he recommends it, the editorial writer sets down these extraordinary words of caution: "Remember . . . . . that you must make allowances for the prejudice of a man living today." But how is the working journalist going to know where and for what to make allowances, unless he has mastered the subject with which White deals? And how can he master it if his sole authority is an author admittedly prejudiced? A recommendation as amusing as the recommendation of "The Martyrdom of Man" is that of Volney's "Ruins," a book which belongs to literary history, but which has long since been stowed away in the catacombs. It's a dead book. On the literary side the editorial writer is very authoritative too. He recommends Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" as the "most nearly perfect English prose," which it most certainly is not.

#### If He Only Had!

Among those examined by the Attorney General of New York in the Bolo Pasha case was Mr. Pignale of the Royal Bank of Canada. Mr. Pignale testified that he was given to understand that Bolo was in the United States to promote anti-German sentiment and "to convert Mr. W. R. Hearst." A consummation devoutly to be wished. But apparently, only a rumor. Whence it sprang remains unexplained. Just what form the conversion was to take is also untold. We know that when Bolo set about converting M. Charles Humbert of the Paris Journal he used \$1,200,000.

An old maiden lady who had been introduced to a doctor who was also a professor in a university felt somewhat puzzled as to how she should address the great man. "Shall I call you 'doctor' or 'professor?'" she asked. "Oh, just as you wish," was the reply; "as a matter of fact, some people call me an old idiot." "Indeed," she said sweetly; "but, then, they are people that know you."



NAN HALPERIN

Next week at the Orpheum

in which Taine developed his philosophy—and this is one of them—it proved to be a philosophy of hopelessness. So much so that Zola and his school were the legitimate successors of Taine—today we remember Zola as the author of "J'Accuse" and disregard his lifework. Besides, the "Ancient Regime" is far from impartial. A working journalist would get more profit from Taine's English Literature. Another book the editorial writer mentions is Lewes's History of Philosophy of which he says that it "is not the most accurate, but easy to read; we recommend it." Apparently the working journalist must have easy reading rather than accuracy. Then he mentions Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe." Haeckel deserves credit as a wonderful field naturalist, but his

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Mrs. Kohl as an Entertainer

Prominent women of Washington, D. C., have been providing entertainment for the soldiers encamped in and around the capital. Volunteer entertainers gather at a certain hotel in Washington, and the women of the committee call there in their limousines and whisk the entertainers off to the various places where entertainments are to be given. One day not long ago Mrs. Fred Kohl of San Francisco happened to be at the place of rendezvous. One of the committee women approached her and asked: "Are you an entertainer?" Mrs. Kohl grasped the situation. "Yes," she answered. "Come with me," said the committee woman. Mrs. Kohl got into the limousine. Out Georgetown way Mrs. Kohl pointed to a dwelling and said: "That is the place where I was born." In the conversation which followed the woman of the entertainment committee discovered who Mrs. Kohl was and was mortified at her mistake. But Mrs. Kohl set her mind at rest. She went to the camp, sang for the soldiers and was rewarded with a great deal of applause.

## Where Billy's Money Went

Billy Boynton is the son of a prominent family in the Berkeley hills, a family of food rigorists and classic dancers, and his main article of diet has been peanuts. When Billy told his mother Mrs. C. C. Boynton, that he wished to work, and went forth to secure a job carrying papers, her soul was pleased because it showed a democratic spirit, but when he had no money to show for the labors that had been his, the soul was perplexed. There was no explanation. Billy worked, he was paid, but he brought no money home. No argument could induce him to tell what he had done with the fruits of his democratic work. Of course it was a neighbor who spoiled the boy's fun. It seems that Billy who had never tasted a bit of meat until his twelfth year, was tasting it for the first time and that all of his money was going over the counter of a Berkeley restaurant for chicken sandwiches and weinerwursts. Billy isn't working any more and the peanuts taste much the same as they always did.

## Success of Racing Week

Many a "drop stitch" stopped the knitting this week-end to permit a bit of gossip about racing week at Del Monte. Everybody seems to have a good word for the racing and all the functions and house gayeties of the racing term. Never have the putting greens and the

fairways shown more "spring" than this autumn, while the invitational series of polo matches proved very interesting and exciting, showing once against that this sterling sport of the parade ground can be made a big thing down in Monterey if some one will earnestly take hold of the situation. The racing was a success in every way. The Monterey Jockey Club made a little money, which is surprising for a first venture, and so late in the autumn, not to say anything of the distraction of Liberty Loan "drives" and a half dozen conversations. The day George Wingfield's great mare Celesta beat Edward Cebrian's colt Thrift in the Crocker Cup about as fashionable a throng of our best known personages thronged the club house boxes as has graced an outdoor fete in recent years. The whole affair passed off most delightfully, good racing, smart people, sprightly parties and functions and quite the most lovely environment for contests of thoroughbred speed and stamina imaginable. Racing has come back to stay beyond any doubt, largely due to the splendid manner in which this first and inaugural meeting of the club was "put over." In this connection S. F. B. Morse, Richard McCreery and John H. Rosseter are receiving no end of praise. At the final conference of the club directorate on Monday last it was decided to race twelve days at Eastertide next year and again in the autumn for twelve days. Something like \$85,000 will be expended in erecting a new club and stabling facilities the next few months. The new racing committee will be composed of Charles W. Clark, A. K. Macomber, Richard McCreery, Edward Cebrian, W. S. Hobart, George A. Pope, Louis J. Hill, Thomas Fortune Ryan, John H. Rosseter and Charles Templeton Crocker. The acquiring of the Tidden ranch by W. S. Hobart and the Hillis place at Salinas by D. C. Jackling for breeding and racing purposes means the creation down in the Land of the Cypress of a veritable sporting paradise for our millionaire set of the turf. Many other wealthy patrons of racing will follow the example of Hobart and Jackling. In fact Thomas Fortune Ryan is moving a substantial section of his racing stable from Virginia to Del Monte next spring. That ardent sportsman A. King Macomber is already the master of a magnificent manor house nestled away up in the forbidding crags of the rugged ridge overlooking Pebble Beach and Carmel Bay. A two-mile jaunt from his back door and you're at the Del Monte racing course. In time the Del Monte "downs" will be utilized for a gallop grounds while the Macomber place is sure to have grouped about it in all directions the castles of a score or more squires of the racing turf. Thus runs the enthusiastic gossip.

## Here's a Chance to Help

The California Relief Commission for France and Belgium have established headquarters at 356 Post street, for the gathering together of paintings, bric-a-brac, ornaments, wearing apparel—new or old—books, furniture, jewelry, etc., for a Christmas sale to be held for the worthy cause. The clothing which cannot be sold here will be sent to the poor of Belgium who face a very hard winter, also the food. The other articles will be sold at auction or raffled. This is a chance for the American

woman who says, "I am tired of knitting; I wish I could do something to help my country," for if you help our allies you help this country. Ladies are asked to call to offer their services to form committees for this work. The entire expenses of this organization are borne by the fairy godmother of the committee, who does not want her name mentioned. The commission has been presented with a splendid new Buick motor truck by the godmother, and anyone wishing to donate will please telephone Garfield 2099 or drop a line to headquarters, 356 Post street.

## The Fairy Godmother

I have given the above appeal just as it reached me, but I must add a few words. Curiosity will be excited by the mention of the fairy godmother of this splendid cause. I feel that I may gratify that curiosity, for despite the fact that the fairy godmother keeps in the background the other members of the committee speak so much and so enthusiastically of her work that her name is no secret. The fairy godmother is Mrs. A. B. Spreckels. Her name appears way down in the list of committee men and women, but she is the inspiration of this work for the relief of the sufferers in France and Belgium, and has carried it on for a very long time with unflagging zeal and disinterested devotion. Senator Johnson is the president of the commission, and the honorary chairmen are Archbishop Hanna, Bishop Nichols and Mayor Rolph. The executive committee consists of Loring Pickering, C. J. Auger, Rabbi Meyer, Mrs. A. B. Spreckels, Dr. Clappett and Dr. G. H. Richardson. Dr. Clappett is the active chairman of the work, and W. S. Howard is secretary-treasurer. Here are the other committeemen: Jesse W. Lienthal, M. J. Brandenstein, Dr. William F. Cheney, A. Maubailly, William D. McCann, Justice Lawlor, William F. Humphrey, Justice Melvin, Dr. T. W. Huntington, Mrs. J. Mora Moss, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mrs. Gaillard Stoney and Thomas R. Murphy.

## What Will Society Do?

A question of minor importance but one which is being asked by many is, What will Society do in the matter of entertainment next year? Of course, when one spells society with a capital S one means the aggregate of hosts and hostesses in the so-called "smart set." What will these people do after January first? Will there be big parties? Shall we have balls, teas et cetera on the usual large scale? There are many who answer in the negative, who say that everybody is beginning now to realize the seriousness of the war and that by the first of the year few will be in the mood for elaborate, formal enter-

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tainments. The number of affairs for various war benefits is increasing all the time. These leave little time for purely frivolous social amusements. It is expected by many that this condition will be emphasized next year. There are two straws to show how the wind is blowing: the Charity Ball will give place to a tea dance, and the Mardi Gras will be curtailed of its luxuriousness. The Mardi Gras, it seems, is to be given at the Municipal Auditorium and the price of admission is to be reduced. Willy-nilly, people are becoming more serious. They have less inclination than before for meaningless entertainments, and besides, they are responding to so many appeals for money that they can't waste any. A respite from splurging will be a healthy thing; it seems to be in the cards.

#### For Horses and Dogs of War

There will be a brilliant showing of society folk at the St. Francis Hotel November 17 at the tea dance which the ladies of the Red Star Animal Relief have arranged as a benefit for the American dogs and horses of war. The affair will be held in the Colonial ball room and the adjoining Italian room between the hours of 4 and 7. That it will prove a success from the dancing standpoint as well as from that of "tea and things" is proved by the number of men who are buying tickets, which may be accounted for by the announcement that guests will be permitted to do their own dancing. An attractive novelty will be a buffet presided over by a group of charming girls and their chaperons, for the pleasure of those guests who have not engaged tables. On Wednesday tables will spring up at the St. Francis, the White House and the City of Paris, where tickets for the tea dance may be obtained, the tables in charge of Mrs. James King Steele, Mrs. Bowie Detrick and Miss Katharine Thirkelsten, each to be assisted by beves of young girls. There will be many large and small tea parties during the afternoon. The patronesses for the tea dance are: Mesdames William McKittrick, Robert T. Oxnard, Rudolph Spreckels, James Ward Keency, J. R. K. Nuttall, Timothy Hopkins, James King Steele, Bowie Detrick, Donzel Stoney, Andrew Welch Sr., Cyrus Walker, Stetson Winslow, William Tevis, Russell Wilson, Ira Pierce, Samuel Rosenstock, Randolph Miner, Earl Brownell, Eugene Lent, Hervery Moffitt, Andrew Welch Jr., Talbot Walker, Henry T. Scott and the Misses McKinstry and Jennie Hooker.

#### At Hotel Whitcomb

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. van Coenen Torchiana have closed their beautiful home at Santa Cruz for the winter season and have taken apartments at the Hotel Whitcomb. Mr. Torchiana is Consul General in San Francisco for The Netherlands. Mrs. Mary M. Gearin, of Portland, Oregon, and her charming daughter Miss Grace Gearin are in San Francisco after a lengthy tour of Southern California, and are at the Whitcomb for the holidays. Reservations are being made already for the Thanksgiving dinner at the Whitcomb. This will be

a special dinner at one dollar fifty a cover, and will be followed by dancing in the Sun Room on the roof of the Whitcomb. In aid of a tobacco fund for our boys "over there" Mme. Jules Clerfayt lectured at the Whitcomb Thursday afternoon. Her audience sat at tables in the Sun Room, and bridge followed the interesting talk on "The Belgian Women." Mrs. John Howard van Horne was hostess, and quite a sum was raised to buy tobacco which will be sent direct to General Pershing. Among those present were Mesdames W. B. Wilshire, H. A. van C. Torchiana, Thomas C. Easton, D. E. F. Easton, James Shea, Anna Farrell, Seabury Wood, Manfred Garoutte, L. B. Mersecau, Lawford Miles, E. P. Halsted, Frank Moffitt, Charles Gebhardt, James Fennell, John Edminson, Amelia Waterhouse, L. O. Head, Jacob Crocker, Leslie Loomis, Ernest Straatemier, John D. Mansfield, Lillian Smith, Edward L. Bowen and Miss Margaret Williams.

#### At the Cecil

Accompanied by her daughter Mrs. James Ogg, Mrs. Frederick Danforth returned Monday from Honolulu and will make an indefinite stay at the Cecil. Mrs. G. Sepulveda of Los Angeles is visiting her son-in-law and daughter



CAPTAIN CLAVEL

Of the French army, a distinguished soldier who lectured Thursday evening at the St. Francis in aid of the California Relief Commission for France and Belgium

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chapman. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Demers have been entertaining informally since their arrival from their home in Dover, N. H. Mrs. J. J. Roulstone and her attractive daughter Miss Nettie are guests. They will not return to their residence in Walla Walla until the latter part of December. Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Mackey came up from the peninsula and are stopping at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon McPherson are guests. Mrs. B. F. Keith gave a luncheon Wednesday. Mrs. W. T. Hutchins of Vancouver, B. C., will spend several months at the hotel. She is accompanied by her daughter. Mrs. W. Martin of Reno is a recent arrival. Mr. and Mrs. C. Cordova of Los Angeles will be at the Cecil for several weeks. Mrs. Cahill was a luncheon hostess Wednesday. Mrs. James Hough also entertained at luncheon on the same afternoon.

#### The Kelloggs at the Olympic Club

The Olympic Club invited Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Kellogg to address its members and ladies on Wednesday evening. The purpose of the lecture was to stimulate interest in the international boxing tournament which the Olympic Club will conduct on the evenings of November 22 and 23 at the Civic Auditorium, the entire proceeds of which are to go to the "Grizzlies" and to the American Red Cross.

#### Change in Location of Lectures

Beginning next week and continuing through December, the lectures in the Paul Elder Gallery will be held in the studio, fifth floor of the Hirsch and Kaiser Building, 220 Post street. Sidney Coryn's Friday reviews of the progress of the war at 10:45 and 12:15 o'clock, and Elizabeth Gerberding's Tuesday talks on current events at 10:30 will continue as usual. During this period the Elder Gallery will be used as a holiday gift shop.

#### At the Tavern

The fame of Techau Tavern, San Francisco's high class restaurant and family cafe, as the logical, permanent and economical place for one to dine, was long ago thoroughly established. One finds in the Tavern's long list of patrons people of cultivated tastes who appreciate the Tavern's air of refinement. Many people who own their own homes and who in every community are the most desirable patrons of any restaurant, spend Sunday evenings at the Tavern. The Tavern has a luncheon crowd every day. There is no afternoon dancing at the Tavern, but there is a very delightful feature of presenting every afternoon to the ladies in attendance from 25 to 35 large bottles of Stearns' Suprema toilet water. In the evenings there is souvenir dancing, the music for which is supplied by the Tavern's justly famous jazz orchestra, and after each souvenir dance without competition of any kind a large box of Melachrino cigarettes is presented to the gentlemen, and the much desired Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume favors to the ladies.

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## The Stage

### A Thrilling One-Act Play

Before the war the tragic ending was barred from the stage, the reason being that our "producing managers" who know far more about the box-office than they do about the drama, had come under the influence of the philosophy preached by the psychologists of Christian Science. And the theatre managers were not the only persons in touch with the public pulse who were converted to Mrs. Eddy's religion; there were the magazine publishers, too, who favored only the kind of fiction that appealed to pleasant and refreshing emotions. Now managers and publishers were wise in their generation. The whole country was soused in sentimentality, and in some circles cant was cultivated as a health restorer until the patients themselves accepted their own meditations as holy writ. It was of no avail to question the doctrine, for at least it was good doctoring, and the theatre managers found that it paid until theatregoers took to the movies. Well, things have changed as I reflected the other night in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis. It was at a performance under the auspices of the Little Theatre Club. There I was thrilled by a play with an unhappy ending, one that was more like a blood-boltered drama of clotted horrors from the pen of D'Annunzio than anything I had seen for many a moon. I was thrilled and I was delighted, for I had been starving for a little real drama, and I had just sat through the "Madonna" by George Middleton, a very pretty little poetic play, full of sentiment, not one of the Oh!-let-us-be-joyful plays, it must be admitted, but more rhetorical than dramatic. I was really in the mood for drama itself, or rather for the drama of physical action than the Maeterlinck drama of introspection or the drama of spiritual movement. And so it was that I reflected on the change that had come over us since the war, which has made us sensible of the fact that life is real, life is earnest and thought alone cannot soothe or beguile. Human nature at its intensest has always turned for its expression to the church or the theatre, but to whichever it turns it wants occasionally a tragic reconciliation with life and this is not to be achieved through faith in one's own little selfish aspirations. The war has turned men's thought to things astonishingly real, and if men find solace in prayer, as many do we are told, it is because they realize that the earth is always a wounded, suffering thing and that the world is the place of death rather than the place of life. These things we may try to forget by repeating to ourselves "There are green hills far away," but moods are not induced in all men in the same way, and there is the possibility of minimizing the worst by cultivating a sense of proportion. When we were all overwhelmed by disaster in San Francisco the catastrophe seemed less painful than it really was. And so it is that when we see life as it really is the tragedy of each is dwarfed by the immense tragedy of the world itself, a world through whose cities the black procession of funerals never ceases to wind. And so it is further, as I would have you reflect, that the theatre is getting ripe once more for the unhappy ending, not because it's unhappy but because the theatre is a place where we go primarily to see life which is not to be seen whole when it is depicted in plays that are tortured into happy windups. So the unhappy windup is really to be welcomed back to the stage. It should be welcomed if for no other reason than

to strengthen the fibre of us. We had become so flabby from artificial sentimentality that the war played havoc with our nerves. All things considered therefore I felicitate Mr. Maitland of the St. Francis who had the courage to put on "Recklessness," the play that thrilled and that pleased though unpleasant. It ended with the suicide of a wife when after an intrigue with her own chauffeur she was suddenly shown the blood-stained body of her lover whom her husband intrigued to his death. This is a play of the Grand Guignol flavor. It was very well done by the players of the St. Francis and was enjoyed by a large audience. Another play done on the same evening was "Suppressed Desires." Maitland, by the way, has struck his stride, and he bids fair to make a great success of his venture, for he has secured a fine lot of good dramas that make you reflect, which is exercise not to be despised.

—Theodore Bonnet.

### The Winning Gluck

I don't know whether it was Selby Oppenheimer's debut as the director of a vocal concert or the lady herself—Alma Gluck—who is entitled to the credit of a packed house Sunday afternoon at the Columbia, but certainly in size it was an audience to gladden the box-office as well as the stage. Again I am in doubt: Is it Alma Gluck's singing or her personality that chiefly counts; she is new to me, but I hear that she is very popular. This I can readily understand, for aside from her singing, the art about which there is always a big difference of opinion (so much of it merely pretentious) her personality, or perhaps I should say her address, is winning. She has not the prima donna manner. She has confidence, but it is not obtrusive. Her manner is that of the artist who is merely venturing before an audience with the hope rather of pleasing than of conquering. It is a pleasingly insinuating manner. As a singer Alma Gluck never electrifies. She never takes you off your feet, but she compels you to admire, and it is chiefly the quality of her voice that you admire. Her art has a narrow range like her voice, but what lies within its compass is grateful to the ear. True there are defects of breathing and enunciation—breathing perceptible a long distance from the footlights and enunciation that makes it difficult to enter into the spirit of the song, but lyrics in foreign tongue abounded on Sunday and one yielded with delight to the sheer musical appeal. On the whole the concert was a delight though the programme was lacking in variety of mood.

—T. F. B.

### The Peculiarities of Ornstein

It is never wise to be dogmatic about anything; especially not about music or poetry. The poet who expresses himself whether in words or in music may mean something we are too prosaic to understand. In some instances he is a person who has walked with God, and the ordinary mortal is not in touch with the subtleties of the subsequent conversation. In truth all real poets have their secrets that are communicated only to poets, as was the case with William Blake, the seer of visions and dreamer of dreams who saw "Ezekiel sitting under a green bough" and whose teeming imagination sought expression both in verse and in drawing. Genuine poets have a horror of the obvious. When Burns wrote "You break my heart, ye bonny birds" he was probably thinking of a clear summer day when all the winds are still

and the silence accentuated by the harsh discordant chattering of the birds among the leaves becomes an ache and the mind, oppressed by the outer stagnation and lifelessness, becomes numbed and cramped. Somewhat similar may be the case of Leo Ornstein, the pianist, who puzzled and bewildered his audience at the Scottish Rite Auditorium where he was introduced by Frank Healy. As Bernard Shaw says, "You never can tell." Every once in a while we encounter men whose genius is beyond the beaten track of individual parallels, and therefore we should not be dogmatic. Every age produces men who are in exact harmony with the needs of the hour; they act in accordance with the laws governing the inscrutable mysteries of human nature; surely this is a time for us to expect heaven-born genius—a time of discords and chaos following close on the heels of the art of the Futurist who gave us, among other things at the Exposition, his conception of the "Expectant Mother." About the time we met that specimen of fascinating ugliness we were reading poetry that neither rhymed nor sang. Then came the war and Ornstein and sound became at once chaotic and musical. At least Ornstein is a musician with feeling, and he illustrates this truth that music is both a unity and a diversity. His instinct may not be your instinct for rhythm, but he makes folk feel the common essence, which Wagner found so difficult to do with some of his contemporaries. Of Ornstein it is at least to be said that he presents sound, which is the rock out of which form is hewn. It may be well to remember that Liszt was once called a barbarian, but that it was never doubted that he could create. At least Ornstein is able to fascinate the public as with an art that acts on the senses like the fragrance of wild flowers.

—T. F. B.

### Anna Held

Wherever you see the name "Anna Held" illuminating the facade of a theatre you know that within are gaiety, song, the dance, pretty girls, wonderful clothes and the beauteous Anna blazoning like a precious jewel in its velvet case. It is in this setting that we see her in "Follow Me" at the Cort. Anna is as charming as always and her eyes scintillate in the same old way. They don't behave of course and they have motive enough to misbehave in a song specially written for them called "Yum-Yum." They look unutterable things to a gentleman who in truth however doesn't look worthy of all that they eloquently tell him. The star has an infectious laughing song, too, and does a patriotic number with the telling effect which comes from the intensity of her patriotic fervor. Until this war, I fancy, no one suspected the sparkling Anna of possessing dramatic intensity but no one doubts it now. And her infallible taste in dress is disclosed of course. Her clothes when she wears them take on a distinction. The famous white peacock gown lives up to its reputation. Miss Held walks like a little queen down a stair case and then spreads the train in imitation of the proud bird.

—The First Nighter.

### "The 13th Chair" Coming to Cort

William Harris Jr. who will present at the Cort on November 18 "The Thirteenth Chair," his sensational success of the past season in New York where it ran for an entire year at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, is one of the



most interesting theatrical producers in the country. It was Mr. Harris who gave to the stage "The Yellow Jacket," "The Misleading Lady," "Arms and the Girl" and a number of other plays, all decidedly unusual and all remarkably successful. In "The Thirteenth Chair" which is by Bayard Veiller, the author of "Within the Law," he has assuredly maintained his enviable record as a manager who succeeds in producing the unusual. It is certain that no play to be seen here this season will excite greater comment than "The Thirteenth Chair."

#### "Pollyanna" Coming to Columbia

"Pollyanna," a joyous four-act comedy, with a thread of wholesome sentiment and a healthy thrill of romance, is coming to San Francisco for the first time, and on next Monday evening will open a two weeks' engagement at the Columbia, with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays. The reports of the play's exceptional success in the cities of the East during the past two years have awakened a keen and genuinely pleasant anticipation among San Francisco theatregoers. "Pollyanna" is founded upon the "glad-books" of Eleanor H. Porter which have sold by the hundreds of thousands. Catherine Chisholm Cushing who has brought their characters and incidents to the stage, has written many successful comedies including "Kitty McKay," "The Real Thing," "A Widow by Proxy" and Billie Burke's "Jerry." The producers are Klaw and Erlanger and George C. Tyler, respectively credited with the presentation of many famous plays; among them "Ben Hu," "The Garden of Allah," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," "The Eternal City," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "Daddy Long Legs." "Pollyanna" is the story of the girl of gladness who grows during the development of the comedy to radiant, prosperous, well-poised young womanhood. She always finds something to be glad about, and changes the viewpoint of a good many chronic grouches. Its merriment, pathos and lessons of right living carry universal appeal. As an example of what substantial prosperity attaches to a comedy of this sort, "Pollyanna" is significant, for it is one of the real money makers. It shows that theatregoers are wearied by the

dull, depressing drab things that occasionally overrun the stage and soon perish from malnutrition. "Pollyanna" has been cordially welcomed and has attracted capacity houses wherever it was acted. The cast is headed by Miss Helen Hayes, perhaps the youngest leading lady upon the American stage, who will play the title role. In the supporting cast are George Alison, John Webster, Fanchon Campbell, Agnes Gildea, A. W. Fleming, Lou Ripley, Fanny Hall, Helen Gurney, Adrian Morgan, Donald McLelland and others.

#### Isadora Duncan Coming

Isadora Duncan, the San Francisco girl who originated the symphonic and classic style of dancing, which has been so widely imitated during the past ten years, will finally make her many-times-postponed trip to California, and Manager Oppenheimer takes pardonable pride in announcing three performances by this international star, to be given at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 25, Tuesday afternoon, November 27, and Friday afternoon, Nov. 30. She will be assisted by a complete symphony orchestra and will give the marvelous programmes which were the talk of the country when she toured with the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch. For the past eight years the late Manager Greenbaum had been endeavoring to induce Miss Duncan to visit her home city, and three years ago she was about to come here when the awful accident which resulted in her two children being drowned in the Seine, right in the middle of Paris, altered her plans, and for the two years following the great dancer would not listen to any proposition regarding a public appearance. Finally, realizing that work would probably give her more relief from her sorrow than anything else, she accepted an offer to tour South America, and last season she confined her appearances to sensational events in New York and other Eastern cities. San Francisco will undoubtedly welcome the great Isadora Duncan with particular cordiality, recognizing in her the foremost exponent in the world of the terpsichorean art, and with loyalty, remembering that she was born in this city. The prices for Miss Duncan's engagement will be from \$1.00 to \$2.50. Mail orders should be sent at once to S. C. Oppenheimer, manager Will L. Greenbaum Attractions, care Sherman Clay.

#### Alma Gluck at Columbia Sunday

Alma Gluck's second San Francisco recital at the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon will find that playhouse again crowded to its fullest capacity to greet the finest of all American sopranos. Salvatore de Stefano, the noted harpist, will assist Miss Gluck at tomorrow's recital. Tickets can be had at Sherman Clay, Kohler and Chase and at the Columbia, or on Sunday at the Columbia.

#### Ysaye Will Soon Be Here

Eugene Ysaye, in all probability the greatest violinist of all time, will give two concerts in San Francisco and one in Oakland in December. In San Francisco he is to play at the Columbia on the Sunday afternoons of December 9 and 16, and his Oakland date is Monday night, December 17. The concerts will be given under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer of the Greenbaum office.

#### Second Week of Anna Held

Anna Held begins the second and last week of her engagement at the Cort next Sunday, No-

vember 11, in her latest musical comedy success "Follow Me." Miss Held, after two years spent in visiting the hospitals and battlefronts of France to sing to the wounded and blind soldiers, fled from the horrors of war to America and became associated with Messrs. Shubert in presenting "Follow Me." This season she purchased the Shuberts interest in the attraction and is now sole owner. The piece is in three acts, the scenes all laid in gay Paris. Supporting Miss Held is a cast including Venita Fitzhugh, Harry Short, Marie Fanchonetti, Ida Fitzhugh, Leon Franco, Lew and Harry Seymour and Tilyou and Ward, besides a typical Anna Held beauty chorus elaborately gowned.

#### Nan Halperin at the Orpheum

Nan Halperin, one of vaudeville's most successful headliners and one of the most talented young comedienne on the stage, will present a character song cycle, the music and lyrics of which are by William B. Friedlander, at the Orpheum next week. Nellie and Sara Kouns, concert sopranos, will give a short song recital. They are called the musical sensation of the present vaudeville season in the East. Youth, beauty, charm, personality and lovely voices enhanced by the best musical education have enabled these delightful girls to make an irresistible appeal to their audiences. Jean Adair, an actress of great ability with a keen insight into character, will appear as Maggie Taylor, Waitress, in John B. Hymer's comedy of that name. The story tells of the social and financial decline of a lovable woman through her truthfulness and generosity and her restoration to happiness by the return of her long absent son. Miss Adair is supported by a capable company. Paul McCarty and Elsie Faye, well established vaudeville favorites, will present a musical travesty by Herbert Moore called "Suicide Garden." Arthur Havel and company will appear in William M. Cressy's latest comedy "Playmates." Both play and players are given good reports. Roland Travers, an extraordinary illusionist, will deceive both eye and ear by feats of legerdemain that are entirely new. Aveling and Lloyd as "Two Southern Gentlemen" will



ANNA HELD

Famous French star of musical comedy at the head of her own company in her latest triumph "Follow Me" at the Cort



ISADORA DUNCAN

The great classical dancer who will give four programmes of dance accompanied by a symphony orchestra at the Columbia on afternoons of November 25, 27 and 30 and December 2



continue their witty and amusing duologue. In consequence of her great success Trixie Friganza will be retained another week and will introduce new songs and witticisms. Her associates Melissa Ten Eyck and Max Weily will present new dances.

#### The Symphony and the "Pop"

With Alfred Hertz conducting, the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will on Sunday afternoon, November 11, at the Cort, repeat Friday's programme as the regular second event of the third pair of symphony concerts. Brahms' Second Symphony will be the important number of the programme. Hertz' sympathetic interpretations of Brahms are familiar to local music lovers. It was this beautifully symphonic inspiration that introduced the brilliant conductor to San Francisco. Hertz himself regards the composition as the greatest of the four symphonies that testify to Brahms' genius. Sibelius' very original work "En Saga," conceived in modern spirit and characterized by strong dissonances and contrasts, will follow. This is one of the few works known which, in spite of its heavy orchestration, does not employ the tympani. The concert will, by special request,

be concluded by a performance of the prelude to "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg," which was a conspicuously happy feature as given by Hertz last season. Another programme of fine light music is announced for the third "pop" programme, which will be given by the complete San Francisco Symphony Orchestra on Sunday afternoon, November 18, at the Cort. Six numbers are programmed and the composers represented are Mendelssohn, Saint-Saens, Bizet, Moszkowsky, Brahms and Wagner. The classic overture to Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" will open the concert. Saint-Saens' "Le Deluge" will afford opportunity to hear Concertmaster and Assistant Conductor Louis Persinger in the beautiful violin obligato. Bizet's charming "L'Arlesienne Suite" and Moszkowsky's "Serenade" are certain of approval. Brahms will be represented by five Hungarian Dances, true to the spirit of the Hungarian gypsy, which have never been given performance by the San Francisco Symphony. Wagner's "Tannhauser" overture will make a finishing number certain of enthusiastic reception.

#### Ornstein's Third Recital

Leo Ornstein, the young Russian composer-pianist, whom some declare to be a positive genius and others declare to be a mad, uncontrollable fellow, and who has become somewhat of a sensation in this city, will give his third recital of classical and ultra-modern music under the direction of Frank W. Healy at Scottish Rite Auditorium Friday night, November 23. Ornstein is one of the most advanced of the composers of the "music of the future," and all who believe that music is something to be listened to and to be enjoyed are delighted with him. There are others, however, who, with lifted brows, would convict him of lunacy. To the great body of music lovers, who, being told that they must admire this, that and the other classical composer because he is classical, find themselves at a loss and think themselves to blame because modern music makes a deeper and more vivid impression upon them, Ornstein's recitals are meat and drink. Now they know they are in the right and only needed these recitals to tell them so. Here is the wonderful programme Ornstein has prepared: Sonata, Op. 54 (first performance in San Francisco), Ornstein. The Gibet, Scarbo, Ravel. Des Abenda, Kreisleriana, Schumann; La Soiree dans Grenade, Mouvement, Debussy; Irish Reel, Danse Negre, Scott; Funeral March, Three Moods (a) Anger, (b) Peace, (c) Joy, Scherzino. Berceuse, Ornstein. Berceuse, Valse, Op. 42, Impromptu, Scherzo, B flat minor, Chopin. Prelude, C sharp minor, Prelude, G minor, Rachmaninoff; The Nightingale, Alabieff-Liszt. Rhapsodie, No. 12, Liszt.

#### "The Third Party" at Alcazar

A festival of fun is predicted at the Alcazar beginning at the Sunday matinee when a big company of farceurs will present for the first time in San Francisco Mark Swan's most famous farce comedy "The Third Party." No less an authority than President Wilson is quoted as saying: "This is the funniest play I have ever seen." Walter Jones and Taylor Holmes were the stars of the Mark Swan show when it delighted Broadway last winter. Ben Linn and James Gleason with Stella Mayhew and Ida Van Tine and a host of other smart people will deliver the fun in "The Third Party" to the laughter loving theatregoers of San Francisco. The Alcazar management promises a gorgeous production for "The Third Party."

Some delightful specialties are promised from Stella Mayhew and Ben Linn while others will contribute to the merriment in a musical way.

#### Girls' Skating Party

Magdalene Miller was hostess the other afternoon at the Winter Garden Ice Palace. Miss Miller is one of the best figure skaters at the ice pond and will captain the ladies ice hockey team this winter. The girls all wore smart skating frocks suited to the occasion. The afternoon skating and knitting bee was enjoyed by Emma Carmody, Gladys Becker, Emma Tait, Florence Raaz, Irene Evans, Marie Young, Mabel Walton, Emma Wells, Mabel Tuckbreiter, Genevieve Beal and Katherine Sullivan.

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PROGRAM:  
Brahms' ..... Symphony No. 2, D Major  
Sibelius' ..... "En Saga"  
Wagner's ..... Prelude, "Die Meistersinger"  
PRICES: Stool, 75c; Box, \$1.00; and large seats, \$1.50. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert day; at Cort on concert day only.

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Estate of RACHEL BACHMAN, deceased.—No. 23465, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of RACHEL BACHMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorney, Bert Schlesinger, Room 1235, East National Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RACHEL BACHMAN, deceased.

LEOPOLD S. BACHMAN,

Executor of the last will and testament of  
Rachel Bachman, deceased

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 10th, 1917.  
BERT SCHLESINGER,  
Attorney for Executor,  
1235 First National Bank Bldg.,  
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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Liquidation was the big factor in last week's market and stocks, regardless of values, were pressed for sale on every show of strength, and when steel sold below par every stock on the list seemed to have lost its friends. Copper stocks were especially weak, with Kennecott selling well below 29 and Ray Consolidated below 20. Outside of the Italian political situation there was nothing new in the news, but it seems the public have at last awakened to the fact that we are in a war and are now beginning to consider what effect taxes will have on corporations. Toward the end of the week heavy liquidation set in in the rails, and this class of stocks was not immune from the general demoralized condition of the industrials. Shipping shares were about the only exception to the general selling move. This list held up well although it finally yielded. Standard stocks have acted the way the "war brides" used to. Great Northern preferred sold down seven points and recovered five. When a thing gets as acute as this liquidation has, it usually corrects itself. It is no longer a question of value or earnings but of getting out. Toward the close of the week, on a rumor that big monied interests had got together to stop the decline, there was some buying. If people cannot buy stocks in a market like this, it looks as though they never should be bought. It is just the opposite of a year ago, when we were in the process of a speculative debauch. Then it was to buy no matter how much you paid more than a thing was worth, just to get it. Now it is to sell, no matter how much below it is worth, just to get out. With the enormous volume of business that is being done in the country and that is being done profitably, with the Interstate Commerce Commission taking up the question of advancing rates for railroads, this selling movement looks to be as unwarranted as anything that ever has been seen in Wall Street. There are certain stocks which have to regulate themselves to money rates—they are doing so rapidly. Reading, the sale of which we advised forty points higher, has had since that time a decline of \$40 a short, or 80 per cent. It now is selling better than a 6 per cent basis. This market will be very susceptible to good news, and with the thorough shaking out it has had it is in a position for a substantial rally.

**Corn** had a somewhat hesitating tone at the beginning of the week, but during recent days developed a pronouncedly strong tone and prices are now materially above last week's level. The factor which probably contributed the most to the advance was the unsettled condition of the weather generally throughout the corn belt, which makes for delay in the movement of the crop. This circumstance combined with rather extensive congestion and a lack of offerings

placed the market in a position to be readily stimulated by any vigorous demand. Aside from the untoward weather conditions, labor is said to be scarce and husking, according to the Price Current, is not expected to become general until around the middle of November. Cash prices have been strong during the last few days and the movement of old corn is moderate, primary receipts being under last week's volume. The shipments are light and aggregate only a little more than half the receipts. The clearances are quite small and the total quantity being shipped abroad by this country and the Argentine is very light compared with the movement of last year. Supplies abroad logically must be negligible in size but nevertheless there appears to be little foreign inquiry at present. New corn is beginning to reach various centers but the movement is of very small volume and so far commands very good prices compared with the level of December and May. As far as the course of prices is concerned, we believe the supply from the new crop will be so large as to eventually depress values from prevailing levels, but naturally the movement will have to become considerably larger before the market feels the pressure. However, at the moment a recession in prices is probably warranted by the technical condition, as the congested state has been rather thoroughly relieved by the advance. The sustaining influence in the market is the foreign inquiry, bids having been raised during the week, but not attracting much business even at that. Some sales, however, were made, but the movement abroad is probably under the quantities shipped in the weeks prior to last week. Primary receipts are somewhat above last week's, while the shipments are slightly less. It was recently reported that a larger movement from the country was anticipated, the slightly higher level being an incentive to freer marketing. It is doubtful if any advance from present levels will be maintained, as prevailing prices seem to attract reasonably liberal offerings, and we believe that finally the size of the crop will prove a depressing factor and cause prices to recede to lower levels.

**Cotton**—The cotton market whipsawed back and forth over a range of about one hundred points but finally finished the week strong, recovering most of its early loss. Considering the demoralized condition of the stock market, it held up well, and it looks as if the market is in a position to do better if given the least bit of encouragement. The nearby options are in good demand, in fact so much so that the difference between December and the distant futures widened out considerably and they are now at a fair premium. The premium on the near months is due of course to the scarcity of cotton in New York. Domestic stocks of cotton are

adequate supply is abundant for an option market as large as New York. Domestic mills have been drawing on New York for the slender stocks there which accentuates the scarcity of tenderable cotton. Spot markets are, if anything, stronger than ever. Advices from both Eastern and Western belt points indicate that holders are independent and are offering little. Spot men from the South and Southwest are exceedingly bullish. Their views may be regarded as representative of the general feeling in that region. While export buying has fallen off somewhat it still continues, and foreign buyers are believed to be getting the cream of the crop of the West. Weather advices have lost their force, as it is believed the damage has been done. However, a severe wind storm could damage some of the cotton that is opened by blowing the cotton out of the ball. We feel friendly to cotton and would advise the purchase of the more distant futures on all declines from this level.

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## Italy and Her Allies

(Continued from Page 7)

of all that the other was fighting to attain, that there was never for an instant a chance that we would take advantage of France's difficulties to even up our accounts of the past (however much we may have felt that the balance had inclined against us), never a chance that we would elect to fight the battles of Austria and Germany. Our participation on the side of the Entente then became only a matter of time, and from the moment we came in, it has been the single-minded devotedness of France that we have set ourselves as an ideal to strive to attain. The best commentary on the completeness of our trust in France and the French is the fact that the Tedescofil propagandists (who have, perhaps, been busier in Italy than in any other one of the Allied countries), have never deemed it worth the effort to endeavor to poison the Italian mind against the one of our Allies which is the nearest to us both racially and geographically."

The feelings of the Italians towards the English are less clearly defined than their feelings towards the French, and the question is a good deal more ramified and complicated. It is a truism that the peoples of two nations understand each other in direct ratio to the extent to which they meet and mingle. The same causes which operated to make the French slow to appreciate the effort of the English—and even, at first, to doubt the sincerity of their island Ally—have also operated in Italy; and because the latter was farther away from Italy than from France—and because the English were not actually shedding their blood upon the soil of the one as they were upon that of the other—the Italians have, not unnaturally, been slower even than the French to fathom the ways of "incomprehensible John Bull."

It is against England, too, that the principal force of German propaganda has been directed in all of the Allied countries. And it also chances (just why it is hard to say) that the most subtle form of intrigue—that of starting from countless recondite sources various and sundry rumors and hints and suggestions of dark import—has been the very one which the normally unsubtle Teuton should have conducted with the greatest finesse. Even today the few apparently inconsequential words dropped by an innocent Swiss peddler will set the peasants of a French village debating among themselves as to whether, after all, England is not getting rich while France is bleeding white, if the war is really worth while, and if the best way would not be to make peace with the Germans who—as someone has said—might even give back Alsace-Lorraine to "set right the whole terrible mistake."

It was largely sedulous sowings of this character which made the French so slow to awaken to a full understanding of the relentless purpose behind England's deliberate preparation, and when it is understood that the combating of this insidious "propaganda of suggestion" is one of the most troublesome problems confronting France even at this hour, it may also be appreciated how pernicious the same sort of thing has been in Italy. When coal began to get scarce and expensive, the word was winged round that it was because "perfidious Albion" was "profiteering" on a product in which it had the practical monopoly. And when the balance of trade against Italy began to force up the English exchange it was—as it is still—suggested that the greedy English were taking advantage of a poorer Ally's need to stock their already plethoric treasure vaults.

With coal—when it can be obtained at all for domestic purposes—selling for more than wheat and potatoes had cost in peace time, and with the English exchange over forty per cent above the normal, it is by no means surprising that this persistently pushed propaganda has had some effect in those parts of Italy in which the principles underlying international finance and the law of supply and demand are not included in the common school curriculum. Indeed, it is a matter of surprise that the cumulative effect of the high price of coal, the rise in the exchange and German propaganda has not been greater than it really is. The philosophical manner in which the bulk of the Italian population has accepted and made the best of a trying situation speaks volumes for its common sense and soundness of instinct.

Among the progressive Italians—the class which had been described to me as the "one that counts in the war"—I found a surprisingly sympathetic understanding of England's problems as regards Italy, and a keen appreciation of the difficulties involved in their solution. A prominent manufacturer of Genoa with whom I talked recently summed up the situation very succinctly.

"England," he said, "was the traditional friend of Italy—the only one my country has ever had—and both our political and commercial relations with her have been marked by an unbroken record of square dealing and the goodwill incidental to square dealing. As a consequence, confidence in England is so deeply planted in the general run of the Italian people that it is able now to put up with a situation it does not entirely understand. We business men—who have dealt with England more than ever since the war—do understand; so do our Government, our army and the most of our educated classes. The rest—save for certain voluble but almost negligible disaffected elements—will, because confidence in England was a legacy from their fathers and grandfathers, put up with more than they are likely to be called upon to put up with without that confidence being seriously shaken."

Just as the inauguration of the Somme offensive marked the beginning of an era of deeper appreciation of England in France, so has the inauguration of the ruthless submarine war marked the beginning of a new understanding of England in Italy.

## At the Cafe des Roses

(Continued from Page 6)

not the day for the happy-go-lucky. Othello's occupation has absorbed the fit, and pictures or poems go halting; brutal reality has swallowed up idealism.

Yet—there is a pleasure in recalling our joyous past, our fourteenth of July, our New Year's eves, and our Christmases and other special occasions, when we dressed in motley, and by the permission of a complacent Government, kept our café open all night, hired an orchestra, sang and danced between the tables covered with our piling saucers.

One Christmas in particular sticks in my memory. A baker's dozen, of us, the thirteenth an airman, had supped upon shell-fish and snails at an oyster den frequented by the Apache. Over the door an enormous snail gilded was the sign of the house; the front room had been cleared, and was piled high on either hand with oyster shells, and ever rough-clad waiters flung shells on to the growing heaps, between which was a narrow footpath to a cast-iron staircase. After supper, my wife and I had danced the Highland scottish for the Apache, and laughing we

tumbled again into the streets filled with Christmas revellers, and took a singing way towards our Café des Roses. A café is the ideal place for merriment; it has a largeness denied to all other localities; at home one's joy is egotistic—it shuts out all others, and even a public dinner, if it ever becomes joyous, is selective; but in a café he who has twopence, he who can find the cash for a mere coffee, may join in; poet and peasant can hobnob in song. That night another Englishman had joined us, a painter. Our friends knew nothing of his work, and cared less, but the extreme beauty and variety of his lady friends had caused him to be unanimously elected to our club, for virility is a talent recognized in Bohemia. That was the night when they christened C—the Plato of Bohemia, and after the douche of beer he solemnly combed his sandy hair with a knife and fork. S—, with the unconscious pose of a Nijinsky, waving long, lean hands with incredible grace, led the choruses; Ratapouf, globular, somewhat like a Billiken come to life, sang his only song, about a reprobate who followed a fair form one dusky evening for seven miles to find that he had been tracking a priest. M—, the futurist leader, shouted his poem about the Racing Automobile. . . . In any other country we would have been stupified by dawn, but we greeted the first gray light of Paris without a stagger and made our way into the streets. On such occasions the Luxembourg Gardens are open at night, and my wife and I determined to find a contrast to the recent jollity in the sombre glades of the park. Below the terraces the grass was white with hoar frost; the fountain made a faint, thin tinkling music, which was the whisper of romance. We leant on the stone balustrades awed by the solemn dignity of this imprisoned garden. But in the gloaming came four figures towards us; some of our fellow revellers had followed us, and forming a circle we startled the silences by dancing and singing—I think the tune was "Marietta." From every corner rushed black-coated guardians, like priests of gloom, and chased us, desecrators, from their sanctuary back into the lightening streets. . . .

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of OLAF J. BROWN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of OLAF J. BROWN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said W. J. Hynes at his office, Room 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of OLAF J. BROWN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Olaf J. Brown, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 10, 1917.

CULLINAN & HICKLEY,  
Attorneys for Administrator,  
San Francisco, Cal.

11-10-5

### NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 85508.

In the Matter of the Application for Dissolution of AMAUCROT OIL COMPANY, a Corporation.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the AMAUCROT OIL COMPANY, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, has filed in this Court an application for an order dissolving said corporation, and that Monday, the 17th day of December, 1917, at ten o'clock a. m., has been fixed by the Court as the time, and the Commission of Department 14 of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, as the place, at which said application will be heard.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of November, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. F. WILLIAMSON,  
Attorney at Law,  
Merchants National Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

11-10-6



## NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a special meeting of said board, duly held on the 20th day of October, 1917, at the office of said corporation, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of the said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation, No. 962 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meets), on Monday, the 31st day of December, 1917, at 3:00 p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000), divided into twenty thousand (20,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each, to Five Hundred Thousand (\$500,000.00) Dollars, divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each.

The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock is Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000.00).

Also to amend the Articles of Incorporation, and to ratify all acts of the stockholders and Board of Directors at its meeting held on the 11th day of October, 1917.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated October 20, 1917.

LOUIS TRAUNG,  
Secretary of Traung Label and Lithograph Company.

L. W. LOVEY,  
Attorney for Traung Label and Lithograph Company,  
1107 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-27-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 84,455.

GERMAINE KEYWORTH, Plaintiff, vs. HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also on the ground of defendant's failure to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life, he having the ability to do so; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of September, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. E. ROTHE,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
948 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 83397; Dept. No. 10.

KATHERINE MAY HESS, Plaintiff, vs. DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and mental cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of July, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-15-10

## Letters

"Dolores of the Sierra" by Harriet Holmes Haslett.

"I ask you who read these bits of drama to receive them, not as fiction, but as fragments of the human life about you. Read between the lines, piece out the parts with your own knowledge and emotions, making of the whole a fair-sized square of that patch-work which is called eternity." Thus writes Harriet Holmes Haslett in the foreword to "Dolores of the Sierra, and Other One Act Plays," a volume which is "hopefully dedicated to an Ideal." And in an afterword she writes: "Reader, are you a trifle more complete than you were in human experience? . . . The curtain is down! Encouraged we start forth to find material for another square of patch-work." The book, perhaps, is a first one. It contains six one act plays, as follows: "Dolores of the Sierra," a Mexican episode; "The Scoop," a dramatic sketch; "Undercurrents," a melodrama; "A Modern Menage," a tragic farce; "The Inventor," a dramatic sketch; and "When Love Is Blind," a comedy. These classifications of the six plays are supplied by the author. Directors of little theatres are, by their own statements, ever on the lookout for short plays by native writers. These directors should read this volume; only they who are experienced can tell whether the plays of Harriet Holmes Haslett are suitable for the stage—they, and also directors of vaudeville circuits. That increasingly large public which reads plays for pleasure will find much of interest in these six. The author has put a central idea of some importance into each of them. The book is well made.

Published by Paul Elder.

\* \* \*

"The Lure of the Mississippi" by D. Lange, illustrated by W. L. Howes; 12mo, cloth; price \$1.25.

Mr. Lange's "Indian Stories" have a standing which is denied to most tales of that sort. This is because they give so much really profitable information while satisfying the youthful desire for a story of adventure. This story has as its historical background the Sioux outbreak in Minnesota and the campaigns of the Civil War along the Mississippi. The plot is good. A villainous character has strong mercenary reasons for wishing to keep two boys from the South on the dangerous Indian frontier. An old trapper and a Sioux Indian scout get acquainted with the boys, and resolve to see that they get safely back to their home in Vicksburg, a most daring undertaking. For boys from twelve to sixteen.

"The Daytime Story Book," for mother and child, by Ruth O. Dyer, author of "The Sleepy-Time Story Book" and "That's Why Stories;" with frontispiece in colors and pen-and-ink decorations by Antoinette Inglis; square 12mo; price \$1.00.

A companion to the popular "Sleepy-Time Story Book," which it supplements, and equally attractive and helpful. As the author so well states, it is "for the times when the mother is closest to her child," that is, when making the little one ready for the day. Vexation and ill-temper are pleasingly avoided by stories that make play and entertainment of buttoning wee shoes and giving to the bright face, the soft hair and the little hands the necessary attention for a happy day, which includes a soothing afternoon nap. Artistic beauty helps to make it a gem of a book that will be welcomed wherever there are little people and mothers who love them.

"Mystery Tales for Boys and Girls," selected by Elva S. Smith of the Carnegie Library, Pittsburgh, frontispiece by J. Henry, decorations by L. J. Bridgman; large 12mo, cloth; price \$1.50.

As an expert in one of our greatest libraries, the editor of this book has come to know the demand for stories to kindle the imagination of youth. Halloween and other occasions are incomplete without stories and poems of mystery, and here are the world's best, gathered with trained knowledge and great care. There are twenty-six selections, equally divided between poetry and prose. Each is by an author of recognized greatness, and many lands are covered by their scenes. They range in time of composition from selections from Scott and

Irving, and Poe's incomparable "Gold Bug," which begins the book, to one from Selma Lagerlöf, and from "The Ancient Mariner" to "The Admiral's Ghost," by Alfred Noyes. For boys and girls from fourteen upward.

"Dorothy Dainty at Glenmore," the new "Dorothy Dainty Book," by Amy Brooks, illustrated by the author; large 12mo; price \$1.00.

The "Dorothy Dainty" books for younger girls have long had no close rivals in general popularity, and each new one is sure to be bright, original and thoroughly charming to a wide circle. "Glenmore" is a carefully conducted boarding school, at which Dorothy is for the first time "out in the world." The story is a lively one, and will keep its host of girl readers eagerly interested. As one of the host of those who write appreciative letters to the author expressed it: "It isn't safe to skip a page in a 'Dorothy Dainty Book' because something is sure to have happened on it."

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN ALFRED MARSH, deceased.—No. 23396, New Series; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JOHN ALFRED MARSH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 3rd day of November, 1917) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Walter Rothchild, Room 2002 Hobart Building, 582 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN ALFRED MARSH, deceased.

GERTRUDE MARSH.

Executrix of the last will and testament of John Alfred Marsh, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 3, 1917.

WALTER ROTHCHILD,  
Attorney for Executrix.  
Room 2002 Hobart Bldg., 582 Market St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 11-3-5

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 83,219, Dept. No. 16.

SARAH E. MUNCK, Plaintiff, vs. M. G. LOEFLEER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

Alfred B. Lawson and John Prosek, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: M. G. LOEFLEER, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON and JOHN PROSEK,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
Grant Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEAN ARTIGUES, (also called JEAN CLODOMIR ARTIGUES), deceased.—No. 23374; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JEAN ARTIGUES (also called JEAN CLODOMIR ARTIGUES), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Landry C. Babin Co., No. 423 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEAN ARTIGUES (also called JEAN CLODOMIR ARTIGUES), deceased.

NORBERT C. BABIN.

Administrator of the estate of Jean Artigues (also called Jean Clodomir Artigues), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 27, 1917.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-27-5





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THE PACIFIC AND BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

NOTICE TO THE READER: When you have finished reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employe, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers and sailors at the front. No wrapping—no address.

Vol. XXXI. No. 1317

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 17, 1917

PRICE, 10 CENTS

## *IN THIS ISSUE:*

In Oakland's County Jail  
The Great Football Game  
Poland's Representative Poet  
What About Chinese Labor?  
Eddie Foy Tells a Poison Story  
The Showing Up of Paul Smith  
Nonsense About German Music  
Hints for Stout Women and Thin  
What the Germans Did to Peronne  
Mayor Davie and the Real Estate Men  
Lord Northcliffe's Estimate of Henry Ford

*Watch for the November Lantern*



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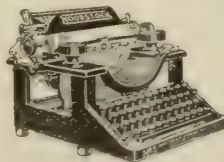
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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXI

San Francisco-Oakland, November 17, 1917

No. 1317

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor  
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

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The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.

For advertising rates address 88 First street, San Francisco.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## What About Chinese Labor?

Shortage of labor presents a problem that we may have to solve before the end of the war. It might be solved by lifting the bars to Chinese immigration, but what would the politicians and the labor bosses say? Demagoguery is rampant and the demagogues of politics are in very high place, and they are standing pat, but the man of the hour may easily convert himself into a man on horseback. We are all behind him, believing that he has the interests of the country at heart and that he is wise enough to perceive and brave enough to will, what is right. Moreover hunger may dissuade the rank and file of labor from holding fast to principles that are in restraint of industry. In time we may all perceive that it is for the urgent benefit of all to develop the resources of the country and remove the drag-chains from the wheels of productivity. President Wilson in his speech to the American Federation of Labor at Buffalo made it clear that he appreciates the serious state of affairs; also that he desires the coöperation of all workers, and while he earnestly professes his deep sympathy with them, at the same time assuring employers that in the present crisis they are expected to be just, his concern is evidently for the interests of the country as a whole. It is not too much to assume that he will be guided by expediency.

★ ★ ★

## Nonsense About German Music

Thanks to the good sense that prevails in the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra there are no discords to jar the sensitive breast when the band plays. Director Hertz fortunately, though a lover of his native land, is an artist who plays no favorites for partisanship only, but gives us the music of the Allies and thrills us occasionally with melodies made in America for the joy of Americans. Elsewhere there is much boorishness, we are sorry to say, and musicians and singers are deservedly

suffering for their mean and ridiculous manifestations of an ignoble spirit. But we are living in a world gone mad, and nerves everywhere are unstrung. What a lot of nonsense is uttered even by the *illuminati*! Here is Henry De Halsalle's book, *Degenerate Germany*, of as quite sober intention as one of Professor Freud's works of psychology, but not less unscientific. Committing himself unreservedly to the theory that the Germans are all of one race and that the race is easily recognizable by its cranial formation he proceeds to argue that the bullet-head is characteristic of the makers of German music. It may be that the possessors of the unlovely bullet-head display the most dislikable mental and moral qualities, but this type of head is not the only one to be found in Germany. Indeed, if we examine portraits we shall find that the so-called Germanic skull and the nose, mouth and jaw associated with this formation are hardly ever to be found among the greater German musicians. Mozart, Weber, Wagner, Brahms, Wolf, Strauss—they were certainly not of the bullet head. The truth is that Germany contains more than one racial type and that Germans themselves, as may be learned from Walter Nieumann's book *Die Musik seit Wagner* distinguish sharply between the men and the art of this German district and of that.

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## Immorality and Arrogance

The immorality of German music is another topic on which critics who are eager that Germany should pay the full penalty for her crimes against civilization are writing much nonsense. So eager are some of them that they are quoting that sadly discredited publicist Max Nordau, who was never an artist, never capable of seeing art as artists see it. Some speak of the "sensuality in Wagner's operas," and we are told that "only a German audience can fully understand and appreciate the love scenes in *Tristan*, *Parsifal* and the *Valkyrie* without experiencing a sense of shame and disgust." This is a specimen of current rot. All intelligent people know that the one great glory of Germany is her music. Age after age, curiously enough, this music has risen superior to the ordinary culture and the ordinary moral sense of Germany. Even after the Thirty Years' War which left Germany in a state of unspeakable barbarism, there was born the purest and loftiest religious music the world has ever known. In music Germany has great wealth of glorious tradition,

primarily the work of a few miraculously endowed individuals. True that tradition seems to be dying, but so is much else, and to rail especially against German music for its immorality, citing evidence in Strauss because he has been latterly frankly of the blood and lust school is to beat the air. German literature is decadent and so is German art generally, but what is ruining German music today is not the vice of German immorality as revealed in German novels, but German arrogance. Germany is so fatuously convinced of her towering superiority in all things because of her unquestioned superiority in the art of the spy that as a matter of fact in all art, even the art of a Strauss, she is producing nothing but platitudes.

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## The Incomprehensible Russians

"You cannot understand Russia with your reason. You can only have faith in Russia." Perhaps it would save much vain speculation were we to give heed today to the words of the poet Tucheve written long ago. Russia is certainly beyond comprehension, but she is groping toward the light and is sincerely trying to do right. If it be useless to try to understand Russia it is not Russia's fault, it is ours. Years ago Maurice Baring, a student of Russia, told us why the people puzzle western minds. He said that they were a perfectly candid people with absolute faith in God and no knowledge of hypocrisy, which is something practiced everywhere except by Russians, whom Baring regarded as the sweetest people on earth. Much that has happened in this war reminds us of Baring, confirming as it does his impressions and views of the strange idealists who were deceived and wronged by the Teutons and who are fearful nevertheless of doing wrong to their enemies or permitting wrong to be done by the Allies. The Russians are really too good for this world and that's why they are almost as incomprehensible as our great idealist in Washington.

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## Russia and Kerensky

Once more it is our duty to be patient with Russia. It is really not to be disputed that Russia is exhausted, nor is it justly to be complained that this is Russia's fault, but considering all that has happened, Lloyd George was perhaps right when he said months ago that Russia had made her contribution to the war. Since the French Revolution there has been no event in the world's



history that has promised a more beneficial result to humanity than the Revolution in Russia. But it has been costly to Russia. It may be as some say that the great war has justified itself inasmuch as it has resulted in the downfall of the Romanoffs and the liberation of a people, but with this great achievement of Free Russia and the full attainment of what but yesterday seemed unattainable has truly come the exhaustion of a big nation. Unfortunate indeed, but so is the world. A wonderful drama this on which the curtain has not yet fallen, so wonderful, so vast, that it is beyond the power of human apprehension. We cannot quite conceive all that has happened. The Revolution itself was accomplished with such swiftness that it startled and stunned all observers. The Russians themselves were bewildered, they got so much more than they even dreamt of: they were rid of the Court, the police, all the reactionary machinery that spelt failure in the war and the prospect of an inconclusive peace with Germany. This we should remember. In place of a tyranny the populace, perishing with cold and hunger and driven to despair by a recrudescence of police tyranny, got a republic, and, comparatively speaking, with little bloodshed. Here was a stupendous drama in some respects without precedent in all history. Naturally the bureaucrats, who correspond to our tax-eaters of the civil service brigade, though we are not conscious of the fact, sought to destroy so desirable a condition of affairs striking as it did at the root of a system of bribery and corruption on which politicians always thrive. They would sacrifice the interests of the people to those of the Court which was almost openly pro-German because of the power of the wily Empress who was herself absolutely Teutonic. Hence it was that the essential

preliminary of the Revolution was the killing of Rasputin, the cruel, sensual, crafty monk who preyed upon the fears and superstitions of the Court and mob alike. It was then that the foolish Czar in his anger threatened to sow Russia with scaffolds. Fortunately the success of the Revolution was ensured by the withholding of food, when there was plenty, from the crowds in Petrograd; but all the while all that could be done to hinder the army at the front was done. Munitions and supplies of all kinds were immovable for lack of transport though a Grand Duke, who wanted to ship a fertilizer to his estates, had no difficulty. Surely what has happened since the pro-German radical Nicolai Lenine seized Petrograd is not worse than what was inevitable before the Revolution. And perhaps whatever happens the world should be grateful to Kerensky. He has seemed a heaven-born leader, an apparition materialized at precisely the right moment. Before the first shot was fired against the old Russian system this man was scarcely known outside the circles of the Labor Party in Petrograd. A few days and his name was known throughout the world. History records no such swift and sensational rise to power. This son of a poor schoolmaster is undoubtedly the most outstanding personality of the whole epoch. The national saviour of his country, he was tested and proved himself worthy of the trial. It is not for us to withdraw from him our confidence even though at this writing he is merely groping in the darkness.

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#### Psychic Research and Religion

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle regards as "very surprising the limited interest which the churches take in psychical research." "It is a subject," he says, "which cuts at the

very root of their existence." So well-informed a man as Conan Doyle is to be presumed to be aware that at least one of the churches is taking a very deep interest in psychical research, but perhaps he is not. The Catholic Church is taking an interest in psychical research conducted scientifically, as was pointed out months ago in *Town Talk*, but that church does not encourage serious parlor studies of the ouija board or inquiries into spiritism by Tom, Dick and Harry with the assistance of a professional medium. Indifferent to high academic criticism, the old conservative church maintains an attitude toward such things similar to its attitude toward all pseudo-science and the philosophy of all the half-baked scholars of all the new schools of thought. We are learning lately that it is well to safeguard society against new contrivances and compounds for the cure or improvement of the body, the results of scientific experiment having been found dangerous to accept; a similar course the conservative church favors with respect to things of the spirit. The church has not entered with great enthusiasm on the study of curious phenomena that have impressed Mr. Doyle, but this may be because these phenomena have been recognized for ages. The rather slow-going church, by the way, is above all things spiritual and has never doubted some of the most important things which Mr. Doyle calls "the facts of psychical research." Among these, as Mr. Doyle says, are things which have occurred of late "to strengthen many spirits." Unfortunately in addition to these are many things that may be made to seem to occur, things that may weaken and bemuse many spirits; and in the spirit, as well as in the physical, world there is much that easily leads to confusion and misunderstanding, for not a little of which dogmatic science is sometimes responsible.

## His Light

By Michael Earls

Gray mist on the sea,  
And the night coming down;  
She stays with sorrow  
In a far town.

He goes the sea-ways  
By channel lights dim;  
Her love, a true light,  
Watches for him.

They would be wedded  
On a fair yesterday;  
But the quick regiment  
Saw him away.

Gray mist in her eyes,  
And the night coming down;  
He feels a prayer  
From a far town.

He goes the sea-ways,  
The land lights are dim:  
She and an altar light  
Keep watch for him.



# A British View of Henry Ford

By Lord Northcliffe

Henry Ford, the billionaire anti-militarist, is a good-looking, thin-visaged ascetic of fifty-four, whose appearance mingles that of the Bishop of London and Sir John Hare. Originally seized of the belief that Germany could be argued into peace, he is now throwing his inventive genius, energy and capital into the prosecution of such an effective waging of this war as will, he believes, bring about the end of all wars. His particular weapon is a miracle of mechanical ingenuity, the Ford Tractor, which promises to revolutionize farm work as completely as the Ford car has changed cheap automobile transit.

The tractor itself is a small piece of machinery about the length of a Ford motor car. It can be used either as a stationary engine, or to propel ploughs, mowing machines, reapers and binders. The 1917 pattern, which Mr. Ford is building for England for the purpose of fighting the submarine menace, is 25 horsepower. It is literally true that a boy or girl with neither mechanical nor agricultural knowledge can drive it. I mounted the tractor and ploughed a half-mile furrow with ease and accuracy at a speed of between three and four miles an hour, and with no time lost at turning.

Mr. Ford, accompanied by Mr. McMillan of the Detroit Free Press, met the members of the British War Mission on their arrival at Detroit and, after the usual ceremonies with the reporters, snapshotters and cinematograph operators, we drove through the long straight streets of the horseless city out to the farm where the tractors are being demonstrated. The brilliance of the sunlight of the American Indian summer is in intensity greater even than that of our brightest June day at home. Henry Ford has the enthusiasm of a boy for the "back to the land" movement. Talking with him as we sped out of this vast city, which has almost suddenly become the fifth in dimension among the cities of the United States, it was difficult to realize that his is the master mind of the great factory whose 41,000 hands lately drew up to salute President Wilson and whose chief owner pays supertax on a private income of £7,000,000 per annum. Mr. Ford is a great lover of Tennyson and the author of one of the best books on American birds. He quoted "Locksley Hall" as we flashed along, and cited many instances of Tennyson's prophecies, a good number of which will be found in the Life of Tennyson published by his son.

Mr. Ford's ideal is ownership of the home and the ground around it, which can only be accomplished by the provision of cheap labor-saving machinery for the small farmer and proper amusement for the family. Seventeen years ago Mr. Edison told me that he believed the motor car and cinematograph would in the far future help to stop the tendency towards the conglomeration of human beings in vast cities. In the Middle Ages and more recently amusement was taken to the rural districts in the shape of the fair. Today the 20,000 permanent cinematograph theatres and the 100,000 traveling establishments of the same kind are helping to keep rural America contented. Riding along with Mr. Ford we made pleasant reference to the controversy I had with him at the time of his opposition to the Anglo-French loan in the United States. He is a very large-sized

person mentally and full of fun about his aims and his work, and not at all resentful of criticism. The car which bears his name is a subject for humor in every newspaper and music hall in the United States, and I am revealing no great secret when I say that Ford stories are just as popular in the inner recesses of the White House as they are in the newspapers. The tangible fact remains that the statement "every third a Ford" is true, not only in the United States but through the Far East, South America and Canada. There is even a sprinkling of them in England, though not such a number as to make them a characteristic part of the national life to an extent that can only be comprehended by those who can look up and down American streets. Their nicknames are legion. Almost every town has a different name for them. In Detroit they are called "Henrys." Mr. Ford told me some of the newest stories about the car, but his mind was on the tractor which has been his life dream. We passed the tiny farm where he was born and where long before he invented his car he designed a steam tractor.

My first impression of the tractor was of a ridiculously small machine dragging three huge wagons containing steel girders for the construction of the tractor factory. A few miles further on Mr. Ford pointed quickly to what at a mile distant looked like beetles crawling over the land. "Those are the tractors," he said. We were impatient to get to them, but before we reached them Mr. Ford asked us to look at the vast factory which is being erected night and day for their making. These long low American "plants" seem to have grown with the rapidity of grass. No time is wasted in solid construction at a time when the submarine fight against England necessitates the quick manufacture of tractors. I saw heavy automatic tools working under cover on what had been wheat land ten days before. This is a night and day country in such work as this.

The specific work we were to witness was ploughing by the tractor. Mr. Oliver, whose family have been making ploughs for a century, was introduced as the inventor of the tiny plough which proves so successful on every kind of soil and every angle of undulation. Roughly speaking the tractor resembles one of the early racing motors, with a very long bonnet. It is low, steered by a wheel, and when pulling a set of disc harrows seems fairly to romp across country. It is started with petrol and driven by paraffin. It has a strong electric head light, so that it may just as easily plough by night as by day. In a few minutes the machine can be adapted to stationary work. It is difficult to arrive at its cost at the present moment, but Mr. Ford's eventual idea is that one day, when the war is over and things are normal, it may be sold to small farmers at less than £100. Just now it is necessary to put every tractor through a gruelling test before it is sent to England. The tests we witnessed were of such a nature as to astonish us that the metal could stand the strain imposed, light as is the present machine. Mr. Ford is making every model lighter than the previous one. He has no belief in heavy machinery. He has a theory which he has put into practice in the form of models that locomotives and wagons are much heavier

than they should be, and while I was with him he marked with chalk several portions of the tractor as involving unnecessary metal.

During the time we were viewing the demonstration at the farm nobody made any reference to the other giant factory and the town which has arisen around it where Mr. Ford ejects 3000 complete motor cars and motor wagons every day. I asked to see it. The factory itself has a daily permanent population of 41,000. The main building alone occupies a space which I might describe by the square bounded on the north by Holborn, on the south by Fleet street, on the west by Chancery lane and on the east by Farringdon street. It is growing so rapidly that the published dimensions of a month ago are out of date. The whole establishment is unlike anything I have ever seen. On entering its mammoth maze one first sees the Ford English school. Over one hundred languages and dialects are spoken by the workmen, and there is a large teaching staff engaged to give necessary instruction in English. Mr. Ford told me that the best mechanics are English and German, and from other remarks he made I am inclined to think he considered the English the best.

Mr. Ford knows his England well, has traveled over most part of it, spoke warmly of the efficiency of quite a number of English factories, and, in explaining his tractor, pointed out to me that an essential portion of the mechanism was an English invention.

It is not possible during a hurried visit to travel about so vast an establishment on foot, and motor cars are therefore provided for those who wish to take a rapid view of the Ford works. Mr. Ford moves about his army of workers as though he were but one of them. He is regarded as a co-worker and in no sense as a "boss." He sees to it that every one of them gets a minimum wage of £1 a day.

"I hope you observe one thing about the establishment," he said to me as I was leaving.

I remarked that I thought the men were of healthier physique than most of those I had generally seen.

"Not that only," he replied, "but I hope you noticed that there is no hustling. I don't allow it."

The task of bringing out those 3000 motors a day proceeds so smoothly that Mr. Ford is able to devote his whole time to the tractor and to give sympathetic assistance in regard to the Liberty air engine of which the Americans are naturally proud and of which the newspapers here dilate dithyrambically. Parts of the engine are being built all over the United States. The resources of the existing Packard factory at Detroit have also been given to it, and far from the Ford factory is arising a building as

(Continued on Page 18)

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## Perspective Impressions

What became of the vociferous Bowbeer?

Hoover note: It is now good form to tip the soup plate.

What do God-fearing, conservative, old-fashioned Methodists think of Paul Smith?

"The God I pray to," says William Allen White of Kansas, writing about the Italians of Udine, "probably would interest them as little as the God they address interests me." This confirms a suspicion we have long entertained, namely, that the Middle Western prohibitionists have made a god in their own image.

A fiscal suggestion: Why not tax women in proportion to what they don't wear?

B. L. T. helps, but The Examiner editorial page still has a bad smell.

Tino's German wife has a pretty taste in billingsgate.

The British have taken Askalon. Now for Gath.

An optimist is a man who thinks the war will be over soon; a pessimist, a man who thinks the Germans are winning.

Wonder if Roosevelt ever reflects what might have happened had he never split his party.

The militant suffragettes of the national capital don't seem to know that we are at war.

Dr. Haiselden, Chicago's baby-killer, is getting too much publicity.

Lenine, Johnson, the Gracchi—great heroes all in favor of making property owners give up. Such is the secret of swift and insecure success.

Lloyd George and Painleve make it plain that the time of frank speaking has come at last. It's a healthy sign, an augury of victory.

## Sixpence: A Minor Tragedy

By J. Jefferson Farjeon

Before taking his train Peter was making a purchase at a railway book-stall. His train was drawing up, but he decided that he just had time to complete the transaction without any ridiculous appearance of flurry. If there was one thing he hated more than all else, it was to appear ridiculous.

"People judge so hastily," he reflected. "They rarely seek below the surface. They assume that, merely because a man has a small stature, he plays no real part in the world, but is continually doing trivial things."

He fumbled in his pocket. Suddenly, with a sickening sensation, he remembered that he had changed his suit that morning and had left home with hardly any money.

How awkward it would be if he hadn't enough to pay for the magazine. What should he say? Looking at the situation in a level-headed way, there was nothing to suggest that he lacked normal intelligence, yet in the short time at his disposal it would be difficult to think of an explanation that would carry conviction. Better be a bit annoyed with himself, eh—toss the magazine back, and walk off? Ah, but what of this? A sixpenny piece! Of course. He had received it as change when he had bought those envelopes. He pulled it out, trembling, and dropped it. The train stopped.

"That's a funny thing," exclaimed Peter, with a glassy smile.

"I didn't hear it fall, sir," replied the man at the book-stall. "Perhaps it went in your umbrella."

People bent their heads about in a half-hearted way, unsympathetic people with consciences. "Don't trouble, don't trouble," Peter kept on saying. They insisted, however. There were only two of them, but to Peter they seemed a dozen. The possibility that they were all missing important appointments augmented the incident to the proportions of a catastrophe.

Doors slammed. The train started to move. Throwing the journal back, Peter rushed across the platform.

"Stand away there!" shouted the guard.

"I am the cynosure of all eyes," thought Peter. "It is splendid to be able to think about these things while they are actually happening in a detached, dispassionate way. Now

a self-conscious man—I should think—would stand away at once. But why should one stand away, viewing the question logically. See, I am in."

He tottered to a seat. The people around him looked severe. Well, if he stood away, the people on the platform would have looked equally severe. Heavens, what must it be like to lack a mind of one's own!

"Is that your coin?" asked a voice, two seats away.

"Eh?" jerked Peter, breathless.

"Is that your sixpence on the floor?"

Peter gave a cry of childish pleasure. It must have fallen into his umbrella after all. How strange! He would tell his people about it when he got home. But as he made a movement to pick it up, he hesitated. The coin was some way off, and what interpretation would the passengers put upon it if he claimed possession without pointing out the circumstances? He could hardly enter into lengthy explanations. That would be weak, suspicious in itself. Suddenly his voice said, "No, not mine." Well, he could only abide by the decision now.

The coin blinked up in a lonely ownerless fashion. People grew more severe than ever. It is most uncomfortable to sit around a coin that belongs to no one in particular, held down there, as it were, by the force of numbers. Peter felt deeply humiliated.

"Nevertheless," he consoled himself, "in this most unusual sequence of circumstances, I feel that my attitude is the sensible one. If I wish to leave the coin alone, it is my affair. I am the sole sufferer. It is not as though I stole it, and as I have done no wrong I do not mind if the whole world stares." He blew his nose rapidly, and continued:

"That person who drew my attention to it is glaring most absurdly. I wonder why he thought it was mine? It is a good deal nearer the old man with side-whiskers. Possibly he saw me at the book-stall. I think I recognize him. Yes, now I understand why he is glaring—because he thinks I have some ulterior motive in disclaiming what he assumes I must know to be mine. He must have a curiously narrow mind. He imagines the whole world is made up of just him and me. He gives no thought

at all to the others. How awful to be his wife. This ticket collector coming along will divert his mind, perhaps. It would be amusing if he had not got his ticket. Good heavens, I have not got mine! I changed my clothes this morning. Oh, how funny, how funny, how funny!" The inspector approached.

"Ticket, please," he said politely.

"Season," murmured Peter.

"May I see the ticket?" pursued the inspector.

"Certainly," replied Peter heartily. He felt in several pockets, summoning peculiar expressions to his face during the operation. "After five pockets the average man would realize that he had not got it," he considered. He shook his head humorously, and said, "I find I have left it at home."

"Where did you get in, please?" asked the inspector.

Peter told him frankly.

"And you are alighting?"

"At Willesden Green."

"The fare will be sixpence," said the inspector.

Peter sweated. All the money he possessed in the train was on the floor. Could he claim it now, after all this time? He looked round, furtively. Years passed. There was no alternative. As he rose, the train gave a lurch. He fell forward and hit the knee of the old man with the side-whiskers. The coin slid aside under somebody's foot.

"Your boot," gasped Peter. The foot was raised. Peter turned to the inspector.

"You may not think that this is mine," he said, wiping his face. "It is, however. I was buying a magazine at a book-stall, and I dropped the coin on the platform. Just now, when my attention was drawn to it by this gentleman here, I did not recognize it as my sixpence, but now I see quite plainly that it is mine."

"That's all right, sir," answered the inspector.

"What insolence!" thought Peter. "He is smiling. Everyone is smiling—just because I have a small stature and a squeaky voice. My luck is damnable."

Thoroughly miserable, he alighted at the next station and decided to walk. It was raining. He put up his umbrella—and sixpence dropped out.



# August 1914 to March 1917

By An Englishman

A friend once said to me—years ago—that buildings, even the stones themselves, spoke to him. I understood in some degree what he meant. A house once famous for its gaiety and life, long since departed, has a sad look today. The room—the very walls and furniture—in which some terrible tragedy or suffering has taken place seems still to preserve the atmosphere of it for those whose sympathy reaches out towards the past . . . . . I did not realize, however, when he said this how much sorrow and utter loneliness may be expressed by buildings, yes, by the stones themselves. Nor did I know until the autumn of 1914 with what pathos a town, stricken and desecrated, may sadden the soul, even the soul of a traveler!

In August 1914, soon after dawn on a glorious late summer morning, when the country, ignorant of the irony of fate, spoke of peace and happiness, I had to drive my car on a special mission from St. Quentin to Peronne. Little did I think as the car glided over the smooth road, from time to time startling a covey of partridges, through such a prosperous country smiling under the rays of the freshly-risen sun, that the next time I beheld the scene I should feel so sorrowful. As I passed through the old walls and into the Grande Place of this ancient town there was little to suggest war or desolation. Few inhabitants were about at that hour, and before turning down towards the station I stopped to look at the pleasing beauty of the Hotel de Ville and beyond at the statue of Catherine de Poix, she who distinguished herself in 1536 when the town was unsuccessfully besieged by the Duke of Nassau.

What memories this place, at one time belonging to the Counts of Vermandois, must possess! I tried to picture the signing of the Treaty of Peronne by the unfortunate Louis XI under the pressure of Charles the Bold. And then the taking of the fortress by the Duke of Wellington; and lastly the capitulation of the town in 1870 after sustaining a week's bombardment. Would it have to suffer again? And if so, surely its spirit would never be crushed, even under the German heel. I did not then know the German as well as I do now. As I passed the barracks before running over the bridge in front of the station I saw little groups of French soldiers in their picturesque blue and red uniforms standing about chatting and smoking. It was the only scene which spoke of war, yet there was a presence in the air—a sort of uneasy, indefinable atmosphere, a prescience of doom. But the tragedy final in its depth was not to come for many a month. The splendid trees lining the short, straight road to the station front were already offering to the traveler their shade from the sun, now gaining strength. In the station there seemed to be an air of restless uncertainty; but having finished my mission I gave myself up to the delight of drinking bowls of coffee and munching bread, for I had been "on the road" for several days and nights continuously, and meals were in consequence varied both in quantity and quality.

On my way out of the town I stopped for a moment to look at the Church of St. Jean—a fine portal and some nice glass. Inside it all seemed still and beautiful on this lovely morning; and I felt glad to think that whatever might happen to the town in the ebb and flow of war this church at least would stand un-

touched, and would remain to offer comfort to those who sought help in their hour of agony.

At the end of March 1917 I had orders once more to go to Peronne, via Abbeville and Amiens, from the north, where I was at the time. Leaving early one morning I passed on my way the site of the old windmill whence Edward III watched the Battle of Crécy, on through the little village with its monument to Blind John of Bohemia, and through the forest, not yet clothed in its wondrous green. At first the weather was unkind, blinding hail and snowstorms with half a gale of wind making it difficult to see. But soon after leaving Abbeville the sun began to show himself. Amiens seemed gay and full of life and to be glad in her new security. As I left the town behind and was heading for St. Quentin memories of those early days began crowding back on me—the amazing and deeply touching welcome on "the way up" and the intensely exciting yet sad return! Soon however old memories were discarded in favor of present scenes and impressions.

The straight road leads through the late battlefields by the villages of Foucancourt and Estrées, villages which are practically nonexistent now. The country near the old first line is one mass of shell-holes, churned-up earth, old wire and shattered tree stumps. You can see for a considerable distance on either side of the road since the land is flat, and in the sunlight the scene presents a weird effect. It resembles in some ways a lunar map, and speaks of the horror and suffering of battles fought to the utmost limit of endurance. Not a living soul is to be seen. What can Nature think of this torturing of her fair landscape?

Such scenes are apt to strike one with greater depth of meaning when they offer no sign of life—nothing but death and destruction. What was a short time ago a perfect hell of noise and cries and passion is now silent like the grave it is.

From the successive mazes of battered trenches and wire entanglements you can without difficulty imagine the various phases of our advance. On to Brie, where our people are hard at work repairing the blown-up causeway and bridges across the Somme, then north to Peronne. What a sight, and what a contrast to the last time I had seen it! Utter destruction. Not a house left that is not a ruin, and most of them destroyed maliciously.

I came into the town from the other side from which I had entered in 1914, and one of the first things that attracted my attention after climbing over the debris that filled the streets and entering the Grand Place was the statue, at least the pedestal. The figure has gone, even the pedestal is all defaced. Yet the emotion that causes a mist before my eyes is not one of sadness or hatred but of tender gladness. The pedestal is crowned by two small flags, crossed, whilst at the foot lies a shield with "R. F." painted upon it. The Hotel de Ville is wrecked. Houses stand with the whole of their faces torn away, others with just the outer walls remaining. Entire roofs lie on the ground. House after house I clamber on, wander into. The same story everywhere—a pile of stones and bricks and broken glass, roof or ceiling or both gone, papers, bottles, bits of bedding, some charred furniture, scraps of clothing, broken

babies' toys, torn photographs lie like the fragments of a wreck cast up by the sea. In one I came across part of a piano case, the inside rests at the other end of the room, almost complete.

In a little narrow street, seemingly forgotten, and choked high with the ruin of all the things that were treasured and held dear by those who had lived there and who since have been driven away, I chanced upon a crucifix. The battered and broken figure still fastened to the cross is blackened by smoke upon it. On the pedestal there are two or three spots of candle-grease. . . . Who knows? Perhaps this image, typifying suffering, patience and love, has witnessed the outpourings of a woman's heart and soul, praying for son or lover. And the church? A vast pile of broken stone surrounded by the shell of the outer walls and open to the sky, the high altar destroyed, and even the side altars smashed and broken open. How sad a sight! I pick up a little bit of stained glass lying amongst this pyramid of ruin. It bears on its the representation of a rose complete, and I shall always keep it for a memory.

It has been raining heavily for the last hour, and now it turns to snow. The heavy flakes fall swiftly and silently as though they wish to cover up such a heartrending sight, and the drip, drip, drip falling from the ruins sounds to me like tears from the overburdened heart of a being stricken nigh to death. As I walk down to the station I see notices in German everywhere, and the trees which looked so happy the last time I saw them are half cut through on the roadside, near their foot. The bridge, of course, has disappeared. The railway bridge lies with its broken back in the canal; the lock-gates gone for the most part, all the barges sunk at their moorings, every bit of railway line torn up, a water cart riddled with holes, some trailers left behind, but with their rear axles broken. This destruction is, admittedly, legitimate, but the town! To have seen it before these barbarians came, looking so pretty and happy, and now dying, wounded beyond recovery! To think of all its life, its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, and past tragedies lived down, and now the great final, overwhelming tragedy, annihilation, and through wanton brutality and cruelty!

I have roamed through most of the towns, a few at present only lightly wounded, some seriously so, and others, alas! dying or dead—along the front from the sea to the southern end of the British line, but few places have moved me to pity, sadness and sympathy more than this little old town on the banks of the Somme—now a broken body from which the spirit has been driven.

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## The Reason

By Jules Wieniawski

There's a mad dog loose in the world, my lads,  
And he goes by the name of Hun;  
A foul and traitorous beast, my lads,  
And he calls for a place in the Sun.

A mocking shame to the great white race,  
No viler thing can be,  
A desert jackal can look in his face,  
And claim to be better than he.

The raiding Reds of the days now gone  
Were gentlemen everyone  
When measured against this spawn of Hell  
That yelps for a place in the Sun!

A place in the Sun for that, my lads,  
A place amidst men to be!  
Why! the lowest depth of the darkest Pit  
Is too bright for such as he!

So our clean-soul'd men have risen, my lads,  
Have risen from hill and plain,  
And will rid the earth of this ravening hound,  
Caring nothing for loss or gain.

He has lapped the red drink that he loves best  
Whose dregs are disgrace and shame,  
'Till all the breed of his pack, my lads,  
Are dishonored that bear his name.

So it's up, my lads! Oh, he's going weak.  
And he knows that his race is run,  
And we'll get his pelt, though it's mangy, lads,  
The pelt of the beast called Hun!

—San Francisco, November 12, 1917.

## The Spectator

### The Showing Up of Paul Smith

Apparently as a result of his zeal for righteousness, or whatever it is that renders him especially serviceable to The Examiner, the Rev. Paul Smith has been somewhat indiscreet. The Examiner itself seems to justify this conclusion. At least The Examiner has let in the light on the spectacular methods of the noisy and noisome clergyman, and the picture of him in black and white which that journal has presented leads the unbiased reader to the conclusion that this vociferous reformer who avails himself of the prestige of the pulpit when scattering diatribes in his zest for personal abuse, is not a bit more painstaking in the interest of truth than the average yellow journalist. It must have been a great shock to Paul to see The Examiner's account of the church meeting at which the wife of Judge Sullivan took occasion in the presence of the pulpiter to brand him as a falsifier. It must have seemed to him that the great daily was not playing fair in taking the public into its confidence at his expense. It was like going back on the Kaiser to whom according to James M. Beck, the noted New York lawyer, Hearst has been very partial of late years. Surely The Examiner has been partial to this unknown Smith who came to town, a stranger, to vilify some of our leading citizens, and who received much encouragement from the moralizers of the pro-German Hearst stable. From all that Mrs. Sullivan said in denunciation of Smith and from the little that he said in his own defense my judgment is that his personal abuse is grounded on a very insecure foundation. It surely does him no injustice to say that it is not in furtherance of law and order to encourage him as an apostle of free speech. The free speech of a man with a passion for personal abuse who is inclined to be indiscreet is not to be relied upon to incite pacifists only. Men as well as women are likely to be maddened by calumny.

### A Visit to The Examiner

Not only did The Examiner let us know precisely what happened to the clergyman from

whom it has accepted much testimony of late, the paper also gave us a picture of the people who pay Smith the tribute of their respect and confidence. What a wonderful congregation of Christians! Now that we see how they treated Mrs. Sullivan, and have learned what some of them were willing to do to her, we have reason to be amazed that they didn't stone certain visitors to his church on one occasion. A fine congregation, indeed, the very kind for Paul to edify after his fashion! But how did The Examiner come to be so fair and frank? Perhaps it was because of a certain visit to The Examiner office Friday of last week after the Grand Jury compelled the attendance of the preacher and put him under oath. The visit was paid by Judge Sullivan himself accompanied by Mr. William McCarthy who has suffered a great deal from the handiwork of The Examiner's staff. Sullivan went to The Examiner office to demand a retraction and McCarthy went along as a friend to protect Sullivan if need be and to keep him out of trouble if possible. A satisfactory retraction was the result, and later came the true story of Mrs. Sullivan's visit to the Smith church with her boys. From this it may be argued that the managing editor of The Examiner is a perfectly fair man who needs only to be informed occasionally of the truth which is so frequently distorted by reckless and unreliable preachers.

### Eddie Foy Tells a Story

"Gassing" with his pal Eddie Graney the other day, the great and only Eddie Foy waxed reminiscent and told of his first Atlantic voyage. The present Mrs. Foy, then a dancer in the "Sinbad" company for which Eddie was principal comedian, had just turned down Eddie's 'steenth proposal of marriage, and Eddie sought surcease of woe in a trip to Europe. He had never been on the ocean before, and by the time the steamer "Campania" reached the Newfoundland Banks Eddie was so confoundedly seasick that life had no attractions for him. But there was a high sea running, and as happens when death appears near, a speedy

release from life seemed no very desirable alternative. Racked by mal de mer and frightened at the behavior of the steamer the land-lubber Foy ran into the seasoned sailor Nat Goodwin. Nat had been taking the favorite preventive of sea sickness—champagne—in generous doses.

"Nat," said Eddie, "suppose this tub went down? What would happen to us?"

"We'd drown, Eddie," said Nat with nonchalance.

"If the worst came to the worst, what would you do?" quavered Foy.

"Do you see this?" asked Nat, drawing from his pocket a blue vial containing a white powder. "One touch of this to my tongue, and I'd never know I was wet. I'd be dead before I hit the water. Cyanide of potassium!"

This answer gave Eddie a worse convulsion



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of sea sickness than before, and Nat took pity on him.

"Come to my stateroom," he said, "and I'll give you something to cure you."

In the stateroom Goodwin opened a handsome medicine case. Its silk-lined compartments were filled with blue vials. Goodwin selected one—it contained a white powder—and emptied it into a glass of water.

"Drink that," he said to Foy.

"It might be the same as the one you showed me on deck," said Foy, sick, miserable and thoroughly frightened. "I won't drink unless you drink first."

Nat took a swallow from the glass. But bicarbonate of soda didn't sit well on the champagne, and Nat's face turned deathly pale and then green. Foy was frozen with horror. Nat looked at Foy and caught the contagion of fear.

"You've killed me too!" cried Nat, and they both fainted.

#### Davie and the "Sharks"

Forgetting for the moment all questions of leases and rentals Oakland realty men are bending their efforts to solve what Conan Doyle would call "The Case of the Mysterious Telephone Calls," one of the most puzzling of the problems that have attended the recall campaign against Mayor Davie. The matter concerns the realty men because the telephone calls were all directed at members of that profession and because they were intended to break up a meeting called by them to protest against certain remarks supposed to have been made by the Mayor. On the afternoon before the meeting the telephone bells in real estate offices rang merrily. When answered a sweet feminine voice informed each that the meeting had been called off and that she had been directed to impart the information. Some one sought to verify the statement with the result that a hoax was uncovered and hurried efforts were made to undo the damage occasioned. The realty men turned out in numbers and voiced their resentment against the Mayor, quoting in their arguments, portions of speeches delivered by Davie in which Fred E. Reed was designated "a distinguished real estate shark," and the whole fraternity was frequently dubbed "sharks." The men who signed the resolutions taking exception to Davie's statements number close to a hundred and represent all of the leading firms in Oakland. To support their arguments the land dealers exhibited stenographic reports of Davie's utterances which, they say, is sufficient answer to his explanation that he meant one real estate man only. The meeting was called by the Oakland Real Estate Board. So far no one has discovered who was responsible for the telephone messages.

#### The Recall Election

With Mayor Davie granted a month's vacation by the Council that he might fight the recall movement on his own time and with no official duties to interfere, and with "Jakie" Baumgartner out of the race because he "ain't got the time to run and isn't going to be made no fool of," the campaign is narrowed to a spirited four-cornered one. David C. Dutton, candidate of the majority of those who have backed the recall from the start, has a schedule of mass meetings ahead of him. Anson B. Weeks, said to be backed by Commissioner F. F. Jackson and a large following, is no less active. The fourth candidate, John C. Taylor, represents the socialists who say they did not urge the recall but will take advantage of it to put forward a candidate. They are openly courting support from those who oppose the war and will claim that the votes their man receives will represent that sentiment. Women's clubs, improvement clubs, neighborhood organizations and anyone who will respond to an invitation will have opportunities with each day to hear one or another of the aspirants to office. It is to be a mighty battle of words and more than one person is looking forward to the holiday season for the joy it will bring in the knowledge that the recall election will be over with.

#### In Oakland's County Jail

When Charles Meyers, hitherto known for his activities in the Oakland junk business, broke into the limelight as defendant in a case wherein he was charged with offering to purchase probation for prisoners in the county jail, attention across the bay was turned, for a brief spell, from city to county politics. District Attorney Hynes threatened to lay the whole matter before the grand jury and everyone with even a remote connection with the county jail was to be asked to explain. Then it became known that Meyers, if he had made the promises, made them in the hope that, if probation was to be granted in the course of ordinary events, he might anticipate those events and garner a profit, and that he had no associates in the plan. But Meyers is not through explaining and the examination is to be made. Sheriff Barnet who is asking an investigation, admits that Meyers has had "the run of the jail." He has offered testimony to show that the prisoners have been allowed visitors and have been shown kindnesses of various kinds. In this testimony, which he gave to newspapers, appears this letter from a woman inmate:

"It is unfortunate that I am here but I want to thank you for the nice cakes and pies and watermelons you send up from time to time. I only regret that you do not come up to visit us girls a little oftener. You have certainly

treated me fine and I want to thank you again for what you have done for me so far and what you will do hereafter."

The name of the recipient of the watermelons is withheld by the sheriff.

#### Honor for San Francisco

A San Francisco publisher has the honor of giving to the world of letters the first English translation of the celebrated "Sonnets from the Crimea" by Adam Mickiewicz, the great poet of Poland. This honor belongs to Paul Elder who has just published this famous sonnet sequence in a version made by Edna Worthley Underwood, described as "a poet as well as an authority on Slavic literature." It is indeed an honor. The neat little book is an important contribution to that enormously important branch of letters—the masterworks which we are compelled, on account of our linguistic shortcomings, to take at second-hand. Why these sonnets were never translated into English before it would be hard to say; for, while Polish is a difficult language and has never had a vogue with foreigners, these "Sonnets from the Crimea" penetrated to every cultivated city of continental Europe not very long after they were first published by the author. But now, after nearly one hundred years, San Francisco does what London failed to do, and Dublin (home of those polyglot marvels Dr. Maginn and Father Prout and James Clarence Mangan), and in our own country, New York.

#### Poland's Representative Poet

Adam Mickiewicz was born in 1798 in what is now (or was till lately) the government of Minsk. He was the son of an impoverished member of the lesser Polish nobility, and he came into a world of bitterness, for three years before the partition of Poland had taken place. He was educated at the University of Vilna. The translator describes the Vilna of those days as "a place of Jesuit faith, gloomy convents and echoing bells." It's a queer description. I



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don't know what she means by "Jesuit faith." As a matter of fact, Vilna is a city rich in historical associations, and the silver sorophagus of St. Casimir in the beautiful Cathedral of St. Stanislaus is a revered shrine that has always attracted the pious of the Russian Empire. Mickiewicz got into political trouble at Vilna and was ordered to live for a certain length of time under surveillance. He had already published poetry of some note, so he was received at once into the literary circles of St. Petersburg where he delighted all with his agreeable manners and his extraordinary gift of improvisation. In 1825 he visited the Crimea, and these sonnets just rendered into English were the result. His subsequent career was most interesting, but I have not time to traverse it all. It is summarized by Edna Worthley Underwood in a biographical sketch prefixed to this volume, and those who want particulars will find a satisfactory article in the latest Britannica. Suffice it that Mickiewicz traveled a great deal, and that his Crimean sonnets and his later poetical works assured him of honor and distinguished acquaintances wherever he went. In Paris, it is worth mentioning, he became the friend of Chopin, and a clever pupil of Chopin's—a young Polish girl—made the first French translation of these sonnets. In later life Mickiewicz fell under the influence of a strange fanatic, became addicted to what is loosely called "religious mysticism" and ended with a disordered mind. His last work was a Latin ode to Napoleon III—a queer anti-climax to a great career!

#### His Place in Polish Letters

On the death of the great Pushkin who was his friend, Mickiewicz was regarded as the chief representative of Slavonic literature. Critics of authority have declared that his later poetry was as fine as that of Shelley and Wordsworth. It is interesting at this time to note that his long poem "Grazya" celebrated the adventures of a Lithuanian chieftainess in battle against the Teutons. Here surely should be the favor-

ite poem of the Legion of Death, that amazing force of modern Amazons who are also waging battle against the Teutons. All the beauties of poetry were at the command of Mickiewicz, but in the Crimean sonnets his elegance of rhythm and the rich Oriental coloring are most admired. In reading them it is proper to remember that here is the representative poet of Poland, and that although his passionate love of country does not appear in these sonnets, he has been called "the great voice of Poland appealing to the nations in her agony." And it is proper to remember that here we who know no Polish have these sonnets for the first time at our disposal. A Polish lady once said: "Nous avons notre Mickiewicz à nous." In as far as that statement was a reproach to us it has ceased to be true.

#### The Beautiful Crimea

The deposed Czar is quoted as saying: "I have begged the new Government of the people to permit me to spend the rest of my life at Livadia, in a little modest villa, among the Crimean vineyards, where in a simple surrounding I would be ideally happy." Those who know the Crimea—even at second-hand—think of it as the Russian Riviera, and they can understand readily why the Czar's thoughts turn longingly to it. Its charm captured Mickiewicz, and he put that charm into these sonnets, being particularly successful in expressing the romantic charm of its richly historical ruins, as in "Baktschi Serai" which is considered to be one of the best of these sonnets. A serai, I may mention here, is not a seraglio but a palace. Here is Edna Worthley Underwood's translation:

In ruin are the spacious, splendid halls  
With frozen forest of white columns where  
The Tartar Khan his palace builded fair,  
Where loneliest the shrilling cricket calls.  
The ivy blackens over shining walls  
Enscribing in gigantic letters there  
Some curse Belshazzar-like: "Beware! Beware!"  
Then black as crepe from crested columns falls

Within the burnished banquet room there sings  
The fountain of the harem pure and clear,  
Just as of old it sang in twilight drear.  
But whither love and fame speed—on what wings?  
When all things else must perish these endure!  
Yet both are gone! The fountain ripples pure.

I should like to quote another famous sonnet "The Grave of Countess Potocka," but the lover of poetry will read it for himself. I cannot resist giving the sestet of another sonnet "Becalmed," for although it is defective in rhyme it contains an unusual thought:

O Sea! within your unknown deeps concealed,  
When storms are wild, your monsters dream and sleep,  
And all their cruelty for the sunlight keep.  
Thus, Soul of Mine, in your sad deeps concealed  
The monsters sleep—when wild are storms. They start  
From out some blue sky's peace to seize my heart.

#### A College Man's Partisanship

Though not much interested in sporting news my attention has been arrested by a letter dealing with the football game between St. Mary's College and the University of California. The writer is an alumnus of the college. He complains of the treatment received by the boys who beat California, the treatment received in the sporting page of The Examiner. He regards it as evidence of a mean spirit and fears that it is to be attributed to a certain ingrained prejudice that is hardly to be expected from men who have received a liberal education from a State university. This writer of football on

the sporting page, says my correspondent, was that he was influenced only by his college sympathies. "I hope," says my correspondent, "that the writer was merely carried away by his enthusiasm as a partisan, though of course it is to be deplored that partisanship should be characterized by an attitude inconsistent with true formerly a student at California, and it may be and manly sportsmanship."

#### The Dispute and Victory

I have looked into the files of the San Francisco and Oakland dailies and read the several accounts of the football game about which there has been so much discussion. I found much praise of the winners. Of a disputed play which took place towards the end of the contest The Chronicle gives both versions, as does the Oakland Tribune and The Call. But The Examiner, just as my informant has charged, takes the dogmatic viewpoint on every play and winds up with the assertion that the "better team lost" which is of course a paradox to say the least. But even judging only from the record this season of both teams the conclusion is inevitable that the better team won; not only that, the defeated team was very lucky in not receiving a worse beating. As a matter of fact, figuring on form, that is, on past performances this season, the boys of the college team should have been favorites. Certainly they played like winners throughout, for though their opponents had much prestige as representatives of a big university they lost their poise immediately after the first kick-off and went to pieces, playing at times like wooden Indians. This should be clear even to non-observers who have done nothing more than read the newspaper accounts showing when the scores were made and how many players were employed by California in tying with fresh material to crush and overwhelm the team that necessarily, representing a small college, was short of substitutes. Even

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in their style of play California had to make a change toward the end of the third quarter because of uniform failure when, despite university prestige, the little college more than fought the university men to a standstill in tactics that called for brute strength and courage as well as in finesse requiring judgment and alertness. The wind-up was perhaps a little unsatisfactory from the college standpoint; there was a close decision almost at the last moment when the college had the ball after a gallant struggle, and the decision was rendered by the umpire instead of by the referee who side-stepped the responsibility. This decision the umpire rendered after turning the ball on its long axis thus violating a rule of the game. Nevertheless California failed to tie the score because of the subsequent kick. About this there could be no dispute by which any irregularity could be induced and St. Mary's won. A great game it was; how unfortunate that anybody should try to rob the victors of well-earned glory!

### Insurance Gouging

With the announcement recently that the Guardian Casualty and Guarantee Company of Utah has been forced to go into liquidation, due to poor underwriting methods in California, many prominent fire insurance managers here found great difficulty in concealing anxiety caused by their own underwriting. Competition for business has led many fire insurance companies to grant greatly reduced rates to some of the richest property owners here, with the result, I am told, that ruinously low premiums, and possibly an insurance rate war, are among the unpleasant features that are causing sleepless nights for many local managers of the world's biggest companies. So keen has the strife for business become, in fact, that some of the local managers have asked for coöperation by their home offices on account of their fear of a rate war. Arbitrary rate fixing, refusal to tell rates and suspected rebating are among the causes that seem about to involve the fire insurance business of the entire country if that be necessary as a relief measure. Among the stories one hears is that only 10 per cent of the premiums received in San Francisco are paid back to property owners in losses. This figure reaches 33 per cent for California and 60 per cent for the entire United States, it is said. So the experts argue that the rates are far too high in this city, and that the companies can well afford a big reduction here. Others among the managers justify these high rates with the statement that on account of the 1906 fire San Francisco should continue to pay its present rates of six times more for insurance than other parts of the United States. But they fail to show why any other piece of property on which there has been a fire is not charged six times the average insurance rate. As a matter of fact all fires, that of 1906 included, are paid for with premiums collected from the entire world. The insurance business of the whole world paid for the 1906 fire, paid for it before the end of 1906 and there is no good reason to collect the loss repeatedly from the people of San Francisco. A little investigation of insurance rates by our progressive businessmen and daily newspapers

might lead to legislation that would be of great benefit to San Francisco.

### The Catholic Drive

"I have never begun a work in which my interest has been greater or my hope more earnest." Thus Archbishop Hanna in launching "the Catholic drive." The object is to raise a camp fund for the entertainment of our boys, regardless of creed, so that they may be safeguarded against questionable amusements in their hours of leisure. In this work the Y. M. C. A. and the K. C. have been doing great things, but it is recognized that the undertaking is so big that reinforcements are needed. Hence the activity of Archbishop Hanna, and the small army of workers who have volunteered at his call for assistance. The prevailing enthusiasm was voiced at the meeting Monday night at the St. Francis when Ed Tobin urged all those present to justify the hopes of the archbishop. "Let us give him an agreeable surprise by the amount we collect," said Tobin, and his suggestion found a quick welcome. Archbishop Hanna has given a fine example of patriotism from the beginning of our participation in this war, and has inspired the Catholic clergy of the diocese by his tireless activities.

### Beck Attacks Hearst

That was a vitriolic speech which James M. Beck delivered in New York recently with William R. Hearst as his subject. The meeting was held in Carnegie Hall, and Dr. David Jayne Hill, former Ambassador to Germany, presided as head of the American Defense Society. The meeting was called for the purpose of denouncing disloyal Americans. It was as a disloyal American that Beck denounced Hearst. Beck is a well known New York lawyer. Before going to New York he practiced in Philadelphia, where he was born, and held a number of important legal positions. It was Beck who, as master, appointed by the Federal courts, in 1902 sold the Philadelphia Record for three millions which was the highest price ever obtained for an American newspaper at public sale. Beck's speech against Hearst is a philippic which reads well. "How long, my fellow citizens, will this man be tolerated?" Beck demanded, reminding us of the "Quousque tandem" of Cicero. And indeed, Beck went on to compare Hearst to Catiline. It is said that the speech was received with applause by an audience which filled Carnegie Hall.

### The Platform Men's Raise

The United Railroads must have dismayed some of the platform men who divorced themselves from their jobs during the late unpleasantness, when it voluntarily raised wages the other day. I understand that the U. R. R. of San Francisco now pays higher wages than any other street car system of the country with the exception of Butte where the men get fifty cents an hour. But the street car fare in Butte, I am told, is six cents, and there is no transfer privilege. Naturally, the men who stuck by the company during the trouble are highly pleased, and those who were persuaded to strike and went back to work at the first opportunity, are not faring so badly.

### McLaughlin Retires

With the absorption by the ever-growing Bank of Italy of the San Jose Safe Deposit Bank, the pioneering institution of the Garden City, comes the retirement from an active banking career of E. McLaughlin. Mr. McLaughlin is San Jose's grand old man of banking. McLaughlin and the late C. T. Ryland founded the Safe Deposit Bank many years ago, and it has grown to be a tower of strength. Mr. McLaughlin is a very old man, but his mind is clear and his health is vigorous; he is going to enjoy a well-earned rest from business cares. He has interests in San Francisco and Los Angeles as well as in San Jose, and they are well cared for. As is usual in all Bank of Italy absorptions, the personnel of the bank remains unchanged. J. F. Brooke and J. E. Auzerias, sons-in-law of Mr. McLaughlin, will remain in active direction of the bank as chairman and vice-chairman.

### How Hynes Feels

When the late unpleasantness was over, and "Little Billy" Hynes had beaten Julius Godeau fifty-five to nineteen or thereabouts, somebody asked the elected public administrator how he felt about it.

"How would you feel," was the answer, "if the undertaker had been chasing you for three months?"

### Libel in Loce

E. T. Earl, not infrequently known as E. Too-Pious Earl, has brought another action for libel. It would seem that Earl has acquired the habit, that he is taking to these legal actions as other men take to golf or dominoes or pinochle or other diversions. Earl not long ago sued the Los Angeles Record for damages in the sum of \$150,000, averring that The Record had libeled him by stating that he was the boss of Mayor Sebastian's administration. In that action Sebastian took the stand and testified that he had followed Earl's recommendations with regard to a number of appointments. Now comes the Los Angeles Examiner and makes a charge which causes Earl to sue William Randolph Hearst for libel. The Examiner charges, it would seem, that somebody attempted to bribe Sebastian not to testify against him in The Record case. Whereupon Earl turns round and sues Hearst for \$150,000. It is a fine journalistic mix-up—the editor of The Express and The Tribune suing the editors of The Record and The Examiner. Harry Chandler of The Times and Guy Barham of The Herald must feel as if they are out of it entirely.

### A Vatican Wheeze Revived

A few days ago the papers carried, with a Rome date line, a story told to prove that Pope Benedict has a sense of humor. It runs to the effect that an inferior artist painted the Pope's picture from a photograph and brought his work to the Vatican, asking the Pope for an autograph and a Biblical reference. Whereupon Pope Benedict wrote: "It is I. Have no fear!" and signed his name. This story was told about Pius X and Leo XIII and, for all I know, may have been a chestnut in the days of Leo X. It is a hardy perennial, the Vatican's oldest Joe-Millerism.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Hints for Stout Women

Does the stout woman know that she should wear only the simplest gowns, with very little trimming and only touches of bright colors? Judging from appearances I am afraid the stout woman either does not know this or does not know she is stout. For the rule is violated on all sides. Does she know too that she must avoid the use of broad horizontal lines in the designs of the fabrics she wears, and in all trimmings and decorations such as hats, collars, cuffs, belts and ruffles? Does she know that she must avoid the appearance of breadth and circumference, such as is produced by a light shirt waist and a dark skirt? Does she know that pleated skirts are dangerous to her, and wide, broad, over-decorated, flat hats positively taboo? Does she realize that shiny cloths such as satin make her look even stouter than she is?

## And for Thin Women

And does the thin woman know that she should avoid exaggerating her height and slenderness by perpendicular and long lines? That she should shun narrow, clinging, close-fitting dresses and coats? That tight sleeves, or angular lines in sleeves, waist, skirt and coat will help to make a bean-pole of her? These are a few of the things of more than vital interest which women may read in a book just published by Paul Elder, entitled "Textile and Costume Design" by Evelyn Peters Ellsworth. This book reduces woman's dress to a science. It tells all about hats, jewelry, everything else a woman wears in plain view. It discusses materials, colors; it gives women hints on the designing of their own clothes. It contains also a sketchy history of costume, showing its evolutions and the reasons of things dressy. Even a mere man can read this book without curling the lip, for it makes dress seem a reasonable affair. There are diagrams and other illustrations which make the text clear. I wonder how the couturier and the modiste feel about such a book? It exposes secrets for which they mulct women in enormous sums of money.

## The Death of "Queen Lil"

She was the only queen who ever set foot in San Francisco. And yet we never made any fuss over her. She always found us strangely cold. Her brother King Kalakaua was received here with elaborate ceremony, but poor Liliuokalani was wont to walk off the steamer and drive to her hotel like any other traveler from

the islands. Let it be said for the Pacific Mail that the queen was treated with high respect on the steamers of the company. Always she had a special tent on deck where she might take the sun, secure from the prying eyes of her shipmates. Those who used to go to the islands a good deal in the good old days will recall the splendor with which her birthday was celebrated, even after she had been deposed. The old ceremonies of royalty were revived, and the beautiful Hawaiian songs she composed were sung while her former subjects dissolved in tears. Her death snaps the last link in the chain which bound us to that old life of Hawaii, a life celebrated by Robert Louis Stevenson and Charles Warren Stoddard, a life which Frank Unger was never tired of recalling and of which Sir Henry Heyman can still speak so delightfully.

## His Landlady's Daughter

A story that is going the rounds of Oakland society concerns one of the eligible young bachelors who recently has been returned from an army camp in the East. When he came back to Oakland it was his first task to find a dwelling place with a "private family," a habit of living he had always followed and, with a friend and an introduction he was soon settled. On his first evening, when he had met none but the "landlady" in his new abode, the young man went to hear "Carmen" in Oakland. Next to him sat a young man and woman who talked and rustled programmes through the first act. They started it again in the second but were quickly stopped with a request from the bachelor. In the third act when they giggled through a charming duet his ire rose to limitless bounds. "If you do not allow those who wish to hear this opera to do so I shall have to request the usher to change your seats," he said, and there was silence for the rest of the evening. Next morning, across the breakfast table, the eligible young man was greeted by the fair young daughter of the house. She was the one of the giggles and the rustling programme!

## When Ornstein Practices

Leo Ornstein begins piano practice every morning at eight o'clock. Before that hour the piano tuner has done his work, for Ornstein like most of the great pianists, insists on having his instrument corrected every day. At eight the exponent of the music of the day after tomorrow sits down and begins hammering the key board. Those who have heard him will admit that he hammers it loudly, though it would be an exaggeration to say that he makes as much noise as a rivetting machine. At the St. Francis where Ornstein puts up, a man strolled to Charley Baad's desk a few morning ago, shortly after eight. His face was wreathed with smiles. He was very happy.

"I have a room next to Ornstein's," he explained. "His playing awakened me. Had a regular concert while I was dressing. It was great."

Just then another man appeared. He was wild-eyed, mad.

"Say, Charlie," he exclaimed, "you've got to

change my room. I'm near that maniac Ornstein and I can't sleep on account of his insane piano thumping."

And Charlie Baad who is a philosopher, reflected that one man's meat is another man's poison.

## The Perfect Hooverite

There is a visitor in town who might be so described. He is Morris Bamberger, wealthy banker of New York, and he is accompanied by his family and his private physician. Bamberger believes in doing his bit in the Hoover campaign, and believes also in the rich setting one another good example. Not only is every Tuesday meatless for Bamberger and his family, but every day in the week. Bamberger holds that the rich can get along nicely on poultry, game et cetera, and that they should therefore refrain from increasing the consumption of meat. His family falls in cheerfully with his idea; so do other rich New York families of his acquaintance. Bamberger reminds me of the well-remembered Congressman Cox. It will be recalled that Cox wrote a lively book on travel called "In Search of Winter Sunshine," and was ever afterwards called "Sunshine Cox." Bamberger has not written a book, but he travels in search of sunshine. For four years he has been troubled with asthma; hence his enforced peregrinations. Bamberger who is stopping at the St. Francis, left New York fourteen months ago and says he has only known seven sunless days in that period. Part of the time was spent in Tahoe, part in Pasadena and a good deal of it right here. Bamberger is going hence to Phoenix, Arizona. He agrees with the late Whitelaw Reid that Arizona has the best climate in the world for an asthmatic. He tells of a hotel in Phoenix which advertises: "Board free any day the sun doesn't shine."

## San Franciscans and a Gift to France

Two San Franciscans are among the distinguished Americans who have pledged themselves to raise funds, after the war, for a great statue "The Soul of France" to be presented to the French nation. These are Mrs. Atherton and William H. Crocker. The statue has been designed already by that great sculptor Frederick Macmonnies, and France has already given assurance that the gift would be acceptable. It will, in all probability, be erected somewhere on the Marne, to commemorate one of the decisive battles of the world. The sketch shows a winged woman's figure, almost spent by the

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storm of battle and almost beaten down by overwhelming odds. She throws off the heavy weight of defeat by a supreme effort and raises the fallen flag of her liberties. In order not to interfere with war charities, nothing will be done in this matter till after the war. Among those with whom Mrs. Atherton and Mrs. Crocker are associated in this interesting enterprise are W. K. Vanderbilt, Clarence H. Mackay, Henry Payne Whitney, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Ogden Armour, John S. Sargent, Mrs. Philip M. Lydig, Mrs. John L. Gardner and Mrs. Edith Wharton.

#### For the Humane Bureau

The annual affair given for the benefit of the Catholic Humane Bureau will be held at the Fairmont on Saturday, November 24. The entertainment will consist, this year, of a tea dance followed by a dinner dance. Reservations may be made at the hotel. Tickets for the tea dance are one-fifty; for the dinner dance, two-fifty. Tables may be reserved for five dollars. The Santa Clara football team has already reserved a table for the dinner dance. This will be the first appearance of the Santa Clarans in uniform since the university was made a Government school. Following are the committees: General committee, Mrs. J. B. Casserly, chairman; Miss Josephine Parrott, secretary; Mrs. Garrett McEnerney, treasurer; Mrs. Platt Kent, publicity. Dansant committee, Mrs. W. L. Dean, chairman; Miss Frances Sprague, Mrs. E. L. Eyre, Mrs. Frank Griffin, Mrs. Percy Williams, Mrs. George de Latour, Miss Margaret Lacy. Dinner committee, Mrs. Charles Lathrop, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. J. C. Mohun, Mrs. Lacy, Mrs. William Hopper, Mrs. B. P. Oliver, Mrs. Eugene Bates, Mrs. J. F. Sullivan, Mrs. J. J. Baumgartner and Mrs. J. F. Brooks.

#### The French Bazaar

In celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of their organization the French Ladies Benevolent Society of San Francisco are holding a bazaar in the ball room of the Palace Hotel, this Friday and Saturday. The proceeds will be devoted to the blind soldiers and war orphans of France. Mme. J. Gustin-Ferrier arranged an elaborate programme of music for the affair, and among the artists taking part are the charming singer Mme. Y. Pradier-Blalock; Hugh Allen, baritone; E. Joullin and Theodor Marc, violinists; Maurice Amsterdam, 'cellist; Mme. Morisini, Mme. Gaetane Britt, Mme. M. Joullin and a number of other vocalists. An orchestra plays at intervals both days and the formal programmes are rendered afternoon and evening. There are special booths for the French War Relief Fund, in charge of Mrs. J. Trouillet; the Belgian War Relief Fund, in charge of Mrs. P. Drion; and the Artists of Paris, in charge of the Misses Godchaux. The latter have on sale a collection of articles made by wounded French soldiers. Among the articles on sale are a wonderful collection of dolls of all sizes and nationalities. The booths and those in charge are: Dolls, Mrs. Paul Campiche and Miss Clara

Taylor; linens, Mrs. A. Pallies; fancy articles, Mrs. F. Chapuis; candy, Mrs. J. Davidson; cakes, Mrs. A. Mousuier; lemonade, Miss O. Boulogne; flowers, Mrs. P. Lassere; cigars and cigarettes, Miss L. Pechin; grab bag, Mrs. P. Blum; sculpture, Mrs. A. Milhau; fortune telling, Mrs. R. Berges.

#### Tobacco for the Boys

Seventy-five dollars worth of tobacco—"the makings," cigarettes and pipe tobacco—have been dispatched to General Pershing for our boys "over there" as a result of the lecture and bridge party sponsored at Hotel Whitcomb by Mrs. John H. van Horne last week. Madame Clerfayt's lecture on "The Women of Belgium" moved some of the hearers to tears, so touching was her vivid yet simple description of the suffering of those heroic unfortunates. Madame Clerfayt has been asked to give another lecture at the Whitcomb, so successful was the first one, and next Tuesday evening at eight she will speak about "The Cathedrals of France," with beautiful stereopticon views. This will be for the benefit of a candy fund for the boys in France. The demand for candy is very great—many times more so than it was when our boys were on the Mexican border. Following Madame Clerfayt's lecture there will be dancing in the Sun Room.

#### For the Animal Relief

If the four or five million horses on the battlefields of Europe, and the thousands of horses in the training camps in the United States, and the extra 250,000 horses the Government has just announced it needs for the army, could know all that is being done for their benefit by the San Francisco branch of the American Red Star Animal Relief, the equines would stand up on their hind feet and give three rousing "neighs" for the tea dance the Red Star is giving today (Saturday) at the St. Francis. It is a very large and brilliant affair, with more than one hundred tea parties. The Italian room will be thrown open into the Colonial ball room, with dancing in the latter. There will be a good showing of the "service set."

#### At the Whitcomb

Mrs. Frank Herschel Willis has taken apartments. Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Merrill of Menlo Park took apartments last week. A great many reservations are being made for the Thanksgiving dinner which is to be followed by an especially merry Thanskinging dance in the Sun Room on the roof of the hotel. The popularity of this spacious room for evening dances continues unabated. The Whitcomb is housing a great many transcontinental motor tourists who place the free garage high up among the attractions of the big hotel.

#### At the Cecil

General and Mrs. Edward J. McClernand have returned to San Francisco and are occupying their apartments. They were at the hotel during the entire Exposition year and are great social favorites in San Francisco. Mrs. Cosmo Morgan has returned to her home in Los Altos after a fortnightly visit at the hotel. Major and Mrs. Hanforth celebrated their first wedding anniversary at the hotel Friday. Mrs. Hanforth is among the charming army matrons who are stopping at the hotel while her husband is on special duty at the Presidio. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan entertained at dinner Sunday as a compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Moore who motored up from the peninsula. Dr. and Mrs. David Powell of Marysville will remain at the hotel

for another fortnight. Captain and Mrs. R. Bamberger, U. S. A., and infant are among the recent arrivals. Mrs. A. G. Armstrong motored from Seabright this week and will be a guest until the first week in December. Mrs. W. Burling Tucker of Los Angeles is being entertained by her San Francisco friends. Mrs. B. B. Chapman is another prominent society woman who is registered from southern California. She is planning to return to Santa Barbara after Thanksgiving. Mrs. Lewis Moore gave a luncheon Wednesday. Major and Mrs. Crofton, U. S. A., and their attractive young daughter entertained at dinner Sunday.

#### A Richards School Party

The pupils of Mrs. Richards' Hotel Oakland private school will entertain at a Thanskinging party and exhibition Wednesday afternoon, November the twenty-first, at two-thirty o'clock in the lounge of the Hotel Oakland. The guests of the afternoon will be Mrs. Richards' Hotel St. Francis private school. The public is cordially invited to attend. The New Year will bring an added feature to the Oakland school in the form of a new music department—violin, guitar, mandolin and Fletcher method. The dancing classes, fifty cents a lesson to the public, are held every Wednesday. Children from three to fifteen years of age are accepted. These classes and exhibitions following, bid fair to be as decided a social success as the Friday afternoon receptions held by Mrs. Richards at the St. Francis.

#### At the Tavern

Because it meets with the unstinted approval of its great hosts of friends and patrons the management of the Techau Tavern continues its excellent feature of presenting to the ladies in attendance every afternoon from 25 to 35 large bottles of Sterns' Suprema toilet water, and in the evenings after each souvenir dance Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume favors to the ladies, and a large box of Melachrino cigarettes to the gentlemen. There will be a complete change of program by the Tavern's high-class vocal and instrumental artists next week, and the dancing stars will have new and novel features that will greatly please all devotees of terpsichore.

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## The Stage

### "Pollyanna" and Gladness

Gush and slobber gabble mixed; a soft peruna concocted to oil the livers of pessimistic fat women; three fingers of super-sentimentality followed by a chaser of undiluted epicac—there, in words designed to stir the wrath of professional joy-mongers, is the heart of "Pollyanna," a four-act "glad" play now at the Columbia. It is the sort of play to make a strong man call lustily for hemlock. Flappers like it, of course; so do ladies overweight. It unquestionably will find favor with mental healers. What the piece seeks to show is the value of "gladness." Sorrow, according to "Pollyanna," should have no place in the lives of us misguided humans; even those of us who have learned that only through suffering may we become purified, as iron is made steel through fire and water, must be "glad," always "glad." If we have nothing to be "glad" about we must find something to be "glad" about. Let us, for instance, be "glad" the street is paved, "glad" the sky is blue, or black, or grey, "glad" we have locomotor ataxia, if we have it, "glad" we haven't locomotor ataxia if we haven't it. Let us be "glad"—that's all; just "glad." Even if the butcher-boys steal our wives while we are away at war—but perhaps that is something we should be glad about. Plays of the "Pollyanna" kind are sadly out of place in a world constituted as this world is; they are especially out of place in a world constituted as this world is today. If we are all going to bury our heads in the sands whenever the caravans of trouble loom on the horizon they'll over-ride and crush us before we know it. To meet facts squarely, to look reality between the eyes, if we want to keep a-going without killing all that is best and noblest within us, is the lesson we've got to learn these times. And the sort of philosophy "Pollyanna" would inculcate, while superficially it is pleasing and profitable, since it proceeds on the assumption that worry is an evil and should be done away with, must in the end lead to destruction; its adherents must perish beneath the weight of the troubles they refuse to face or die spiritually of the leprosy of self-love. And the instant we put our own peace of mind above the solution of our problems, the moment we begin to believe that there really is nothing worth worrying over, we are starting towards the failure of material advancement which is the death of the soul.

—Thos. L. Lennon.

### Sophie Tucker at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces another great show for next week with Sophie Tucker as the new headline attraction in an entirely new act. Miss Tucker is a comedienne whose aim is originality and her mind is always at work on something new. She knows more songs than most of the music publishers print, and from the ever-increasing repertoire she culls at will. She is assisted by her "Five Kings of Syncopation" and they add greatly to the effect of her songs. Miss Tucker is known as "The Mary Garden of Ragtime"—her ability however is not confined to putting over this style of song. She is equally at home with any sort of lyric and is one of the few women with a genuine sense of humor. Deiro is of Latin extraction and the warm blood that flows through his veins seems to find its way into his music. His piano accordion is the medium of expressing his moods. Deiro at will makes his instrument laugh or

cry or express burning passion or some wonderful joy. He is without question a master of the piano accordion. His programme is diversified and one of the most difficult that an artist of this nature has ever undertaken to play. Harold Du Kane, June Edwards and Olga Marwig will present their own new futuristic dancing spectacle. These three fine terpsichoreans are among the best exponents of the modern dancing school. Frank Westphal isn't a comedian as his billing "first time on any stage" might lead anyone to believe. His monologue has to do with a man making his theatrical debut and Westphal's descriptive line "He isn't a regular actor" applies to his monologue and not to himself. It will, however, quickly be seen that Westphal is indeed a regular actor and not only that but a pianist of exceptional ability. The remaining acts in this exceptionally fine bill will be Nellie and Sara Kouns, the delightful concert sopranos who are making a great sensation in a new song recital; Jean Adair and company in "Maggie Taylor, Waitress;" Paul McCarty and Elsie Faye in their musical comedietta "Suicide;" and the always popular singing comedienne Nan Halperin in a new character song cycle.

### "13th Chair" at Cort

No event on the theatrical calendar of the present season is invested with greater interest or more anticipation of genuine enjoyment than the engagement of "The 13th Chair." This melodrama of mystery, the latest work of Bayard Veiller who also wrote "Within the Law," was unquestionably the most emphatic hit of last

season in New York. It ran for a solid year playing to audiences which crowded the 48th Street Theatre to capacity, and it can boast of that peculiar and quite undefinable quality in a play which causes those who have seen it to remain unsatisfied until all of their friends and neighbors have seen it too. The central and most important character of "The 13th Chair" is Rosalie LaGrange, an aged spiritualistic trance medium. Summoned to a home whose occupants are strangers to her she finds that one member of the dinner party plans to make use of her extraordinary powers to assist him in solving the mystery surrounding the murder of his friend. The seance proceeds in the dark and when the lights are thrown on the inquisitive gentleman himself is found to have been murdered in exactly the same manner that his friend was done to death. Every door and window of the room has been locked and it is absolutely certain that no one has either entered or departed from the room since the beginning of the seance. It is the working out of this second crime mystery which provides the story of the play and furnishes thrills too numerous to be counted. "The 13th Chair" will be performed at the Cort next week by a skillfully selected and carefully trained company led by Katherine Grey. The role of Police Inspector Donohue, next in importance to that of Rosalie LaGrange, is in the hands of Brinsley Shaw. Others in the cast whose reputations are founded upon past demonstrations of more than ordinary ability are Kathleen Comegys, Louise Brownell, Beatrice James, Marta Spears, John T. Dwyer, Bruce Elmore, John Delson and Sidney Dudley.



SOPHIE TUCKER

"The Mary Garden of Ragtime" next week at the Orpheum



### Isadora Duncan to Reveal Her Art

The dancing of Isadora Duncan, the most famous of all the terpsichorean stars, who is to give special matinees at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, November 25, Tuesday afternoon, November 27, and Friday afternoon, November 30, under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer of the Will L. Greenbaum office, is of quite a different genre than anything that has ever been offered in this city. It is a source of the greatest esthetic charm, novel and ultra-artistic, with undoubted value in an interpretative sense as applied to the masterpieces of music, and with wondrous inherent beauty. She has brought classical dancing into the realms of musical art. Presenting entire music dramas through the medium of the dance, Isadora Duncan's performances interest drama lovers as well as those strictly interested in their musical side. Throughout the world she has been recognized as the creator of a new art, an art that combines the poetry of motion and the glories of music. For many years we have been promised a visit from this most glorified of artists and now that her engagement is so close upon us, interest in her achievements is keener than ever. Her programmes to be given here will be identical with those with which she so stirred New York and the eastern cities last season on her tour with the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch. At her first appearance she will dance the "Iphigenia in Aulis" and "Iphigenia in Tauride" of Gluck. On Tuesday afternoon she will give a Beethoven programme, dancing one of the great symphonies and interpreting its story in its entirety. Friday's principal programme number will be Gluck's "Orpheus," one of Miss Duncan's greatest conceptions. An orchestra of sixty chosen musicians, with an arrangement of instruments particularly adapted to the use to which they will be put, will accompany the great artist. Oscar Spirescu who has been Miss Duncan's conductor since her advent in this country, will cross the continent with her in order to preside over the orchestra. The lighting effects and stage setting for the Duncan dances are particularly striking and original, and in fact it is assured that no such glorious treat has been offered in San Francisco in many a day as that which Miss Duncan will afford by her marvelous performances. Tickets are now on sale at Sherman Clay, Kohler and Chase and at the theatre.

### Ysaye Will Play in December

Specially good news, not only for lovers of the violin, but for all serious musicians, is the announcement that Ysaye, the world's recognized "greatest violinist," will give concerts here next month. This will be the wonderful musician's positive farewell tour of this country, and on his trip across the continent he is receiving one great ovation after the other. Ysaye is a Belgian, and before the war he had retired to his home near Brussels to enjoy the fruits of his life's work, and to settle down in contentment with his family. Then came the invasion of his country, his sons were called to the colors, his home devastated and his competence gone. Yet his art remained, an art paramount, and the one thing the German could not take from him. Heroically facing the inevitable, and with a courage that was remarkable for a man of fifty-one, Ysaye spent weeks in the trenches, cheering on his soldier kin to the tune of his beloved "Strad," and aiding in many ways the brave Belgians in holding the Hun line until French and English aid arrived. By great persuasion only he was induced to visit Eng-

land, there to repeat the triumphs of the past, and now in America he is being hailed not only as he always was, "The greatest of the violinists," but the Belgian violin hero as well. As always Ysaye's programmes are filled with the most important of violin compositions. The master is only capable of playing the best and greatest. His first concert will be given at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, December 9, when he will play the Geminiani Suite in D minor, Beethoven's "Kreutzer Sonata," Wieniawski's Concerto in D minor, and works by Camille Saint-Saens, Vieuxtemps and Ysaye. His second concert takes place in the same theatre on Sunday afternoon, December 16, and his programme for that occasion includes Beethoven's Sonata Op. 30 No. 2, Bach's double Violin Concerto, in which he will be assisted by Christiaan Timmer, a splendid violinist, Saint-Saens' Concerto No. 3 in B minor, accepted as Ysaye's greatest achievement, and works by Wieniawski, Faure and Ysaye. Victoria Boshka, a fine pianist, will be assisting artist to M. Ysaye. His concerts are under the Oppenheimer-Greenbaum management, to whom all mail orders should now be sent. Address Selby C. Oppenheimer, manager, care of Sherman Clay.

### Another Ornstein Recital

Frank W. Healy announces for Friday night, November 23, 8:30 sharp, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, another remarkable recital by Leo Ornstein, wizard of the keyboard and composer of ultra-modern music. Ornstein is not only a player of music that stirs the heart but has the most vivid and inciting personality of the concert room. While next Friday's programme is

composed for the greater part of "music of the future," there is also a full measure of classical compositions. Next Friday night's audience will hear the first presentation in San Francisco of Ornstein's sonata, Op. 54, which is his latest contribution to modern music. It is both classic and ultra-modern, scholastic, yet independent; its opening subject is melodic, and slightly French in character, but the racial impulses of the composer assert themselves later in the Russian theme, which may be likened to a cry of protest, a Russian cry of passionate exasperation. The first movement ends with a theme of great sadness. The second movement suggests a mood of Slav happiness. The trio provides a melody of almost popular quality which Walter Anthony, who has compiled programme notes, says might have been written by the chastened Irving Berlin, struck with a glimpse of inspirational melody. The funeral march, like Ornstein's separate composition in that form, is grim with pain, unrelieved with thoughts of immortality, and rather fatalistic in feeling. It has a "fixed idea," which fastens itself upon the imagination with sinister knocking like the gong in Tschaikowski's Pathetic Symphony. The second number on the programme, The Gibet, by Ravel, is a work which was suggested to the composer by Hugo's ghastly description of "The Man Who Laughs," or by Peter Cornelius' "The Monotone." Difficult in its ghastly note combinations, it is also difficult in the speed it requires, and difficult in its spiritual content. The other numbers on the programme are Abends, by Schumann, reflective of the quiet of night, colorful and moody; Kreisleriana, which represents the quality of Schumann's piano compositions in their best and most characteristic manner; La Soiree dans Grenade, a work in which



ISADORA DUNCAN

Famous classical and interpretative dancer who gives special matinees at the Columbia Sunday, Tuesday and Friday afternoons, November 25, 27 and 30, accompanied by symphony orchestra



Debussy has caught in his prismatic way the mood of a night in Granda; Mouvement by Debussy, which abounds in rapid fluctuations of rhythms and shifting whole tone harmonics; Irish Reel and Danse Negre by Cyril Scott; Funeral March, Three Moods (a. Anger, b. Peace, c. Joy), Scherzino, Berceuse, by Ornstein; Berceuse, Valse, Op. 42, Impromptu and Scherzo, B flat minor, by Chopin; Preludes C sharp minor and G minor, by Rachmaninoff; The Nightingale, By Alabieff-Liszt; and Rhapsodie, No. 12, by Liszt.

### The Symphony Dates

The most delightful "pop" programme yet arranged by Alfred Hertz is announced for the third programme of the special series of lighter concerts, which will be played on Sunday afternoon, November 18, at the Cort, the full strength of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra being utilized. Mendelssohn, Saint-Saens, Bizet, Moszkowsky, Brahms and Wagner will be represented in their melodic moods. Mendelssohn's classic overture to Victor Hugo's play "Ruy Blas" will open the programme, and it should prove particularly welcome, for it has not been done here in some time. Louis Persinger's exquisite violinistic art will shine in the melodious obligato of Saint-Saens' prelude to the biblical

poem "Le Deluge." Bizet's first suite of the two groups arranged for concert purposes from the incidental music written for Alphonse Daudet's "L'Arlesienne," with its songful melodies and dainty, tripping dance forms, should prove altogether charming. Brahms contributes five of his famous Hungarian dances, based on real Gypsy folk songs, and filled with the wild spirit of the Hungarian Gypsy. The compositions have never been given before by the San Francisco Symphony. The overture to Richard Wagner's "Tannhauser," with which Hertz evoked such enthusiasm last season, will conclude the concert. The fourth pair of regular symphonies of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be given on Friday afternoon, November 23, and Sunday afternoon, November 25, at the Cort. Schumann's Fourth Symphony in D minor, representing the composer in his most genial mood, and Tchaikowsky's effective Third Suite will be two of the offerings. An important number of special local interest is the symphonic poem "Lamia" by Frederick Zech, the distinguished California composer and musician. This is one of the best works standing to this composer's credit, a piece of programmatic music in its finest sense and a composition worthy of position on any symphony event.

### "Pollyanna" Again Next Week

"Pollyanna," the "Rainbow Comedy," will be offered again next week at the Columbia. Helen Hayes is the young leading lady of the company. Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger and George C. Tyler, the owners and managers of the attraction, have surrounded Miss Hayes with an able cast of players. Two matinees will be played each week—on Wednesday and Saturday. The Wednesday matinee will be at special prices.

### "Miss Springtime" Coming

"You'll do yourself an injustice if you miss it." That is what the New York Tribune said in its glowing eulogy of Klaw and Erlanger's joyous musical comedy success "Miss Springtime," booked for two weeks beginning November 26 at the Columbia. The music of "Miss Springtime" was composed by Emmerich Kalman, its book written by Guy Bolton, staged by Julian Mitchell and scened by Urban. It fascinates, thrills, entrances and reflects all the joys of life's best season. With its sprightly wand of melody and laughter it brings, like its delightful namesake, golden sunshine and soft caressing zephyrs. Its cast is one of excellence and includes as principals Frank McIntyre, Zoe Barnett, Harrison Brookbank, George Leon Moore, Frank Doane, Mae Hennessy, Alf Fisher, W. F. Nunn, George Fox and Alice Gaillard. In the company of seventy-five there is a big chorus of pretty girls and an orchestra of sixteen musicians is carried with the organization. Mail orders for seats for the engagement, if accompanied by remittance, will be filled now.

### Popular Irish Star at Alcazar

Allen Doone, for seven years the most popular Irish star that ever played Australia, will open his San Francisco engagement at the Alcazar Sunday night in his starring vehicle "Lucky O'Shea." He comes direct from Shubert's 39th Street Theatre, New York, where he recently opened his successful American tour. In the Antipodes Mr. Doone numbers his friends by the thousand from Auckland, New Zealand, to Hobart, Tasmania. He is an ardent motorist and has lowered several Australian distance records with his 60 horsepower National car. He holds the undisputed championship for Aus-

tralia as a live pigeon shot and the theatrical sculling championship, which he won in 1913. Mr. Doone is also an actor manager, owning and controlling the sole rights to his fifteen Irish productions. He holds a commission as first lieutenant in the Australian motor squadron and is conceded to be the wealthiest actor manager in Australia. He was born in Dungarven, County Waterford, Ireland. Miss Edna Keeley who has co-starred with Allen Doone in Australia and who will be seen in "Lucky O'Shea" is a native of this country but most of her work has been done in Australia. She has had the leading roles with Doone in his various productions.

FRANK W. HEALY Announces

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"Le Deluge" ..... Saint-Saens  
"L'Arlesienne Suite" ..... Bizet  
"Serenade" ..... Moszkowsky  
Five Hungarian Dances ..... Brahms  
Overture, "Tannhauser" ..... Wagner  
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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—After three weeks of strenuous trading the stock market has settled down to a more normal trading affair, and the pessimistic feeling that has been so rampant of late has given way to a more optimistic one; and although prices are not very far from their recent low point the undertone to the market is decidedly better. If the market remains quiet a while longer it will go higher. Wall Street has committed one of its usual excesses and put stocks too low just as a year ago they put them too high. It is a remarkable thing that you can buy Studebaker with confidence one year at 190 and go short of it the next year with equal confidence at 35. Motor stocks have looked attractive for a few days. They are in business to stay. Some thinking people who long ago advised their sale about 100 points higher, in some cases have the last few days been advising their purchase. There is a big inflation going on without people noticing it. The Federal Reserve Bank, week by week, is making large issues of notes. That's what it was intended for and it is working to a charm. After a while people will wake up and realize that we are in an inflation such as exists in other countries, who are operating under similar conditions. Everything is not alright; if it were the market would be probably 25 to 100 points higher; that's why people who buy stocks at times like these sell them to those who only buy when the sky is clear and they have to pay a pretty big premium for their insurance. Common sense points to a good increase in railroad rates. General business is at the top notch. Large Government flotations were bound to change values of securities and dislodge a certain amount of investment stocks—they have done so. Some large interests who thought they were amply protected, had to be sacrificed. We will get bad news from time to time, but the market is adjusted to it. Peace would be a bull argument now—not a bear one. After being bearish for about six months, much against the judgment of most people, we changed this position the early part of the week.

**Corn** has sustained a moderate decline from the level of a week ago. The market has not been broad and interest so moderate that prices are responsive to small transactions. Unsettled weather conditions around the beginning of the week were partly responsible for the resistance which the market showed. There has not been a great deal of a vital character in the news. The movement of new corn is being given close attention, and receipts at some points have been reasonably liberal, St. Louis being notable in this respect. The prices for concessions are made, but the movement has not yet attained such volume as to be influential. Some private reports issued recently make optimistic esti-

mates of the final result, and indicate a considerably larger amount of merchantable corn than was available from the last crop. Primary receipts continue very moderate, but the shipments aggregate only about half the receipts. Little demand either of domestic or foreign origin has been in evidence, and shipments abroad are practically nil. A prohibition of exports of corn, except in special cases, has recently been decreed, it is reported, and will probably be in effect until supplies grow to satisfactory proportions. The weather during the last few days has been quite favorable, and husking is progressing more rapidly with the result that the movement of corn may soon become important. Argentine shipments are quite small, and it is expected will continue so. Supplies abroad are light, but it appears as though no particular foreign demand would develop from there until a supply is readily available. The state of the demand is lethargic at present and this circumstance, taken with the large prospective supply, makes it appear as though the burden of marketing would rest on the producer. We believe prices will sustain a decline from prevailing prices once the crop begins to move in volume.

**Cotton**—It is remarkable, to say the least, how the cotton market has been able to maintain its position in the face of the tremendous change that is occurring in this country, as evidenced by a constantly declining and liquidating security market. The only explanation is that independent of general world conditions, cotton occupies a unique position, based on extreme necessity and limited supplies. Nevertheless, if we are readjusting affairs here to a different basis, cotton must, in the end, submit to the same commercial laws, and a revision of ideas as to value may follow. We see nothing, at the moment, on which to base any bearish thought, but nevertheless we fully recognize that the price level is extremely high and that a material decline might follow without affecting the great remuneration that the planter is receiving for his crop. Regardless of ultimate results, it would seem to us, in view of unsettled financial conditions alone, there should be a sufficient amount of liquidation of spot cotton to bring about at least a good temporary reaction.

A sergeant was drilling an awkward squad and gave the command: "Company! Attention, company, lift up your left leg and hold it straight out in front of you!" One of the squad held up his right leg by mistake. This brought his right-hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together. The officer, seeing this, exclaimed angrily: "And who is that blooming galoot over there holding up both legs?"

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### SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and  
for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 83,219,  
Dept. No. 16.

SARAH E. MUNCK, Plaintiff, vs. M. G. LOEFLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

Alfred B. Lawson and John Prosek, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: M. G. LOEFLE, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.  
ALFRED B. LAWSON and JOHN PROSEK,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
Grant Building, San Francisco, Cal.

9-29-10

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## A British View of Henry Ford

(Continued from Page 5)

long as St. James's street, also for the construction of the air engine. We were fortunate in meeting many of the engine experts that day. It is gratifying to notice the absence of jealousy with which all the automobile firms in the United States have combined to use their united effort to build the aeroplanes that the Americans firmly believe will eventually pulverize Germany.

Mr. Ford is enthusiastic over the resources of the United States for aircraft, and insisted upon our going to see one of the great wood-working factories, where the wings of the aeroplanes are being built. Gradually the whole resources of the builders of motor car bodies and furniture makers are to be transferred to the aeroplane. It is difficult to exaggerate, to explain the size of things here. In Detroit alone one of the wood-working companies has twelve huge buildings, and elsewhere in the United States are whole towns devoted to furniture making.

Before saying good-bye to Mr. Ford I asked to see that which I knew he possessed—his first automobile. He built it in 1893, at a time when his countrymen were under the impression that steam or electricity would rule as a propellant. It is a small, low, four-wheeled, lever-steered, chain-driven machine, built on the light lines of a bicycle. He told me that as he drove about Detroit twenty-four years ago he did so amidst the ridicule of a population which now looks with admiration on what is one of the best single enterprises in the world—an enterprise whose construction of tractors for the British farmers is to be the main instrument in the cultivation of the 3,600,000 extra acres in Great Britain.

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### An Expensive Fishing Trip

President Cleveland was an ardent fisherman, and a writer says of him that he enjoyed angling for the fish that would not bite quite as much as he did for those that would. While fishing one day, dressed in oilskins and a slouch hat, he was addressed by an angler garbed in the height of piscatorial fashion with:

"Hello, boatman! You've certainly got a good catch. What will you take for the fish?" "I'm not selling them," replied the man in oilskins.

"Well," continued the persistent angler, "what do you want to take me out fishing tomorrow?"

Mr. Cleveland, who was plainly enjoying the joke, replied: "I can't make any engagements except by the season. Will you give me as much as I made last year?"

"You're a sharp fellow," replied the angler, "but a god fisherman, and I'll accept your terms. What did you make last year?"

"Oh," replied Mr. Cleveland, "about a thousand dollars a week! I was President of the United States."

### A French Sherlock Holmes

A joke was recently played on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle by a French taxicab driver, if the story in the "Gaulois" is to be credited. The man had driven Sir Arthur from the station to the hotel; and, when he received his fare, he said: "Merci, M. Conan Doyle."

"Why, how do you know my name?" asked Sir Arthur.

"Well, sir, I have seen in the papers that you were coming from the south of France to Paris; your general appearance told me that you were English; your hair had been clearly last cut by a barber of the south of France. I put these indications together, and guessed at once that it was you."

## Town Talk Press

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"That is very remarkable. You have no other evidence to go upon?"

"Well," said the man, "there was also the fact that your name was on your luggage."

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### NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83508.  
In the Matter of the Application for Dissolution of AMAUROT OIL COMPANY, a Corporation.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the AMAUROT OIL COMPANY, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, has filed in this Court an application for an order dissolving said corporation, and that Monday, the 17th day of December, 1917, at ten o'clock a. m., has been fixed by the Court as the time, and the Courtroom of Department 10 of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, as the place, at which said application will be heard.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of November, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. F. WILLIAMSON,  
Attorney at Law,  
Merchants National Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

11-10-6

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of OLAF J. BROWN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of OLAF J. BROWN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said W. J. Hynes at his office, Room 838 Phelan Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of OLAF J. BROWN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Olaf J. Brown, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 10, 1917.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,  
Attorneys for Administrator,  
San Francisco, Cal.

11-10-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RACHEL BACHMAN, deceased. No. 23465.  
N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of RACHEL BACHMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorney, Bert Schlesinger, Room 1225, First National Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RACHEL BACHMAN, deceased.

LEOPOLD S. BACHMAN,

Executor of the last will and testament of Rachel Bachman, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 10th, 1917.

BERT SCHLESINGER,  
Attorney or Executor,  
1225 First National Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

11-10-5



# NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a special meeting of said board, duly held on the 20th day of October, 1917, at the office of said corporation, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of the said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation, No. 962 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meets), on Monday, the 31st day of December, 1917, at 3:00 p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000), divided into twenty thousand (20,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each, to Five Hundred Thousand (\$500,000.00) Dollars, divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each.

The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock is Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000.00).

Also to amend the Articles of Incorporation, and to ratify all acts of the stockholders and Board of Directors at its meeting held on the 11th day of October, 1917.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated October 20, 1917.

LOUIS TRAUNG,  
Secretary of Traung Label and Lithograph Company.

L. W. LOVEY,  
Attorney for Traung Label and Lithograph Company,  
1107 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-27-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 84,455.

GERMAINE KEYWORTH, Plaintiff, vs. HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also on the ground of defendant's failure to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life, he having the ability to do so; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of September, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. E. ROTHE,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
948 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 83397; Dept. No. 10.

KATHERINE MAY HESS, Plaintiff, vs. DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: DAVE LEONARD HESS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect and mental cruelty; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 25th day of July, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-15-10

## Letters

"The Dwelling Place of Light" by Winston Churchill.

The mass of fiction now being produced is so insignificant that a fairly good book is as conspicuous as a tree in a desert. Winston Churchill has a host of admirers who will be constrained to admit that in "The Dwelling Place of Light" he has infused more red blood and more insight into modern problems than in any of its predecessors, though its perusal will not prove complimentary to Americans in general nor to New Englanders in particular. Indeed it might almost be called a study in degeneracy, and if the Bumpus family is to be accepted as type, then we are in a bad way indeed. Edward Bumpus, the father, was descended from Puritan forebears. He was an alumnus of Harvard, and after his graduation he had fallen into a clerkship in a commercial establishment. There he seems to have stuck, never advancing or distinguishing himself in any way, and when the business was absorbed and consolidated after twenty years, his services were no longer required. He managed to pick up a hand-to-mouth living, traveling from here to there, each position he secured netting him less of an income until, at fifty-five, through the good offices of a friend, he was settled as gate-keeper in a mill. His wife, of the same social class as himself, accepted everything with stoical apathy. While Bumpus himself was bewildered by the fact that an honest, industrious, God-fearing man should fare no better in the land of his own people, fatalistic Hannah accepted her lot as inevitable and absorbed herself in the domestic duties pertaining to her four-room flat. There were two daughters in their middle teens, who had been put through high school at some sacrifice, and now were obliged to earn their own support, and it is about these girls that the plot, such as it is, is woven. The parents appear to have been unable or too indifferent to exercise any power of restraint or guidance. Probably they assumed that whatever might befall others, theirs could do no wrong. In any case, the younger generation did as it pleased. Janet, the elder, was of a more refined type and in a different environment might have done very well, but despite her father's college education and her own high school course she was absolutely ignorant. The great names of history, science, art and literature meant nothing to her, and the public library presented only rows of books the titles of which were meaningless. She wanted, vaguely, better things than she had or was ever likely to get, but had neither the ambition nor the energy to secure them. She was a stenographer in the mill, earning six dollars a week, hating her work and taking no interest whatever in it. The mill was only a conglomerate of machinery and the employees a horde of foreigners "taking bread out of American mouths." For all that, Janet would not have worked in the manufacturing department and felt herself far above the workers there. Lise, the other daughter, was employed in a department store, and she, too, despised her work. Her wages went for showy clothes, her evenings were spent parading the streets or at picture theatres and cheap cabarets. She read omnivorously all the flashy fiction and sensational papers she could get into her hands, her speech was a jargon of bad grammar and slang, and her end was inevitable. No girl allowed to grow up without a sense of duty, responsibility and honesty, and utterly without restraint, could end any other way. Possibly if Hannah Bumpus had exercised more mind in the training of her children she would not have had to lose it as a result of her failure. Janet might have remained in the outer office, mutinous and barely efficient enough to keep her humble position had not the amorous manager noticed that she was a rather pretty girl and raised her to the state of private secretary to himself. Interest in the man resulted in arousing her interest in his work and Janet soon made of herself a valuable assistant, but it goes without saying that Ditmar had not advanced her without an ulterior object. He was a widower with two children but he enjoyed his freedom too much to be keen about marrying again. Janet knew well enough what she was about, but Sunday motor trips out of town, dinners, hot house roses and flattery were agreeable to her. She played with fire until she was burned and then,

of course, blamed the man. On the very day after she had surrendered herself a strike was inaugurated in the mill over a question of hours and wages and in a reactionary mood which was as much a result of an ill-balanced temperament as a contemplation of Lise's end and her own folly, Janet joined with the strikers, headed their procession on its way to destroy property, became a picketer, and when the I. W. W. forces gathered like vultures to a carcass she made herself chief secretary in their headquarters. Later she left the insurgents and fell in with quite another element which was made up of philanthropic educational and literary lights eager to be of help to the poor and suffering mill operatives. Evidently the author intends us to see in Janet Bumpus a wonderfully alluring heroine who, from poor and humble beginnings, was able to raise herself to the exalted position of being desired by a prosperous mill manager, a red-shirted anarchist and a literary celebrity, each of whom, in turn, saw in her the realization of all his ideals, but perhaps he was wise in letting her die without ascending any of the thrones offered her. If the Bumpus family is to be accepted as a fair specimen of middle-class Americans, we are in a sad way. If university training fits a man for nothing better than to become a gate-keeper and spend his leisure in pottering over his genealogical records, why have universities? Polish and Russian girls who come to America without even the language and work long hours in sweat shops with every disadvantage to contend against, manage to educate themselves. Little as the Bumpuses may like the "foreign hordes," the truth is that families and communities with no more "push" than they displayed would go to the wall if there were a wall they could be pushed against. Water seeks its own level. The pictures of the striking mill employees, the early morning picketing, the insurgent leaders and the activities at the I. W. W. headquarters are vividly drawn, as well as those of the Bumpus flat with its red-checked tablecloth, colored glass lamp and battered furniture. Unlike most books of this kind, there is no attempt to solve problems and settle questions. The quotation on the page usually occupied by a dedication, "Where is the way to the dwelling place of light?" would appear to indicate that, for once, an author himself does not pretend to know the way out.

Published by the Macmillan Company.

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN ALFRED MARSH, deceased.—No. 23396, New Series; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JOHN ALFRED MARSH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 3rd day of November, 1917) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Walter Rothchild, Room 2002 Hobart Building, 582 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN ALFRED MARSH, deceased.

GERTRUDE MARSH,  
Executrix of the last will and testament of  
John Alfred Marsh, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 3, 1917.

WALTER ROTHCHILD,  
Attorney for Executrix,  
Room 2002 Hobart Bldg., 582 Market St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 11-3-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEAN ARTIGUES, (also called JEAN CLODOMIR ARTIGUES), deceased.—No. 23374; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JEAN ARTIGUES (also called JEAN CLODOMIR ARTIGUES), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Landry C. Babin Co., No. 423 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEAN ARTIGUES (also called JEAN CLODOMIR ARTIGUES), deceased.

NORBERT C. BABIN,  
Administrator of the estate of Jean Artigues  
(also called Jean Clodomir Artigues), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 27, 1917.

A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-27-5



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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, NOVEMBER 24, 1917

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How the Rodin Masterpieces Came Here

A Preacher the Oakland Theatres Will Miss

"6-In. Q. F."—A War Sketch by W. L. George

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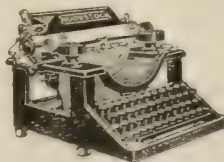
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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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## The Virtue of the War

Even the war has its compensations and its virtues. A great virtue, let us consider, is economy, which for a generation had been going out of fashion much to the injury of the family and of home life generally. Before the war economy had ceased to be respectable. At best it was one of those dubious virtues which people dislike to be credited with but also to be denied. While they would not like to be called economical neither would they have it said that they did not understand what economy meant. Economy indeed was one of those things not to be praised overmuch without fear of impairing its reputation for merit; worth praising a little but not to be boasted about. Before the war the trend was toward fast living in a sense of free spending. The whole world was like San Francisco at the time the city was receiving its insurance money; it was beating the speed record, and money was thought of only to spend. Rapid fortunes and the habits of luxury had revolutionized the world. The fireside had been switched to the cabaret and the things that mother used to make were exclusively in the hands of the chef. There was much spending in the nature of pure folly, not a little of it arising out of a snobbish desire to make a "good showing." Now whatever else the war has done it has at least reduced overhead expenses. If it has increased the cost of living it has at the same time started us on the right path toward a wholesome, virtuous economy. It will no longer be fashionable to devote ourselves with much bitter toil and anxiety to the conceit of appearing well with the world. In many a home the servant-girl problem will be solved automatically and there will be less agitation in favor of the expensive prohibition hypocrisy because we shall see the folly of supporting the captains of that absurd industry which enables cheap preachers to pose as the saviors of

mankind. Indeed there will be more temperance, too, because men will quit treating merely to make "good fellows" of themselves.

\* \* \*

## The Mistakes of Doctors

Now that more men are needed for the war we may have to pay some attention to the unsatisfactory conduct of the military exemption boards. A good deal of scandal was connected with the work of the army doctors in England until a demand was made to transfer recruiting from military to civilian hands. The net result of the change was that many exempted men and all others with qualifications for fighting were gathered in. It was found that the nation had suffered a great loss of promising recruits through some finical medical reasons. As England has recruited 5,000,000 men and France has recruited everything recruitable, it may be possible to learn from them something of military selection. While there has been a laxity of choice in England the tendency here is to rush to the other extreme. We have learned that many unfit men have been rejected at the camps. There was one camp in Ayed, Mass., where thirty-three men out of the first New England quota were rejected in one day. All sorts of mistakes have been made, the consequence being that we are learning more than some doctors ever knew. For instance among the truths uncovered is this one, that a hypertrophied heart is not necessarily a bar to service. In one case in France a man was rejected because it was thought his heart was too large. In truth, relatively to the size of the body, the heart was, if anything, below the average capacity. In another case a tall, athletic recruit was rejected and it was afterward found that his heart, which was regarded as enlarged, was in comparison with his height and breadth, too small. It had appeared to be too large because the chest which it occupied was unusually narrow. Such mistakes occur when decisions are in the hands of medical pedants. To them is due much of the complaint about defective teeth, which may be easily remedied. Eye tests and ear tests have been found faulty, and in France the tests have been changed. On the whole we are getting much valuable information about the human body and European experience is diminishing the number of specialists and faddists, most of whom are to be traced to German culture which once ruled the medical world.

## German Influence

Shortly after the Battle of the Marne German peace propagandists were telling us that rather than lose Germany would turn the world upside down. This was Germany's first essay in frightfulness. And it really did frighten some folks who thought that perhaps the alchemists of Germany had invented something by which they might turn our sublunary sphere off its course. After all (come to think of it) Germany has certainly changed the course of events; she has revolutionized things generally from the government of Russia to the world's conception of the character of the Germanic peoples. Also she has turned things topsy-turvy in the greatest Democracy on Earth as well as in that proud Empire on whose dominions the sun never sets. Maybe after the war Germany will be able to point with pride chiefly to what she did for other nations, but what satisfaction there may be in this it is impossible as yet to perceive, for wholly conjectural are the workings of the divinity that doth shape our ends. Who knows, for instance, whether it was for England's good to rouse her out of her self-satisfaction? Colonel Roosevelt has said that before the war England was suffering from lack of high spiritual purpose. He remarked an unhealthy sentimentality in England which had gone hand in hand with a peculiarly "noxious materialism." He has observed also that when the war broke out the chief obstacle to be encountered in rousing Germany's rivals was sheer short-sightedness. Well, England was roused to her material needs. She has fought materialism with its own weapons. Everywhere in Great Britain is to be found the triumph of the Germanic spirit of organization, but what about the high spiritual purpose of which Colonel Roosevelt perceived a lack before the war? Has spirituality come hand in hand with the triumph of material organization? If not in England perhaps it has arrived in the United States, for here we are triumphing over many evils abhorred by the great American Puritan. Germany is making us a pure country according to the lights of some of our reformers.

\* \* \*

## Art and Democracy

Speaking of democracy after the war, a distinguished publicist tells us that his fondest hope is of a democratic state in which "the will of the community can make itself effective no less in matters of



taste than in political and economic concerns." This fond hope is doubtless grounded in a supreme confidence that the people will first become informed. For of course no sane man would like to see the will of the people made effective in matters about which they are uninformed. Hardly will it be gainsaid that it would not be to the advantage of the people of Russia to have their will made effective in all matters at this time. Even though it be the general will of the Russian people to defeat Germany, assuredly the methods of achieving that consummation willed by them may not be wise. There is much loose thinking on the subject of the democratic form of government, and so much of it is done by intelligent men as to make sceptics and cynics despair of the principle of democracy. For it is shrewdly argued, how absurd to exalt the will of the imperfectly informed majority if reason is obviously lacking even in the well-informed minority? Of course the answer is "Better to be human and err than to be inhuman and efficient." This is the answer made plausible and reasonable in Germany, where the exceptionally fine machinery of government seems to justify Germans in laughing to scorn the demands and claims of democracy. The Germans are able to advance some pretty sound arguments in defense of their system of government, if not in defense of their Government itself, for thinking wholly of material efficiency they omit from consideration the effect on things of the spirit. But let us consider that we too may be in error. Democratic perfectibility may be a dream and no more. Anyway it has never been so thoroughly indulged as the German dream. We see that in the

stern business of war we have thought it wise to put restraints on democracy. And what about matters of taste in which our learned publicist thinks it would be well for the will of the people to prevail? There are esthetic aristocrats abroad whose views in matters of art are certainly more devoutly to be worshiped than numbers. The same was true in democratic Athens. Even in the City of the Violet Crown in the days of Pericles there were more vulgar pleasures than refined, and Phidias looked not to the approbation of the noisy majority but to the criticism of the informed few. In truth Art has always been an aristocrat and therefore free from snobbery, arrogant in her superiority, austere in her indifference to others. And as to the people, they have always encouraged Art as they do now—at something on a par with the movies rather than at the classic drama.

\* \* \*

#### Where We Are Beating Germany

What Uncle Sam needs usually he gets. Some months ago he was badly in need of chemicals, and now he threatens to lead the world in the chemical industry. Money has been rapidly going into laboratories and chemicals are rapidly coming out. A month ago more than \$13,000,000 of new capital was authorized for enterprises for the manufacture of chemicals, drugs and dye stuffs. In one year since the war the total new industrial investment for chemicals, dye stuffs and drugs amounted to \$230,670,000. Of this \$65,861,000 was contributed in the first eight months of 1917. We have begun to beat the Teuton in at least one of the industries by which he proves his efficiency. Fumes from coke ovens, that went to waste in

this country before the war, now are converted into valuable war products, such as tutol, benzol and naphthaline. It is good to know that the methods of production have been improved by American ingenuity, and that as a result industries are growing that will aid powerfully in our war against Germany. Meanwhile hundreds of American chemists are at work on important unsolved problems.

\* \* \*

#### Retribution for the Hun

So much there is of urgent, vital importance in this war, so much that immediately concerns civilization itself that all merely national problems seem like irrelevant side issues. Any question that concerns chiefly the interest of any one country is only of parochial scope in comparison with the fundamentals of the big controversy into which the Hun has precipitated mankind. We are of course for retribution, but above all we are for a peace that will endure at least until the animosities of the epoch are assuaged. Retribution really need not be made a *motif* of the war. It will come: never fear that justice will not be done. Of course it is natural to try to hasten its slow footsteps, but as we look about us we see evidences of its march. The gods have never wearied of their old business of making mad those whom they would destroy; only in this instance they made the mistake of beginning at the wrong end and failing to give the world the tip. Consider the Hun far enough away from his old fatherland, and see how he sympathizes surreptitiously with the Government that has made him the universal object of hatred. Once upon a time all the world was his oyster. Is there no retribution in store for him?

## Perspective Impressions

All that trouble over Scott Nearing, a fifth-rate pedagogical notoriety-seeker!

Let us hope that Clemenceau will rehabilitate a somewhat dilapidated reputation.

"Girl shoots soldier to win his love," says the headline. But why did she shoot him in the leg?

The Kaiser must be indignant when he reads of a patriotic American named Felix Frankfurter.

It is announced that Germany has abandoned her "policy of conciliation." The announcement comes from a German paper, but not from "Simplicissimus" nor "Fliegende Blaetter."

We like Teddy's definition of conscientious objectors: "Those whose consciences will not permit them to go where they are likely to get shot."

"Just now 'The Thinker' seems to be brooding on the death of a great man.

When will the theatrical managers send us another play like "The Unchastened Woman?"

All the pharisaism is not confined to the Pharisees. There is also the publican who prides himself on his "manly" vices.

Despite the charter and a popular mandate certain supervisors still refuse to award the city printing to the lowest bidder? Is this honest?

Noticing Hearst's latest penchant, the quoting of Scripture, we are reminded of a line in "The Merchant of Venice," act I, scene three.

What Lloyd George's enemies would have us regard as his hot-headed indiscretions usually turn out to be soberly advised and carefully prepared statements of the truth.

A versifier of whom we never tire is sunny-hearted Walt Mason.

An enthusiast discussing the latest gain on the Western front, exclaimed: "No wonder they named the pinch bottle in that man's honor!"

Portlanders, Seattlites and Salt Lakers now come to San Francisco to spend their surplus on honest amusement. After March next Los Angelenos will acquire the habit too.

"United in hate, and with God's help," says the Kaiser. And yet the old Teutonic knights did glorious Christian deeds as they went questing for the Holy Grail.

The difference between Lloyd George and his opponents seems to be that he is eager to win the war while they are more interested in showing that the blunders of the past were unavoidable.



## Varied Types

357—EDWARD A. MORPHY

By Edward F. O'Day

During the Chinese-Japanese war Edward A. Morphy, special correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner, cabled from Tokio to The Examiner office for funds.

"No stories, no money," was the cabled reply of The Examiner editor. Whereupon Ed Morphy cabled back, at the expense of The Examiner, "No money, no stories," and his connection with San Francisco journalism was severed. After twenty-three years it has been renewed. Ed Morphy has just joined the editorial staff of The Chronicle.

This Dublin Irishman made quite a name for himself in San Francisco before crossing the Pacific in 1894 to report the mixup between China and Japan. He had made quite a name for himself in New York journalism before he came West. And in the years that followed his cabled ultimatum he made quite a name for himself in the journalism of Asia. I wonder if Trinity College, Dublin, still turns out his type of man: devil-may-care, irrepressible, brilliant and merry-making? Frank Webber and the other skylarkers who were at Trinity with Charles O'Malley would have hailed Ed Morphy as brother and pal.

When Ed Morphy passed out of Trinity College quadrangle and turned his back for the last time on the statue of King William which faces the Bank of Ireland, he was an honor man in Literature. But his family—"they're all Service people; what I mean is, they're Army and Navy and Indian Civil," says Morphy—his family intended him for a business career. And so he crossed the Atlantic to take a lucrative position with the Pullman Company.

"While I was at the Windsor Hotel, waiting to go on to Chicago," says Morphy, "the chap who had offered me the billet jumped off the top of the Palmer House, and they gathered up what remained of the poor soul with a brush and a dust pan. I went to work as a grave digger in Greenwood Cemetery. Then I got a job as a longshoreman in Brooklyn. I was a sturdy nipper and could handle lumber and all that sort of thing. Then one day the Brooklyn Citizen was started to do for General Treacy and I applied for a place. Once upon a time I had written an article for a London paper called Temple Bar. When the editor asked me what experience I had had I rattled off the names of all the papers worth while I could think of. So the editor sent me out to report the meeting of the finance committee of the Republican State Central Committee. Perhaps you are aware that that sort of committee doesn't quite court publicity in its meetings, especially publicity from a paper designed to destroy its party leader who in this instance was General Treacy. I knew nothing of all this. I knew only that a reporter was a glorified sort of person, welcome everywhere. So I walked into that meeting. I walked in twice, and was chucked out both times. I felt very sorry for myself. And why not? The blighters who chucked me out were destroying a promising literary career at its very inception. I waited till the meeting was over, and then I walked in again.

"Hello," said a very dignified chap, 'here's the fellow we chucked out.'

"But he was not a half-bad sort—invited me to supper. I remember I ordered oysters and lobster and Guinness's stout. He told me all about the meeting.

"This is very kind of you, old fellow," I said to him. 'What's your name?' I knew he was a pot—what I mean to say is, I knew he must be important. And he was! He was General Treacy himself! I sat at the table with him and wrote a column, and The Citizen scooped The Eagle!"

Ed Morphy was the star reporter on the New York Telegram when the wanderlust seized him and transported him to San Francisco. At The Examiner office where he applied for work he ran into the arms of his old friend Sam Chamberlain, and immediately went to work enlivening The Examiner columns with stories that possessed style and originality—also, no doubt, a proper admixture of accuracy. But it was when Hearst "marooned" him in Asia, to use his own expression, that his career took on the colors of romance.

"There are dangers for an American in Asia," says Morphy. "He arrives in Asia imbued with that beautiful thought that all men are equal. The thing is all right for Connecticut or Massachusetts, but it won't wash in Asia. The natives know it isn't so. So the American must do violence to his inclinations and refrain from 'running native'—what I mean to say is, he mustn't treat the natives as anything but inferiors. To run native is a perishing error—also bally-lutely a perishing error. There are other conventions too. For instance. I was on a paper in Yokohama when a chap named Carew, the secretary of the United Club and a matey of mine, died rather suddenly. It came out that he was rough in drink, and that his wife had slow-poisoned him with arsenic. It was out of the question for me to attend a trial for murder and write about the wife of my matey. I'd have been ruined. So I pulled up stakes and went to Nagasaki.

"There was a paper in Nagasaki called the Rising Sun. It belonged to a chap named Norman who had been sent out to Asia by some missionary society. But the fleshpots got him, and he was not a credit to the missionary society. The fact is, he was a poisonous blighter. He needed an editor badly, and he took me. In those days printing presses were scarce in Asia, and the Rising Sun office did an enormous business in job work. We did all the work for the Japanese, and for the Russians too—they hadn't a printing press even in Vladivostok. I made a pot of money. But one day I wrote an editorial about the Russian consul's distressing habit of chucking his garbage into the roadway—called him a poisonous blighter and a swine and all that sort of thing. Next day Norman sneaked down to the office and wrote a retraction. It was in type when I got wind of it. I pied the type and chucked Norman out of the office into the compound. The poor blighter was on the verge of paresis and that settled him. Word came to me a little later that he had bought all the American clocks in the bazaars and was chucking them at every body who passed by. He was dead soon after

that; meanwhile I ran the paper for six months as a Commissioner in Lunacy."

Shortly after this the first Tirah war broke out, and Ed Morphy covered it for the London Times. There was plenty of adventure there, it goes without saying. Then he went to Simla to run The Times for eight hundred rupees a month.

"Curzon had just come out to India with his very charming American bride," says Morphy, "and one of the first things done was to standardize the rupee. I got wind of this in advance, played exchange and made a pot of money. That enabled me to sink a hundred and fifteen thousand rupees in a Bengal silver mine. I spent a great deal of time in Bengal before that mine proved a busted flush, and it was all great fun. I acquired a great reputation down there as a hakim—I mean to say, a doctor—by curing scorpion bite with ammonia and stopping cholera with chlorodyne and brandy. But in the end it turned out that the swine who sold me the mine had done me in the eye—what I mean to say is that he was a poisonous blighter and had swindled me.

"That was not the only time I came near being a millionaire. There was the Beagle Bay Syndicate. A charming fellow named Cecil Murphy conceived the idea of planting the milt of pearl oysters and growing the oysters for the pearls and the shell. There was a big demand for the shell in those days, and the pearl beds had been worked so long that getting the shell meant deep diving which was confoundingly expensive. So we planted several schooner loads of milt at Beagle Bay in two feet of water. The oysters grew beautifully. There was half a million pounds in sight for us when a hurricane blew up and covered our fortune under a fathom of sand. That hurricane did us in the eye—what I mean to say is, it was all off."

Ed Morphy was on his way to the Boxer trouble for the London Times when he was induced to stop off at Singapore and take hold of the Straits News, a very desirable newspaper property. He made so much money that he could afford to erect the first skyscraper that Singapore—or for that matter, I suppose, any city of Asia—had ever seen.

And from Singapore—But Asia is wide, and good newspapermen rare. He has been everywhere in that part of the world. Everywhere he had a good time, for he carried the spirit of adventure in his rollicking Irish soul.

And now he is back in San Francisco, working sedately on The Chronicle. Is he tamed? Is the wanderlust sated? Perhaps. And then again, perhaps not even Ed Morphy can answer the question positively.

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## 6-In. Q. F.

By W. L. George

Corporal Quadring, at the telephone, stared into the feeder, so dark and mysterious as it passed through the floor of the turret into the ammunition room. There was a noise of machinery in his ears and yet he was alert, quiet, at his ordinary business. His free ear, aloof from the insinuating sound that the carrier made as the shells slowly traveled and rose in the feeder, aloof even from the rumble and crackle of the distant firing which he heard when the cupola rose, was given to his lieutenant who sat there, three feet away, still as a wax figure, listening to that other telephone linked with the heart of the fort, the fire control. He had nothing to do but just to listen and to wait for sounds, for orders, for events in this atmosphere of strange business. The fire was slow, three shots a minute only. And automatically, from time to time, as the little voice below said: "Steady!" he replied: "Steady!"

Nothing was happening yet, but he knew that something must soon happen. Things were not going well with the fortress. He wondered where the French were, whether that field artillery on the right could be theirs; he wondered why in those bursts of sound when the cupola rose he heard so little musketry. No doubt the Germans were within five miles. But then? Why were they not yet being battered? He was lost in the enormous strife. The lieutenant was talking now:

"Control! D'you hear me? Control! . . . Yes, sir! . . . Aeroplane wrecked? . . . What shall I do, sir? . . . Yes, sir."

Then to the sergeant:

"Range nine four fifty." And to Quadring: "Speed up."

"Speed up!" cried Quadring into the telephone. The machinery went a little faster. Slowly before his eyes a shell rose in the black void, harmonious, beautiful in lines, exquisitely polished. As he listened he stared at the sergeant, grizzled but alert, watched the shell slide into the hands of four men and travel as if on velvet toward the breech: quick-opened, it swallowed the shell, snapped it up like a greedy mouth. He saw the sergeant push aside a gun-layer, infinitesimally alter the direction.

"Speed up!" said the lieutenant sharply.

They were firing four a minute now, rather blindly towards that place where the German howitzers might be, to show that the fort was fighting rather than to fight. Then the small shell began to fall . . .

Corporal Quadring listened, interested and calm. He knew the sound; every fifteen seconds, when the cupola rose, he recognized the Krupp fifteen-pounders. "Small fry," he thought disdainfully. He did not know where they were falling, hidden in the circular chamber of steel that whirled under his feet, the small, crowded room, intolerably light; he felt comfortable and secure behind the walls of gray metal. The lieutenant was talking again. Quadring understood: another aeroplane had located the howitzers. The range was altered.

"Speed up! Speed up!" said the lieutenant, authoritative rather than impatient.

They were firing at twelve-second intervals now, and there was a gritting sound. It bothered him, this sound, so near him. It dominated the more frequent bark of the fifteen-pounders outside. Where were they falling? . . . They sounded nearer now. Then Corporal Quadring heard a large splash. Oh, they had hit the

glacis then! "Fluke," he thought. But there came another shell and then, as the 6-inch fired again, two or three simultaneously, quite close: shrilling through the explosions he heard a cry. He grew taut: "That must have been on the infantry parapet! Poor devils!" thought Corporal Quadring. And then smugly reflected that he was better off inside. Still, the sound worried him. Ah! this was it.

"Oil can," said the sergeant.

"Oil can," repeated Quadring through the telephone.

"Oil can," said the little voice.

And, as if by magic, the oil can rose in the feeder. A note of excitement had come into the lieutenant's voice: "Yes, sir, I understand." Then to the sergeant: "Nine one fifty. Get all you can out of her."

Quadring's heart gave just one beat more and then became normal. They were in for it now.

Suddenly, on his order, the feeder came alive. It rasped and it whirled, running at top speed, for indeed the quick-firer was giving all it could and the four men seemed to seize the new shells as fast as they fed them. Corporal Quadring was all bewildered outside that calm spot where lay his duty. His first excitement increased, for at last . . . Yes, here it was . . . a dull heavy sound upon the cupola; the Germans had the range, unless it was another fluke . . . No, not a fluke: as the cupola closed down two shells fell together on the steel roof. The lieutenant smiled:

"That's the first," he said, "but we . . ."

Corporal Quadring did not hear the rest, for this was not a fifteen-pound shell that had fallen so close over his head that he sank it into his shoulders. The whole turret had quivered under the impact. And now it was indeed: "Speed up!" Hands were feverish as they grasped the shells . . . for the turret had begun to move . . . the cupola rose . . . the 6-inch fired into the gleam of blue sky. The cupola blotted out the blue sky and, rumbling upon its rails while with a swish water escaped from the pipes, the turret moved along the trench to take up a new position. It could take no risks now . . .

In front, behind, Quadring heard the explosions. Yes, they were being battered now. The gun was pushed to its utmost, it seemed; the sergeant in one movement tore off his coat, wiped his face upon his shirt sleeve. And yet it was not fast enough.

"Speed up! Speed up!" shouted Quadring.

The lieutenant murmured: "Too slow! Go below, give 'em hell!"

It seemed curiously cool and dark below. The storekeeper was sulky, hardly listened. Quadring just noticed the wounded hydraulicist who had been hit in the trench and brought in, rather to clear the rails than to save him. He lay, a small khaki bundle, folded up as if to get him out of the way, under a mask of red, his coat black-dyed with blood, half-stunned by a scalp wound.

Then from above came a sound heavier than he had heard before, a vast boom, and for a second everything tottered as if the wall and the feeder itself swayed. "Got us full!" he thought, while he stumbled up the stairs tripping on the iron treads, shying back from the electric globes like a nervous horse. Above, all was urgency and yet calm. Still the feeder was belching shells, still the cupola, a little askew

from the blow of the eleven-inch shell, rose and fell as the quick-firer replied. He was seized by movement . . . minute after minute passed, lengthened into an hour of heat and fire . . . He was conscious only of the swaying of the turret as it rushed along its trench, fired, rushed back and fired again. It was all action, it was all haste, mechanical as if the men with the gun and the steel walls formed an automatic trinity. Sound was all about him like a black blanket shot with red streaks. Every rise of the cupola let in the growing roar of the German guns, like a wedge, then closed it out. He felt rather than heard the sound grow. He understood. Nothing would help them, now their range was found, save perhaps some lucky shots unlimbering those howitzers hidden behind hill 44 or 45, or, he thought bitterly, 48, who could tell?

He exclaimed. As the cupola rose a shell burst on the edge of the work and for a second all was visible, for the turret was filled by a cloud of concrete. Corporal Quadring retched a mouthful of dust . . . fierce, he forced his stung throat, murmured:

"Speed up!"

Thicker and thicker came the sound. Boom upon boom ringing on the cupola. "It'll buckle," he thought. Then again: "It'll buckle." And as he thought the voice below spoke:

"Bearing jammed!"

"Go on," said the lieutenant.

The gun still raged into the strip of sky; the cupola was doomed and would soon protect it no more. Right, left, fire . . . then left, fire and right again . . . the turret, half-exposed, was fighting still. But a heavy shell fell upon the edge and suddenly the three inches of steel bent, crumpled like a fan. Right, left . . . then a pause. It synchronized with the bursting of a shell in the trench itself. Quadring knew, he could imagine the rails and roadway twisted up: the turret would never move again . . . it would only wait. Wait? For what?

Magic! The German howitzer answered his question. What had happened? He felt half-blind and quite deaf; he was conscious of pipes bursting around him as the hydraulic machinery gave way, of thin streams of water gushing

(Continued on Page 18)

### "Caltex" Bifocals are the best

Due to the present manufacturing difficulties no other kind of bifocals are made with the same degree of accuracy as "Caltex." An important advantage of this lens, aside from being ground from a single piece of hard optical glass, is that it has a very large reading radius and unobstructed view instead of a small contracted field as the old style. Despite the extra large reading field afforded it does not interfere with the distance view. In appearance they are the same as regular glasses—this is why they are usually referred to as Invisible Bifocals.

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# Conrad's Masterpiece

By J. C. Squire

Distinguished British Literary Critic

Mr. Joseph Conrad is now admitted to be one of the greatest living writers in our language. It took him a long time to get his due from any but a small public. It is with something of a shock that one reads that "Lord Jim" was written over seventeen years ago, and appeared in book form in 1901. What were the masterpieces which, in that year, overshadowed it? Why was not Mr. Conrad at that stage recognized as the equal of Hardy and Meredith, whose names, bracketed together, used to appear in the reviews ad nauseam? I speak with the freedom of one who at that period was not a professional critic.

"Lord Jim" is the story of a man's successful endeavor to rehabilitate himself. The book opens with his failure. With a few other white men he is taking a crowded pilgrim ship, the *Patna*, across the Indian Ocean. On a perfectly still moonlit night she strikes a derelict and her forward compartment, screened only by a rusty old bulkhead, is flooded. Only the officers know. All over the deck the half-naked pilgrims sleep, sighing and moaning in the heat. The German captain and three companions hurry off in a boat: at the last moment Jim, undeliberately, automatically, jumps in after them. The ship, as it happens, does not go down; there is an inquiry, and the deserters have their certificates taken away. But to Jim the important thing is not this; it is the knowledge that he has failed to live up to the code: the loss of honor in other men's eyes and still more in his own; his unworthiness of his native civilization and of the service. Wherever he goes, taking odd jobs in Asiatic ports, his story follows him; and once it has turned up, even though men are ready enough to palliate it, he vanishes. He goes always eastward, always hankering for a chance of confirming his conviction that he is equal to the greatest calls that can be made upon him. And in the end, among savage Malays in the interior of an East Indian island, he gets satisfaction. He lives to know what it is to be absolutely trusted by men and dies celebrating a "pitiless wedding with a shadowy ideal of conduct."

There is no need to disclose the details of this story. But those who think "Lord Jim" Mr. Conrad's greatest book will at least meet no objection from the author, and Mr. Conrad's best is equal to the best of any other living man. As an achievement in construction, it is in the first rank. Mr. Conrad's method is, as usual, bizarre. The story is begun by the author; then taken up by his favorite narrator Marlow, who, on an Eastern hotel veranda, tells what he has seen of Jim, and what he has picked up from others, to a chance group of men lying on cane chairs in the darkness, smoking and drinking; and it ends with documents, written by Marlow and Jim, received by one of those listening men years afterwards, in a London flat. Each subsidiary contributor to the story is clearly described in

his special digression, and there are constant side-stories. Yet the impression with which one finishes is one of unity, harmony, perfect proportion. There are one or two minor flaws, but they are so insignificant as to be hardly worth mentioning. The digressions are not too long; the pains taken with characters only slightly connected with Jim are not wasted, as they always contribute to the picture of the background against which he lived and the world which played upon his feelings and thoughts.

The book contains a large, if floating, population of portraits. No figure, save Jim's, goes the whole way through. The others come and go under the rays of the lamp which follows him from Aden to India, from Hongkong to the Moluccas: smart captains, drunken outcasts, ships'-chandlers, merchants, hotelkeepers; "Gentleman Brown," the pirate; Egstrom and Blake, the quarrelsome partners; Stein, the tall and studious old German trader, with his quiet house, his great tropical garden and his collection of butterflies; and the notabilities of Patusan, the cringing Rajah, the mean half-breed Cornelius, massive old Doramin, with his ponderous elbows held up by servants, the mysterious and pathetic girl whom Jim marries, and Dain Waris, who reminds one of the noble young Malay in *Almayer's Folly*. Jim himself always remains a little vague. Mr. Conrad's preoccupation with his hero's dominant idea, as deduced from his actions by other people, had resulted in Jim being inadequately disclosed. But the more rapid portraits are all perfect. And in no book of Mr. Conrad's is a greater variety of scenes so surely sketched. There is little elaborate set description. The account of the pilgrim ship's voyage under the sun and moon across the flat ocean, "evenly ahead, without a sway of her bare masts, cleaving continuously the great calm of the waters under the inaccessible serenity of the sky," is magnificently, almost intolerably vivid. But when the narrative comes nominally from Marlow, the descriptions must be kept within bounds, lest the stretched illusion of speech should snap. Even so on almost every page some beautiful—and usually terribly beautiful—scene is bitten into one's mind, and the whole region of Patusan, the town on piles, the interminable gloomy forest, the moon rising between a chasm in the hills, the muddy waters, the marshes, the stagnant air and the immense blue sea round the river's last bend, is pieced gradually together so that one remembers it as though oneself had been there. And it is all done in English of a grave music which, from one to whom our language is not native, is miraculous.

I think, however, that the book's greatest quality is a moral one. Like the late Henry James, Mr. Conrad scarcely ever preaches, yet is in the best sense a didactic writer. He is capable of speculation about conduct; there is an immense amount of it behind this story. But he brings something else than curiosity and agility of intellect to the discussion. "Hang ideas!" exclaims Marlow, in a half-serious aside, "they are tramps, vagabonds knocking at the back door of your mind, each taking a little of your substance, each carrying away some crumb of that belief in a few simple notions you must

cling to if you want to die decently and would like to live easy." It is rather too stark a statement: but it is at least a half-truth. Take Jim's act of cowardice, for example. A good many of our modern moralists, with their mania for destroying the things by which men have lived well for countless generations, would probably argue that he did right in jumping into the boat. The others had gone; the ship, as far as he knew, would infallibly sink; there was no earthly chance of his saving the panic-stricken passengers if he stayed; and in any case a man is not responsible for an automatic impulse. Other and darker men would even argue that, as the representative of a higher civilization, a strong and enlightened man, Jim was even doing his duty to the world by escaping instead of sacrificing himself for the sake of a lot of besotted and dirty Moslems on their way to Mecca. Such arguments, though not until our own time have philosophies been constructed out of them, are not new. They are familiar to every man in the shape of inner promptings. We have all lapsed; we all remember things we are ashamed of, cowardices which we cannot forget; and we are familiar enough with the voices which say, "What does it matter?" "To yourself you are the most important thing," "Forget it," "Why bother, since nobody knows," and, very subtly, "It is a man's first duty to be prudent." Circumstances made of Lord Jim, especially at the end, an extreme case. But all the same he was typical. A man's self-respect can only be restored in one way: by doing the second time what he failed to do the first. A civilization in which men should spend their time promiscuously undermining traditional loves and loyalties by imperfect syllogisms would rot to pieces. If you believe that, even at the risk of encountering the last and supposedly worst charge of being a sentimentalist, you take the romantic view of life: and you will have Mr. Conrad on your side. His books, in spite of all the blood and thunder, both metaphorical and literal, that there is in them, in spite of the black skies behind their lightnings, and the brooding sense of evil that pervades his meditations, are an incitement to decent living. I do not know what his nominal religion is, or if he professes any; he is obviously perplexed and oppressed by the cruelty and pain of things. But if he sees behind the world a pit "black as the night from pole to pole," he finds consolation not in the insane and pathetic assertion that he is master of his own fate, but "in a few simple notions you must cling to," which the race, after some thousands of years of experience, has discovered to be more effective.

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# The Spectator

## Gayley's Criticism

Professor Thomas Mills Gayley is going to "get in bad" at the University of California. Not because he has expressed good American sentiments in his addresses at the Greek Theatre but because he has put a point in them not calculated to please the power behind that theatre. In a recent address he referred caustically to "certain newspapers that have kept the German point of view favorably before the people of the United States." "Of course we don't know what these papers are," he said, "but I think that the United States Government would greatly appreciate it if we would stop subscribing for them." And right behind Gayley while he spoke, in plain view of his auditors, was a marble tablet upon which is inscribed: "This theatre is a gift of William Randolph Hearst."

## Rodin and San Francisco

San Francisco is proud of the fact that the finest group of Rodin masterpieces ever assembled is housed in her midst. The collection includes "The Thinker" and "The Age of Brass," regarded by authorities as the greatest works ever executed by the superman of sculpture who has just passed away. "The Thinker" is in Golden Gate Park, an imperishable gift to the city by that loyal San Franciscan, Mrs. Adolph B. Spreckels. During the World's Fair Mrs. Spreckels announced her intention of presenting the other masterpieces as well. Besides "The Age of Brass" they are "The Prodigal Son," "The Siren," "St. John the Baptist" and the bust of Henri Rochefort. Aside from Paris and San Francisco the cities of the world which boast more than one Rodin either publicly or privately owned may be counted on the fingers. San Francisco's collection will remain unapproachable because it includes "The Thinker" and "The Age of Brass." "The Thinker" Rodin did in bronze twice only. One statue is in front of the Pantheon in Paris; the other which was executed for the Swiss Government, is in Golden Gate Park. "The Thinker" in the Metropolitan Museum in New York is a plaster exemplar. "The Age of Brass" is the work of Rodin best known to the man in the street because there is an interesting story connected with it. When young Rodin sent it to the Salon the jury decided that a work so perfect must have been cast from the living male figure. It was rejected and Rodin was ostracised. Only his genius and the passing of years vindicated his artistic integrity and freed him from the worst charge which can be made against a sculptor. These and the other masterpieces in San Francisco show Rodin at his best. And his best is unequalled in modern sculpture.

## How They Were Secured

La Loie Fuller secured this wonderful collection of Rodins for Mrs. Spreckels. How she did it the great dancer told in a Town Talk interview during the Fair. Rodin never liked to part with his works, and La Loie tried for three months to buy from him, but in vain. "Three times in my despair," said Miss Fuller, "I went to the bank in Paris for the purpose of returning Mrs. Spreckels' money. I was all but convinced that further effort was useless. But each time something deterred me, perhaps the disinclination to acknowledge defeat." La

Loie followed Rodin to Rome where he was lionized by the court and by society. "I was motoring with him one day," she said, "and the motor stopped so that the master might inspect a ruin. He studied it alone, for nobody may go with him on these occasions, and while I waited an American gentleman approached. I learned that he had ordered a work of Rodin's—or rather, to use the words customary in such dealings with the master, that Rodin had consented to execute a work for him—ten years before, but he had never been able to get it. When Rodin returned from his solitary study of the ruin the American introduced the subject in a manner which, I thought, was far from offensive. And in quite a polite way he drew out a check for ten thousand dollars and offered it to Rodin. Rodin abruptly dismissed him. 'I am not selling a yard of ribbon,' he said to me afterwards. You may be sure my heart sank at the hopelessness of my own efforts."

## Her Diplomatic Obstinacy

By dint of diplomatic obstinacy Miss Fuller discovered that "The Thinker," ordered by the Swiss Government several years before, had not yet been delivered. She discovered too that the drain of the war on Swiss finances would make it impossible for the Government to complete the purchase until peace returned to Europe. Then all her feminine resources of influence, finesse and tact were brought into play. There were trips from Rome to Paris, interviews with the Minister of Fine Arts, and other delicate negotiations. At last the way seemed clear for the acquisition of "The Thinker." And then: "I shall not think of parting with 'Le Penseur' until the marble base is placed beneath my statue of 'L'Homme Qui Marche,'" said Rodin. La Loie's heart sank. "The Walking Man" stood in a court of the French Embassy in Rome. It stood, not in the court for which the French Ambassador intended it, but in the court preferred by Rodin. And so, to spite the imperious sculptor, the French Ambassador let it stand on a wooden box, although Rodin had executed a marble pedestal at his own expense. Miss Fuller manipulated the wires of influence. The statue was raised on its marble pedestal. But the siege was not over. Days, weeks passed in repeated interviews abruptly terminated, in motor rides to view interminable ruins on whose inspection no word of business might intrude. There were subtle flatteries, because the master liked praise; there were appeals based on the necessity of a cordial entente between France and the United States, because the master was a patriot; there were hints that if Rodin's works went to San Francisco a virgin field for the sale of works by other French sculptors would be opened, because Rodin loved his fellow craftsmen. And there was Madame Rodin.

## Success at Last

"Madame Rodin does not interfere with her husband's affairs," said La Loie, "but I knew that she could exert a silent influence upon him, so I was careful to make her my friend. We shopped together, and whenever I found her admiring some pretty thing, I bought it as a surprise." At last the day came when Miss Fuller, in fear and trembling, dared the presence of Rodin with a purse full of crisp bank bills.

She emptied them before him, and they remained uncounted. "It is all I have," she told him, "and master, in comparison with your work it is nothing. Give me what you can." Rodin gave her a king's ransom. He gave her all the great works I have mentioned. "When I left the master," said La Loie, "I pinched myself to see if I was awake. I was afraid I might be dreaming."

## Was Boy-Ed Here?

Was Captain Boy-Ed in San Francisco during the trial of Franz Bopp, von Schaack, Brinken, et al.? Captain Horst von der Goltz says he was. The statement is found in "My Adventures as a German Secret Agent" just published in New York. Captain von der Goltz, it will be recalled, was arrested in London and testified at the trial of von Igel and others. In his book he states that Captain Boy-Ed returned to this country "not so many months ago," was in New York, went thence to Mexico where he selected and established several submarine bases for Germany and attempted to pave the way for the Mexican-Japanese alliance which Zimmerman was hoping to make; and then came to San Francisco where he helped counsel for Bopp to secure evidence; went thence to Kansas City; and then to the Atlantic Coast, and embarked for Germany on the U-53. Is this fact or fiction? This much may be said: if Boy-Ed's other activities were as lacking in fruit as his attempt to help Bopp he might have spared himself all that journeying.

## Al Protests

A friend met Al Murphy of The Examiner homeward bound on a street car last Thursday evening. Neither man had a seat.

Speed—  
Comfort—  
and safety—  
when combined  
with Fred Harvey  
meals mean travel  
satisfaction. All of  
these are found on the

# Angel

to

LOS ANGELES and SAN DIEGO

Daily at Four O'clock

Jas. B. Duffy, General Agent

601 Market St., San Francisco—Phone Sutter 7600  
Market St. Ferry—Phone Kearny 4980

F. L. Hanna, General Agent

1218 Broadway, Oakland—Phone Lakeside 425





"What do you think of this food conservation campaign?" asked the friend, just to make conversation.

"I don't mind meatless Tuesdays and wheatless Wednesdays," replied Al, getting a fresh grip on the strap, "but I object to seatless Thursdays."

### Thorpe Takes Hold

For years Thorpe made Weinstock-Lubin of Sacramento the liveliest department store of the capital city. Everybody in Sacramento knew Thorpe and liked him; and because Thorpe knew his business and had the right ideas about serving the public, all Sacramento did its buying at Weinstock-Lubin. Thorpe accumulated much of this world's goods, retired and transferred his live-wire energies to world-travel and rational enjoyment. Now mark what revolutions time brings in. In the days when Weinstock-Lubin was an important factor in the local department store field—you remember the place in the old Donohoe Block at Taylor and Market—the Pragers were forging ahead in their "Red Front" on the south side of Market street. They forged ahead so well that in due course they took the Murphy Building at Jones and Market where J. J. O'Brien had made a fortune. Pragers flourished for years. There was a time when Pragers thought there was something wrong if they didn't do a business of five thousand dollars a day. That meant, roughly, a hundred and fifty thousand a month, a million eight hundred thousand a year. But for some reason or other Pragers did not hold its own. There was a time not long ago when Pragers did a business of a million a year—and lost money. Clearly something was wrong. They had a fine new building, a splendid location, an army of customers—yet there was more "red" than "black" on the ledger. Then along came Thorpe of Sacramento. Thorpe liked his leisurely life of affluent enjoyment; but the old lure of business took hold of him once more. Pragers were getting deeper and deeper into the hole. From a million a year they dropped to six hundred thousand a year. It was time for them to let go. They let go to Thorpe. Some fifty odd days ago Thorpe bought out Pragers. Immediately he strung his live wires, so to speak, through the concern. Since Thorpe took hold the business—in fifty-odd days, mind you—has amounted to a million and a half! Thorpe discovered that the top floor of Pragers had never been finished—twenty thousand feet of floor space going to waste, paying no rent. He converted that space into a toy department, introduced a "grocerteria" which has already made housewives wild with excitement and enthusiasm, and threatens to move the town's department store centre several blocks west of its present focus. Thorpe's ads are the talk of the city. The

little editorials he includes in them—a la Wana-maker—signed H. Thorpe—catch the eyes of people who don't usually read department store advertising. And Thorpe says he's the happiest man in California because he's at last living in San Francisco, the city he has loved for years.

### Queen Lil's Epitaph

What better epitaph for the late Queen Liliuokalani than her own beautiful "Aloha Oe?" Here is an English translation of this appealing song which those who have heard Alma Gluck sing it can never forget:

Proudly swept the rain cloud by the cliff,  
As on it glided through the trees,  
Still following with grief the liko,  
The ahihi le-hua of the vale.

Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,  
Thou charming one who dwells among the bowers;  
One fond embrace before I now depart  
Until we meet again.

Thus sweet memories come back to me,  
Bringing fresh remembrance of the past,  
Dearest one, yes, thou art mine own.  
From thee true love shall ne'er depart.

I have seen and watched thy loveliness,  
Thou sweet rose of Maunawile;  
And 'tis there the birds oft love to dwell  
And sip the honey from thy lips.

### The Managers Will Miss Him

Those who have in mind his activities against things terpsichorean and histrionic in Oakland are wondering what is going to happen to the hula hula when Rev. Albert W. Palmer reaches Hawaii. The Oakland pastor who heads the congregation at Plymouth Congregational church and whose Plymouth Center has been an institution across the bay, has given up his pulpit to accept one in Honolulu. Dr. Palmer's activities in Oakland have been many and varied but in no way has he attracted wider attention than by his censorship of the stage. So faithful has he been to this task that the theatre managers have used him more than once when the efforts of their press agents seemed unappreciated at the newspaper offices. When Gertrude Hoffman came to the Orpheum last year Dr. Palmer was invited to express his opinion. The public invitation served to attract large crowds of others anxious to join a jury to pass on the dancer's wardrobe. And it was but a short time ago—that a manager succeeded in inducing the pastor to preach against a production that was running for a week at his house. It will be remembered that the pastor at one time sent postals broadcast asking for a vote on the kind of attractions that Oakland wished and that his replies ranged from those of the mildest to the most sizzling character. He publicly scored "Intolerance" and helped its receipts, and held out against what

he termed a "wiggle" dance at another theatre. On other occasions he has praised productions that pleased his fancy. With the departure of the Oakland pastor one of the greatest aids to things theatrical will have gone from the city. He has been regarded as a rule that works both ways. If the show was one that could not be criticized for its lack of clothes or morals Dr. Palmer could be depended upon for praise, and if it was one that offered an opportunity for the censor he was courted all the more assiduously. The managers are looking for a man to fill his place.

### Imitative Oaklanders

One may rest assured that nothing of importance is to happen in the bay cities that will not have its reflection in the Davie recall in Oakland, for at work in that interesting fracas is a band of the most adaptive press agents mobilized in many moons. It was seen how eagerly the visit of Billy Sunday to Oakland was seized upon and how the Mayor emulated the evangelist for a certain effect, and now the Paul Smith episode has been successfully "lifted." It was but two days after the wife of Police Judge Sullivan rose in a San Francisco church to confound the accuser of her husband that the wife of Davie's adviser George Kaufman in the same manner interrupted a Dutton meeting. She resented the accusation that her husband was a "dictator" in Oakland municipal affairs and voiced her resentment until an orchestra had to be called in to substitute harmony for threatening discord.

### Coddling the Reporter

The lowly newspaper writer is coming to his own in Oakland, where a roof-garden, restaurant and reading room are among the luxuries planned for his benefit, and it remains to be seen how the members of the profession will take to the new order. In the new Tribune building plans call for roof-garden, library, social rooms and other trimmings of so revolutionary a



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character that the typewriter pounders are wondering if it is all a dream. Time was, the older ones will tell you, when the reporter was the black sheep of the newspaper plant. Any old room was good enough for him. A soap-box and a "mill" and a pile of copy paper was enough for a man with an imagination and with the temperament to stick to the job for little more than the love of the game. But now the proper atmosphere for creative work is to be supplied and the theory is that better stories will be turned out. An old hand who says, "They'll be buying 'em wrist watches next," believes it cannot be done, but the younger ones are anxious for the experiment. Leaving out all speculation of benefits to be derived the innovation may be classed with other great upheavals of the century. To some it is more astounding than the Russian revolution or even the world war. There are other changes in prospect in the east bay newspaper field. After a search of several months for a new location The Enquirer has settled upon a building at Sixteenth and San Pablo. Extensive improvements are to be made and, while no announcement has been made, it is expected that The Tribune will not be allowed to outdo its rival in the newer refinements.

#### From a "Safety-Valver"

Editor Town Talk: The press dispatches recently conveyed the intelligence that an infuriated bull pursued William Jennings Bryan, the gifted orator of the Platte, forcing the champion of free silver to hastily climb a tree for safety. This episode, apparently without significance, suggests to me that it to some extent sustains the propositions that animals reason, and further, that like humans, they dislike competition. In any event it is a reversal in his career—that which he has pursued since his advent into politics now pursues him.

Yours truly,

—Observer.

#### The Poet as Reciter

Henry James, we learn from a paper published posthumously in Scribner's, considered Tennyson a very poor reciter of his own poetry. His recitations, says James, made one sigh, "Oh dear, oh dear!" And he adds, deliciously enough, "I heard him take even more out of his verse than he had put in." Browning, he says, read better than Lord Alfred. There seems to be no rule governing this matter. Some poets are good reciters; some are very, very bad. Is Brother Leo a poet? I suspect so. I heard him recite lately at Miss Coolbrith's—not his own but other poets' verses. He was splendid. No actor I have ever seen in "As You Like It" recited the "Seven ages" speech as well as "Will Scarlet" recited it. And his recitation of Coventry Patmore's "The Toys" made at least one woman weep. In the lighter things he was delicious—Tom Daly's dialect pieces, for instance. Clarence Urmey was present that delightful afternoon, and recited his "Blondel" and "As I Came Down Mount Tamalpais." Urmey is a fine reciter too—certainly his mastery of music must help him. And Miss Coolbrith read some of her own verses on this occasion of which I am speaking—a day to be marked with

a white stone. Need I say that Miss Coolbrith deeply moved her little circle of hearers? So here are poets who recite well, unlike Tennyson. On the other hand, there is George Sterling who does not recite well at all. There is no rule, as I said before.

#### Be Up and Doing!

For years we thought that the success of King C. Gillette was due to his effective advertising. Gillette has spent millions in making his safety razor and his own shaven face known to the razor-wielders of the land. If

you had asked us why Gillette was so successful we'd have said: "Advertising." But now comes a friend of ours—a man who knows—and tells us that Gillette is successful because he had the good sense early in his career to retain the services of the best patent lawyer in the country. It all goes to show that many things go to make success. The moral is: "Be up and doing. Advertise, but have a good lawyer too! Intoxicate yourself with success, and you won't want to drink strong liquor!"

Note: This paragraph is, more or less, in the style of an editorial in Collier's. But I'm



ZOE BARNETT

With the musical comedy success "Miss Springtime" at the Columbia

BEST DRUGS  
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES  
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS  
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14  
SAN FRANCISCO



afraid I'm not a good imitator: it doesn't sound piffing enough.

#### The American National Expands

Through the published returns of the Liberty Loan campaigns light has been thrown on the resources of every city of any size in the United States. These returns substantiate a claim often heard to the effect that San Francisco is the financial center of the coast. Gratifying as this is to local pride our financiers are not inclined to rest content on past achievements, and steady progress toward greater things is apparent even to the casual observer. To give one instance where this progressive spirit has assumed visible form, the new home of the American National Bank may be noted. This new home, located on the former site of the old California Safe Deposit and Trust Company at Montgomery and California streets, is a ten-story steel building and will be ready for occupancy about the first of May. The change of location may be directly traced to expansion, the American National finding its present location in the Merchants Exchange Building somewhat cramped. At the head of this institution are men whose names mean much in financial circles, the officers being George N. O'Brien, president; D. B. Fuller and C. H. Crocker, vice-presidents; I. H. Sanborn, cashier; G. M. Bowles, L. E. Alt and M. C. Bibson, assistant cashiers. On the board of directors are P. E. Bowles, chairman, John A. Britton, George U. Hind, C. H. Crocker, F. A. Somers, D. B. Fuller, H. M. A. Miller, G. N. O'Brien and Clarence M. Smith. The bank's resources of upwards of fourteen million dollars.

#### "For France"

A handsome volume with this title has just been published, all the proceeds of which, above the bare cost of publishing, will go to the French heroes fund. More than a hundred distinguished American authors, artists, sculptors and others have contributed their tributes to its pages. All the original manuscripts will be preserved in the Chateau Lafayette in France which has been purchased through the efforts of Mrs. William Astor Chanler. Among the contributors to this volume are the following Californians: George Sterling, Edwin Markham, Mrs. Atherton, Lloyd Osbourne, Will and Wallace Irwin, Mary Austin, Rea Irvin and Gellelt Burgess.

#### Mesmerism and Edith Cavell

According to Gaston de Leval who lectured in London recently on the case of Edith Cavell, most of the information used against the English nurse was obtained by mesmerism. He said that the Germans discovered that one of the women arrested with Miss Cavell was in the habit of speaking in her dreams and walking in her sleep. So they mesmerized her and thus obtained information they would not otherwise have possessed. If this is true, it is another reminder of what has been called to our attention many times, namely, that the wildest imaginings of melodramatists are commonplace compared with the facts of this war.

#### Redmond's Son Distinguished

John Redmond's brother William died in the trenches, fighting for what he considered the

cause of Ireland. John Redmond's son who is a captain in the British army, has just been decorated with the Distinguished Service Order or "D. S. O." for gallantry on the field of battle. Captain Redmond was in command of a company holding a line of posts. The enemy attacked in strength after barrage fire. Captain Redmond ordered a rapid fire to be opened. A bomb fell in the post, knocking out half its occupants. Captain Redmond led out the survivors, drove out the enemy, and established a new defensive line which he held against repeated attacks until day broke.

#### "The Ordeal of the Parapet"

Of Austrian atrocities we have heard little. Just now, however, the British press is giving space to a refinement of cruelty which the Austrians are said to practice on prisoners attempting to escape. The unfortunate, we are told, is made to stand on the parapet of the trench exposed to the fire of the enemy, while two Austrian soldiers with rifles pointed, stand behind him. If, after two hours have elapsed, the victim is not hit by enemy fire, he is pardoned. It is added that the Russians do not fire on men thus exposed because they are aware of the procedure.

#### Chemin-des-Dames

In silks and satins the ladies went  
Where the breezes sighed and the poplars bent,  
Taking the air of a Sunday morn  
Midst the red of poppies and gold of corn—  
Flowery ladies in gold brocades,  
With negro pages and serving-maids,  
In scarlet coach or in gilt sedan,  
With brooch and buckle and flounce and fan,  
Patch and powder and trailing scent,  
Under the trees the ladies went—  
Lovely ladies that gleamed and glowed,  
As they took the air on the Ladies' Road.

Boom of thunder and lightning flash—  
The torn earth rocks to the barrage crash;  
The bullets whine and the bullets sing  
From the mad machine guns chattering;  
Black smoke rolling across the mud,  
Trenches plastered with flesh and blood—  
The blue ranks lock with the ranks of gray,  
Stab and stagger and sob and sway;  
The living cringe from the shrapnel bursts,  
Moan and die in the gulping slough—  
Where are the butterfly ladies--now?

#### When the Frost Is On the Highball

(With such apologies as may be apropos)

When the frost is on the highball and the julep  
is in hock,  
When you have to keep your "licker" well  
protected under lock;  
When the corkscrew's out of fashion and the  
mint bed's gone to grass,  
And a sip of soda water is the strongest stuff  
they pass—  
Oh, the time is then a feller 'bout the first of  
old July  
Will be chasin' in a circle with his tongue  
a-hangin' dry,  
As he starts out for his toddy and discovers  
with a shock  
That the frost is on the highball and the julep  
is in hock.  
Farewell to "mornin's mornin'" and to "night  
caps," too, farewell;

Farewell to days of frolic and to nights of  
raisinel;

The stubble's in the rye patch and it's still  
around the still,

And the glasses' clink is mournful as the wailin'  
whip-o-will;

The colonel's up agin it and his spirits sink  
because

The sinkin' down of spirits is now agin the  
laws;

He still dreams of his toddy, but he'll wake  
up with a shock

When the frost is on the highball and the julep  
is in hock.

—Grantland Rice.

#### Some Cynic

There is a politician in Chicago who, though of a rather cynical turn, tries hard to refrain from the expression of his pessimistic sentiments while at home or with his friends. Now and then, however, his cynicism gets the better of him. One day his twelve-year-old son, who had been reading, suddenly put down his book and, looking up at his father, asked:

"Dad, is it really true that there is honor among thieves?"

"No, my son," said dad, "thieves are just as bad as other people."

#### FOR MEN

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## Latest Social Statistics

Why have there already been 212 marriages this year, as against 143 last year? In society, I mean. Proletarian marriages, bourgeois marriages, plebeian marriages count up to much higher figures. But in 1916 there were 143 marriages which could properly be called society marriages, as we understand society in San Francisco; and in the months of 1917 which had elapsed when these statistics were compiled there had been 212—an increase, as the statistician correctly points out, of nearly fifty per cent. What's the explanation? The war, doubtless. Everything is explained by the war nowadays: everything but flat feet. The statistics are supplied by some expert connected with that interesting and handy publication The Social Register. The publishers of The Social Register in the seclusion of their aristocratic office at Bowling Green, New York, accumulate more data about San Francisco society than anybody in San Francisco has ever gathered. Many of us may have known about the increase in the number of marriages over last year; but I doubt whether a soul in San Francisco could have supplied the correct figures. Certainly the marriage license clerk couldn't have done so. For he doesn't know whether people who approach his counter are in society or out of it. You can't tell by appearances. The only way to tell is by consulting The Social Register.

## Deaths but Not Births

From the same exclusive source we find that during 1917 34 society women and 30 society men died, as compared with 27 society women and 41 society men who passed from the ranks of the exclusive to the great inclusive beyond during 1916. How are we to account for these figures? Why did seven more society women die this year than last? And why did eleven less society men die this year than last? Again the war seems the handiest explanation, if one is needed. There are no statistics about births supplied. Why, I don't know. Children are born in society, though not as often as they are born outside of it. One of the ways society maintains its exclusiveness is by having very few children. It would be interesting to know how many children society welcomed into its ranks this year as compared with last year. But it seems that society as tabulated and card-indexed by The Social Register doesn't take cognizance of children till they are twelve years old. Then it calls them "Juniors" and lists them in The Social Register. They remain "Juniors," for the purposes of classification, until they

reach the age of twenty. Then they become full fledged society people, and the authorities of Bowling Green don't regroup their names until they marry or die or achieve "Juniors" of their own. The latest Social Register is bigger and handier than ever. A departure is the inclusion of week-end addresses, indicating that the week-end as practiced in San Francisco is approved by the moguls of society.

## What the Relief Commission Does

The California Relief Commission for France and Belgium at 356 Post street, announces that they are working for that part of Belgium which is still free from a foreign yoke and is not suffering the martyrdom of German occupation. On that corner of land the great struggle is taking place which is to preserve the kingdom of Belgium. It is the rampart placed in the way of Calais. All the horrors of the war are accumulated on this land, saturated with blood and perforated with shells. A large civilian population crowd there, increased by the surpopulation caused by the accumulation of the Allied troops. At the beginning of the war bad hygienic conditions developed there, misery, hunger and infectious diseases. The child mortality reached 80 per cent, and a typhoid fever of a particularly violent type caused frightful mortality and greatly threatened the Allied troops on their arrival. The Aid Civil and Military Belge, which is the organization this particular commission works for, has established civilian and military hospitals. The military hospital is at Poperinghe, and cares for the Belgian divisions. There are also two large orphanages in which are gathered the orphans whose parents were massacred at Ypres; a kindergarten where the new born are taken in, the origin of many of whom is unknown. Schools are restored from which the teachers have all fled; distributions made of garments, which for the greater part, come from America; daily distributions of milk are made in the villages, etc. It also works in northern France where there are a large number of Flemish refugees.

## The Appeal of the Queen

The Belgian Queen, kind and courageous, is the patron of all of these oeuvres. She visits them often and it is a touching sight to see her bending over the beds of the wounded soldiers and of the little children. She often brings to each one a present, sometimes flowers. The children laugh and the grown-ups turn away to weep. But the expenses are incessantly increasing and she is in consequence absolutely forced to send out a call to those who in spite of what they have already deprived themselves of for the war, can still help. She asks her friends in America to give their donation of food, money or hospital supplies to the California Relief Commission for France and Belgium, 356 Post street. The commission has just sent over one ton of sugar, one automobile and three cases of clothing. The superfluous shop is open from eight-thirty until six, and will be open every Saturday evening. There are bargains there of all kinds and descriptions—ranging from a ten cent article to an expensive painting; books, toys, ornaments, furniture, statuary, a motorcycle, ball gowns, clothing, shoes, etc.

## High Milk and the U. C.

An effort to blame the high retail price of milk on the University of California has stirred certain faculty members to a pitch of excitement not common to the campus. Until official explanation and denial were forthcoming the hordes of Berkeley and Oakland women who are organized to fight the high cost of living were ready to invade the sacred grove of wild oaks and beard the solons in their studies. Now the professors are busy professing innocence and have most of the women on their side. It was when a delegation of women, headed by Mrs. W. T. Cleverdon of Berkeley, called upon officials of the milk dealers association to ask the whys and wherefores of the rising milk price, that the university was brought in.

"Why, don't you Berkeley women know," one of the milk men is said to have asked, "that our prices are all fixed by the College of Agriculture at the University in your own city?"

The query was responsible for a quick turn-about-face and the delegation went back to Berkeley more determined than ever to find the responsible price fixer. At the university Dean Hunt not only denied the charge but went into statistics, precedents and economics. When he had finished the women were certain of three things, Dean Hunt was angry, his colleagues were angry and—the price of milk had gone up.

## St. Mary's College Banquet

On Monday evening, November 26th, the Alumni Association of St. Mary's College (Theodore F. Bonnet, president) will have a banquet in honor of the graduates and undergraduates who have responded to the call to the colors. The engineering department this year has been entirely broken up by the members all having volunteered. There are more than two hundred students from the school now in the different departments of our army and navy. His Grace, Archbishop Hanna, will be the

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guest of honor and a large attendance of graduates is expected; among them, Federal Judge M. T. Dooling, Appellate Justice T. J. Lennon, Judges Murasky and Flood, Charles F. Hanlon, Charles J. Heggerty, Garret W. McEnerney, Dr. C. D. McGettigan, Dr. W. B. Coffey, Dr. Shaefer, noted serum discoverer, and Dr. Vincent Buckley, and many others prominent in California and the other Pacific Coast States; notably Thomas E. Campbell, Governor of Arizona; Maurice J. Sullivan, Lieutenant Governor of Nevada, and several clergymen. Features of the evening will be the singing by students of the Star Spangled Banner, La Marseillaise, So Long Mother; a patriotic recitation by Brother Leo, member of the faculty, and the presentation by the association to the Alma Mater of resolutions paying tribute to her patriotic sons.

#### The Humane Bureau Affair

This Saturday night is given over to the Catholic Humane Bureau. "Everybody who is anybody" will go to the Fairmont for the tea and dinner dance which this year takes the place of the Charity Ball. Saturday was chosen instead of Friday (the usual night) for the convenience of the soldiers; the same consideration prompted the choice of a combination tea and dinner dance instead of a formal ball. Some will attend the tea dance in the late afternoon; others the dinner dance. Those who can, will make one continuous function of the two. It will be a great afternoon and a great evening. And one of our worthiest charities will benefit.

#### Little Billy of Mrs. Richards' School

Talented little Billy Pearce is fast developing into a vocal star for exclusive society events, devoted to war funds. The little chap is the five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pearce of London who are making their home in San Francisco. Mrs. Pearce who is a most charming matron, is a daughter of the late W. E. Morton, famous London playwright whose last play "Risen from the Dead" was finished after his death by Sir Beerbohm Tree, and ran for two consecutive years at the London Lyceum. Little Billy Pearce has already delighted first-nighters in several San Francisco and Oakland play houses—not to mention the officers at the Presidio—with his latest "Sammie" song "I'm a Son of Uncle Sam," written by Miss S. I. Eastman of Mrs. Richards' private school at the Hotel St. Francis. A charming "kiddies" party was given this Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. Richards at the Hotel Oakland, when Billy Pearce sang in full military costume, and gleefully waved "Old Glory" to the delight of scores of kiddie guests. Billy's only rival in popularity was the ice cream. Billy is a pupil at Mrs. Richards' private school. Like all noted vocal stars, Billy refused to be interviewed regarding his "art," but spoke with feeling and at length

of the plenitude of the ice cream and cake, always remembered by the hostess of the kiddies' parties.

#### British Sailors' Entertainment

An entertainment of an unusually interesting character has been arranged for this Saturday at the Civic Auditorium, when the British sailors of the crew of H. M. S. Orbita which is at present laid up at Mare Island, will give an entertainment, the proceeds of which are to be divided between the British Californian Dependents' Fund and the Seamen's Church Institute of San Francisco. The British sailors themselves have suggested the concert as a token of appreciation of the efforts of the Seamen's Institute to provide for them while on shore. The programme promises to be unique, consisting of selections by a "Foo-foo" band, skits, monologues and popular songs. Commander Buckle, R. N., has given shore leave to some hundred members who will be present in uniform and will lead the audience singing the popular English and wartime choruses. The concert will take place in Larkin Hall and tickets—price \$1.00 each—are now on sale at Sherman and Clay, Kohler and Chase and the news stands of the leading hotels and Seamen's Institute headquarters at 242 Steuart street.

#### What the Fund is For

The work of the Seamen's Institute in caring for the deep water sailors that touch the port of San Francisco is well known. The British Dependent's Fund has been organized as the result of the recent visit here of Brigadier General White of the British and Canadian Recruiting mission. Its headquarters are at 268 Market street. There are a great many married men in this State who are desirous of enlisting if they could but receive assurance that their families would be provided for in their absence. Whilst the British and Canadian Governments grant a separation allowance to the dependents of enlisted men this allowance, being based on the lower cost of living both in Great Britain and Canada, is found inadequate in this country to provide for the most simple needs. The purpose of this fund therefore is to supplement this allowance, thereby assuring the welfare of the dependents during the absence of the breadwinner. The committee, which includes many of the representative citizens and British residents of San Francisco, is desirous of raising a fund sufficient to afford a grant of from \$10.00 to \$30.00 a month to these dependents, according to the circumstances of each one.

#### At the Whitcomb

A candy fund for our boys "over there" was materially increased from the proceeds of a lecture given at the Hotel Whitcomb Tuesday night. The place was the Sun Room, the lecturer was the charming Madame Jules Clerfayt, the subject was "The Cathedrals of France." It is a subject to which attention was directed when first the Huns began shelling Rheims Cathedral and which has engaged attention ever since. Madame Clerfayt by the aid of beautiful stereopticon views traversed the whole field of Gothic cathedral architecture in an hour, holding the attention of her auditors without difficulty. The lecture was sketchy, and on that account appealed more than a deeply technical exposition would. After the lecture the guests enjoyed dancing to the music of the Sun Room orchestra. . . . The Whitcomb announces a special Thanksgiving dinner for one dollar fifty, and reservations are being made in such numbers as to indicate that the Ara-

besque dining room will not accommodate all, thus necessitating the use of the Blue dining room as well.

#### At the Cecil

Lieutenant and Mrs. H. D. Bode, U. S. A., arrived Tuesday from Honolulu and are guests at the Cecil. The latter is a niece of the late W. G. Irwin and is considered one of the prettiest women in the service. Captain C. A. Devol and his wife and baby are also stopping at the hotel. After a delightful visit in the East Mrs. G. F. Hatton has returned to the hotel. Mrs. J. M. Fisher and her two daughters Misses J. C. Fisher and Frances Fisher came up from the peninsula this week and will remain for an indefinite period. Mrs. H. Boerger was hostess at an enjoyable luncheon and bridge Wednesday. Lieutenant and Mrs. Walter Harshman are registered. Prior to her departure for Portland Mrs. O. J. Schwab was hostess at an elaborate luncheon Monday.

#### St. Mary's Graduate Nurses to Dance

The graduate nurses of St. Mary's Hospital will give a dance Saturday evening, December 1, in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis Hotel, the proceeds of which will be used to start a sick nurses' fund for members of the alumni. The dance will be a large formal affair and will be well attended by the prominent men and women of the medical world as well as society people. The alumni nurses will wear the trim white nurses' costumes instead of evening dresses. The committee of arrangements for the dance is composed of the women of St. Mary's Alumnae and is headed by Mrs. Blanche Duane Murphy, chairman. Those who will assist her are: Misses Frances Cullom, Bridget O'Neil, Helen Stack, Nan Burke. Among those who are interested in the success of the dance and will attend are: Mesdames Garret McEnerney, M. R. Merillion, Messrs. and Mesdames Fred L. Hansen, Thomas Coleman, Warren Shannon, John Duffy, Dan O'Hara, John Griffen, Frank Monahan, James Power, Walter H. Duane; Doctors and Mesdames T. E. Bailly, C. D. McGettigan, Theodore Rethers, C. C. Mohun, F. J. S. Conlan, Lloyd Bryan, Fred Zumwalt, Milton B. Lennon, John McMurdo, W. C. Hopper, V. C. Derham, John Haderle, Guido Caglieri; Doctors E. W. Parson, Merman V. Hoffman, H. R. Oliver, J. M. Tarlopoulos, Arthur Beardslee, H. W. Harding, Rafael Duficy; Messrs. W. H. McCarthy, George Welch, William Lange, Thomas Delury, George Cunningham, Thomas Beecher, Lawrence Murphy, James J. Lynch, James Woods, John Tait, John D. Mahoney, Stanislaus Riley, Dennis Degan.

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# Vaudeville and Life

By Thomas Lloyd Lennon

Vaudeville in some respects is quite like life. This, perhaps, may account for vaudeville's popularity. And then again it may be just the other way round. Life's popularity, among certain select classes, may be the result of its resemblance to vaudeville. You can never tell, really; there is so little to be said on either side. But the similarity between vaudeville and life is so apparent at the Orpheum this week that it cannot be passed over lightly. For instance, Jean Adair and a very capable company in "Maggie Taylor, Waitress," a one-act play by John B. Hymer, brew an illusion to which the audience quickly succumbs and tell a pretty story full of the bitter-sweetness that is the tragedy of old age, finding mirth and the sadness of real romance even in the unmelodious cacophony of an automobile horn—but, as one sits back after the fall of the curtain and broods on the terrible complexities of this very simple world, along comes Deiro and his damned accordion and dispels the charm. This is not to say that Deiro and his instrument are not pleasing; quite the contrary is the truth. It is to say merely that Deiro and his instrument break in upon the reveries engendered by the Adair piece and smash them to smithereens. And that is the way of life—the illusions are always de-

stroyed, the bubbles are always burst, the charms are always broken; but, as in the case of Deiro and the one-act play, the destruction is generally effected by something or someone equally able to intrigue the fancy. An example: Just as one is about to propose marriage, or at least love, to a beautiful girl, one is certain to slip on the hardwood floor and fall, striking the head on the rim of the cuspidor and cursing with a great gusto. Instantly an illusion—the girl's, of course—is dispelled. The lover has turned out to be a man. He swore! That proves it! Out upon him! But is this good cause for sorrow? At first sight, yes; at second sight, no. By slipping on the hardwood floor and falling into the cuspidor with a meed of profanity appropriate to the occasion, and shattering the girl's ideal as a consequence, one is likely to escape from the girl. Fifty-six-fifty-six, as the man in the street wouldn't say. . . . . After the Adair play and Deiro there comes Nan Halperin, female mimic. Nan is a plumpy creature, full of naughty insinuations, baby talk (the two are often found together), pep and personality. Nan is also a trifle b-w-l-gg-d, but despite her cuteness she manages to look well in lingerie. She sings a few songs dealing mainly with race suicide and

trivialities of the same kidney, and puts them over nicely. But she makes a mistake, a grave error indeed, when she attempts to parody the singing of the Kouns' sisters, who follow her on the bill. It may be difficult to imagine a parody preceding the thing parodied, but Nan evidently doesn't think very deeply on fundamentals. And, since Nellie and Sara Kouns are artists, the Halperin should know better. . . . . Then there is Sophie Tucker! Big, buxom Sophie, a "real-time mamma," with a profile like Guisto the ball-player and shoulders like Zybyszko the wrestler! Oh! Sophie! Oh! Sophie! Sophie! Sophie! How pleasant it must be to shoot crap-dice on the lawn with you! And as for your jazz-boys—well, let it be enough to say they are the niftiest nut-musicians who ever played a slow waltz standing on their heads. They are regulars. They are Some of the Ones. They are people. . . . There are many other worth-while numbers on this week's bill. Frank Westphal who isn't so stupid as he pretends to be, is one of them. Paul McCarty and Elsie Faye supply another. And the dancing of Harold du Kane, June Edwards and Olga Marwig is a third. The Marwig especially is beautiful—a wisteria blossom blown through sunlight by the winds of spring. . . .

## The Stage

### How Did He Stab?

The man about to be murdered—Ned Wales—was the last to sit down in the seance circle, so he occupied the thirteenth chair. At his left sat Helen Trent; at his right, Helen O'Neill. At the right of Helen O'Neill sat Philip Mason. All the thirteen held hands. When Ned Wales emitted his death groan and the lights were turned on, that segment of the circle embracing Wales was still intact. That is to say, one of the murdered man's hands was in Helen Trent's and the other in Helen O'Neill's. And one of Philip Mason's hands was held by Helen O'Neill and the other by the person sitting at his right. Now Philip Mason was the man who committed the murder. We know how he did it. He stabbed Ned Wales in the back with a knife and then hurled the knife to the ceiling where it stuck. We know he did it this way, but just the same, it is necessary to ask the question: How did he manage to do it? Philip Mason had to disengage one of his hands—we don't know whether he was right-handed or left-handed or ambidexterous—take out his knife, lean across the back of the chair in which Helen O'Neill was sitting, stab Wales, hurl the knife to the ceiling, and reengage the hand he had let go. He had to do all this in the twinkling of an eye. Accepting the conditions laid down by the playwright Bayard Veiller, it doesn't seem physically possible. Neither Helen O'Neill nor the other person who held hands in the circle with Philip Mason said anything after the murder about the hand-clasp having been interrupted and resumed. I am indicating a part of the mystery of "The Thirteenth Chair" which isn't cleared up in the play. But as far as enjoyment goes, this doesn't

make a bit of difference. It is a play of thrills, a play thoroughly enjoyable. You don't think of discrepancies till afterwards. And it is a play which shows our dear friends Katherine Grey and Louise Brownell to the best advantage. —E. F. O'D.

### Ysaye in December

December will bring to San Francisco the great Belgian violinist Eugen Ysaye, who will give concerts at the Columbia on the Sunday afternoons of December 9 and 16 and will appear at the Oakland Auditorium Opera House on Monday night, December 17. Ysaye is the king among the violinists. That fact is admitted in the world of music. Music is Ysaye's birthright, he is marked with it spiritually and mentally. It began in his cradle, it companioned him in early youth and it has been his friend and inspiration in manhood. He is a master of masters, a master of tone, of technique, of everything that pertains to the violin or to music. He is measured by no conventional standards or traditions. He is so far above the school of the very greatest that it is his forte to make standards and to create traditions. Ysaye will play wonderful programmes on his coming visit, programmes so enormous that only an Ysaye could dare offer them. He is bringing with him an associate artist and accompanist, Victoria Boshko, a pianist of real worth and merit, one who can match the violinistic genius of Ysaye by upholding the piano part of his standards. At their first recital they will play the Suite in D minor by Geminiani, a rare old work of the seventeenth century, one seldom heard in this country. Then will come the immortal Beethoven "Kreutzer" sonata.

Ysaye will also play the Wieniawski Concerto in D minor No. 2, op. 22, and as though this were not enough Saint-Saens' "Havanaise" and Vieuxtemps' "Ballade" and "Polonaise," as well as works of his own. For his second offering he will play, with Miss Boshko at the piano, Beethoven's Sonata op. 30, No. 2, and the famous Saint-Saens violin concerto No. 3 in B minor, a work in which the art of Ysaye stands preëminent. Assisted by Christiaan Timmer at the second violin, Bach's famous Concerto in D minor for two violins will be played. Additional works by Ysaye, Wieniawski and Faure are also included. The programme that is to be given in this city on December 9 will be repeated in Oakland on Monday night, December 17. The Ysaye tickets can be secured at the usual ticket offices. The concerts are under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer of the Will L. Greenbaum office.

### "Miss Springtime" at Columbia

"Miss Springtime" which Klaw and Erlanger are sending to the Columbia on Monday evening next, for a fortnight's engagement, is said to touch the high water mark in musical comedy productions. Last season this piece achieved signal success at the New Amsterdam Theatre where it was done for the entire theatrical year to continued capacity audiences and now one of the most pretentious musical comedy organizations that has been sent on tour in many years is duplicating "Miss Springtime's" metropolitan success throughout the country. At the Columbia seventy-five people will be seen upon the stage and in addition, there will be a big special orchestra. Emmerich Kalman who gave "Sari" its appealing airs, composed the score



of "Miss Springtime," many of the numbers of which are already extremely well known locally. Guy Bolton, the prolific librettist, contributed a book of rollicking humor, while graceful lyrics were supplied by the well known humorist P. G. Wodehouse. The eye-fascinating groupings and stage pictures arranged by Julian Mitchell, are important factors in the success of "Miss Springtime." The cast includes Frank McIntyre, Zoe Barnett, for two seasons a prime favorite at the Princess in musical stock, Harrison Brockbank, Hattie Burks, George Leon Moore, Frank Doane, Mae Hennessy, Alf Fisher, Alice Gaillard and W. F. Nunn. There will be a special matinee on Thanksgiving Day in addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday ones.

#### Second Week of "Thirteenth Chair"

Bayard Veiller's mystery drama "The 13th Chair" has lived up to its advance notices and has proved one of the most interesting plays of its type that San Francisco has seen in a very long time. Katherine Grey, one of the most distinguished of American actresses, has the leading role of Rosalie La Grange, the medium, a character absolutely new to the stage. Brinsley Shaw is the detective. Kathleen Comegys and Bruce Elmore are the young lovers whose romance for a time is threatened. Louise Brownell and other well known players are capably bestowed. "The 13th Chair" is scheduled to remain at the Cort for two weeks more, when its engagement will positively be terminated. On Monday, December 10, "The Flame," Richard Walton Tully's new spectacle drama, will be seen at the Cort for the first time.

#### Symphony Concert and "Pop"

Schumann, Tschaikowsky and a California composer, Frederick Zech, will be represented on the programme of the fourth regular Sunday symphony of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, announced for the afternoon of November 25, at the Cort. The concert will be precisely the same as that given so admirably on Friday, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, although popular prices will obtain for the Sunday event, as is customary. Although Frederick Zech was born in Philadelphia, he has lived in this State since he was two years of age, so he may be truly termed a Californian. He has done much for the development of music in its finer expressions and has become a conspicuous figure in musical affairs of the Pacific Coast. Zech's symphonic poem "Lamia," programmed for Sunday, is one of his best works. It is based on the Keats poem. The story of Lamia was also made use of by Goethe in "The Bride of Messina." "Lamia" is the third of four symphonic poems standing to Zech's credit. This prolific composer has also written four symphonies, two grand operas, 150 songs and various pieces of chamber music. "Lamia" was written at Ross Valley in the summer of 1899 and was last played in San Francisco in 1902, the composer conducting. It has been received with favor abroad. The programme on Sunday will further embrace Schumann's Fourth Symphony in four movements, played without pause, and representing Schumann in his most genial mood. It is generally considered his best orchestral work. Tschaikowsky's Third Suite, most effective of the great Russian's serious works, will conclude the concert. The fourth "pop" concert, which Alfred Hertz will give at the Cort on Sunday afternoon, December 2, will have as soloist Kajetan Attl, the accomplished harpist of the

San Francisco Symphony. Attl will play a special arrangement of Smetana's "The Moldau," without orchestral accompaniment. The announcement of Attl's first appearance as soloist is sure to be received with great favor. The other numbers which Hertz has selected for the fourth "pop" are Mozart's Symphony in G minor, Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite; Glazounow's "Valse de Concert" and Wagner's "Rienzi" overture. Here is another delightful programme of the lighter masterpieces. Secretary-Manager Widenham urges concertgoers to secure tickets in advance at Sherman Clay's, to avoid the annoyance of standing in line on the concert day.

#### Isadora Duncan at Last

Isadora Duncan, greatest of all exponents of the dance, world famous figure, has been in San Francisco, the city of her birth, this entire week, intermittently working and resting, until she is prepared to give the finest series of programmes that have even been offered here in their line. Manager Selby Oppenheimer has assembled a splendid orchestra to assist his dancing star, and Oscar Spirescu of the Metropolitan Opera House, who is special conductor for Miss Duncan's dance programmes, has pronounced them as fine a body of men as he has met in his entire American travels. Miss Duncan too is enthusiastic over the musicians, as well as over the spacious stage of the Columbia, and the enthusiastic way in which she has been received in her home city. The first of the Duncan matinees takes place at the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, beginning at 2:30, and the art of this remarkable woman will be revealed in one of her best conceptions, the "Iphegenia in Aulis" of Christopher Gluck. The entire story is told in dance from the greeting to Iphegenia upon her arrival in Aulis, until the departure of the Greek fleet, all set to the wonderful Gluck music. Other dances on this programme include the Dance of the Priestesses, the dance of Psyche, "Musette," "Sicilienne" and "Bacchanalle," and Miss Duncan's famous interpretation of the great French national air "La Marseillaise." On Tuesday afternoon the programme



EMILY ANN WELLMAN  
Next week at the Orpheum

will include Beethoven's Symphony No. 7 in A major, interpreted in its entirety, Schubert's beautiful "Unfinished Symphony," Tschaikowsky's "Andante Cantabile," the Brahms Waltzes and again the Marseillaise, which is always the finale of every programme. Friday will witness the presentation of the entire Tschaikowsky "Symphony Pathetique," Schubert's "Andante from the C minor Symphony," "Marche Funebre" and "Ave Maria," and Tschaikowsky's "Marche Slave" and "La Marseillaise." Isadora Duncan has long promised to visit this city but each time some untoward circumstance prevented her filling the engagement. At last she is here, ready to give of her best, and this best will be a stunning revelation to San Franciscans, for the art of this woman is truly superb, and has completely captivated every country of Europe and every great American city. Tickets are selling at Sherman Clay's, at Kohler and Chase's and at the theatre, or may be had on Sunday at the theatre.

#### Emily Wellman at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will consist of six new acts and only two holdovers. Emily Ann Wellman, a legitimate actress of splendid reputation, will impersonate "Young Mrs. Stanford" in the flash drama of that name. Miss Wellman is also a successful writer of extravaganzas and stage whimsies. Her two vaudeville sketches "Slim Tim's Sickness" and "Time" are now being presented in the East with great success. "Young Mrs. Stanford," the authors and producers of which are Edward Elsner and herself, is a sort of animated moving picture. It is a stirring, gripping, intense bit of drama, but is portrayed as though it were being projected from a picture machine. Miss Wellman brings with her an excellent company. Bert Baker, successful as author and actor and an immense favorite, will present with the assistance of his own company his own farce "Prevarication" which proves an admirable vehicle for the display of his talent as a comedian. Max G. Cooper and Irene Ricardo style their entertaining comedy skit "Ah, Gimme the Ring." Miss Ricardo is an unusually clever eccentric comedienne and Mr. Cooper proves an admirable foil to her. Billy Lloyd and George F. Britt will contribute a clever and entertaining mixture of songs, dances and comedy. Both men are popular on account of their versatility and ability. Private Louis Hart of the British army who is now on furlough will appear in a new scena called "As in a Dream." He is small of stature but of phenomenal muscular development. He raises eight men from the stage, holding them above his head. All his feats are introduced in a conceit supposed to take place in mediaeval times. Mr. Hart was decorated by the French Government with the violet ribbon of merit. Lolotte is a mammoth Russian bear, who despite her great size and ferocious appearance, is as docile as a kitten. She excels as a roller skater and manages to give a comedy twist to her performance. Nan Halperin will introduce a new character song cycle, and Sophie Tucker and her Five Kings of Syncopation will change their act.

#### Players Club to Present "The Mikado"

A unique production of "The Mikado" is to be given by the Players Club in the Little Theatre at 3209 Clay street, beginning December 3, and continuing for two weeks. On the miniature stage the classic light opera by Gilbert and Sullivan will be given with all its traditions, yet a modern touch will be added



by the original scenery designed by the local artist Elmer Stanley Hader, who has returned to this city from Paris since the outbreak of the war. George Lask, for many years stage director of the old Tivoli Opera House, has generously offered to direct this production for the Little Theatre. Henry Wood Brown, who also was associated with the old Tivoli, is in charge of the music. "The Mikado" is the first musical production to be staged in the Little Theatre and is being given by the newly-formed light opera section of the club, as the Christmas offering. Reginald Travers, director of the club, will play the comedy role of Ko-Ko. De Wolf Hopper recently wrote of his first appearance as Ko-Ko, calling the

part the "finest comic opera role ever written for a comedian," adding that if he were condemned to play forever a single comedy role he should pray that it might be Ko-Ko. Mr. Travers who for years played character roles upon the professional stage, will give a delightfully humorous portrayal of the Lord High Executioner. Dion Holm whose appearance on the Little Theatre stage is always welcomed, will play the Mikado. William S. Rainey, the versatile favorite of the club, will be Nanki-Po. Others in the cast will be Rafaello Brunnetto who made so favorable an impression in "The Tragedy of Nan," his first role with the Little Theatre company; Raine Bennett, Robert Adams, Sidney Slessinger, Mme. Frances Drake Le Roy, Rodolphine Radel, Alice Elliot and Aldanita Wolfskill-Detrick who will play Katisha.

#### A Tribute to Allen Doone

Allen Doone, the young Australian star who is playing to large houses nightly at the Alcazar, under his own management, in "Lucky O'Shea," received a unique tribute to his personality the other day. He chanced to be lunching at a downtown grill when a friend introduced him to a passerby. The gentleman, caught by the magnetic manner of the actor, became curious to know more about him. Doone described himself as a manager, at which the gentleman slapped his back and exclaimed: "By Jove, you're another man who has missed his vocation! With a voice, a figure and a manner like yours, if you were an actor you would be the hit of the town!"

#### At the Tavern

Drop in at Techau Tavern any day between twelve and one o'clock and you will find it crowded to its capacity with San Francisco's leading business men and business women, for the reputation of the Tavern for serving the best noon-day luncheon is firmly established. Every afternoon also finds a large gathering of the best people at the Tavern and no end of interest is taken in the Tavern's delightful feature of presenting its guests, without competition of any sort, with from twenty-five to thirty-five large bottles of Suprema toilet water. In the evenings after each souvenir dance the

Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume favors are presented to the ladies in attendance and large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes to the gentlemen. Sunday night's programme which has been arranged by the manager, will exploit the talent of the vocal, instrumental and dancing stars on the Tavern's long list of artists.

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Frederick Zech .....Symphonic Poem, "Lamia"  
Tschaikowsky .....Suite No. 3

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Estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of W. H. Morrissey, 804 Mechanics Building, 948 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased.

ESTELLE B. EVERETT,

Executrix of the estate of Virginia Evans Smith, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 24, 1917.

W. H. MORRISSEY,

Attorney for Executrix.

804 Mechanics Bldg., 948 Market St.,  
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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Sentiment in financial circles was distinctly more optimistic at the close of the week than it has been for some time past. Several reasons may be offered for this favorable change of opinion. One is found in the drastic character of the liquidation which took place recently. This, it is firmly believed, has cleaned up weakly-held stocks and removed to a large degree the danger of fresh and violent breaks in the stock market. Another is the expected increase in railroad freight rates, as well as talk of a Government loan of two hundred million dollars to the railroads. The vigorous campaign made by the railroads for higher railroad rates has counteracted the unfavorable impression created by the unexpected opposition of shippers. There is no reason why the rate increase should be delayed. The Interstate Commerce Commission itself has intimated this, while the undeniable need of the carriers constitutes a pressing argument against postponement of action. The railroads have been compelled to advance wages, and may be forced to make further advances. Such advances are illogical unless they are permitted to increase receipts to a corresponding degree. The enormous investment in railroad securities makes it imperative that owners of these securities, which include the largest financial institutions of the country, should be protected in their investments. The copper stocks as a group did very well considering the unsettlement of the general speculative situation. The announcement that the Kennecott Company was buying Utah strengthened the latter, because holders reasoned that it indicated the belief of insiders that the stock was at a low level. Kennecott did better too as a result of an optimistic statement coming from one of the directors. Steel common held steady and there seemed to be an undertone of strength to this stock which absorbed all offerings under 95. Shipping shares were in demand and higher, and the old dividend rumor on Marine was revived. There was a large short interest in this stock and traders bid it up easily. The motor stocks have been thoroughly liquidated, and there was such a large short interest in General Motors that a premium of as high as one-half per cent was demanded by the loan crowd. A little short covering turned the market upwards, and at the close of the week this class of stocks was in good demand. The only discouraging news was the Russian political situation, as well as the reverses of our Italian allies. The former had been thoroughly discounted, and the market did not reflect any news from that quarter. At the present writing the Italian situation looks better, and should the Italians prove to be the victors in the present big battle at the Piave River, a good upturn will take place in stocks

and go a long way to eliminate most of the pessimistic atmosphere that is hanging over Wall Street.

**Corn** has shown a fair degree of strength during the week. Most of the prior loss was recovered, but the gain was not entirely maintained. Congestion on an extended scale, considering the volume of interest in the market in a measure was responsible for the advance. The announcement that \$15.50 would be regarded as a minimum price for hogs and that at the ratio of 13 to 1 this suggested a price of \$1.20 for corn, was the stimulating factor. While the movement of new corn has become somewhat free, cash prices for corn of good grade are still so far above the December and May that little pressure is exerted on the latter. The new crop apparently is not yet moving in the volume to materially impair present values. Receipts of new corn at various points are gradually increasing but there is great diversity in the grade and moisture content and the prices received for such corn have varied considerably. The Government report recently issued indicated probably the largest crop on record, but was somewhat less than the general expectation; the quality is somewhat below the average but notwithstanding there should be a large supply of merchantable corn. The shipments to Europe from this country and from the Argentine continue very moderate and supplies from abroad are small. Nevertheless the foreign inquiry is quiet, probably with the expectation of purchasing to better advantage when supplies accumulate. It has recently been intimated that an effort would be made to furnish greater transportation facilities in order to facilitate the movement of the crop. The weather during the week has been fair and somewhat mild but with hardly any precipitation. The action of prices covering a considerable recent period seems to bear out the assumption that once congestion is eliminated from the market the buying power subsides. The size of the crop should be the determining factor in the future action of prices and we believe the prospective supply is large enough to cause a decline from prevailing levels.

**Cotton**—All the cotton options went into new high ground last week, under the influence of trade buying and a bullish census report on consumption and mill stock. Like the previous week, the market completely ignored the continued unfavorable situation abroad and no improvement in the daily reports of cotton exported. The census report showed that 695,600 bales of lint and linters were consumed during October, which indicated a domestic consumption (providing the average three months of the season is kept) of nearly eight million bales. It was plainly evident that should we

use this much cotton at home exports need not be at all large in order to use this season's growth. Mill and warehouse stocks were far under last year, and a million more spindles were using up the cotton than a year ago. We do not remember a more bullish statement since those reports were first inaugurated by the Census Bureau, but the response naturally was limited because of the ruling high prices which accounts for a great deal and because of the marginal restrictions. There has been a moderate reaction from the high but the market exhibits no weakness. The buying on this report came into the distant months, causing a sharp correction of differences. While general conditions in cotton may warrant higher prices ultimately, we feel that this level discounts a great number of the bullish factors, and with the technical position relieved by the recent covering, prefer waiting for a sharp setback before making fresh commitments on the long side.

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## 6-In. Q. F.

(Continued from Page 6)

straight at him like spears. And in the dust, fallen into a little lake of water and blood, he saw his officer, with the sergeant and all the men but two . . . . Corporal Quadring did not care. The walls round him buckled as if the turret were folding down on him. The floor writhed under his feet: unclenching his teeth, he murmured blindly into that telephone with the broken wires: "Speed up!"

A very long time later, it seemed, he came out of a pillar of flame, stripped half naked by the curling steel as a shell, swooping down into the depths, fired the magazine. He did not know how he had come out, how it was he found himself miraculously safe, freed from those other dead, stumbling in the dark along the passage that led to the next turret. He thought: "Poor old Q. F.!"

Then he was before the captain in turret No. 3. He saluted.

"No. 2 silenced?" said the captain. "Oh, all right, I shan't need you yet."

He saluted. This cupola too was rising and falling, but there was nothing for him to do. He listened to the crash of the shells and after a while grew careless. He wondered how long it would last. He watched those others hard at work in a play where there was no part for him. A shell burst upon the cupola; it was not his business, this one. Corporal Quadring took from his hip-pocket a letter which he carefully read. A little later, as the cupola shuddered under one of those familiar booms, he said half-aloud:

"The dad can say what he likes, I'm backing Sophomore for the Derby!"

## Bald Heads

By G. K. Chesterton

There is no sillier talk than the mere talk against talking. The man who says he wants "acts, not words" would presumably, if confronted with the enemy, prefer the act of desertion to the word of command. But about one matter it has the hundredth part of a truth, and that is patriotism. What a man does for his country may well be self-sacrifice, but what he says for his country is a little apt to be self-praise. Often enough he really does something for the nation when he says something against it. The man called a crank because he criticizes his country, and saves it, is more practical, we might say more brutally businesslike, than the strong silent man who acquits it and lets it perish. For such reasons the praise of the English influence throughout the world is apt to miss its aim and say, not too much, but rather the wrong thing.

Mr. G. H. Powell was somewhat innocently shocked when Mr. Belloc wrote that "with sufficient research" you could prove that bald men were the master race of mankind. Mr. Powell said that this was "a purely pointless fabrication" because "the requisite evidence does not exist," and the slightest research would show this. But this is to miss Mr. Belloc's point, which is one which I think worth re-emphasizing. Some evidence for any such thing does exist, and it does need research to find all the facts supporting it. Only it also needs a fanatical stupidity to ignore all the facts not supporting it. Since bald men have been marrying, murdering, making jokes, making laws, making, buying and selling everything from cannon balls to cuckoo clocks for centuries, some evidence could be produced to suggest anything about them. In fact, the instant my eye fell on Mr. Powell's challenge, cases and coincidences (in this one accidental and fanciful instance of baldness) came flocking to my mind. Looking out over the great levels of humanity, I see two heads that rise like peaks: alone in secular history those two are universally spoken of as gods or supermen; among men of action, Caesar; among men of vision, Shakespeare. Both those heads are bald. Attention being attracted by these great illustrations, it will be time to suggest some rationale in the thing, racial or biological if possible. And the great evolutionary principle instantly springs to the mind; its key can be found in Nietzsche's remark that we shall be to the Superman what monkeys are to us. The most striking external change in us from the monkeys is that we have lost most of the hair, and the only step the Superman can take in the same logical direction is to lose the rest of it. The scrap of hair on our scalp is the last uncleared thicket of our monkeyhood, what my brother calls an oasis of tolerated barbarism. No sooner is this idea suggested than a confirmation of it leaps upon me like a leopard. When a particular order of men have to be held sacred and devoted wholly to a higher life, what do they do? They shave their heads; they produce artificial baldness of the tonsure. A Prussian professor would probably add that this was done to cheat the people with a pseudo-Superman, and that the ignorant peasants believe that priest's hair naturally grows like that. These are only very few of the things in support of the theory that flashed across me as first thoughts; with more "research" I could find more. But the point is that I should find a great deal that went quite the other way, and I should be a fool or a philosopher according to whether it cured me of my fad or not. The test

would be what I did when I found that, while priests are revered and also shaved, convicts are practically shaved and are not particularly revered.

But there is one much more hopeless hole in the theory; there is one truly paralyzing fact which makes it impossible for me to put it forward. I shall never write a great book and get a European reputation by this thesis, for a simple and final reason. I apologize for admitting the public to so intimate a secret; but the truth is that I myself am not bald. This destroys at one blow the doctrine that baldness is a mark of every possible merit. Nobody ever heard of such a thing as a professor propounding the theory of a superior race, and thereby proving that he did not belong to it. A study of the sages who have traced a natural aristocracy in mankind will show that every single one of them, by a happy coincidence, discovered at the same time that he himself was an aristocrat. I must therefore abandon with regret the promising theory that the great and good are bald and take up some other, as that the great and good are fat; in which I may do very well with exhaustive research about St. Thomas Aquinas and Charles Fox, and a tendency to touch lightly on Henry VIII.

### Making "Kunnels"

A group of Northerners at a hotel in Louisville were poking fun at the partiality of Southerners for the titles of "Colonel," "Major" and "Judge."

"What is a colonel hereabouts?" asked one of the group, and there immediately followed a discussion. Finally a colored attendant was drawn in.

"Well, gents," said the negro, "dere's lots of ways to answer dat question. Ise knowed folks what was born kunnels—it jest runs in de blood foh generations. An' Ise knowed folks what was jest appointed to be kunnels. An' yit others what was made kunnels by bein' kind to niggehs. Why, gents, any man dat gives me a dollah is a kunnel to me hencefo'th foheveh!"

### NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 85508.

In the Matter of the Application for Dissolution of AMAUROT OIL COMPANY, a Corporation.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the AMAUROT OIL COMPANY, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, has filed in this Court an application for an order dissolving said corporation; and that Monday, the 17th day of December, 1917, at ten o'clock a. m., has been fixed by the Court as the time, and the Courtroom of Department 10 of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, as the place, at which said application will be heard.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of November, 1917.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. F. WILLIAMSON,  
Attorney at Law,  
Merchants National Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

11-10-6

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORA NEUSTADTER, deceased.—No. 23503, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of DORA NEUSTADTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorneys, Rothchild, Golden & Rothchild, Room 1051 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DORA NEUSTADTER, deceased.

DAVID NEUSTADTER,

LOUIS W. NEUSTADTER,

CLARENCE R. WALTER,

Executors of the last will and testament of Dora Neustadter, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 24, 1917.  
ROTHCHILD, GOLDEN & ROTHCHILD,  
Attorneys for Executors,  
1051 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-24-5

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# NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a special meeting of said board, duly held on the 20th day of October, 1917, at the office of said corporation, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of the said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation, No. 962 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meets), on Monday, the 31st day of December, 1917, at 3:00 p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000), divided into twenty thousand (20,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each, to Five Hundred Thousand (\$500,000.00) Dollars, divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each.

The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock is Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000.00).

Also to amend the Articles of Incorporation, and to ratify all acts of the stockholders and Board of Directors at its meeting held on the 11th day of October, 1917.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated October 20, 1917.

LOUIS TRAUNG,  
Secretary of Traung Label and Lithograph Company.

L. W. LOVEY,  
Attorney for Traung Label and Lithograph Company,  
1107 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-27-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 84,455.

GERMAINE KEYWORTH, Plaintiff, vs. HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also on the ground of defendant's failure to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life, he having the ability to do so; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of September, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. E. ROTHE,  
Attorney for Plaintiff,  
948 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-10

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 83,219, Dept. No. 16.

SARAH E. MUNCK, Plaintiff, vs. M. G. LOEFELER, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

Alfred B. Lawson and John Prosek, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: M. G. LOEFELER, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON and JOHN PROSEK,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
Grant Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-10

## Letters

### A Great Short Story

Some time ago Ben Blow wrote a story which was published in the American Magazine. This fact was of great interest hereabouts, because Ben Blow is well known in San Francisco and throughout California. At the present time Ben Blow is manager of the Good Roads Bureau of the California State Automobile Association. He is probably the best known Good Roads campaigner in the United States. But the publication of that short story in the American Magazine was not of exclusively Californian interest. It interested all who read it. For it was a great short story. Current Opinion republished that story as "the" short story of the month. It was called "Jefferson Davis Abraham Lincoln Bowe," and it was the story of two small boys and a man-doll. It was a story of true childhood, told directly and forcibly, a story with tears in it, a story that tugged at the heart strings. It was in short a little masterpiece. It is fitting that it should not be lost in magazine files. And so Paul Elder has published it in book form, making a beautiful little book of it, tastefully illustrated. This little book should have a big circulation. It is a timely publication, for there is a breath of Christmas Eve in the story.

\* \* \*

### For the Kiddies

Miss Helen Virginia Anthony is an Alameda girl who has produced a children's book that is different from most books for children. It is called "Mr. Slimkins," and is so attractively made that it will take the eye of Christmas shoppers. A fairy walking in the woods one day made a man of a few sticks and the letter O—that's Mr. Slimkins. The book is concerned with letters about his merry doings. It is reproduced in the round, readable script of the author, with her clever sketches. The format of the book is very attractive. From Paul Elder.

\* \* \*

### The Cynic's Calendar

The Revived Cynic's Calendar comes to us, bringing back memories of the past. The familiar names are on the title page: Ethel Watts Mumford, Oliver Herford and our own expatriated Addison Mizner. It's a pretty little book for the buyer of Christmas presents, full of saucy epigrams, wise old saws revised to suit our modern needs, and piquant pictures. It is printed in red and black, and there are no "blues" in it. It is some dozen years since the frivolous trio produced the first Cynic's Calendar—how time flies! From Paul Elder.

\* \* \*

"Camp Fire Girls and Mt. Greylock" by Isabel Hornbrook, author of "Girls of the Morning-Glory Camp Fire," illustrated in two colors by John Goss; 12mo, cloth; price \$1.35.

This book deals with the doings and adventures of a group of Camp Fire Girls amid the picturesque Berkshire Hills of Northern Massachusetts, their goal of pilgrimage being the lofty summit of Mount Greylock, the "figure-head of the State." It is thoroughly up-to-date, bringing in the effort of a dozen girls of various ages, to lead the outdoor life, which includes sleeping for several nights in the open, thus overcoming nerves and training themselves to be hardy members of the new, patriotic organization formed amid Camp Fire ranks, the Minute Girls of 1916, which aims at training girls to be of service to their country in any emergency of peace or war. Their failures and successes are told with all the author's gifts of humor and dramatic force. The popularity enjoyed by "Girls of the Morning-Glory Camp Fire" will be equalled, if not exceeded, by this book.

"The Boy with the U. S. Weather Men," ninth volume of the "U. S. Service Series," by Francis Rolt-Wheeler; profusely illustrated from photographs loaned by U. S. Weather Bureau; large 12mo, cloth, decorated cover; price \$1.35.

This new volume of the now standard "U. S. Service Series" explores a new world, which holds fresh stores of excitement and mystery. This is the world of the air. It has been written in cooperation with the officials of the U. S. Weather Bureau, and is endorsed by them. It is curiously alive with the marvels and perils that forever hang suspended in the air over our heads. Hurricanes, tornadoes, blizzards, cloud-

bursts, storms of giant hail and pitiless rain are described, with many a tragic incident of their effect. Hundreds of lives are saved each year by the Weather Bureau in forecasting these dangers. Weather is still the most important thing in the life of man, and Dr. Rolt-Wheeler's new book captures attention as much by the sheer fascination of its subject material as by the deftness with which this is woven into a thoroughly good boys' story.

Both books are published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co.

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of OLAF J. BROWN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of OLAF J. BROWN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said W. J. Hynes at his office, Room 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of OLAF J. BROWN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,  
Administrator of the estate of Olaf J. Brown, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 10, 1917.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,  
Attorneys for Administrator,  
San Francisco, Cal.

11-10-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RACHEL BACHMAN, deceased.—No. 23465, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of RACHEL BACHMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorney, Bert Schlesinger, Room 1225, First National Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RACHEL BACHMAN, deceased.

LEOPOLD S. BACHMAN,  
Executor of the last will and testament of Rachel Bachman, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 10th, 1917.  
BERT SCHLESINGER,  
Attorney for Executor,  
1225 First National Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

11-10-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN ALFRED MARSH, deceased.—No. 23396, New Series; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JOHN ALFRED MARSH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 3rd day of November, 1917) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Walter Rothchild, Room 2002 Hobart Building, 582 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN ALFRED MARSH, deceased.

GERTRUDE MARSH,  
Executrix of the last will and testament of John Alfred Marsh, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 3, 1917.  
WALTER ROTHCHILD,  
Attorney for Executrix,  
Room 2002 Hobart Bldg., 582 Market St.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

11-3-5

### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEAN ARTIGUES, (also called JEAN CLODOMIR ARTIGUES), deceased.—No. 23374; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the estate of JEAN ARTIGUES (also called JEAN CLODOMIR ARTIGUES), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Landry C. Babin Co., No. 423 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named place the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEAN ARTIGUES (also called JEAN CLODOMIR ARTIGUES), deceased.

NORBERT C. BABIN,  
Administrator of the estate of Jean Artigues (also called Jean Clodomir Artigues), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 27, 1917.  
A. COMTE, JR.,  
Attorney for Administrator,  
No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-27-5



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# THE LANTERN



Edited by THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

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# TOWN TALK

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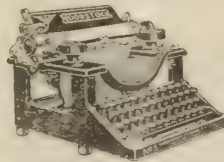
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# TOWN TALK

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## How We Treat the Hun

The American people are not getting angry in haste. They are as slow about it as was the President when the Kaiser was testing his patience last year and the year before. Indeed the President has not yet lost his patience. True he has barred possible German spies from certain zones, but there are many aliens from the Central empires who have access to places where they may do much damage. Perhaps the President is watching and waiting to hear from home, and perhaps the people in sections where mourners may abound in the course of time will get angry before long. Meanwhile protests are coming from some big cities against the freedom accorded to alien enemies. A writer in the *New York Sun* has asked, "Why are aliens permitted to travel unrestricted?" It is as a result, he says, "that we suffer deaths and losses by explosions in munition factories, incendiary fires on ships and upon our docks." This writer thinks that every friend of the Kaiser and his ruffianly horde should be deported at least fifty miles inland and preferably interned. In view of the treatment the Hun is receiving in this country he is perhaps of the opinion once expressed by a distinguished agent of Ambassador Bernstorff—that the Americans are all fools.

\*\*\*

## The Vice of Seattle

News has been coming from Seattle that doubtless quickens the pulse of many a flurried moralist. It is news of the vice that prevails there; surprising news, for there has been many a drive against the devil in Seattle, and notwithstanding all that has been done to render the State of Washington uninhabitable to the Demon Rum it was in Seattle that Uncle Sam first closed a rum shop because of the sale of liquor to his soldiers. How vain is re-

form when overdone! Seattle, from all accounts, is really a very bad city. Compared with the Washington metropolis San Francisco is a model town. The vice of San Francisco appears to be mainly a matter of the imagination. Whenever the evidence of our shortcomings is sifted we find that we are blamed chiefly because we are not dead. Now, despite the country-wide demand for conservation in the midst of war our moralists are wasting much time that might advantageously be spent in knitting for the soldiers. How foolish, this bruising of the serpent all the time! It is by no means a certainty that we shall be damned in the next world if we pause occasionally in our warfare against iniquity. Indeed it is a question whether it may not be well to be frankly pleased with some things that cannot be abominated without falling into hypocrisy. Anyway we may take a vacation from reform without fear that vice will get away. It remains always just around the corner to be belabored at will.

\*\*\*

## The Two Byngs

Before the great offensive at Cambrai was over England had made Lieutenant General Byng a general. The English are swift to do honor; they are swift also in punishment. The fate of a namesake of General Byng illustrates the grimmer characteristic. We refer to Admiral Byng who disgraced himself during the Seven Years War. Despatched to the relief of Minorca, Admiral Byng met the French fleet, suffered a reverse and fled, making no attempt to retrieve the day though the opportunities were excellent. Minorca he left to its fate. The resentment of eighteenth century England was savage. Admiral Byng had not shown cowardice, but he had failed to do his utmost, and for that failure the Articles of War provided capital punishment. He was court-martialed, convicted and shot. Is General Byng a descendant of Admiral Byng? It would be interesting to know. If he is, then he has effaced a stain from an escutcheon that needed cleansing. The chances are that there is a collateral relationship between the two men; Byng is not a common name. In that case we may reflect upon the stretched-out continuity of English history. An English family may produce a black sheep in one century, suffer dishonor at his hands, and find rehabilitation two or three hundred years later. When history mentions the Byngs

hereafter, it will have pleasant as well as unpleasant things to say. Cambrai more than offsets Minorca.

\*\*\*

## A Case of the Gored Ox

So our old friend Colonel Roosevelt has been "butting in" again. The Colonel is always ready to go over the top when there is a call for his services. This, by the way, is not the first time he has taken occasion to inform the folk at home of the business in hand. Naturally the folk at home do not always agree with him. Some of them invariably think they are better informed about their immediate concerns than the man far away, and the Colonel cannot do the impossible; that is, he cannot satisfy all the people all the time. Some years ago when certain prominent citizens in San Francisco had his ear he wired out here warmly approving the civic patriotism of Rudolph Spreckels and his co-conspirators. Appreciating his wisdom and the telling effect of his judgment in matters of which he knew nothing beyond what he was told by our magazines they vociferously applauded his advice to the dear people. How times have changed! These former civic patriots are now allied with a band of anarchists, and they no longer welcome words of advice from the erstwhile All-Highest of politics. It appears to be all a matter of the particular ox that was gored. Teddy is no respecter of oxen.

\*\*\*

## A Great Municipal Problem

Now that the street car strike has been officially called off by the carmen's union we are reminded that some months ago it was reported that Mayor Rolph was engaged in settling terms for the purchase of the United Railroads. According to what the newspapers told us at the time, Mr. Rolph was intent on solving a problem that had vexed the community for many a year; he had conceived means of overcoming a big financial difficulty much to the relief of the people deeply concerned about the welfare of the city. As a result of the Mayor's achievement certain labor troubles subsided and the enthusiasts of union labor quit assaulting women and children in the street cars. It was generally believed that the city was about to annex the United Railroad's system, and for awhile we heard a great deal about conferences and important negotiations. Now that we hear nothing at all of enlarging the municipal car system we are wondering whether it was all by a species of camouflage that our



shrewd Mayor ended the strike. We know that he was very eager to end it; it was natural that he should be, for the gubernatorial campaign was approaching, and the further away that strike is in history when Rolph is questing another job the better it will be for him. Memories of it are not such as he would care to have linger. As a political candidate it would not be pleasant for the Mayor to be haunted by recollections of a strike that occasioned much bloodshed and for which he was severely criticised in newspapers of the interior the editors of which said that he was responsible for a state of lawlessness and disorder. Perhaps he felt that this criticism was far from groundless. At any rate, if he did not give encouragement to the strikers at least he was able to pacify them by giving them the assurance that he would purchase the United Railroads and thus enlarge the carmen's union. Now of course he will be expected to keep his promise, and it remains to be seen whether he will renew negotiations. We are all curious as to the price the Mayor will be willing to pay. It has been said that it would be possible for the city to take over the property at once and let it pay for itself. This is a fine idea. But on what basis would the appraisal be made? It is said that it cost something like seventy million dollars to build the municipal system. Now the physical value of the United Railroads is not to be ignored. The proposed deal is a big one, involving many elements and some complicated questions, but perhaps Mr. Rolph, who is a pretty good business man, has thought them all over and is able to solve

the problem to the satisfaction of all concerned. Anyway he will be expected to get busy on the problem immediately. Who knows but that he may be able to make another great hit with the public.

\* \* \*

#### The Author as Critic

From the letters of Mark Twain, just published, we learn that the great man of letters wondered why the contemporaries of Jane Austen "allowed her to die a natural death." The letters contain a still more vehement denunciation of the Waverley novels. After reading them for four weeks Mark wrote to Brander Matthews asking whether Scott ever wrote good English, ever drew heroes and heroines who were not cads and cadesses, ever wrote humor that was really humorous, ever used the right word in description, and so forth. Coming from the man who wrote an article on "Fennimore Cooper's Literary Offenses," these onslaughts do not surprise us. But they afford us an opportunity to say a word in defense of the much maligned literary critic. The trained literary critic, the writer of what the French call "official criticism," has done justice to Jane Austen, to Sir Walter Scott and to Fennimore Cooper. He has found faults in their novels, of course, but he has shown without difficulty that the virtues are so many and so great that the faults may be overlooked. The literary critic has done the same service for Mark Twain. It is the function of the literary critic to consult his judgment as well as his inclination; hence his verdicts are not temperamental but reasoned. Temperament the trained literary critic possesses,

of course; it leads him to the authors for whom he has an affinity, not to those for whom he has a natural distaste. Temperamentally, Mark Twain had nothing in common with Jane Austen, Scott and Cooper; so he is not a fair judge of their undoubted excellences. That he should have lambasted them so unmercifully proves what we all know, that he was not a trained literary critic. He vented his prejudices upon them, he did not exercise his judgment. As a rule authors are not good critics—we mean authors who create, authors like Mark Twain. Nor do they always appreciate sound criticism. They are apt to suspect personal antipathy when the criticism is unfavorable. They easily persuade themselves that criticism is sound when it is not criticism but panegyric. There is an instance in point in these letters. Kipling wrote to a friend: "I love to think of the great and godlike Clemens. He is the biggest man you have on your side of the water by a damn sight, and don't you forget it. Cervantes was a relative of his." When he heard this, Mark wrote: "It makes me proud and glad—what Kipling says. I hope fate will fetch him to Florence while we are there. I would rather see him than any other man." The chances are that in his heart Mark considered Rudyard a consummate critic. The fact is that Kipling is as uncritical as Mark was. Had Kipling assaulted Mark Twain as Mark Twain assaulted Jane Austen, Sir Walter Scott and Fennimore Cooper, Mark would have been mortally offended, of course; but he would never have realized that he was capable of giving the same sort of offense.

## England Welcomes America

By Margaretta Byrde

Destiny knocked at the door—  
 "O men of the wilderness, speak!  
 Will you walk on the plain as of yore  
 Or climb to the peak?"  
 They replied—"Be the summit our goal,  
 For the Curse lieth dead at our feet;  
 Now free, body, spirit and soul,  
 Men shall see us complete!"  
 Came Destiny, flaming with wrath—  
 "Is the Curse, then, so deep in its grave?  
 The old world has straightened its path,  
 But you—you enslave."  
 Then they rose, hot with anger and shame;  
 The land was ensanguined and torn:  
 But out of the anguish and flame  
 True freedom was born.  
 Once again came the knock; came the call—  
 "Lo, the Curse is incarnate at last,  
 And Freedom must win or must fall!  
 The die has been cast.

To her rescue, or yours is the loss,  
 If you bide here alone on the height,  
 And take not the fiery cross  
 And join in the fight!

See, they suffer for what you avow:  
 See, they die for your watchword, your creed!  
 Come down, lest your records tell how  
 You failed Freedom in need!"  
 They gazed from their peak with surprise  
 At the nations at grips with the foe,  
 That look of resolve in their eyes  
 Which was theirs, long ago.

With a throb of the heart for their kin,  
 With a grasp of the hand for their friend,  
 They cried: "Let us in, let us in!  
 We are yours to the end!  
 Here stand we: naught else can we do?  
 Take us, all that we have, all we are!  
 We bide by the issue with you,  
 And this is our war!"



## Varied Types

358—WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE

By Edward F. O'Day

The career of William Milligan Sloane, author of the monumental life of Napoleon, suggests a new line of study for the scholar who busies himself with the philosophy of history. Sloane himself is just that sort of scholar, but he is distinguished by a scholarly modesty and this would prevent his essaying a line of study for which his own career supplies a goodly part of the data. The idea of this study came to me after a conversation with Professor Sloane in the course of which he had told of his intimate association with two other historians, George Bancroft and Hippolyte Taine.

For nearly three years during the formative period of his life Professor Sloane was private secretary to Bancroft. This was at the time when the great historian of our country was writing the last volume of his magnum opus. Later on, during a stay in Paris, Professor Sloane made the acquaintance of Taine and enjoyed an hour's talk with him regularly once a week. Both of these were historians who viewed history from a fixed post of philosophical observation. It goes without saying that they exercised a strong influence upon Sloane. More than that, however; they brought to bear upon him the sum of influences to which they themselves had been subjected by other historians. For Bancroft and Taine had sat at the feet of other celebrated writers of history, in precisely the same way that Sloane sat at theirs.

George Bancroft had been the pupil of the great German historian and Platonist Heeren, one of the first to apply the philosophical method to the treatment of Greek history. And Bancroft had known Niebuhr, the historian of Rome. Through personal contact with these two men Bancroft touched hands with the eighteenth century. Later on in his long life Bancroft was the friend of two great English historians, Macaulay and Hallam. In the same way, Taine had known Guizot, so he too had been touched directly by the eighteenth century.

It would be the task of the historical writer who developed these hints—and I fancy it would be a delightful task—to point out what influences Heeren and Niebuhr, Hallam and Macaulay transmitted to Bancroft and through Bancroft to Sloane; and in the same manner, to indicate what lines of historical thought Guizot had taken from earlier historians and passed along through Taine to the American scholar. In this way it might be shown that contemporary historians are the direct heirs of the great historians of the past; that the writing of history is a chain extending link by link into the past; and that the historian of today wields a pen guided by the historians of a series of yesterdays.

To make the task easy at its inception we have Professor Sloane gratefully acknowledging his debt to Bancroft and Taine, but more particularly to Bancroft.

"I was a New York boy," Professor Sloane told me, meaning that he was brought up and educated there (he was born in Ohio in 1850), and he added with a smile: "Yes, I was a boy once, though now I am what I hope you would call a hale old gentleman."

As a matter of fact, one thinks a great deal more of the haleness than of the age when enjoying the privilege of conversation with Professor Sloane. He is thick-shouldered,

stout-chested, and of good height, although he confesses that a lifetime of bending over a writing desk has robbed him of an inch and a half in stature.

He received his bachelor's degree from Columbia in 1868, taught school for a time, then went abroad.

"I planned a scholar's career," he says, "and determined to specialize in oriental history. There were two places for oriental studies in those days, Berlin and Leipsic, and I went to both. I had a smattering of German, and on my arrival in Berlin I devoted myself first of all to mastering the language, a very difficult task. One day George Bancroft sent for me. He was our minister at Berlin—we had no ambassadors in those days. He told me that he wanted a secretary, and that my name had been called to his attention. Would I try the position? Acceptance meant an interruption of my oriental studies, but it meant also joining a household where I'd have the opportunity of meeting all the great men of literature and politics. George Bancroft, like all the prophets, was more honored abroad than at home. His own New England could never forget that he had been born a Whig and had become a Democrat. He was not acceptable to the brahmans of Beacon street. But the scholars of Europe carried him on their hands. His history, as far as published, had been translated into French, German, Italian and Danish. The temptation was irresistible, and I became Bancroft's secretary.

"Two days a week we devoted to official business—the writing of despatches and so on. The other five we gave to historical work. Bancroft was writing the last volume of his history of the United States. It was a great privilege to be associated with such a man, engaged in such a work. I remained with him for nearly three years.

"When he left Berlin I went to Leipsic and completed my studies, taking my degree in 1876. While with Bancroft I had planned a book on the three great revolutions, the English, the American and the French, pointing out their parallels and their divergences. That book was never written, but the plan then formed has influenced my work ever since. You see, the influence of George Bancroft was stronger than the influence of the German universities."

From Leipsic Sloane went to Princeton where he was professor of History from 1876 to 1896. In 1896 he was called to his Alma Mater, and has ever since occupied the Seth Low chair of History at Columbia. In 1896 Professor Sloane published "The French War and the Revolution," the first fruit of George Bancroft's influence upon his historical studies. It is a standard work.

"There are no best sellers in history," says Professor Sloane, "but that book—well, I shouldn't care to say just how well it has sold. It is my most successful book."

A little later the Century Magazine planned a serial life of Napoleon. Richard Watson Gilder asked the great Taine to write it. But Taine refused.

"I have written one work on Napoleon," he said, "and do not care to undertake another.

But you have a man in the United States who is equal to the task."

"Whom do you mean?" asked Gilder.

"Sloane," said Taine.

As I have said, Sloane had known Taine in Paris. Taine had already influenced Sloane's ideas. Now he exerted a direct influence upon his career and upon his fortunes. It is no wonder that Sloane has a great admiration for Taine.

"His mother was a peasant, and his father of better birth—a combination," says Professor Sloane, "which makes for strength. He was a small man, stooped by study, with clean cut features and the noblest brow I ever saw. He was eager to pass the torch along, and his conversation was inspiring."

And so it happened that Hippolyte Taine made William Milligan Sloane the author of the greatest book on Napoleon ever published in the United States. The Century spent a fortune in illustrating this work which ran as a serial for two years. Afterwards it was published in two sumptuous, profusely illustrated volumes.

"The actual work of writing, aside from my study of material, took two years and a half," says Professor Sloane. "I rewrote the text four times."

The two big volumes were published at twenty dollars. They sell now for eighty. Professor Sloane told me of a set owned by a Napoleonic enthusiast in Chicago which has been expanded by extra-illustrating to forty volumes! Professor Sloane never liked the original format of the work, holding that the profusion of illustrations interfered with the reader's proper concentration on the text. He is not sorry that the plates are now worn out. The library edition in four volumes illustrated with portraits only, represents his idea of the book's permanent form.

In 1901 Professor Sloane published a book which had grown out of his Napoleonic studies: "The French Revolution and Religious Reform." He is now hard at work on another.

"I regard Napoleon as the product of his age," he says. "It is true that Napoleon influenced his age, but the age influenced him even more. What was this eighteenth century which produced the French Revolution and Napoleon? I am attempting to answer that question. Parts of this book have been published already in magazines, among others the chapters on Diderot and Hogarth."

One day Professor Sloane found his eyesight failing. His doctor told him that he was threatened with blindness, and must knock off work indefinitely.

"In my studies," says Professor Sloane, "there

(Continued on Page 18.)

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# The Place Where the Elephants Die

An Incident of the Central African Campaign

By OWEN LETCHER

We found Strayne lying alongside the Ma-henge pathway in a pool of his own blood. At first we did not recognize him, so blanched was his face. His beard had grown, his uniform was torn and ragged and his legs were black with the ash of burnt grass. Altogether it was difficult to believe that this was Strayne, in peacetime a famous elephant hunter, and in war the dapper intelligence officer of the Eastern Column.

It only required a moment's scrutiny to make it clear that Strayne was approaching the end of his "safari" (journey). He had two ghastly wounds—one just above the heart and the other through his right thigh. They had evidently been made by the wicked 11 millimetre soft lead bullets used by the German Askari in the Central and East African campaigns.

Death stared at us out of his eyes which seemed to burn like hot coals far away back in his head. But we did what we could for him. The column doctor was on the scene almost immediately and a machilla soon came doubling up from the rear.

"Why, good God, it's Strayne," ejaculated the adjutant and the doctor together.

"Wonder where he's been," muttered the adjutant. "Wonder what information he's got. It's ten days since he left us to try and find out what Brauermann's strength was."

The doctor looked up quickly from the well-nigh lifeless form that lay in the stretcher. "I don't think Strayne will ever make any more intelligence reports—not in this world," said he.

Strayne died that evening, and perhaps because I am a sentimental soldier and a warrior of business, he made a supreme effort and spoke a few words to me before he crossed the great divide. Then for the first time I became aware of the existence of a Mrs. Strayne. We had all put Strayne down as a bachelor, although we had no real cause for doing so. He was a man not given to talk; in many ways he was a vast human mystery.

"I want you—to see that my wife is looked after, Maudsley," he said with a tedious despair in his voice. "I fairly—worship her. I left home for her sake—and—whenever I've bagged a good jumbo it's been halves partner with the tusks."

The doctor came silently into the hut but Strayne motioned him away, and I held up a finger and shook my head. "There's something I want to tell you, Maudsley," he continued, and his voice died away almost to a whisper as the doctor crept out of the hut.

"Let's hear it, Strayne. I'll promise I'll do what I can."

He gave me a look of great gratitude and weakly clasped my hand. When he spoke again his voice was so faint that I had to bend closely over him to catch the whispered words.

"I want you to sell nine thousand tusks of ivory for me and send the money home as soon as this show is over."

"Nine thousand tusks!" I ejaculated. "Why, old thing, it means a fortune!"

"About a quarter of a million I reckon," whispered Strayne. "It ought to set up my wife for the rest of her life."

I was silent, for it had suddenly dawned on me that Strayne had probably taken leave of his senses.

"Where are they?" I asked with a view to humoring him.

"It's the place where the elephants die," said Strayne.

"The place where the elephants die!" Where had I heard that expression before? There was a curiously familiar ring about the words, but for the life of me I could not place them at the moment.

"I went there once," said Strayne, "and had an exciting time of it. You'll have to be careful, but you can do it all right. God! What a sight it is. It's only a few days from here, between the Mufinga and Musutu Ranges—down—in—a—deep—deep—valley—map in my—field—service note book."

I tried to catch the rest, but the whisper subsided into a hushed gurgle, and a minute later Strayne died in my arms.

We buried him the following day beneath a great baobab tree, under the African foothills that he loved so well. The bugles blared out the impressive notes of the "Last Post," and then we tramped sorrowfully away. It seemed to me those clarion calls had awakened a thousand echoes in the grim old mountains, and as I wended my way back to camp they kept repeating in my ears: "The place where the elephants die!"

Here was poor Strayne—a veritable elephant among men (he stood 6 feet 4 in his socks) dead—and with him perhaps his secret. But I had promised to do what I could. Then it all came suddenly back to me. I had heard those words: "The place where the elephants die" on two previous occasions.

The first time was at Karonga before our advance began. I had heard them there, used by old Nicholson, who was a quaint old fossil of a trader—who had wandered all over Africa from Fernando Po to Chinde, and who had accumulated a most wonderful fund of native folk-lore, fables and traditions.

The adjutant was with me at the time, and we had questioned Nicholson about this supposed mausoleum of the mammoths.

"Well," said he, "I don't know whether there's much in it or not, but that's the native yarn all over Africa. They say that elephants always go to one place to die. It's a vast sort of jumbo cemetery, I suppose. The yarn of the niggers is that this graveyard is somewhere up north, and that only two or three men have ever seen it and then only at great risk of their lives, because the place is held sacred by the elephant clan, and the animals are sworn to kill all intruders."

The adjutant laughed: "That's a good fairy tale, Nicholson," said he. The old man looked serious. "Well, p'raps, p'raps it is. But it's strange I've never met anybody yet who ever saw a dead elephant."

On the second occasion I had heard Strayne himself employ these queer words. I recollected that just after the advance started we

had been talking of record ivory tusks one evening. The adjutant after awhile, appealed to Strayne on the subject and the elephant-hunter-intelligence-officer had replied: "The biggest tusks I ever saw were in the place where the elephants die. There were two of them that beat that pair got by Powell-Cotton in the Lado by feet."

"Where did you see them?" interjected the adjutant sharply.

"Oh! it's a long way off," replied Strayne carelessly; "and it's not a healthy place for white men. I went there once and I was very thankful to get out of the place alive."

"More travelers' tales," laughed the adjutant. "Tell us about it anyway, Strayne." But Strayne changed the subject and we could never get him back to it again.

The next day I hunted diligently for Strayne's note book. But it was nowhere to be found, and I came to the conclusion he had lost it in his last adventure.

A few days afterwards we continued our advance to the northeast after the retreating Huns and for a time, at any rate, the incident dropped out of my mind altogether.

About a week after Strayne's death we found ourselves held up by a strong German rearguard. They held the crests of a high range of hills, and, with four Maxims in well chosen and carefully concealed positions, they made things very warm indeed for us. One morning before proceeding on a reconnoitring patrol, I was poring over my maps when I noticed that the high ridge before us was termed the Musutu and that beyond that range of hills was a second ridge marked as the Mufinga Mountains. In the hurly-burly of warfare Strayne and his dying message had been out of my mind for awhile, but when I saw these words on the map I remembered that they were the names employed by Strayne to denote the locality of the place where the elephants die.

That day I found the enemy in retreat and helioed the news back to the main force. Shortly afterwards I received an order to coöperate with another small column that was making a big sweeping movement to the northeast with a view to "scuppering" the German rearguard. So I pushed my company rapidly forwards and soon gained the crest of the hills marked "Musutu" on the map. Native scouts found the spoor of the German rearguard going downwards from this range into an enormously deep valley flanked on the northern side by another high range, which I took to be the Mufinga Mountains. I had my orders to carry out and so I pressed my pursuit down into

(Continued on Page 18)

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## McCarthy the Driver

ball a-rolling in the Catholic drive for the benefit of the soldiers at the front, Mr. W. H. McCarthy was selected for the task. A heart of ordinary fibre would certainly have been taken place hereabouts. In preceding drives nobody had been overlooked, and there were many thousands who had found it difficult to be of good cheer, for they had given often and bountifully. Nevertheless, he was willing to lead another drive in the interest of his brave countrymen and he did, going over the top top, too, for notwithstanding the vast sums previously contributed another big sum had been requested. It was not big enough to satisfy McCarthy. He tried for more, and such was the enthusiasm he awakened that he met with a ready response. To the McCarthy achievement I am calling attention because by reason of certain recent happenings it is worthy of note; because, indeed, it may do the public some good to be informed in order that it might ponder certain matters about which there be well to be informed of the fact that this man McCarthy is one of the chief pilots of the much abused Indoor Yacht Club.

## A Dual Personality

Doubtless there are some folk who have never identified this man McCarthy with the Indoor Yacht Club. But he is certainly one of our public-spirited citizens. He has played a prominent part in many charitable enterprises, and there are clergymen who have publicly paid tribute to his genius and his zeal in raising money by his spirited public appeals for some very worthy objects. Hence it would be hardly surprising to find the respect that is accorded relations with the club against which the most virulent Examiners have a prejudice. In every club against which the Rev. Paul Smith has frequently inveighed with much vehemence. But the fact is McCarthy does bear those relations. Surely it might seem to be a case of Jekyll and Hyde. Here is a leader of the most virtuous activities, a man who enjoys the confidence of Archbishop Hanna, a companion in their leisure moments of several prominent priests and at the same time an associate of Indoor Yacht Club men. How remarkable! Such is the duality of the man's personality—if we take the muckraking Paul and the Kaiser's Examiner seriously—that he is not only a pilot of the club that no Hearst editor would visit but he is also one of our prominent manufacturers and some time ago when he was a member of the Board of Supervisors he was above suspicion. Now a Supervisor above suspicion. It is not surprising that in a city where a free press thrives on calumny is a rara avis indeed. All things considered the psychology of the McCarthy personality would stump the ordinary student of psychology. He is too complex to accept all that he hears from some of our presumably best citizens.

## Why Tolerate Him?

As I have said, the case of McCarthy is worth considering. It may lead us to consider other

cases with a view to improving the community. Consider the case of Paul Smith for instance, the moralist who was bloviating a little while ago about a libel suit that he was going to start. Paul strikes me as somebody's hand man hereabouts, so often has he seemed either to have his own sentiments or to have his own sentiments echoed by The Examiner. Since his advent Paul has made an awful lot of noise and trouble in San Francisco, and it doesn't seem to be all for the benefit of the community to encourage him in his uncompromising attitude toward sin and worldly ways. He is a little too uproarious and reckless, and he hurts the feelings of individuals with such little show of intelligent discrimination that he awakens our sympathy for them and gets us into a rage against all reformers. It really doesn't seem to be fair to the community at large to tolerate him, or, at least, to compel men to suffer his abuse. We owe a certain protection to our citizens, and certainly we don't owe anything in particular to the ineffective moralist who, when McCarthy was raising money for the soldiers, was engaged in giving aid and encouragement to the anarchists who are fighting District Attorney Fickert.

### Professor Sloane Praises Our Orchestra

What a sad thing it is never to see but one side of the truth! He said to me, as a daily exercise the good things of life! These were my reflections after an evening divided between the spirit of Paul Smith and the presence of Professor William M. Sloane. Immediately thereafter I thought of Mr. Edward F. O'Day as the right man to give us an edifying "Varied Type," employing the Columbia University scholar as material. For mentioning the nasty-minded reformer in the same breath with the distinguished historian, I must explain by way of extenuation that I heard Professor Sloane expressing his views of San Francisco, a city of which the preacher never said a good word in his life, so far as I know. Professor Sloane is a scholar in his sixty-seventh year who has come through life enjoying its good things, and looks the part. A well-nourished man is Professor Sloane who laughs with his sides and is able to spend several hours of a day in intellectual exercise. One of the good things he likes is the art of music, and it was on the music of our Symphony Orchestra that I heard him descant to considerable extent and with great enthusiasm. Think of our having an orchestra in this wicked city that evokes the warmest kind of applause from a regular New York concert goer. Paul Smith can hardly tell us the difference between one of Beethoven's symphonies and a hymn played on a church organ, yet he is accepted in some circles as a city purifier and improver. He has been here a long time, and he would probably define San Francisco as a city bounded on the south by road resorts and fast society, on the north by the tenderloin, on the east by deadfalls and corruptly managed docks and on the west by beach cafes. Paul never heard the symphony orchestra under the direction of Hertz. It might do him good to get a refreshing breeze of Professor Sloane's enthusiasm after that gentleman had been listening to one of Persinger's solos. "In New York we have heard that Hertz had been doing big things out here," said

Sloane, "but I never dreamt that he had achieved such domination over that his foundation were under such wonderful control. He has really a very fine orchestra." Poor Smith! moral indignation is a thing that monopolizes the soul and benumbs the faculties.

## He Knows San Francisco

Though this is Professor Sloane's first visit to San Francisco he knows the city from hearsay. He has been hearing about it many years, and he was not unprepared for much that has come under his observation. A Frenchman who visited the city shortly after the Franco-Prussian War as a commissioner engaged in studying American life for the benefit of his Government, told Professor Sloane that there was a great empire out here of which the East was almost entirely ignorant. This Frenchman was so deeply struck by the signs of civilization in San Francisco, the evidence of a love of the things of the spirit. Though devoted to scholarly pursuits Professor Sloane is deeply interested in athletics, and he is the principal American representative of the international body that has charge of the Olympian games which were to have taken place in Berlin in 1916 and for which the German Government had made elaborate preparations long before the war. It is now understood that they will be pulled off in Amsterdam in 1920; and Professor Sloane, at a dinner given in his honor by the directors of the Olympic Club the other night, urged the officers of the club, as representative of the "oldest and most distinguished athletic

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club in the United States," to keep the subject in mind. During the dinner, which was very gracefully presided over by Vice-President Louis Hoeffler in the absence of President Humphrey, now in the East, Professor Sloane was deeply touched at his election to honorary membership for life.

#### The Patriotic St. Mary's Banquet

A notable patriotic banquet was that held last Monday night at the Hotel Oakland by the Alumni Association of St. Mary's College. It was made especially notable by the sentiments uttered by Archbishop Hanna and some of the prominent members of the Association and by the spirit of enthusiasm aroused by the speakers. The purpose of the banquet was to pay a tribute of esteem to the undergraduates of the college who have left their classrooms to join the colors and to all the graduates—nearly two hundred—who have rallied at the call of patriotism to the defense of national honor. The prevailing sentiment, that which seemed to animate all present, was love of the Christian Brothers the value of whose training has been vindicated by the attitude of the sons of the college in the midst of the great struggle that dwarfs all the stupendous tragedies of war. Toastmaster Bonnet sounded the keynote of the banquet when he observed that there were no slackers from St. Mary's, no Pacifists, no conscientious objectors and that the old college, living up to its ideals, had risen above an atmosphere reeking of political heresy inimical to patriotism, and was performing its high function as a teacher by giving an object lesson to the manhood of the country. Archbishop Hanna, introduced as a great patriot, industriously engaged in noble activities for the welfare of his countrymen and also as the vigilant shepherd of his flock, made a most spirited address on the great self-sacrificing service to which the sons of St. Mary's had dedicated themselves and of the solemn duty of all good citizens in the hour of the nation's peril. He also paid a beautiful tribute to the Christian Brothers who were following in the footsteps of De la Salle, guiding and instructing youth that it might more worthily discharge its duties to society. Very eloquent and impressive speeches were made by members of the alumni; especially by Judge Murasky, Dr. Gus Schafer, the noted serum expert, Thomas Lloyd Lennon and Garret W. McEnerney. Mr. McEnerney spoke with much feeling on the importance of sacrifice in the great war that involves, as he said, so much more than the security of democracy. It involves, he said, the very fundamentals of society, the fundamentals of religion itself which were challenged in the very beginning when the most precious principles to which civilization clings as elemental were cast aside by Germany as of no more worth than a

scrap of paper. Patriotic songs were sung and there were patriotic recitations by the distinguished Shakespearian scholar and exegetist Brother Leo. During the evening telegrams were read from St. Mary's graduates that stirred much enthusiasm; notably from Judge Maurice Dooling, Governor Campbell of Arizona, Lieutenant-Governor and Brigadier-General Sullivan of Nevada and James W. Graves of Los Angeles. The Campbell letter was read by Brother Agnon, the veteran educator who has taught nearly every son of St. Mary's in the past forty years, but of whom it is said he "not only refuses to grow old, but fails to grow up" and would be happy to be called upon by a policeman for his registration card. Another youngster present was Charles F. Hanlon, the attorney, who by reason of his recollections of Ponce de Leon was called upon to read the letter from Graves, the oldest of the graduates. The motif of the banquet was the presentation to the Christian Brothers college of an artistically engraved and framed set of resolutions, bearing the names of the men in Uncle Sam's service.

#### Sound and Fury

That was a remarkable speech Senator Hiram Johnson made at the Commercial Club last Friday. It was reported pretty fully in The Bulletin, a paper exceedingly tender of Senator Johnson. I quote:

"I think that I would be a poor public servant and that your contempt of me would be justified if I forgot myself or the democracy of my pride either in time of war or in time of piece, or failed to express my honest conviction."

The words have an important sound; but are they really important? Again:

"We are in the fight now and we are in it to win, but I have no idea of speaking to you as a man who shall not dare to speak as he sees fit, and has the honest conviction that his country and democracy will triumph."

There is a thought here, I am sure; but is it worth disentangling from the barbed wire of verbosity? Once more:

"It is not necessary for me to repeat that this is the most astounding and remarkable period in all the world's history—there is nothing comparable to it except the Christian religion."

When I read that in The Bulletin, I thought a careless reporter had misquoted Senator Johnson. But no, I found the same words in another paper. Certainly it is a queer comparison—comparing a period with a religion. Have you read the recent speeches of Senator Phelan and Congressman Kahn? There is a great deal of information in them, but not many rumbling words. Wouldn't it be well for Senator Johnson to sit down in solitude and think out his

thoughts? They seem to be inchoate, amorphous, chaotic. What's it all about?

#### The Nimble Hindu

A quicker-witted witness than that chap Chatterji who testifies for the Government in the Hindu conspiracy case, we have not seen upon the stand in many moons. He scores off everybody. Mention was made, while he was on the stand, of that well known resort, McCray's.

"I know the place," said Judge Van Fleet with an unusual accession of facetiousness; "it is the place my wife objected to my visiting because there were so many pretty women there."

"I did not see any," said Chatterji.

An exciting moment was when Chakraverty insisted on acting as his own lawyer in the examination of the informer.

"What is your religion, Buddhist, Mahometan, atheist, monist, theosophist?" demanded Chakraverty.

"Opportunist," was the calm retort.

Theodore Roche sought to quell this irrepressible witness.

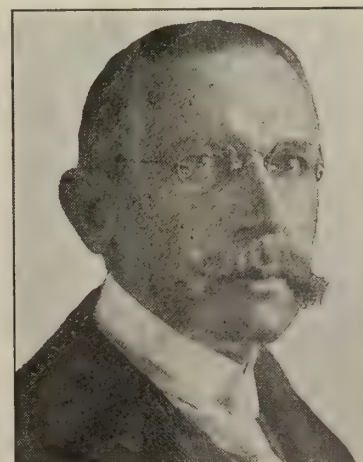
"What was the purpose of your mission?" demanded Roche.

"The same as the purpose of all the others," said Chatterji; "to graft on my unfortunate countrymen."

Truly, a hard man to handle has come out of the East.

#### The Davie Recall

Within a week Oakland will know whether a majority of its citizens would recall Mayor John L. Davie and knowing that, will speculate on what is to come. There are few who are hazarding guesses as to the outcome, for predictions on a recall proposition are ever uncertain. The result depends largely, it is conceded, upon a heavy vote. If the large number who are opposed to the Mayor turn out and cast their ballots there is every prospect that the city will have a new official to usher in the new year, but if they remain away from the



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booths because they are against the recall idea in general, Davie will win hands down. There is a spirited discussion and no little wagering as to who will run the higher, Dutton or Weeks. Until a few days ago Weeks was thought by most to be a third choice but the wiseacres now give him a chance to lead. Certain astute Davie workers are putting him second with Dutton third and the socialist Taylor fourth. If Davie wins the campaign is closed and with it will close one of the most abusive months Oakland has seen in years. In fairness to Dutton, Weeks and Taylor, it may be said they have confined their personal attacks to Davie and Kaufman and have held them to the legitimate channels of record. The Davie camp, however, has spared none of the opposition. Prominent bankers, the Chamber of Commerce, individually and collectively, the real estate profession, hotel men and most of the solid business men of the city have been publicly abused in a manner to cause indignation that will not soon down. A possibility that confronts the city in the event the Mayor is not recalled is a general shift of departments at the City Hall. It is probable that Davie, Soderberg and Edwards will oust Jackson from the Department of Public Health and Safety and that the ax will fall on a score of the Jackson appointees. This may even mean a new chief of police. Should Davie lose, another election in all likelihood will be in prospect, with Davie a candidate against Dutton or Weeks. The Oakland charter makes a continuation of this astounding campaign, unless the Mayor receives a majority vote, something to be accepted with as much tolerance as a suffering public may summon.

#### Oratory in the Recall

Final acts in the recall drama in Oakland have offered rich material for those who refuse

to see anything except the ludicrous in the whole affair. It is pointed out by many that a few weeks more of Davie speeches would surely defeat him and some recent gems are being quoted. J. B. Campbell, a Davie lieutenant, drove away a portion of the feminine vote the other night with these words: "I am sorry to see a bunch of skirts in this recall. These ladies can't put their beautiful hand into the public treasury and take out money without giving accounting and so they are now the recallers of this great, honest, honorable man, Mayor John L. Davie." And Campbell had his tribute for Kaufman, the power behind the throne, whom he says he knew in Canada. "My son and I were riding toward a mine when we saw on a hill near the mine a lot of Mexican peons and opposite them some Mexican rurales, mounted police. Let me tell you ladies and gentlemen, that those peons are human beings and that they only got 75 cents a day while American miners got \$3.50 a day. And the captain of the rurales ordered those peons back in the mine, and they said they would not go. He said he had orders to make them go, and he ordered his men to put the gun to the shoulder. At that time we saw coming racing up a hill a man on horseback. His horse is covered with foam, and he pants as he races up the hill. When he comes close his nostril is wide open with fatigue. The man leaps from the horse and he tells the soldiers to put up their guns, and with tears in his eyes he says to the peons, 'I will settle the strike. Go back to the mine and you will not get 75 cents a day but \$3.50 a day.' He speaks Spanish to them and they obey him, and there is no bloodshed. Who is this man who has saved the poor peons? It is Mr. George Kaufman who is now being denounced and attacked in the city of Oakland. But he is a great man and a friend of the worker."

#### A New Californian Poet

You ask why poets seem so old and grave,  
And why their forms are very often bent  
Then faces furrowed

Thus a new Californian poet, Glenn Hughes, in his first volume "Souls and Other Poems" just published by Paul Elder. And the poet goes on to explain why poets seem so old and grave and bent and furrowed. It is because the poet like "the twisted cypress tree," is "bearing the sorrows of a thousand years." With all deference to Glenn Hughes, I have not observed that poets seem so weighted with years. And I know several poets. George Sterling does not seem old to me. Nor Clarence Urmy grave. Nor is Clark Ashton Smith's form bent. Nor is Edwin Markham's face furrowed, though "The Man with the Hoe" is along in years. All of these poets may bear the sorrows of centuries, but they do not bow beneath them.

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like Markham's and Millet's famous peasant. They carry their burdens lightly, not to say gaily. Glenn Hughes himself is a refutation of his own poem. For he is a young man. He is a Stanford graduate, at present connected, Paul Elder tells me, with the English department of the State Normal School at Bellingham, Washington. Doubtless Glenn Hughes carries the burden of other sorrows besides the inevitable sorrows of a normal school teacher. But I'll wager he hasn't forgotten how to smile. Indeed, there are a number of smiles scattered through this interesting volume of verses.

#### Experiments and Successes

A good deal of this book is experimental. Glenn Hughes is casting about for his true manner of speech, striving toward the proper avenue of self-expression. His ideas of life, death, the soul and God are not yet emphatic. He has still a great deal of thinking to do. Meanwhile he tries his hand at this, that and the other mode of utterance. There is free verse in this book, and it will give pleasure to those who take pleasure in free verse. It is not very successful—free verse seldom is. Perhaps, by the time Glenn Hughes publishes his second volume, free verse will be a fad of the past. One of the free verse poems is called "Revolt," a good title for a poem in the anarchic style; and one of the lines of "Revolt" rattles along like this:

Click-clack, click-clack, click-clack, click-clack.

Need I say that this is not poetry? never can be poetry however much the elastic definition of poetry is stretched? But the book is not all experiment; there are successes here too. It is worth reading many pages of verse to come across a sweet little poem like

#### THROUGH MY LATTICED WINDOW

My latticed window opens on the street,  
And when night closes in upon the day,  
I listen at my window for the feet  
Of one who climbs the hill to pass this way.

And, waiting here, I catch the lilac's smell,  
And hear the rolling melody of surf—  
The pines above the house have cast their spell  
In lengthening shadows on the wild-grown turf.

Dear Heart, the day has not been all misspent  
If you but keep the promise of your eyes  
And follow here the lilac's magic scent  
To take my latticed window by surprise.

#### Woman's Tresses

I am reminded of Pope's words—

Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare  
And beauty draws us with a single hair—

when I read Glenn Hughes, for he is enamored of woman's hair. The predilection is shown again and again. In "Night Song" we have

I am braiding my hair in the dark, O my love,  
And the touch of my hands on the sweet-smelling strands  
Sings a song in the dark, O my love.

I have let down my hair, soft and sweet, O my love,  
And it covers me well, like a shield from a spell,  
And it kisses my feet, O my love.

I am braiding it now in two strands, O my love,  
And I pray that this night it may wind itself tight  
O'er your face and your hands, O my love.

And in "Sonnet to Silence" we read

And often in such silence I have wound,  
With blessed reverence unknown before,  
Thy hair about my face—loving thee more  
Than any king his queen whom he has crowned.

#### A Word with the Teacher

Before I leave this interesting volume I should like to have a word or so with Glenn Hughes, the normal school teacher. It is distressing to find in this book such things as "If thou had stood," "Thou could have understood," "If thou were but here." Surely Glenn Hughes is on better terms with the conjugations than these slips would indicate. Surely, too, he knows that the noun "discord" (page 52) is accented on the first syllable. On page 10 I find "and



KITTY BRYAN.

Who will appear in "The Four Husbands" next week at the Orpheum

which" where the relative pronoun has not been used previously in the sentence. Criticism of another sort may be directed against his use of the phrase "the All-wise Fact" for God. When Glenn Hughes is older in verse-making, I trust he will not be afraid to use the name of God instead of these awkward, unimpressive circumlocutions.

#### Ornstein's Last Recital

Leo Ornstein whom one Eastern critic subtitled "the piano Bakst," another "the keyboard Matisse," and whose coming to San Francisco has done so much to shake the musicians and music-lovers out of the rut toward which they constantly gravitate, will give a wonderful programme of classical and ultra-modern music for his last recital of this season in San Francisco this Sunday afternoon, December 2, at 2:30 sharp at Scottish Rite Auditorium. The

inviting programme includes; Sonatina (Ravel); Prelude, Choral and Fugue (Cesar Franck); Arabesque and Novelette (Schumann); Two Arabesques, E major and G major (Debussy); Impressions of the Thames; A la Mexicana Op. 35; (a) Alas! How Sad, (b) Juan and Pedro, (c) You Need but Cast a Glance and Wild Men's Dance (by universal request), Ornstein; Nocturne B major, Etude, Black Key, Etude, Butterfly and Ballade, F Minor (Chopin); Barcarolle (Leschetizky); Bridal Procession (Grieg); and Liebestraume and Mephisto Waltz (Liszt).

#### Martin Beck Does His Bit

Plans for the Christmas membership drive of the National Red Cross were given a big boost in New York. Martin Beck, managing director of the Orpheum circuit of theatres and a member of the National Red Cross committee has promised that on the opening day of the drive a special performance would be given in every Orpheum theatre in the West and in the affiliated Keith theatres in the East for the benefit of the cause. As there are something like forty Orpheum theatres, exclusive of the eastern affiliations, the affair will constitute the largest theatrical benefit ever given. The Orpheum company and its associates have turned over their theatres willingly for this colossal drive, believing it to be a patriotic duty to aid the Red Cross in every manner possible. The performances given will be unique and will not interfere in any way with the regular Orpheum shows. So that there will be no confusion on that point it has been arranged to hold the entertainment at 10:45 o'clock in the morning of the first day of the Red Cross drive, Friday, December 7.

#### New Numbers at Tavern

Thanksgiving afternoon and night at Techau Tavern, San Francisco's highest class restaurant and family cafe, were of unalloyed pleasure. The regular entertainment had been augmented by several excellent features and the social dancing commenced at seven o'clock. From seven on there was continuous entertainment, the only intermissions being for the dancing. Commencing this Sunday night the Tavern's list of high-class instrumental, vocal and dancing artists will give a complete change of programme, many of the vocal and instrumental numbers being heard for the first time in this city Sunday night. As heretofore, the Tavern continues to present to the ladies every afternoon from twenty-five to thirty-five bottles of Stearns' Suprema toilet water, and in the evening after each souvenir dance Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume favors to the ladies, and a large box of Melachrino cigarettes to the gentlemen.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## To See Isadora

All the worshipers at the shrine of The Duncan went to the Columbia Sunday as to a temple of religious service. Instead of prayer books many of them brought volumes of Euripides—in translation—dog-eared at "Iphigenia in Aulis." Gluck dominated the programme, and for the cultist it is easy to leap across the centuries from Gluck's music to the lines of Euripides. The female worshiper preponderated. She came in her interesting variety. She ran largely to big, round, black-rimmed glasses with broad, black cords, to low, flat hats, to heelless shoes, to violent color combinations. She was to a great extent maidenly middleaged. She was serious of face. She held her breath while Isadora danced and then exploded in applause. She regarded Isadora as Significant. She had the time of her life.

## At First She Shocked

Isadora first came into prominence in New York in 1899. At that time she used to interpret the quatrains of Omar. That was eighteen years ago, and nudity was not yet commonplace. It is interesting to read what the New York Sun said about her dancing at that time:

Miss Duncan is a handsome girl, tall and lithe, and her muscles have been trained to facility in pantomimic dancing. When she stood still she was like a Greek statue in grace of classic outlines. But she has neither the color nor the immobility of marble. Her arms were bare to the shoulders and her legs to the knees. Her first costume provided a nondescript gown between those two levels. Her performance was well within the limits of good art. Her poses and movements were often eloquent with the ideas which were being read and in delightful unison with the music which was being played. After a while she changed her dress to one somewhat longer, and the slight uneasiness which some of the matrons had betrayed gave way to restored confidence. But after another while she appeared in a third garb, and this one involved a surprise. It consisted of dark drapery, from which her arms gleamed in gesticulation, but it hung down nearly to her knees—excepting! The selections from Omar at this time were expressive of his love of wine and women. Miss Duncan's suitable pantomime was chastely graphic. Nevertheless, whenever in the dance her feet stepped far apart, one of her legs came forward, right out of that sedate drapery, and was on transitory view full-lengthed and skin-colored. A matron got up and left the theatre.

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Another and another did likewise. Within five minutes as many as forty withdrew.

## Her New York Start

'At this time Isadora had just graduated from the hands of the dancing teacher Maria Bonfante. She was getting practical experience under Augustin Daly and branching out as a parlor fad in society. Later Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and others took her up and she became a success. In those days she was thoroughly lyrical, all girlishness, but no sylph. She liked rare roast beef more than sunbeams and the breath of flowers. She had a sturdy pair of limbs and beautiful feet, none too small, but in exact proportion to her body. "And I'm glad they're not too small," she used to say, 'for if they were I couldn't do my work.' She declared that her future lay in Europe and showed good business sense.

## Her Studies of the Nude

Even at that time she planned to go in for ancient posturings and dances rather than to follow the French school. All the while she was making careful studies of "clotheslessness" to accentuate the curves of the human body. She tried everything in the diaphanous line in order to get the most beautiful effects. Her rooms were filled with photographs of fine figures from life. On the walls hung alto relievos of antique statuary, arms, busts, legs, torsos, feet and hands in all imaginable postures. She practiced at her work for hours on end. She used to say that as her legs and feet did the main work they must be uncovered. She got her ideas first from her father J. C. Duncan, president of the old Pioneer Bank in San Francisco, who was given to things classical. He made several trips to Europe and adorned his home here with antiques and works of art. Greek art was his hobby. While other children of Isadora's age were listening to fairy stories her father was reading to her about Greek life, games and dances. She herself said that as a little girl she used to stand before the nude statues in her father's house and try to imitate their postures. That life ended when the Pioneer Bank broke. It was one of the most disastrous of our bank wrecks.

## Isadora in London and Berlin

From New York Isadora went to London where she surpassed her New York successes. Sargent was captivated and praised her publicly, thus making her the fashion. She danced for the Princess of Wales, and for the smartest people of the artistic world at Mrs. Holman Hunt's. It was at this time that she first danced Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" which has been done by every so-called interpretative dancer since. Then she went to Berlin where she repeated her triumphs. She gave private lessons to the Kaiser's children and was engaged by Frau Cosima Wagner to appear in the dances incident to Wagner's operas at Bayreuth. From Berlin she went to Athens. Her subsequent career is more easily recalled.

## Scott Hendricks' Majorship

There was more than a flutter of interest at the Bohemian Club the other day when the bulletin board bore a notice that popular Scott Hendricks was Major Hendricks, U. S. A.

"Scotty" Hendricks entered the R. O. T. C. at the Presidio, but failed for physical reasons, and this was a great disappointment to him. However, he was determined to do his bit, and went to Washington to be "one of Hoover's men" at a dollar a year. Now he has been made a major in the Judge Advocate's department, just like Neal Power. His high commission may be due to the influence at Washington of Judge Curtis Lindley with whom Scott Hendricks was associated in the practice of law before the creation of our new army commenced. But nobody doubts Major Hendricks' ability to make good. Major Hendricks was a star ball player at Harvard. He was graduated in the University of California. Several years ago he married Miss Georgia Hammon, daughter of Wendell P. Hammon. He has been secretary of the Bohemian Club.

## Miss Giorgiana at Old St. Mary's

Maria Giorgiana whose musical ministrations at the console of the organ at the Paulist Church, California street, will be recalled by music lovers, has returned to the position she held before the fire and is again delighting her hearers with the spirituality of her playing and its technical and churchly perfections. The organ tone, which for sweetness cannot be surpassed, is a musical asset in this city, and the Paulist Fathers eagerly invite lovers of good music, whether parishioners or not, to attend services and enjoy the rare musical treat in association with spiritual instruction.

## The Very Latest

Society is all aglow over its latest. This is a patronage en masse of the newest sort of caravansary in town. It is an old standby in the way of a convivial resort of Bohemians and epicures, now remodelled and fixed over into quite the prettiest and most interesting place of the sort on the Pacific Coast if not in the

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whole United States. Reference is made to the Cafe Gianduja at Union and Green streets which enjoyed an "opening" on last Thursday night with a gay and prominent throng of our smart set at the dining tables and energetically practicing the new "dagger dance," the rage of New York and the effete East. Here at Cafe Gianduja you find a touch of the Old World just as you do at Cafe Boulevard in New York. The entertainment, the dance music, the carnival color of gay old Napoli were all there. About the dining tables enjoying everything I noticed Messrs. and Mesdames J. R. de Laveaga, Dr. J. A. Allen, J. A. Moffitt, M. J. Fontana, James Rolph Jr., Fred W. McNear, Will H. Taylor, W. A. Devereaux, W. S. Martin, Eugene Murphy, Dr. Arthur S. Beardslee, Harry Crocker, S. F. B. Morse; also Ed Greenway, Thomas W. Pearce, H. H. Scott, Col. R. E. McGill, Capt. H. R. Baker, C. Wetmore, Vincent Whitney, George Nickel, Edward Eyre, H. R. Huntingdon Jr., Andrew W. Welch Jr. Mlle. Ratto, the premiere danseuse, is bound to create a furore at Cafe Gianduja this winter, while Signor Cotti and Signor Poggi are really excellent artists. One is apt to run to raptures when the dinner Italiano is the topic. The cafe was crowded all night while away down Green street the motor cars monopolized the curb. The new Cafe Gianduja is under the personal management of Messrs. A. Donizelli, L. Caibala, L. Maggiora and A. Brenta.

#### A New Skating Club

Skating as a social diversion has grown in popularity this season, and many members of the smart set are organizing a morning and evening skating club of which Carl Van Waltenberg, the Russian champion and figure skater at the Winter Garden, will be leader. Waltenberg has skated in all the capitals of Europe. He was an instructor at the Royal Club in St. Petersburg and an exhibition skater at the famous St. Petersburg Ice Palace in 1908. Waltenberg was a favorite in court circles where he instructed the princes of Europe. In England he skated at the Manchester Ice Palace and at the London Princess Club. Several San Franciscans met him in Switzerland at the Palais de Glace. He also made acquaintances from this side of the water during his skating in Vienna,

Brussels and Liege where he exhibited before the war. Mr. Waltenberg intended opening the skating season here and going later to the new ice rink in Portland, but he created such a circle of admirers by his method of exhibition and instruction that a number of society women signed a petition asking him to remain. Those of the smart set who have joined the Skating Club are: Mesdames Hiram Johnson Jr., Marcus S. Koshland, Alfred Sutro, Fred McNear, Frank Kerrigan, C. O. G. Miller, J. Chandler, S. H. Ehrman; Misses Genevieve Beal, Elizabeth Jacobis, Thelma Deautch, Gladys Becker, Rose Schack, Mabel Tuckbrieter, Rosalie Phillips, Helen Salsburg, Emma Carmody, Madalene Miller, Marie Shaw, May Box, Erma Wells, Mable Hogg, Emma Wright, Julia Jensen, Irene Evans, Florence Rass, Catherine Sudden, Jessie Whitney, Kathern Mohun; and Messrs. Joseph O'Malley, Bill Judge, Kenny Mallen, L. S. Wells, R. E. White, C. Johnson, C. Cooper, F. Scott, H. York, Frank Fuller, Jack Spreckels, George Uhl.

#### The St. Francis Assembly

The second of the series of functions given by the St. Francis Assembly at the Hotel St. Francis took place Friday. Members of society having had the pleasure of attending a previous one hailed with decided appreciation the opportunity of enjoying another splendid evening. Far above any similar function given in this city since the Exposition period, the St. Francis Assembly stands out preëminent because of the artistic decorative embellishment, the super-extra dance music and the well-balanced arrangement of the dance card. The dinner parties preceding the dance were quite numerous. Reservations were made for Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Tynan, S. F. McNear, A. W. Welch, D. J. Murphy, J. Mountford Wilson, J. Forrest Wyman, Thos. J. Pierce, Captain F. P. Helm, Commander Chas. P. Hux, C. F. Moody, F. W. Van Sicklen, C. O. G. Miller, W. A. Taylor, J. K. Macomber, Ward A. Dwight. The Italian ball room of the hotel was utilized as a setting of this second assembly. As these assemblies recur the attendance and the charm of the affairs manifestly increase until one may easily foresee that ere the season is far advanced the St. Francis Assembly is destined to occupy a major position on the calendar of society's seasonal events.



KAJETAN ATTL

Brilliant harpist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra who will be soloist at the "pop" concert Sunday, December 2, at the Cort

#### At the Whitcomb

Thanksgiving reservations at Hotel Whitcomb made necessary the use of the Blue banquet hall as well as the Arabesque dining room. There were a number of large parties of prominent people. After dinner the Sun Room presented a merry scene, the dancing continuing to a late hour. A number of parties from out of town spent Thanksgiving at the Whitcomb, driving to San Francisco and putting up their cars in the free garage which is so popular a feature of the hostelry. . . . Consul General of The Netherlands Henry A. van Coenen Torchiana has returned from a visit in New York and has joined Mrs. Torchiana in their apartments at the Whitcomb. . . . Recent arrivals include Mrs. Rossiter of Los Gatos and her charming daughters.

#### At the Cecil

A dozen guests at the Cecil enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Charles Walker at a matinee party at the Cort Monday. They included Mesdames Edward McClelland, Elizabeth Pratt, Eugene Davis, E. V. Foote, Lilian Armstrong, Henry Boerker, Howard Turner and Miss Martha Armstrong. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Owen are sojourning at the hotel. They are friends of Judge and Mrs. William H. Hunt and Miss Gertrude Hunt who are spending the winter at the hotel. A special Thanksgiving dinner was given at the hotel and among the guests who entertained were Mesdames George Ivers, B. R. Keith, B. N. Rowley, George Hatton, Dora Alhborn of Honolulu and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Highley. Major and Mrs. Edward Hanforth who have been stopping at the hotel for the past three months left Tuesday for American Lake. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Evans of New York arrived this week. Miss Edith Bull has been visiting the Misses O'Connor. The recent arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Carman, Messrs. M. L. Chilberg, George Parker of Los Angeles.

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## Isadora on View

By Edward F. O'Day

Let us talk about Isadora Duncan's body . . . Shocking? Not a bit of it. Everybody who has seen Isadora is talking about it. Nowadays everybody is equipped with shock-absorbers, and nothing shocks which is a subject of general discussion. Just recall the talk about "Damaged Goods." . . . But it is impertinent to talk about Isadora's body? Nothing of the sort. Dancing is for the eye, not for the intellect. Its appeal is to the senses, not to the spirit. So when you study a dancer, you examine her body. And in our day the examination of a dancer's body is a study in the nude. . . . Our dancers, perhaps, would puzzle Montaigne who held that a woman put off her modesty with her petticoat, for our dancers put off their petticoats and more, but would have us believe that they retain their modesty, that like the Lady Godiva they are "clothed only with chastity." Well, maybe they are. It is too delicate a question for the critic. . . . But while they might puzzle Montaigne, they would not puzzle the Greeks who knew Phryne, or the Byzantines who knew Theodora before she became empress. You remember the case of Phryne? I refer you to the thirteenth book, the fifty-ninth chapter of Athenaeus: "Now Phryne was a native of Thespieae; and being prosecuted by Euthias on a capital charge, she was acquitted: on which account Euthias was so indignant that he never instituted any prosecution afterwards, as Hermippus tells us. But Hyperides, when pleading Phryne's cause, as he did not succeed at all, but it was plain

that the judges were about to condemn her, brought her forth into the middle of the court, and, tearing open her tunic and displaying her naked bosom, employed all the end of his speech, with the highest oratorical art, to excite the pity of her judges by the sight of her beauty, and inspired the judges with a superstitious fear, so that they were so moved by pity as not to be able to stand the idea of condemning to death 'a prophetess and priestess of Venus.' But Phryne was a really beautiful woman, even in those parts of her person which were not generally seen: on which account it was not easy to see her naked; for she used to wear a tunic which covered her whole person, and she never used the public baths. But on the solemn assembly of the Eleusinian festival, and on the feast of the Posidonia, then she laid aside her garments in the sight of all the assembled Greeks, and having undone her hair, she went to bathe in the sea; and it was from her that Apelles took his picture of the Venus Anadyomene; and Praxiteles who was a lover of hers, modelled the Cnidian Venus from her body." You remember all that of course. . . . And perhaps you remember the case of Theodora? You will find the story in Procopius his *Anecdota*—Gibbon gives it in a footnote, and in Latin. On second thought, however, we do not need the case of Theodora, for it is a case of wantonness. We are speaking of our dancers, who are artists. . . . Phryne, as my citation proves, was not only an artist but had a press agent who

was an artist too. Phryne and her entrepreneur knew the value of a physical appeal. So do our dancers. Why should we not talk of Isadora's body? . . . Certainly she reveals a good deal of it. The Eleusinian festival is no more, and the feast of the Posidonia is known only to college professors. But Isadora lays aside her garments—most of them—undoes her hair, and in the sight of all the assembled devotees of the cult Isadorable, goes to bathe in the lime-light. And it is of her that Arnold Genthe has taken photographs; and it is from her that sculptors—Troubetzkoy and others—have modelled Venuses. . . . A horrid suspicion intrudes: Is it possible that Isadora displays her body, as Phryne did, to win a hopeless cause? Is it possible that she could not get a favorable verdict for her dancing, and must therefore employ the device of nudity, the argumentum ad hominem? It is a baseless suspicion. Phryne was on trial for her life. . . . There are other arguments in contravention. Isadora is not a Venus Anadyomene. Isadora does not suggest the Cnidian masterpiece. . . . Besides, all the dancers are doing it: Maude Allan, Tamara de Swirsky, Gertrude Hoffman, Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn. I leave out Pavlova. Somehow, you don't think of it when she dances. . . . Adjectives flitted through my mind as I studied Isadora. . . . Asymmetrical . . . Flaccid . . . Columnar. . . . But her fingers are wonderfully expressive, and, as Walter Anthony says, she has a true sense of rhythm.

## The Stage

### Don't Miss "Miss Springtime"

Here is a musical comedy that grown men and women can enjoy. Its music is sweet, its comedy is funny. It has such a good plot that one wonders why one ever sneered at plots in musical comedy. It is appetizing fare, properly salted and peppered; but being for the healthy appetite, it is short on spice. There isn't a leer in it. There isn't a risky situation. The lines are as clean as the costumes, and the costumes are immaculate. It will be surmised that "Miss Springtime" is different from the musical comedies to which we have been treated. It is, indeed it is. It serves to remind us that there is still cleverness in librettists and melody in musicians; also that musical comedy need not be what we call "naughty" when we actually mean nasty. The lyrics of "Miss Springtime" are by Pelham G. Wodehouse, author of the Jeeves stories and of delicious articles on the current drama in "Vanity Fair." Wodehouse writes better musical comedy lyrics than have ever been written in America—I defy the champions of George Ade and George Cohan to disprove that. The book is by Guy Bolton. We all suspected that Bolton was clever because we knew he worked with Wodehouse; now we are sure of it. The music is by Kalman who composed for "Sari." It is the sort of music a self-respecting librettist and lyric-writer would want to work for. The scenery is by Joseph Urban, a remarkable man who gives theatregoers credit for taste in color combinations. This scenery is one of the many delights of "Miss Springtime." The principals, the chorus and the costumes are by Klaw and Erlanger, a very reliable pair. There is a tenor, George Leon

Moore, in "Miss Springtime," but he is not obtrusive vocally, and his acting demeanor is modest and manly enough. The principal male part is a baritone, thank heaven! This is Harrison Brockbank, a virile man with a fine voice. There is real pleasure for the audience every time he opens his mouth in song. The comedian is Frank McIntyre, a fat man. If the audience gets enough of him I am greatly mistaken—yet he is in the center of the stage a great deal. Frank McIntyre has been provided with good lines, and he makes the most of every one of them. In the first act he has a conversation with Zoe Barnett which is a joy. In the second act there is a song called "The Old-Fashioned Drama" sung by McIntyre, Zoe Barnett and Frank Doane which, if you have a taste for good old-fashioned comedy, will tickle you right down to the ground. Our favorite of yesterday, Zoe Barnett, is as flashingly vivacious as ever. Her particular number is called "A Very Good Girl on Sunday," and she sings it much better than she could have sung it in the Princess days—showing those who always believed in Zoe that she has kept on improving right along since we saw her last. The prima donna Hattie Burks is sweet and pleasant, without much personality, but with a voice which does justice to that very pretty song "My Castle in the Air." But the numbers which stay in the mind for retrospective enjoyment are "The Old-Fashioned Drama" with its delightful refrain, zestfully acted, of "Blood, Blood, Blood," and a duet by Brockbank and McIntyre called "Life is a Game of Bluff." So you see, the men have a chance in this musical comedy; it is not too girly-girly, though there are plenty of

good-looking flappers, to be sure. I must end as I began: Don't miss "Miss Springtime."

—Edward F. O'Day.

### Attl as Symphony Soloist

Kajetan Attl, the brilliant harpist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, will be soloist at the fourth "pop" concert, to be given this Sunday afternoon at the Cort under the direction of Alfred Hertz. The announcement has been received with pleasure by local music lovers, for Attl has established himself as an artist of the first rank. This will be his first appearance in a solo capacity with the San Francisco Symphony. Attl, who was born in Prague, Bohemia, will appropriately play his own harp arrangement of Smetana's "Vltava," which tells in exquisite fashion of the country through which the River Vltava flows. There will be no orchestral accompaniment. Attl displayed unusual musical talent as a lad. After passing a rigid examination in piano and harmony he was admitted to the Prague Conservatory, where he studied piano and harmony with Anton Dvorak and harp counterpoint and composition with Trnecsek. He graduated at the age of nineteen and a half and in a short time became noted as a soloist. Then Attl came to the United States and his success here was immediate. He has officiated as soloist and principal harpist with the St. Paul Symphony, the Denver Symphony, the Panama-Pacific Exposition Orchestra and finally with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, with which latter organization he has been associated for four seasons. The programme for the fourth "pop" will further include Mozart's beautiful Sym-



phony in G Minor; Grieg's popular "Peer Gynt" suite, to which Hertz has added the charming Song of Solweig, from the lesser-known second suite; Glazounow's masterfully-orchestrated "Valse de Concert" and Wagner's "Rienzi" overture. Announcement is made that the fifth pair of regular symphonies will be given on Thursday afternoon, December 6, and Sunday afternoon, December 9, at the Cort. Conductor Hertz has elected to give the first concert of this pair on Thursday instead of Friday in order that the Cort Theatre may hold a benefit on the latter day for the Red Cross, when the gross receipts of a special matinee of "The Thirteenth Chair" will be turned over to that organization. Friday, December 7, will be devoted to similar benefit performances in every theatre in the country, and Hertz was most happy to waive his contract for the theatre in order to help promote this worthy enterprise. The programme for the fifth pair of symphonies will have for its principal number "A California Suite" by Frederick Jacobi, which will be played for the first time. Among Jacobi's compositions is "The Pied Piper," which was given its first performance by the San Francisco Symphony in March, 1916. Much may confidently be expected of the young composer's new work. The remaining numbers will be Cherubini's overture "Anacreon," Beethoven's First Symphony and Berlioz's overture "Le Carnaval Romain."

#### Allen Doone in Joe Murphy's Play

Owing to the liberal and appreciative patronage that has been extended to Allen Doone and his clever company during the last two weeks in "Lucky O'Shea," the young Australian star has consented to remain another week and stage the late Joseph Murphy's masterpiece "Shaun Rhue." "Shaun Rhue" is from the pen of Frederick Marsden who also wrote "Kerry Gow" in which Murphy, America's greatest Irish actor, starred for a number of years. Among the hundreds of plays that were submitted to Murphy during his forty years before the American public he selected "Shaun Rhue" as the greatest Irish comedy ever written. There is a laugh in every line and in the hands of a clever actor it is a safe prediction that the Alcazar will be swept with gales of merriment next week. Allen Doone for three years was Joseph Murphy's understudy and when the latter retired from the stage Doone succeeded him in his plays. During the progress of the play Doone will sing that pathetic ballad "A Handful of Earth," a song well remembered by playgoers of a decade ago and one that made Murphy famous. He will also sing several rollicking Irish songs which are bound to please. Maurice Lunch, the clever comedian who was so amusing as the bailiff in "Lucky O'Shea," has an important and screamingly funny part in "Shaun Rhue." Albert Morrison, Burt Wesner, Myles McCarthy, Edna Keeley, Shirley Huxley, Reynolds Denniston and E. L. Delaney all have important parts in next week's offering. The production will be up to the standard set by Doone in "Lucky O'Shea."

#### Ysaye, "King of the Violin"

Ysaye, the master of the violinists, will be in San Francisco during the week to appear in a series of his marvelous violin recitals in this city and Oakland. In San Francisco he will be heard at the Columbia on the Sunday afternoons of December 9 and 16, and in Oakland his only appearance will be in the Auditorium Opera House on Monday night, December 17. Beryl Rubinstein, himself an artist of international repute, will be the assisting pianist, and the duo will give programmes such as seldom

are offered to music lovers in these parts. Ysaye's place among the violinists is established. Ever since his first appearance in this country a decade ago, he has been recognized as the foremost living exponent of the violin. The programme for Ysaye's concert a week from Sunday will be as follows: Suite in D minor for violin and piano, Geminiani, Ysaye and Rubinstein; Sonata op. 47 in A major (Kreutzer Sonata), Beethoven, Ysaye and Rubinstein; Concerto in D minor No. 2, op. 22, Wieniawski, Ysaye; L'air de la montagne, D'Indy, Campanella, Beryl Rubinstein; Reve d'Enfant, Ysaye; Havanaise, Saint-Saens; Ballade and Polonaise, Vieuxtemps, Ysaye. The above programme will be repeated at the Oakland concert, and at the concert in this city on December 16 an entirely different selection of works will be played. These will include the Beethoven Sonata op. 30, No. 2, by Ysaye and Rubinstein, the Saint-Saens violin concerto in D minor for two violins, in which Ysaye will be assisted by Christiaan Timmer. Other groups of works will be contributed by both Ysaye and the pianist. The concerts of the great Belgian will probably mark his last appearance in California, for it is doubtful if ever again Ysaye will visit this country. He was in final retirement when the war broke out, and only the invasion of his country drove him back to his profession. Tickets for these important events are now on sale at Sherman Clay's, Kohler and Chase's or at the theatre. In Oakland at Sherman Clay's Oakland store.

#### Isadora Duncan's Farewell

Bookings in other cities will take Isadora Duncan from our midst after the special matinee that will be given at the Columbia tomorrow

(Sunday) afternoon. A native of San Francisco, she has captivated her "home folks" and sincere sorrow is felt that her engagement must be cut short. Tomorrow's programme will be gala in many ways. It will witness Miss Duncan's first performance of the Chopin numbers, in which her proficiency has been acclaimed in the capitals of Europe, and likewise on this occasion she will dance for the first time here the tragic story of Orpheus and Eurydice to the superb music of Christopher Gluck. The other numbers on the programme will be made up of those selections that prove the most popular during the week's stay of the dancer, and the programme will conclude with Miss Duncan's production of the war song "La Marseillaise." Tickets for the farewell Sunday are on sale at the usual ticket offices.

#### "The Four Husbands" at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will have as its headline attraction "The Four Husbands" which is a whole show in itself, yet presented in such a shape that it does not take up a whole evening. William B. Friedlander and W. M. Hough are jointly responsible for "The Four Husbands" which has all the ingredients of a full musical comedy. Heading the cast is the clever and versatile Jack Boyle and the gifted and vivacious Kitty Bryan supported by George W. Jinks, Foster Manley, Fred De Sylva and Margaret Schaller who created a furore over the Orpheum circuit last season. The stage equipment is elaborate and includes specially designed settings to fit the atmosphere of the comedy; novel electrical effects and a singing and dancing chorus of twenty. "The Four Husbands" is both amusing and entertaining and possesses a merry little story. All of the music is exclusive and



YSAYE

Great Belgian violinist who will give recitals at Columbia Sunday afternoons, December 9 and 16, and in Oakland Monday night, December 17



song hits and bright and sparkling dialogue alternate throughout. Arthur Deagon, one of the most successful singing monologists in vaudeville and an erstwhile popular musical comedy star, will regale with songs and stories. Golet, Harris and Morey, three accomplished and versatile young men, will indulge in a merry musical melange which is highly entertaining. The trio all sing as well as play and there are very few musical instruments they have not mastered. Frank Burt and Ed Johnston will present their latest success, a comic oddity in three scenes entitled "Bluff." These two comedians with the assistance of Jeannette Buckley manage to compel the heartiest of laughter. Raymond Wilbert will be seen in his amusing novelty "On the Golf Links" which is in the nature of a surprise. Its appeal is not only to golf enthusiasts but to the public at large. Bert Baker and company in "Prevarication;" Max G. Cooper and Irene Ricardo in "Ah Gimme the Ring;" and Emily Ann Wellman and her company in the flash drama "Young Mrs. Stanford" will be the remaining acts.

## ISADORA DUNCAN EXTRA — FAREWELL

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Gluck's "Orfeo," Chopin gems and special gala list of favorite dances

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YSAYE IN OAKLAND  
AUDITORIUM OPERA HOUSE  
Monday Night, December 17

Chickering Piano Used  
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3rd and Last Week Starts Sunday, December 2

The Celebrated Mystic Melodrama

## "THE 13TH CHAIR"

By Bayard Veiller

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Nights and Saturday Matinee, 50c to \$1.50

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NEXT Monday, December 10 "THE FLAME"

Three  
Sessions  
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### Third Week of Cort Thriller

"The Thirteenth Chair," most fascinating of all thrillers, will enter upon the third and final week of its successful Cort engagement on Sunday night, December 2. The power of the supernatural is adroitly played up in Bayard Veiller's "mystic melodrama." With the magnetic personality of Katherine Grey as the medium, dominating the play, and with a supporting company that is wholly admirable, "The Thirteenth Chair" stands out as something particularly worthwhile in the contemporary theatre. The dark drawing room of a spiritualistic seance, where the nerves of the audience are made taut by the grewsome "spirit" rapping, is an ideally atmospheric locale for the grim and mysterious crime that is perpetrated at the very beginning of the play. Veiller has proved himself a master of stage craftsmanship in this tense drama, for not once is the concentration of the audience relaxed until the very denouement when the perpetrator of the crime is at last exposed. The sublimation of the melodramatic has been achieved in this magic bit of stagecraft. As Madame La Grange, Katherine Grey gives a remarkable characterization, colorful and convincing. Brinsley Shaw, Kathleen Comegys, Louise Brownell, Bruce Elmore and a number of well knowns are to be found in the company.

### "Miss Springtime" Continues

At the Columbia "Miss Springtime," the big musical show sent here by Klaw and Erlanger, is proving the melodic and laughing success of the season and its performances which continue for another week, beginning and ending with Sunday night performances, are drawing a suggestion of capacity audiences. The Urban production is a beautiful one. Frank McIntyre, Zoe Barnett, Harrison Brockbank, Hattie Burks and Frank Doane are in the more important roles. The matinee performances are on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

### The Maitland Plays

For the tenth week of the St. Francis Little Theatre Club, Tuesday, December 4 at 8:45, and Wednesday, December 5 at 2:45, the following programme will be presented: "Miss Civilization," a clever comedy by Richard Harding Davis, with Mr. Maitland, Howard, Yule, Doud and Miss Sullivan; "The Comet," a wonderfully strong little play by Rita Wellman, author of "The Barbarians," with an enlarged cast and special scenery; "If I'd Married You," a charming fantasy by Anna Pollack, written especially for Mr. Maitland, the cast to include Mr. Howard, Miss Sullivan and Miss Hammond. The matinees given by these professional players are open to the public and are being well patronized by the lovers of the short drama.

### "The Flame" Coming to Cort

Theatregoers all over America have applauded Richard Walton Tully's remarkable love plays "The Bird of Paradise" and "Omar the Tent-maker." The California author is said to have written an even more entrancing romance in "The Flame," which comes to the Cort on Monday, December 10, direct from its New York triumph. The action of "The Flame" is in a Latin republic, opportunity thus being afforded for a series of stage pictures of striking novelty which have been provided with a prodigality customary in Tully's productions. "The Flame" is fundamentally a play of love and motherhood. There are thrills aplenty in the piece, too, and the scene in the last act, where

the revolutionists corral Americans, is wonderful in its intensity. A company of over forty is required to interpret "The Flame."

### Mitzi in "Pom-Pom" Coming

"Pom-Pom," Henry W. Savage's new musical melodrama that enthralled the metropolis and the few other cities it has been taken to, is coming to the Columbia a week from Monday with Mitzi (Hajos) as the star. It is much in itself that the star of "The Spring Maid" and "Sari" is the leading figure of the forthcoming attraction, but beyond this its books was written by Anne Caldwell who wrote "Chin Chin" and other works of brilliance. The music score is from Hugo Felix, the French composer who gave "Madame Sherry" and other operettas to the world.

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PROGRAM:

Symphony, G Minor ..... Mozart  
"Peer Gynt" Suite ..... Grieg  
"Vltava" ..... Smetana  
(Kajetan ATTIL)

"Valse de Concert" ..... Glazounow  
Overture, "Rienzi" ..... Wagner  
PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert day; at Cort on concert day only.

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NOTE: The first concert of this pair will be given THURSDAY, December 6, instead of Friday.

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Monday, December 10—MITZI in "POM-POM"



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The stock market seems to be gradually gaining in strength; although it is slow, nevertheless prices show a reaction from the extreme low point made recently of from 10 to 15 points. Sentiment seems to be gradually improving, and the undertone to the market is considered healthy, as there seems to be plenty of orders to buy stocks by investors on any setback. Taking the market as a whole, there seems to be a scarcity of stocks; while the short interest is still large, some of them covered on the first signs of strength. There seems to be a general revival of public interest in the stock market, as commission houses generally are receiving inquiries whether the present is a good time to buy stocks. So far such inquiries have not resulted in any general activity on the buying side, but should the recovery extend further, the same people will begin buying freely without going through the formality of consulting brokers first. The change of sentiment is due first of all to the action of the market itself. The continued advance is convincing many prospective buyers that the advance is permanent. The railroad rate question has not been settled as yet, but sentiment is very optimistic that the railroads will be granted a fair rate increase. The general optimistic feeling in the copper share market is due to the low prices at which this group of stocks is selling, as well as the feeling that at 23½ cents the established price for copper, the different producing companies can make handsome profits. Even if some of the companies do cut their dividends this will have been discounted already in the price at which these stocks are now selling. The steel stocks, under the leadership of U. S. Steel, continue to show improvement, and the extra dividend disbursement announced by the Lackawanna Steel Co. of 3½ per cent along with its regular dividend, went a long way in encouraging bullish sentiment toward the minor steel issues. The oil stocks seem to lag. Standard Oils show an improvement, but the minor oil stocks are slow to recover. This group of stocks should respond more quickly to any change in sentiment, as up to the present time the Government has not fixed prices and it looks as if they would not be interfered with. All oil companies should be in a prosperous condition, and present dividend rates are more than being earned, and no doubt with the present price of oil, extra dividends will be in order. We feel friendly to stocks at this level, and believe the severe liquidation is over, and from now on a general rise in the market can be expected.

**Corn**—In former years the present cash situation would have been extremely bullish, but that was before the rules permitted the delivery

of three grades on contracts as now, instead of one. With a 3,000,000,000 crop in the gathering, even allowing that a few hundred million bushels had been placed in the discard, it is at times painful from frequent repetition to hear the argument of high premiums advanced as favoring higher prices for May futures. Everybody with even limited experience in the grain trade is thoroughly conversant with the reasons which compel them, and that they are not the result of a broad and persistent demand, incapable of satisfaction. It has often occurred heretofore that between two crops of wheat and corn a scarcity existed, due to different causes, one of which might be the exhaustion of old crop supplies, and from which deficiency good-sized premiums resulted, but never to the extent as now. And everybody knows that the present default is not due to a consumptive necessity, for a goodly share of the 1916 harvest is still in existence in the shape of a three to five years' supply of highwines. It is a demonstrable fact that there is plenty of corn just ahead of us, and where fancy prices are paid for spot grain it is safe to conclude that there are profits sufficiently large to warrant them. This condition is, in our opinion, temporary, and the deluge of new grain possible at any unexpected time, which leads us to predict satisfactory results from sales made after a 2 cent or 3 cent bulge from any level.

**Cotton**—The cotton market continues to show strength. The tendency has been distinctly higher, new high price levels being made almost daily, although operations are on a small scale, the foundation of the market being unchanged, and if anything, on a stronger basis. The market is resting on the broad proposition that supplies are inadequate. Private crop experts who have been traveling over the entire belt are inclined to lower their estimate of the total crop. The general opinion now seems to be for a crop below eleven million bales, exclusive of linters. The bears have tried their utmost to break the market, first using one set of arguments, and when these became stale, using another set, but they seem to be unable to convince the trade of their argument. It is true the freight situation has something to do with the high prices in New York, as compared with New Orleans, the difference now being in the neighborhood of 200 points. Stocks of cotton in the New England States are very small for this season of the year, and the demand from the mills to fill Government orders is so urgent that spot cotton is eagerly taken, regardless of price. With the continued strength shown in the New York market, holders of cotton in the South have become very firm in their ideas of very much higher prices, and are refusing to accept present quotations for their

cotton. Foreign exports are restricted, and consumption is on a much smaller scale, but it must soon become apparent that the large amount required for military purposes is making daily inroads into supplies, and we can see nothing to prevent higher prices early next season when the bulk of the supply has left the farmer. Any setback of a hundred points should be taken advantage of to make purchases on it.

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## The Place Where the Elephants Die

(Continued from Page 7)

this deep declivity between the ranges, and as I went I wondered whether Strayne's weird story was true and whether down here in this deep cleft in the earth was in reality the great elephant mausoleum, of which Strayne and old Nicholson had spoken.

In the late afternoon we reached a round deep cup-shaped depression; a kind of subsidiary declivity in the main valley. It was two or three miles wide. The sides were densely bushed, and far away down in the depths I could espy tall trees. Had the retiring Germans hidden themselves down in this vast hollow? It looked as if they had, for about 5 o'clock a native runner dashed up to me with a message from the other column stating that they had cut off the Germans from their line of retreat, but that nothing whatever was to be seen of the rearguard—was I in touch with them? I had scarcely sent off a reply when a fierce rattle of musketry broke out from the depths below.

"Who on earth can be scrapping down there?" said I to Foxgrove, my senior sub.

"Can't make it out at all, skipper," quoth he. "What are the orders now, sir?"

"Well, I'm going to halt here and investigate," said I. "Good God, what's that?"

From the abysmal depths below us broke out a terrifying trumpeting roar as though a million massive fog-horns were blowing concerted blasts. Then the rattle of musketry broke out afresh, and this time it was accentuated by the rat-tat-tat of Maxims. We listened in amazement. As the African sun sank—a globe of crimson splendor—in the west, the firing died away, but the terrible trumpeting noise increased in its furious intensity. Presently a deep and awe inspiring silence fell upon this pit of terrors, but now and then we could hear a faint and scarcely audible moan coming to us from the depths. The night came rushing over us and found Foxgrove and me still standing on the edge of the chasm.

"There's something uncanny about this, Foxgrove," said I presently. "There may be something in Strayne's story after all."

"What's that, skipper?" asked Foxgrove.

"Oh! Nothing much," I replied. "But I think you and I'll go down and investigate when the moon gets up."

The moon rose full and mellow a little later. I called for volunteers among the native scouts to accompany Foxgrove and myself on our adventure. These natives were extraordinarily plucky fellows. Time after time they had led us right on to an enemy piquet or scouted a hostile position in broad daylight. But they absolutely refused to go down into the hollow. "It is the place of the N'jofu (elephant) Bwana," remarked their leader, "and no man who goes there will live. We will die fighting for you, master, whenever you wish. But we will not disturb the elephant folk."

I had learned to respect native traditions and customs, and so Foxgrove and I started on our

descent alone. As we clambered down into the gorge Strayne's words kept ringing through my ears, and I felt that strange as his tale had seemed we were nevertheless on the brink of its reality. We must have climbed down quite 3,000 feet, I should think, when we felt our feet touch a soft spongy carpet of moss. We had reached the bottom.

In the uncertain light we could see an open glade running through a forest of very tall trees. The glade was full of what at first sight appeared to be masses of gleaming white boulders. But as we advanced carefully along we made the startling discovery that these boulders were in reality pile upon pile of gigantic bones and tusks of ivory of all ages and sizes—pure white and rotten yellow, small and large.

Stranger still was it to find corpses of Germans. White and Askari, rifles and equipment lying huddled together in this mammoth graveyard. Most of these corpses were mutilated beyond recognition. Some of the bodies were stamped right into the soft mossy ground underfoot. Others had heads or limbs torn from their trunks, and others appeared to have been smashed to pulp on the bones of dead animals. We found a machine gun crushed flat like a piece of sheet iron. Here and there too were dark mammoth shapes—the dead heroes of the elephant folk who had fallen in defense of their sanctuary that afternoon.

I felt my flesh creep as I surveyed that weird and terrible scene. In the moonlight the forms of the dead men and animals looked spectral and ghostly. This was the place Strayne had spoken of.

"A quarter of a million in ivory." I could well believe him.

Neither of us spoke a word. There seemed to be something about that scene, something non-human and unbelievable and terrible that absolutely silenced speech. We just gazed on it in awed astonishment. But our survey was not long. Suddenly a noise like the rush of many waters broke the silence of the place of death. At first it seemed a long way off. But we could hear it rushing along like the noise of a forest fire. And—like a forest fire it brought an immense sound of falling trees in its train.

"Run for your life, Foxgrove," I yelled. We both bolted for the cliff sides and started clambering up like madmen. Before we had climbed a hundred feet a mighty roar seemed to fairly shake the ground on which we hung. We went up the sides of that cliff like men possessed of devils' strength. Once, when about half-way from the top, we glanced backwards and in the moonlight saw the giant ghosts moving quickly here and there amongst the piles of bleached bones and the heaped-up German dead. We reached the top breathless and terrified. The natives accepted our story with a grave silence. But very few of the whites on our column credited it.

Adam: What are you crying for?

Eve: A caterpillar has gone and eaten my new dress.

## Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

was a point which had always eluded me. That was, why certain little countries in south-eastern Europe exercised so great an influence upon the course of general European history. I thought that now was the time to find out. So I set out for the Balkans. When I got there I found things so different from what I had expected that I had to write about them. That was how my book on the Balkans came to be written."

"But how about your eyes?" I asked.

"My eyesight today is excellent," answered Professor Sloane with a smile. "When you are a writing man you simply have to write. It is not easy to stop, even at the order of your doctor. All through my life I have done the thing that presented itself for my doing. I have not been afraid, and I have not worried. There is too much timidity in the world. We should work while we may. That has been my way. When the end comes I shall be content. Meanwhile I do not worry about it."

They are the words of a man who has achieved much because he has loved his work. Hard work it has been too. Professor Sloane pushes his own pen—he has no secretary. He explains why:

"Like Professor Gildersleeve I refuse to make an indecent exposure of my own mind."

Honors have been many for Professor Sloane. He is a chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He is ex-president of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. He is president of the American Historical Association.

It is not for me to sum up this charming man in a sentence. I shall apply to him the words he wrote of George Bancroft:

"He was of that greatest human type: a man of the present, valuing justly the past and no dreamer."

### NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda, No. 22938, Dept. No. 4.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOSEPH A. SHELDON, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda, made on the 14th day of November, 1917, in the matter of the estate of JOSEPH A. SHELDON, deceased, the undersigned, FLORENCE M. SHELDON, Executrix of the last will and testament of Joseph A. Sheldon, deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 17th day of December, 1917, all the right, title, interest and estate of said decedent at the time of his death in and to the premises hereinafter described, and also all the right, title and interest in the said premises other than or in addition to that of the decedent at the time of his death which said estate has acquired or may acquire prior to said sale, by operation of law or otherwise. The said premises and real property are described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at the intersection of the Northernly line of Clay Street with the Easternly line of Locust Street, running thence Northernly along said Easternly line of Locust Street one hundred and fifteen (115) feet and eight and one-quarter (8 1/4) inches; thence at a right angle Easternly, seventy-five (75) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly, one hundred and fifteen (115) feet and eight and one-quarter (8 1/4) inches to the Northernly line of Clay Street, and thence Westerly along said Northernly line of Clay Street, seventy-five (75) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement.

Bids or offers must be in writing and may be left and will be received at the office of J. J. Lermen, attorney for the undersigned, room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to the undersigned personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court of said County of Alameda, to which said Superior Court the return of said sale must be made, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

Terms and conditions of sale: CASH.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., December 1st, 1917.

FLORENCE M. SHELDON,

Executrix of the last will and testament of Joseph A. Sheldon, deceased.

J. J. LERMEN,  
Attorney for Executrix,  
504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-1-3

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# NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a special meeting of said board, duly held on the 20th day of October, 1917, at the office of said corporation, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of the said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation, No. 962 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meets), on Monday, the 31st day of December, 1917, at 3:00 p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000), divided into twenty thousand (20,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each, to Five Hundred Thousand (\$500,000.00) Dollars, divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each.

The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock is Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000.00).

Also to amend the Articles of Incorporation, and to ratify all acts of the stockholders and Board of Directors at its meeting held on the 11th day of October, 1917.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated October 20, 1917.

LOUIS TRAUNG,

Secretary of Traung Label and Lithograph Company.

L. W. LOVEY,

Attorney for Traung Label and Lithograph Company,  
1107 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-27-10

## SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 84,455.

GERMAINE KEYWORTH, Plaintiff, vs. HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: HERBERT REGINALD KEYWORTH, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, on the ground of defendant's wilful desertion of plaintiff; also on the ground of defendant's failure to provide for plaintiff the common necessities of life, he having the ability to do so; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint. GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 18th day of September, A. D. 1917.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.,

W. E. ROTHE,

Attorney for Plaintiff,  
948 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-10

## SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 83,219, Dept. No. 16.

SARAH E. MUNCK, Plaintiff, vs. M. G. LOEFLE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

Alfred B. Lawson and John Prosek, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting to: M. G. LOEFLE, Defendant.

You are hereby directed to appear and answer the complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 16th day of July, A. D. 1917.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALFRED B. LAWSON and JOHN PROSEK,  
Attorneys for Plaintiff,  
Grant Building, San Francisco, Cal. 9-29-10

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROBERT BLISCH, Deceased—No. 23,557, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, Administrator of the estate of ROBERT BLISCH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROBERT BLISCH, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the Estate of Robert Blisch, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 1, 1917.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,  
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-1-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES NUGENT, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, Administrator of the estate of JAMES NUGENT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES NUGENT, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of James Nugent, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 1, 1917.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,  
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-1-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORA NEUSTADTER, deceased.—No. 23503, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of DORA NEUSTADTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorneys, Rothchild, Golden & Rothchild, Room 1051 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DORA NEUSTADTER, deceased.

DAVID NEUSTADTER,  
LOUIS W. NEUSTADTER,  
CLARENCE R. WALTER,

Executors of the last will and testament of  
Dora Neustadter, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 24, 1917.

ROTHCHILD, GOLDEN & ROTHCHILD,

Attorneys for Executors,  
1051 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-24-5

## NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 85508. In the Matter of the Application for Dissolution of AMAUROT OIL COMPANY, a Corporation.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the AMAUROT OIL COMPANY, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, has filed in this Court an application for an order dissolving said corporation, and that Monday, the 17th day of December, 1917, at ten o'clock a. m., has been fixed by the Court as the time, and the Courtroom of Department 10 of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, as the place, at which said application will be heard.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of November, 1917.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. F. WILLIAMSON,

Attorney at Law,  
Merchants National Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 11-10-6

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of W. H. Morrissey, 804 Mechanics Building, 948 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased.

ESTELLE B. EVERETT,

Executrix of the estate of Virginia Evans Smith, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 24, 1917.

W. H. MORRISSEY,

Attorney for Executrix,  
804 Mechanics Bldg., 948 Market St.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 11-24-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of OLAF J. BROWN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, Administrator of the estate of OLAF J. BROWN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said W. J. Hynes at his office, Room 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of OLAF J. BROWN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Olaf J. Brown, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 10, 1917.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,  
San Francisco, Cal. 11-10-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RACHEL BACHMAN, deceased.—No. 23465, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of RACHEL BACHMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorney, Bert Schlesinger, Room 1225, First National Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RACHEL BACHMAN, deceased.

LEOPOLD S. BACHMAN,

Executor of the last will and testament of  
Rachel Bachman, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 10th, 1917.

BERT SCHLESINGER,

Attorney for Executor,  
1225 First National Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 11-10-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN ALFRED MARSH, deceased.—No. 23396, New Series; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JOHN ALFRED MARSH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice (which said first publication occurs on the 3rd day of November, 1917) in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of her attorney, Walter Rothchild, Room 2002 Hobart Building, 582 Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOHN ALFRED MARSH, deceased.

GERTRUDE MARSH,

Executrix of the last will and testament of  
John Alfred Marsh, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 3, 1917.

WALTER ROTHCHILD,

Attorney for Executrix,  
Room 2002 Hobart Bldg., 582 Market St.,  
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# TOWN TALK

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, DECEMBER 8, 1917

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## *IN THIS ISSUE:*

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The Bohemian Club Art Show

War Time Scandals of France

Court House Politics in Oakland

A Newspaper Strike That Failed

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Russia, the Cossack and Democracy

What Sadakichi Thinks of Los Angeles

Ralph Merritt, Cowpuncher and Club Wielder

The Voice of Hindenburg—Fighting in Flanders

*Watch for the December Lantern*



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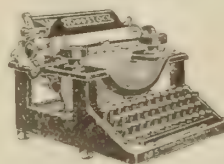
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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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San Francisco-Oakland, December 8, 1917

No. 1320

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor  
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

## The President's Message

Aside from the President's rhetoric we admire his message chiefly because it shows that he meant what he said some time ago when, in answer to the Pope's letter suggesting the basis on which the belligerents might get together to discuss peace terms, he said that it would first be necessary for the Teutons to cast out their unspeakable rulers. It has been thought that Mr. Wilson uttered himself impulsively in his letter to the Pope, and commentators have said that on second thought later on he might modify his position. We see now that on second thought the President is not at all inclined to smooth the way to peace by conciliating German opinion. In this message the Germans, who have been swelling themselves like pouter pigeons on account of their recent successes, thinking no doubt that Uncle Sam must have been greatly impressed, will find no word to comfort their expert psychologists. Indeed they will perceive only that the President is sterner and more determined than ever. He has not been awed by the blatancies of Berlin. Instead now of merely demanding a change of rulers and the substitution of spokesmen for Germany "whose word we can believe," he says that before discussing peace it will be necessary that the spokesmen chosen to represent Germany be ready "in the name of their people to accept the common judgment of the nations as to what shall henceforth be the bases of law and of covenant for the life of the world."

\* \* \*

## The War-Time Scandals of France

Here is a subject (discussed on another page by Robert McTavish) which is suggestive to the thoughtful mind. It is clear that there has been much treachery and disloyalty in France and that the people of France have been slow to realize the great menace to their country. Is not this a subject which demands our earnest attention? It has become apparent to French patriots that the Allies have suffered from the complacency and worse of French politicians, and there has been an awakening in France to which is attributed the most recent upheaval in French politics. Of this we have been vouchsafed fragments of information, but the papers of England are full of it. Why the whole truth should not be made clear to all we do

not know. Assuredly it would not embarrass the Government in the prosecution of the war. It might embarrass the Government in its attitude toward the Hun under the American flag. We are certainly as much in need of an awakening as were the French, for we are somewhat complacent and indifferent to a powerful element in our midst. Of late, it is true, we are taking some minor precautions against the enemy on all sides of us, but have we no enemies in our midst save those Germans and Austrians who have neglected to become citizens? What about the so-called Socialists of the Teutonic brand who have been warmly sympathetic toward the Kaiser ever since the invasion of Belgium and who are known to have applauded cold-blooded murder on the sea and who have conducted a propaganda to prevent us from going to the defense of civilization? Have they shed their Hunnish sympathies over night? Read what has been going on in France, and it may occur to you that French politicians are not the only ones whose complacency is almost tantamount to disloyalty. There are politicians everywhere mindful of the next election or the first one after the war, and there are politicians high up in this country who are ever mindful of the German Socialist vote and also of the anti-English Irish vote, which some Irishmen themselves, we are sorry to say, have in a measure brought under suspicion. Far be it from us to do injustice to American citizens of any brand, but the average American of every brand has had opportunity enough by this time to vindicate his loyalty to this country, not merely by formal contributions in deference to public sentiment but by an aggressive attitude and sentiment that should leave no doubt of his hostility to the militarism of a Government that has wrecked the world.

\* \* \*

## Lest We Forget Our Danger

Speaking of enemy sympathizers the people of this country, it has been said, too easily forget. How often has the feebleness of our memory been illustrated in this war! Is it not because we are known to forget that our yellow journals never hesitate to switch from one policy to another over night? Only a little while ago we saw a pro-German Benedict Arnold become a flag-waving patriot between two days and try to scuttle the ship of State on the third. Yes, indeed, we forget, and our lack of memory is such that for rascals it requires but very little camouflage to win our confidence. And

so we give them lots of rope, which is a dangerous thing to do in time of war, especially when the rascals are journalists who have access to information that may be of great advantage to the enemy at home as well as abroad. Assuredly it is not enough to exercise a censorship over them merely to prevent information from appearing in newspapers. And assuredly it is not wise to keep the public in ignorance of the danger of spies and of the probable source of anti-patriotic agitation. Of course "spymania" would be unfortunate, but it is not more to be deplored than misplaced confidence or a disposition to encourage forgetfulness. Let us at least be told of the evils of complacency and let us not forget such things as the German Delbrueck law which recognizes the dual principle of citizenship. This is the law which provides the legal machinery for a German to swear allegiance to any Government and at the same time retain citizenship in Germany. We heard a great deal about this law a few years ago, but nowadays it is never mentioned. We have seen the text quoted in full, but we have never seen its imputations openly resented or repudiated, though of course it must hurt the feelings of every honorable German, and we mention it only because there are Germans whom we must remind that loyalty to our own country in this crisis demands that we take our politicians to task for not as seriously looking out for the welfare of the Allies as are the politicians of England. Surely patriotic Americans of German birth appreciate as much as we the importance of safeguarding our country against Hohenzollern intrigue. If they are insensible of the fact that it is by intrigue and deception rather than by the physical instruments of war that the conflict is prolonged it is the duty of our Government to inform them. As a matter of fact Americans generally ought to be informed of the danger that besets them, and the duty of informing them should be recognized by our Government. There is no danger of exaggerating that danger as anybody may learn by reading in the December number of the *World's Work* (one of the publishers of which is our Minister to England) the story of the things accomplished by the editor of the *Providence Journal* in exposing the doings of the German Secret Service in the United States. It was this daily paper that supplied Secretary Lansing with most of the startling information he has given to the world, and at the head of its editorial column every day is published a warning



to Americans to keep their eyes and ears open, and remember that we are at war with the "most merciless and inhuman nation in the world."

★ ★ ★

#### Russia, the Cossack and Democracy

The more we read of Russia the more we perceive how little is known of that wonderful country that is full of mystery and of its strange people whose soul is so hard to probe for its motives. Above all things the people of Russia are remarkable for their guilelessness, and though their reasoning faculty is well developed in most important matters they act on impulse alone. As a people they are essentially honest, but owing to the corruption of their masters through a long period of years they are distrustful of men in power, which perhaps explains their sudden changes of attitude since the first revolt some months ago. Perhaps the most dependable element in Russia, that is, the element most loyal to the interests of the country, is to be found among the Cossacks, who may be either peasant born or bred to a military life. It was from this element that Korniloff issued. The European Cossacks, it is believed, once played the role of Eastern Crusaders who united to defend the Christian countries of Muscovy, Lithuania, Poland and Rumania against the Tartar hordes. This, however, is a legend that finds little support in history. We know only that the Don Cossack, that is the Cossack originally from the River Don, is essentially a "free man," a lover of independence who is easily amenable to military discipline, yet is very democratic. The Cossack ideal is national independence and it was in pursuit of this ideal that the Cossack was quick to accept the principle of compulsory military service when it was introduced in Russia in 1874. The Cossacks were once patriotic defenders of Tsardom, and until the Revo-

lution they were a community within a community, having less contact with other elements of the population than a regular army would have. The majority of them are purely Slavonic, and the greater part of them profess Russian Orthodoxy. Now, it is to these people with a history and with many high ideals that the friends of Russia among the Allies look with hope for the revival of order and discipline in the country where chaos now prevails. But it is to be remembered that we are living in a world of unrest, and that the situation in Russia is complicated by more problems than are to be found elsewhere; even the strongest government finds it hard to win the support of all disloyal and disaffected citizens. Our own country is taking refuge from her domestic troubles in a veiled despotism, a form of government that has never seemed agreeable to the "greatest Republic on earth." In the circumstances why be impatient with Russia? It was only the other day that Organized Labor served notice on our Postmaster to quit interfering with the walking delegates of the letter-carriers' union. What is this notice but a fretful echo of the ignorance and anarchy existing in Russia? So why should the spirit of Americans be proud? Or why should the plain citizen grumble even though our wise President who gave Union Labor its head believes that it is really important to make the world safe for democracy?

★ ★ ★

#### The Busy Social Reformer

As the war is not yet over we must continue to tolerate the social reformer now pursuing his laudable designs with the pertinacity of a respectable ant. The ineffectiveness of him does not matter; nor apparently the mischief he is doing; his designs are laudable nevertheless; he is really trying to make this best of all possible

worlds better for democracy and for man and woman as a whole and in part. Considering the magnitude of the undertaking, as sensible folks we must expect things to go wrong here and there. At any rate the reformer is piling up experience for us, and where is there a better educator? After awhile we shall perceive that water is not made to run up hill in defiance of the natural law and thus we shall learn. In time it may occur to us that purity of life is not a matter to be achieved by martial law, and then we shall be better prepared for the next war. Even failure has its advantages. So the social reformer is really doing his bit and should be appreciated. Not only in this country, by the way, is he tireless and increasing the sum of human knowledge by his ineffectiveness. Consider the worthy eugenicist of old England. See how he is striving to improve the race. His latest plea is for compulsory notification of pregnancy, and he would put each case in the hands of the State authorities rather than with the patient herself. Unfortunately the medical profession does not see the wisdom of this proposition. It is regarded as a cloak to cover a scheme for decreasing the rate of infantile mortality by decreasing the rate of births. And color is given to this suspicion by a prominent eugenicist who, while in favor of encouraging healthy soldiers to marry when they return from the war because they are of great "eugenic value," is in favor of barring soldiers in poor health from parenthood. The eugenists of England are receiving much opposition, especially from persons who do not see the wisdom of discouraging parenthood among the poor, but these social reformers are not to be restrained. They will improve the race at all costs, and they are remarkably fertile in scheme to achieve their purpose. Most of them are quite as zealous as either Josephus Daniels or William J. Bryan.

## Perspective Impressions

This is no year for foolish Christmas gifts.

If only this turns out to be a working instead of a talking Congress!

William J. Bryan is doing his bit by prophesying prohibition.

"The crowd was orderly," says a dispatch from Tennessee, meaning the crowd which burned a negro at the stake.

By the way, how long ago was it that the Greeks were first "coming in?" And with all due deference, have the Japs an army or only a navy?

Let us receive the Bolsheviki revelation of secret treaties with caution. Petrograd is a long way off, and there are signs that German propagandists have access to the cable.

The divulgence of correspondence by the Bolsheviki in the interest of Germany is simply a case of drawing a red herring across the trail.

The average war map printed in the press is presumably the work of a puzzle-editor.

The fact that General Cadorna knew when and where it was coming and issued a communique to his troops assuring them that he was prepared to meet the attack, makes it hard to understand why it is called a "surprise."

We are told that Vice-President Marshall interprets Germany's effort to make a separate peace with Russia "as added evidence that the Kaiser realizes that he faces ultimate defeat." How good to feel that it doesn't matter how our great statesman reasoned from such a premise to his correct conclusion.

The German press agents were never quite so trickily active all over the world.

The use of "over the top" in all sorts of senses and nonsenses threatens the vogue of that over-worked word "camouflage."

Secretary Daniels has disqualified himself for the one job for which he might have been thought fitted—the Secretaryship of the Knittery.

Owing to the war, women's clothes are to be lower at the top and higher at the bottom. Sherman was wrong.

"Every day spent in high school represents in later life a profit of twenty dollars to the student," said Emilio Lastreto to an audience of students. Let's make 'em all commercial high schools.



## Varied Types

359—RALPH P. MERRITT

By Edward F. O'Day

When Ralph P. Merritt was chosen to represent Herbert Hoover in California, one of the first things he did was to get in touch with the farmers.

What were the farmers doing to help win the war? What could the farmers do that they were not doing? Were the farmers satisfied with conditions in the farming business? If not, what were their grievances? What ought the farmers to promise Uncle Sam? And what ought Uncle Sam to promise the farmers?

In the practical line of thinking peculiar to Ralph P. Merritt there was just one way to get the answers to these questions. And that was, to ask the farmers.

Simple? It would appear so. But I haven't finished the story.

It was part of Ralph Merritt's fitness for the big job he is bossing that he knew the representative farmers of California. Not the farmers that we city dwellers are accustomed to consider representative—the farmers who divide their energies between farming and politics, or farming and propaganda, thereby getting their names into the papers—but the farmers who are looked up to by other farmers and whose word goes with bankers in farming communities.

Ralph Merritt knew the names of these farmers by heart. He called a meeting of one hundred of these farmers. They came from all sections of California to meet the Federal Food Commissioner. Ralph Merritt put his questions to every one of the hundred—put his questions individually, and had a stenographer take down every word in reply. Had the hundred been politicians or propagandists instead of just plain farmers, Ralph Merritt would have accumulated one hundred volumes of testimony. But these farmers wasted no words. They went straight to every point. The result was forty-eight pages of closely typed expert testimony on farming conditions in California as connected with the winning of the war.

With that document in his pocket Ralph Merritt took the first train to Washington, sought out his chief and without wasting any time, sat down and read those forty-eight pages to him. When Merritt got through, Herbert Hoover said to him:

"I've had answers to those questions from all over the United States. But I've had them at second or third hand. This is the first time I've heard them answered at first hand by the farmers themselves."

That's the way Ralph P. Merritt, "the man with the club," does business.

"The man with the club"—it sounds grim. Well, war is grim work. But Merritt is not responsible for the designation. It is an interpretation of his powers offered by a not unfriendly wholesale grocer.

A few days ago Merritt called a lot of wholesale grocers together for a conference. Merritt had a bad cold, and couldn't talk above a whisper. He apologized for this condition: the

wholesale grocers must not expect him to make a speech.

"To hell with speeches," said a gruff wholesale grocer; "we want to see the man with the club."

They were a patriotic lot, so the club was not necessary. But the club nearly descended on the bean growers when Merritt met them at Stockton. He asked how much it cost them to raise an acre of beans. They gave him a figure.

"I'm not a bean grower," he answered, "but as a flyer I have just raised a hundred and twenty acres of beans. My beans didn't cost me as much as you say yours cost you."

The club was on the job. The bean growers owned up that they had averaged the cost of production without bothering to ascertain whether or not some bean growers were wasteful in their methods. They admitted that beans could be grown at Merritt's figure.

I think the club must have fallen pretty heavily on the heads of our milk dealers. I don't pretend to know just what happened. But Merritt told me that the milk dealers had threatened to raise the price of milk from twelve to sixteen cents.

"That would give San Francisco the highest milk in the United States," he told me. "But we've throttled that."

What sort of man is this "man with the club?" The mildest mannered man that ever wielded one. A young man, with a ruddy, out-of-doors complexion, and gentle, smiling eyes that look at you through round, tortoise shell spectacles. At first sight, perhaps, he looks more like a student than a doer. But when you study his frame and watch his movements, you realize that it isn't only a club he keeps in hiding, but also a big reserve force of virility.

The fact is, Ralph Merritt used to be a cowpuncher. If you know the type you can see the vaquero in his sitting and standing postures, in his walk. Hours in the saddle, hours in the corral give the cowpuncher a habit of body all his own. It was no feat of imagination for me to visualize Ralph Merritt in chaps and high-heeled boots, a bandana round his neck, a high-crowned, wide-brimmed black Stetson on his head.

"Did you ever bulldog a steer?" I asked.

"I don't know whether I could do it now," was the answer, "but I used to."

Perhaps he couldn't do it now, for it's a life-risking trick that needs constant practice. But I miss my guess if Ralph Merritt can't bulldog the burliest food profiteer that walks.

Ralph P. Merritt was born in the pretty little town of Rio Vista. His father was employed by Miller and Lux. For some dozen years or so after he reached the age of ten, Ralph lived on the Poso and Santa Rita ranches of the company in the San Joaquin Valley. At twenty he was a cowpuncher, riding the range and sweating at the rodeo with the hardest and toughest of them. Before that he used to ride with Henry Miller in those famous trips the great cattleman made over his far-flung domain.

"I got to know that kindly old man well," he says; and adds: "For he was kindly—under a brusque manner he was kindness itself."

From the range Ralph P. Merritt went to the University of California. To judge a man

from his college career is not always a safe thing, but in this instance the boy was father of the man, the student was the business man in miniature. For Ralph Merritt was the natural leader in all student affairs. Any member of the class of 1907 will tell you how he distinguished himself in scholarship. He was an Alpha Delta Phi, and belonged to three honor societies: the Golden Bear, the Winged Helmet and the Skull and Keys.

After taking his degree, Merritt became President Wheeler's secretary. Then he was made graduate manager of the student body; all student affairs of a financial nature were under his direction, and he counselled the student body in all athletic policies.

But Henry Miller had not lost track of him. The old man drew him away from Alma Mater; Ralph Merritt became vice-president and general manager of the Miller and Lux estate.

He gave up that position to become comptroller of the University of California. The U. C. is a big-business corporation. The regents cast about for a man equipped to handle a twelve-million dollar concern, and they picked Merritt. He was given charge of all the properties of the university, and of its five million dollars in trust funds—an item of business which involved the supervision of properties located all the way from here to Chicago, and from Eureka to San Diego. One of the college holdings which needed special attention was the magnificent Theodore Kearney estate at Fresno. It was paying \$23,500 a year, and the regents thought it ought to yield \$40,000. Merritt promised to develop its earning capacity provided he was given a free hand. It is now producing \$60,000 a year.

Merritt is still comptroller of the U. C. He is merely loaned to Hoover for the duration of the war—at a salary of nothing a year. We all know what he's doing in the matter of food conservation. How is he doing it? His own words give a clue:

"The people are learning that democracy is a going concern. Its business is the business of every one of us. Food conservation—the only form of universal service—is practical patriotism."

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# Some German War Poetry

By Arthur L. Salmon

Patriotic poetry does not always accomplish exactly what it was meant to do; for instance, the "Hymn of Hate" was not only welcomed with much amusement and delight by British Tommies, but it has become almost a stock piece at military concerts. In themselves the outpourings of love for a country are always deserving of respect, though even in days of peace there is the danger that they will be arrogant and offensive. They are the voice of nationality, and nationality, constituted as we are, means rivalry, competition, the preference and exalting of one land or one people at the expense of all others. But we cannot yet look forward to a time when such emotions will be cut of place; we needs must love our own little corner of earth best, the haunts of our childhood, the home of our fathers; and our love will naturally call for utterance. It is conceivable that very beautiful poetry may be devoted to an unworthy object; love-songs have often been addressed to those who in reality fell far short of the singer's imagination; thus even Prussianism, with its evils that become more manifest every day, has inspired verse that claims some attention from those who detest its source. The poets of Germany have a right to express their emotions, though these may spring from a distorted ideal. We must be broad-minded enough to see that we are not at war with poetry, or music, or art; and, knowing this, we shall gladly retain on our book shelves the works of Goethe and Heine, Schiller and Lessing, and shall listen as before to the beauties of Beethoven, Schubert or Wagner.

It only needs a slight extension of this tolerance to pay a fair consideration to the German poetry of the present war. Of course, earlier patriotic songs, such as the "Watch on the Rhine," have played their part, but it is of verse actually prompted by the great conflict that we are now thinking. "Die Wacht am Rhein" itself was the production of a Württemberg man, and was written at a time when France was really thinking of making both sides of the Rhine her own (in the days of Thiers); but it did not become widely popular till 1870. "Deutschland über Alles," far more typical of the present struggle, was the work of an out-cast Breslau professor, written during a visit to Heligoland when that islet was still British. Possibly it was suggested by resentment of the British occupation; in any case, the song played a large part in rousing that spirit whose outcome may possibly render the island British once more. The more interesting manifestation of national emotion revealed itself at the outset of the conflict; there was then a note of assurance and defiance which has of late almost reached the vanishing point. It is well known that Germans, before the war, used to speak of the Socialist party as its great internal peril should external strife ever arise; whether sincere or not, this was sometimes urged as a proof of pacifist intentions.

But it was significant that one of the first poetic outbursts at the beginning of the war came from the Socialist Richard Dehmel, who already ranked as one of Germany's greatest living poets. His work had always been forcible, determined, unsparing in its realism, and in his "Sermon for the German People in Time of War" he deliberately made that appeal to the old Norse deities which in part has been typical of Prussian doings. One may say "in

part" advisedly, for the outrages committed by Germans have removed them far from the sympathy of the old Northern demigods. Although Dehmel contrived to make room for the "gentle Christ and His Virgin Mother," he gives them a somewhat secondary position, and he turns at the last to the Old Testament "God of Wrath" as more in touch with his national purposes. The poem is too long to quote, but a few characteristic lines call for notice:

Fusilier, when with left eyes closed  
You seek unerringly the heart of the foe man,  
In you the onerously god of lightning and of storm,  
Wotan, lives again.  
When you, O cannoneer, apply the lighted fuse,  
Thor rushes forth with hammer of thunder,  
And Loki with lance of fire.  
Cavalrymen, when you charge upon the foe with naked  
sword and slim spear-point,  
It is as if Balder's streaming locks blazed in the sun-  
light,  
And amongst you appeared suddenly the racing Valkyries.

To introduce Loki was rash indeed, though fitting; he, the god of hatred and malice, is the only one who would surely stir from Valhalla to answer the German battle cry. Balder, god of gentle love and marvelous beauty, would repudiate that cry with a sorrowful shudder. But we cannot deny vigor to the piece. There was vigor also in the short song with which a Berlin newspaper welcomed the arrival of British troops at the scene of conflict:

Hurrah! John Bull at last is here;  
He's crossed the rolling tide.  
His vassals flock from far and near,  
Rubbing their hands with pride.

They rage in vain, for loud and clear  
Rings out the German cry:  
Thank God, the Englishman is here;  
Now smite him hip and thigh!

One wonders if the German continues to thank God! He has had fresh cause for such thankfulness since that day, but his welcome of Brother Jonathan by the side of John Bull has rung a little false. This thing was poor enough as poetry, but there was some fine poetry, a mastery of grim imagery, in an anonymous poem that appeared in Berlin during the first weeks of the war. It was named "The Apparition," and the following admirable translation is from the pen of an American professor:

A similar vision comes to me:  
A cliff on beach where breakers rave,  
A sandy shore, a laden sea—  
And by the sea an open grave.  
And round the grave a thousand hands—....  
The hands of children, hands of wives  
Sift carelessly the yellow sands.  
Each handful is a thousand lives.  
And myriad voices fill the air:  
"O tolling sexton, lone and sad,  
O man of death, what dig you there?"  
"I dig a grave; the times are bad."

Your tears are vain; you cannot bound  
This hungry grave that will be fed:  
This trench that runs the whole world round—  
My master needs it for his dead."  
"And who," the myriad voices call,  
"Who is this ruthless master, say?  
Whose icy breath brings woe to all?"—  
The sexton answers: "Hangman Grey!"

With the change of a name at the end how true a picture this would be! Hatreds have varied and veered much since that day, three years past, and perhaps Sir Edward Grey no

longer has a priority of loathing and detestation that sprang from a thwarted purpose. There are times when hate itself is a compliment, and thus was one. Undoubtedly the author, Martin Boelitz, whose name was not familiar as Dehmel's was, achieved a very fine lyric, and his lines ring with the sincerity of a distorted vision. There is true poetry also in the following grim poem, which reveals rather what the Zeppelin was expected to accomplish than what it has actually done, and we may unhesitatingly pay it its meed of admiration. This also was published during the first month of the war, before the ambitious programme had quite failed:

The day is done.  
In the grey twilight  
Still stands one fort  
That will not be silenced.

The wind awakes,  
The vapors roll aside;  
From the dim clouds  
Appears a Zeppelin.

Its steely grey  
Turns crimson in the sunset.  
In its blood-red draping  
Destroying Death draws nigh.

A swarm of bullets  
Hums up to it.  
It quivers and lays its course  
Towards the forts.

Now it descends,  
Grown suddenly to huge size,  
And deals the death-blow  
To its victims.

A star peeps forth—  
The summer night steals by.  
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# The War-Time Scandals of France

By Robert McTavish

A few weeks ago France had another political upheaval, and M. Clémenceau rose to the top of the Cabinet from his seat in the Senate. Of the things that led to this upheaval we know very little in this country, so much has the practice of suppression been cultivated and so occupied are we with the physical progress of the war including the unimportant doings of our soldiers. One has to go to the press of England and France to learn what is really going on behind the scenes. From this source, especially from papers that are not generally circulated in this country, one may learn much that might serve to keep one on his guard. For instance one may learn in this way that the latest political upheaval in France was due to German intrigue which has been busy all through the war not only in Russia but among the French; one may learn also that Bolo Pasha, of whom we have learned something, was but one of several active German agents in the French Government whose performances resulted in much mischief to the Allies.

It appears from the foreign press that it was not until the third year of the war that France was really awakened to the great menace. It was awakened chiefly by literary men rather than by politicians. One of the most active of these literary men is Léon Daudet, son of the famous novelist, who exposed the activities and inactivities of M. Malvy, the Minister of the Interior, and drew attention in July last to the connection between a Socialist organ called *Le Bonnet Rouge* and the German Government. It was shortly after that Clémenceau delivered a sensational speech in the Senate denouncing Malvy for special privileges bestowed on a gang of anti-patriots who were associated with one Almereyda, the Spanish-born editor of *Le Bonnet Rouge*. They were accused of intriguing against the then Generalissimo Nivelle, of having intimate relations with the head of the Secret Police Department and even the President of the Paris Court of Appeal by whom Bolo Pasha was recommended to Charles Humbert who supplied 5,000,000 francs with which to purchase a newspaper. About that time a storm broke over the heads of several prominent politicians including Malvy who, it was shown, was the representative of the infamous M. Caillaux, head of a powerful Radical group of statesmen engaged for nearly three years in trying to bring about a German peace.

As soon as Clémenceau made his speech all France became aware of the great danger and heads began to fall. In the midst of the official inquiry that followed Almereyda committed suicide and now it is suspected that he was "assisted" to his death. The end is not yet.

On all this we have received so little information that it will doubtless be interesting to read what was said just before Clémenceau's election by J. Coudurier de Chassaignee:

"To those who have sufficient delicacy of

perception to pick up the wireless currents of political life, it has been evident that in all the Allied countries those centres of espionage organized by Germany before the war still retain much of their previous subterranean activity. Public opinion was pacified when a few non-naturalized aliens were placed under lock and key. But those who had taken the precaution of obtaining naturalization papers were left at liberty to spy and plot with our worst enemies, who are everywhere those of our own household. For however painful the reflection may be, it must be acknowledged that every country has the traitors, as well as the heroes, it deserves.

"In spite of the rigorous press censorship in France, the existence of this hidden danger has been generally realized and fairly freely discussed. But to all this the French Government turned a deaf ear, though it is true that a few small fry were periodically imprisoned. It was not, however, until Duval, the notorious accomplice of Almereyda, was arrested on the Swiss frontier, with a German cheque in his pocket, by the military police, that the Ministry of the Interior and the civil authorities were forced to take action.

"Even then, had it not been for the speech, now famous, made by M. Clémenceau, denouncing the incomprehensible attitude of M. Malvy towards these nefarious agents of the enemy, it is doubtful whether the whole affair would ever have been made public. M. Malvy's resignation is the first fruits of that speech, but I question whether M. Clémenceau would ever have made it, if the ground had not been prepared by the persistent and courageous campaign conducted in *L'Action Française* by his old political enemy M. Léon Daudet. The true sentiment of patriotism, like necessity, makes strange bed-fellows, and though M. Clémenceau is a Republican and M. Léon Daudet a Royalist, both equally deserve the title of good Frenchmen. From diametrically opposite directions their common love for their country has on this occasion united them against the common enemy."

Writing on the same subject Ernest Dimnet said:

"These are the facts, and the situation is quite clear. It can be put in a nutshell: During more than three years M. Malvy, i.e., the representative of M. Caillaux, has been Minister of the Interior in five successive Governments. On his repeated admission his policy

has been to trust the patriotism not only of Socialists but even of Maximalists, nay, of men like Almereyda or Landau who had a full right to the name of anarchists, until it was discovered that even that designation was too good for them and they were common swindlers dealing in treason because it was the most profitable trade at the moment. Against this attitude two men—M. Clémenceau in the Senate and in *L'Homme Enchaîné* and M. Léon Daudet in *L'Action Française*—have constantly protested. It is only fair to the latter—violent, exaggerated and occasionally unjust as he is—to say that he saw spies where they really were, hunted them much more efficiently than the police, and if he had been heard Almereyda would not have been at large until July, 1917."

According to another writer, the scandal of the exposure and death of Almereyda has awakened public opinion, and demonstrated to the Government sceptics that Daudet's "spy mania," as it was called, was not so mad as those in authority would have had people believe. It is now proved that large sums of German money have been sent into France through a neutral State—not to corrupt the French press—but to create mushroom rags devoted to all those causes which are dear to the Central Empires.

From all that has happened in France it would seem to be something more than "spy mania," as Daudet's enthusiasm was called in Paris, to ponder the activities of Socialists and German Pacifists in this country, and even perhaps, to take another peep into the circles to which Bolo Pasha once had access in the United States. Certain persons have "laughed off" the suspicions that were aroused when the Bolo Pasha case was brought to light, and justified themselves on the ground of his French connections, but as we now see a somewhat similar policy was pursued in Paris and made plausible for awhile, but it would seem to be wise to consider the people thus thrown under suspicion. Were they ever real patriots or were they ever suspiciously in sympathy with German spies and Potsdam officials? These are the questions that might be reasonably asked of journalists and others before giving them a verdict of acquittal. Suppose among these persons may be found one who was once very active in trying to make all persons ridiculous for harboring a suspicion of German spies in this country.

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# The Spectator

## His Exit

From the Mission comes the story of a barber. In the neighborhood of Twenty-fourth and Valencia streets this barber prospered on hair-cuts and shaves until a little while ago. He was a barber with individuality not only in his methods of trimming beards and customers, but in his address, which was that of a publicity agent rather than a barber. He addressed passers-by through the window on which appeared these words: "My name is Frank; I don't know you and you don't know me; come inside and let's get acquainted." He made many acquaintances and his business steadily increased until he made a switch in his career. This he did in no commonplace fashion. In switching he signalized his individuality. Ceremoniously he gave a banquet one night to a score of his friends at an expensive cafe. The next day he sold the "tin Lizzie" in which as a professional man he loved to display himself in Golden Gate Park. Then he sold his barber shop and to the money he received he added the little he had in bank and presented the whole sum—several hundred dollars—to the Red Cross. "Now," he said to his friends, "I'm ready to enlist." And he did.

## Photo-engravers Go Back

The long strike of the photo-engravers employed on daily newspapers is over. The strikers were taken back Monday on the working conditions which obtained when they walked out. They struck for higher wages and shorter hours. They got neither. Their strike was inspired by a preceding strike in another branch of the craft. The photo-engravers employed in commercial plants had demanded the wages and hours enjoyed by the photo-engravers employed on newspapers. They enforced the demand by striking, and won. Thereupon the newspaper photo-engravers, thinking perhaps that it was up to them to maintain their superiority to their brothers of the commercial houses, demanded a boost in wages and a cut in hours. The newspaper proprietors got together, agreed to hold firm, and refused the demand. Whereupon the strike began.

## The Result of the Strike

The newspaper photo-engravers opined that the newspapers could not get along without them. They were immediately undeceived. The newspaper really welcomed the strike, because it afforded them an opportunity to cut down expenses. The strike emptied the photo-engraving departments of all the daily papers. That was a big saving in itself. The strike made the services of high priced artists and photographers unnecessary. So the art and photo-graphing departments went out of business. And that was a still bigger saving. Since that time every cut appearing in a local daily was either bought and paid for by the party interested in having it published—principally the press bureaus of theatres and movie houses—or was dug out of the newspaper library, or came from the East in the form of a matrix

or "mat." The reading public didn't notice the difference, or didn't care. Some of the papers were quite willing to go along for ever that way, but others wanted pictures. So when the photo-engravers sued for mercy they were taken back.

## Sadakichi on Los Angeles

Sadakichi Hartmann who left San Francisco some time ago for New York, got only as far as Los Angeles. His stay there was short, and he is now in winter quarters at Farallone near Half Moon Bay. Thence he writes me his views on the City of Chemical Purity, as follows:

Sadakichi Hartmann's opinion on Los Angeles is herewith forthcoming (after a two months' stay among savages, and taking part in many of their most intellectual pow-wows): It is all sunshine and real estate south of Santa Barbara. Los Angeles is like a monstrously fat and overgrown boy who does not know what to do with himself except rubbing and scratching his vast anatomy. It is a town of autos, department stores and religions—cafeteria manners and motion picture ideals, Sessue Haya-kawa being easily the biggest man there. The magnificent name La Puebla de la Reina de Los Angeles is all hot air. I have met neither queens nor angels there. On the contrary only people who are either tired, retired or d—tired. It is the ideal place for Middle West individuals who have a regular income of five hundred annually. No doubt one of the reasons why Los Angeles is, without the slightest effort, the most discourteous and unhospitable town on the continent. People all seem to be touched by the sun, they wander about listlessly, dodging automobiles or going to a lecture at ten o'clock in the morning, so that they may be able to return early to their suburban castle-shacks and go to bed 8:15 p. m. sharp. They imitate the Boston of the eighties, and have made their town a huge Conservatory with eternal students who "denishawn" or "jomelli" all day long. Old or young, sick or healthy, they all study something (don't embarrass me by asking what), the more advanced pupils exchanging lessons with each other. Ignorance and misinformation reaching a rare state of perfection in this pleasant and unique manner. Art and literature are still unknown. They have just discovered music, but they are ass-iduously fond of free lectures. However with a total absence of discrimination. Whether Sunday, Tagore, Powys, Kreymborg or I lecture is all the same to them, as long as the ladies can sit down, knit and listen. That thus and thereby Los Angeles should some day become the Greece of the future is Greek to me.

## The Bohemian Exhibition

Has the Bohemian Club the artistic vitality which used to be its greatest distinction? Or is it losing its hold on the painters of this generation who are worthy successors of those great Bohemians Jules Tavernier, Virgil Williams and Julian Rix? I ask after viewing the latest Bohemian Club exhibition—the annual winter show by which the Bohemian vindicates its right to be considered a rendezvous of artists. I saw some fine new pictures there—of these more anon—but I was surprised to note the names conspicuous by their absence. I saw nothing by Francis McComas, our prince of water colorists. I saw nothing by Charles

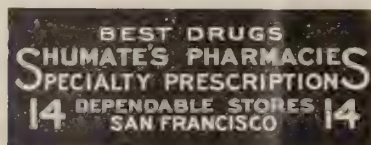
Dickman who told me only a few days ago that he was working hard. I saw nothing by Arthur Mathews, a consistent producer of classically excellent canvases. I saw nothing by Bruce Nelson, a younger man whose name is in many mouths these days. Do not these men kindle at the thought of the annual Bohemian Club exhibition? I wonder.

## Some Towers of Strength

There are certain men who may be relied upon to send pictures to this annual show—men who have won the honor of "the line" by consistent and conscientious endeavor. They are the artistic towers of strength of Bohemia. The dean of them all is old Charley Robinson who exhibits two beautiful pictures this year. Then there is Charles Rollo Peters, "the prince of darkness," whose nocturnes need no new panegyric. There is Cadenasso who loves to dip his brush in glamor. There is Percy Gray who knows the secrets of aquarelle, and Ferdinand Burgdorff who loves tempera and Japan. Among the younger men who are coming to be towers of strength in Bohemia are Maynard Dixon who shows this year some of the pictures he has just finished painting in Montana, and Arthur Cahill who exhibits his recent portrait of Templeton Crocker. But we knew the works of all these men well. Fain would we see new men bidding for favor, and commanding it. There are new men in this show—but they are not the important young men who began to wake up our academicians in the year of the Fair and have been justifying themselves more and more ever since. Does not the Bohemian Club attract these men? Are there to be no new towers of strength?

## Van Sloun's Sensation

Time was when a Bohemian Club exhibition was counted on to reveal at least one new talent. Some new painter burst upon the community to become the subject of talk wherever art lovers congregated. It was a good sign that we had these artistic sensations. It was a sign of health, of growth, of vigor. Our interest in art was stimulated. Well, there is a sensation in this show, but not exactly the sort of sensation I have just indicated. The sensation is caused by Frank Van Sloun who is not a new painter. We know Van Sloun's work; we have studied his technique; we admit that he can paint. So we are astounded when for the first time we gaze upon his ragged, red-headed girl in this exhibition. She hits you in the eye the moment you enter the gallery. If you are old enough to remember the discredited and unlamented stage Irishman who went out about the time the stage German came in, you visualize his whiskers. They were of a red rarely seen in nature's capillary growth, and in



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texture they resembled no whiskers that ever grew on the human face. This girl of Van Sloun's has red hair like those stage whiskers. She is very ragged. Her sleeve is torn at the elbow to reveal the arm of a lay figure. Is Van Sloun serious in exhibiting this picture? Every painting Bohemian is entitled to have two pictures hung by the committee. Did Van Sloun send this awful thing to show the absurdity of such a rule? Did he paint it as a joke? Did he paint it, indeed? I am at a loss to explain. It's an atrocity.

#### Martinez at His Best

Next to the interest excited by the revelation of a new talent is the revelation of a new phase in a painter already arrived. The former interest, as I have said, is lacking in this Bohemian show; the latter is supplied in measure full to overflowing by that great painter Xavier Martinez. It must be some time since Martinez exhibited at the Bohemian Club. It was only at the last minute that he was persuaded to exhibit in the Palace of Fine Arts during the World's Fair; and then he was not properly represented. But he has four large canvases and three small ones in this year's exhibition. That is sufficient to make the exhibition an event. Two of the pictures were painted from the elaborate notes he made during his last visit to the Hopi and Navajo country. The others were not painted in the studio, but in the open air of his beloved Piedmont. It is a new Martinez we see in these pictures. It is a Martinez intrigued by the problem of light. These pictures are soaked in light. They don't radiate light so much as hold it in suspension. They are saturate solutions of light. In these pictures you fail to notice the paint; you are conscious only of the sun, for "Marty" has taken the sun prisoner and made it do his bidding. Years ago in studying a picture by Martinez you would have said: "This man's technique has been carried as far as it could be carried." But in looking at these new pictures you realize that Martinez has leaped forward to the conquest of a new realm. They are exquisite pictures. They suggest at once that what we should have is a Martinez exhibition—an exhibition of the Martinez of yesterday and today. It would be a wonderful show. It would extort the admiration of Cezanne and compel Willard Huntington Wright to fall down in worship.

#### Athletes Going "Over There"

No one may ever justly accuse Pacific Coast athletes of being at all lacking in patriotism, if the enlistments of our stars of track and field can be taken to mean anything. Down at Linda Vista there is Thornwell Mullally with his Grizzlies, one battery of which is composed mostly of Olympic Club men. Ernie Smith, a swimming

champion, is in Allentown, Penn., training for a commission in the Ambulance corps, and along with him there are enough Californians to make two complete rugby football teams of fifteen men each. Norman Ross who was drafted and is now at American Lake, expects soon to be in the aviation service—into which he tried to get long before his "number" was called, being prevented only by his great size—and now Eddie French, one of the best all-round athletes the Pacific Slope ever knew, is on his way to France arrayed in the drab of a second lieutenant of the signal corps. French is a graduate of the second training camp at the Presidio—the tough grind of which caused almost a third of the original entrants to "re-sign" before it was two months old—and was one of the eighteen student officers to be commissioned without the formality of the final examinations. French was given his choice of a first lieutenancy of the line or a second lieutenancy of the signal corps, and he chose the latter solely because it guaranteed him immediate service. He feared that a first lieutenancy of the line, involving long stays at training camps whipping recruits into shape, would be somewhat too boring, so he took the lower rank and went "over there." French as an athlete won most of his fame while at St. Mary's and Sacred Heart colleges. He was a ten second sprinter, a good rugby man, one of the best amateur baseball players in the State and a member of the all-star California basketball team for two years.

#### He Scooped His Dad

Around the Newspapermen's Club they are telling how the dean of the police reporters was scooped by the youngest cub on the beat. In other words, they are telling how Frank Sheridan of The Bulletin was scooped by Phil Sheridan of The Call. Or to put it in still another way, they are telling how Sheridan pere was scooped by Sheridan fils. Frank Sheridan's son Phil broke into "the game" a short time ago, and was assigned one day, as part of his general training, to make a tour of the outside police stations and emergency hospitals. These sources of news are usually covered by telephone, but the cub reporter must make their acquaintance in person. Out at the Mission police station young Sheridan learned that a sick boy had been taken from his home to the Potrero emergency hospital. With a cub's thoroughness Sheridan immediately repaired to the hospital, where he found the boy dead from poisoning. He learned that the boy's brother who had been removed to a private hospital was also dead. Persistent digging brought out that the boys had been taken violently sick after eating candy bought at a grocery store. It was a big story. That day it was played up on the first page of The Call. The Bulletin didn't have

a word of it. Busy with many important matters at the Hall of Justice, Frank Sheridan had neglected to get in touch that day with the outside stations. Reporters don't like to be scooped; but here was a scoop at his expense which made Frank Sheridan the proudest father in San Francisco.

#### In the Park Aviary

A writer in The Lantern recently noted the strange fact that among the multitude of poems inspired by San Francisco there were exceedingly few about Golden Gate Park. And it is a strange fact indeed. I remember a beautiful little poem by the late Charley Aitken on the Prayer Book Cross, also a number of quatrains by Grace Hibbard. But our beautiful park has been grievously neglected by our bards. However, if we can't have poetry let us be content with prose, as one writer of vers libre said to another. And here we have a sweet little bit of prose about Golden Gate Park. I refer to "Kate of Birdland," described as "an idyl of the aviary in Golden Gate Park." It is the work of Edith Kinney Stellmann, author of "The Exposition Babies," an idyl of the Fine Arts colonnade. Like that other appealing book, this is illustrated with photographs by Louis J. Stellmann who has many times demonstrated to us that he has a magic lens in his camera. The new book—distinctively a holiday volume—is published in attractive format by H. S. Crocker Co.

#### An Interview with the Birds

It is a quaint little book. Mrs. Stellmann pretends that she has come to be on excellent terms with the birds of the aviary—on such excellent terms, indeed, that she is able to make the rounds of the aviary with a Lady Amherst pheasant as her guide and informant. She makes some very interesting acquaintances; among others the Reeves pheasant, the silver pheasant, the peacock, the owls, the bald eagle, the Mandarin ducks, the Chinese love birds, the



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linnets, the finches, the Java sparrow, the Japanese robin, the thrush and the mocking bird. Her conversation with these is exceedingly interesting and delightful, not to say informative. This charming book is dedicated to the birds in the following lines:

Oh, birds: lucky creatures of air!  
Whose wings bear you swiftly on high  
To a place where you scan  
All the doings of Man,  
Do you laugh at him, birds, on the sly—  
When he foolishly shows  
All the little he knows;  
Or do you look down with a sigh?

#### Sigmund Beel Returns

The best news I know of in music circles is that Sigmund Beel has returned to San Francisco. When Beel went to Los Angeles to live he left a vacancy here which no one could fill. His friends and admirers never got through missing him. But now he's one of us again. I suspect that Beel was not enamored of Los Angeles. I suspect that he missed the stimulation an artist finds in San Francisco. I'm not sure, because "Sig" Beel is one of the gentlest of men, with never a harsh word for an individual or a community; so I cannot pretend that I am interpreting his feelings in this matter. But the important thing is that he's back. Does this mean that we're to have the Beel Quartet again? Who knows? If wishing will bring back the exquisite concerts of that fine organization, part of the credit will be due to me, for I'm wishing for it right now with all my soul.

#### The Voice of Hindenburg

Once more the fortunes of war have shifted and old Hindenburg is simulating high spirits again, but at the rate at which great masses of Germans are hurled at British guns in France it is to be inferred that time and weather are still the essence of some very important matter. Perhaps we may accurately guess the truth from what Hindenburg says. "The United States cannot send many troops," says the German hero, and he adds that our army is really intended for defense against Japan. Doubtless Hindenburg believes there is some truth in rumors that are circulated in this country to the effect that the great problem for us is, How to get men and material across the water. One

hears many conflicting reports as to the size of the American army now in France, but whatever the size of it the Germans are making desperate efforts to compel peace before we get into the thick of the scrimmage, and meanwhile Haig and Byng are keeping the divisions that have been brought back from Russia pretty busy..

#### The Danger that Threatened German Arms

Just before the recent big German counter-attack in France Berlin reported that it was not much disturbed by the small British gains in Flanders, but we now perceive the object of the battles that Haig directed. Haig's immediate objective was Cambrai, and this is a town the Germans have been fighting desperately to retain. It does not matter in war whether the issue is decided on one spot or another. The issue often depends on territory and its character. To command a country by holding commanding parts of it is one of the chief means to victory. Therefore the British have engaged in a series of battles for the possession of positions. And these battles on the western front Haig has nearly always won. True the Germans when driven out of one commanding position have fallen back on another, but these positions are not infinite in number; on the contrary, they are few and far between. The Germans have rested their armies upon the only series of ridges and positions which exist for the defense of the ground they hold in Flanders, and it is upon this ground that the German hold on the coast depends. Hence they were in considerable danger when Byng made his great charge. They were threatened on the flank and in the rear for they had been enfiladed in one position after another to the north while being held by frontal attacks.

#### Haig's Promise

Months ago General Haig promised to drive the Germans out of Flanders before the end of the winter, and he was likely to do so had it not been for German intrigue in Russia by which big armies were released for the present battles on the western front. We see therefore that Flanders remains the centre of the war. It has been the centre of every war fought by England in Europe. Wherever else England may fight an enemy in Europe the knock-out blow is delivered in Flanders. Her soldiers are fighting today where Marlborough's soldiers fought, over the bones of Cromwell's soldiers and Elizabethan soldiers and Plantagenet soldiers, and when the war is over there will be left in the dust of Flanders an undistinguishable mass of British bones and British arms mingled with all that has returned to dust of friends and foes. Meanwhile it is interesting to reflect that while the great mistress of the seas is on the defensive in her element the Germans are on the defensive on land—a curious turn of events.

#### What Will Davie Do?

With Mayor Davie a winner in the preliminary recall skirmish Oakland is awaiting the next moves from the City Hall. Will Kaufman continue to be the "power behind the throne," is being asked, or will he be encouraged to step right out in front of it? There are many who expect a change in the city departments to come with the opening of the new year and who predict that F. F. Jackson will lose his place at the head of the department of public health and safety. Jackson backed Weeks in the recall and has been openly against Davie. The story will not be told in a few days or a few weeks but it is already written.

#### Judge Donahue's Resignation

With a score of men anxious for a seat on the superior bench in Alameda County one would think the place held attractions for any lawyer until William H. Donahue announced that he intended to resign. "I would have quit three years ago," says Judge Donahue, "but the great increase in the work made it imperative for me to continue." Donahue stuck to the job with the calendar piled high and nothing but hard work in sight until the Legislature heard the call for relief and appointed two new judges. Then, when there was a chance for an easier task, he did what he had wished to do for months, announced his resignation. As soon as he finishes the cases before him he will quit to enter private practice. Few men have resigned a position more gracefully and few have occasioned so much surprise by doing it, for it is conceded that Donahue could have held the place as long as he wished.

#### Court House Politics in Oakland

The death of Charles F. Horner, County Assessor for Alameda for the past six years, was not unexpected. It was a little less than a year ago when he was taken seriously ill and hopes were given up for his recovery, but the pioneer courage of a man who had several times blazed a trail for himself in new lands stood him in stead and he rallied. Horner said he was going to get well and his friends encouraged him in the belief which they could not share. Horner was born at Irvington in '58 where his father W. Y. Horner was one of the first to turn the sod of the county. From his early manhood he took to politics like the American youth of today is taking to khaki—with an ideal. When he went to Hawaii to work for a sugar concern he took his political "bug" with him and it wasn't long before he was a member of the island legislature. When Charlie Horner came back to Alameda County they elected him to the Board of Supervisors where he was soon made chairman. He quit that post to be Assessor when Henry P. Dalton was removed, and he raised the department from a state of bad repute. The supervisors will have the naming of a successor and it is said that Joseph M. Kelley is slated for the place. Harrison M. Clay, city auditor of Oakland, is named as a candidate to run against Kelley, or the one named, when the term expires. For the office of county Tax Collector there is already a campaign in sight. Harry Boyle of the school board, and a union labor candidate, will run against James B. Barber. Other races in sight include one to be made against County Clerk George Gross by Assemblyman Frank M. Smith, and one against County Treasurer M. J. Kelly by Supervisor Fred M. Foss. It will be seen that the center of political storm is to be shifted in short order from the City Hall to the Court House.

#### Other Fights Coming

Before the votes had been counted in the recall election Oakland and Alameda county politicians were busy with pencil and slate figur-

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ing out the possibilities in other races to come. There is always one thing or another to stir up the political gossip across the bay, but right now there are more things than usual. In the first place W. H. L. ("Billy") Hynes has intimated that he will not run for reelection as District Attorney and that means a new alignment in the race that will ensue for that position. With his announcement Hynes has added the information that he is not seeking the Governor's appointment to the superior bench to succeed Judge William H. Donahue but that he will make a race for the place next year. Judge Donahue resigned, he says, to practice law. His friends believe that he will not be able to keep out of politics and that the freedom that will be his to take part in various campaigns will be as welcome as a season of fishing to a man who has been living in a desert. For Donahue's place Judge A. F. St. Sure of Oakland is one of those most prominently mentioned. Lincoln Church of Oakland, Police Judges George Samuels and Mortimer Smith, and Walter S. Burpee and Ezra Decoto are others who may run or seek the appointment. A new angle to the situation and one that promises no end of lively contests is the fact that the terms of the newly appointed judges James G. Quinn and Joseph S. Koford will be vacant next year. With the advantage of having been named to the places and with followings they may be expected to make a strong bid to continue in office but it is certain that they will be given opposition. Judge Ogden will also run for reelection. County Superintendent of Schools George C. Frick has held the office for so long that few remember his predecessor. Last election he was given his closest race by Miss Blanche Morse of Berkeley but at that he won out handily. As things are now lining up Frick may have to run against Miss Morse and A. C. Barker, former city superintendent in Oakland. Barker has a host of friends who give him the credit for the building up of the Oakland department; he may be counted upon, at the outset, to poll a heavy vote. It would look as if Frick were in for the fight of his career.

#### Disarming His Staff

After more than a year of somewhat delirious existence, the Oakland office of The Examiner which has known the guiding hand of men who have become stars of no small luminosity in the bright sky of journalism, has been "wished on" Leo Dungan. He has assumed control of a staff of unfledged youngsters whose enthusiasm ranks several points above their value as editorial adjuncts to the "monarch of the dailies." Dungan has commenced his executive rule in the old stamping ground of Alameda County politicians and preparatory school of real newspaper men, by disarming the office. He issued an order prohibiting Ralph Cole and Phil Brady from carrying terrorizing firearms and placing a limit of three on the number of deputy sheriff, police and newspaper men's badges to be worn by these representatives of the fourth estate. Before this order went into effect it looked as if the Oakland office was entrenched against alien enemy attack when Cole and Brady squared away with their coats off to write copy from the police beat. Besides revolvers they both carried blackjacks—considered a necessary personal adornment by the cub police reporter. Dungan's

sentence to the Oakland office of The Examiner was not a gift, nor a manifestation of "thank you for past favors" on the part of Charlie Coleman, city editor of the paper. Instead, it was a stern assignment, moving Leo from the calm and placid realm of the copy desk in the San Francisco office. Leo's job is to bring order out of a chaos that has been part and parcel of the management of Charlie White for a year, and the more recent two-months' regime of William Curtis. The reign of White for twelve months, following the unsuccessful regime of Neal Wilson, which in turn came on the heels of Burdette Sander's long and able management, was considered to be one of the most excited administrations of an editorial department possible in wild western journalism. Whenever a brakeman suffered an abrasion and laceration in the West Oakland Southern Pacific Railroad yards or a woman's purse was snatched in front of the Hotel Oakland, White filled the city with excitement. In constant attendance at the door of the office were taxicabs in which White and his staff darted hither and thither when the fire whistle blew or the police signal showed on the top of Oakland's new City Hall.

#### It Has Made History

And yet The Examiner office in Oakland has seen and made many newspaper men of note. Among them are Jimmie Nourse, for many years city editor of The Examiner, and now with the Hearst bureau in Washington, D. C.; Frank Sheridan, the champion of all police reporters, now on The Bulletin; the late Jack Barrett, Thomas Nunan, Charlie Brennan, Bert York, Oscar Fernbach, Frank L. Mulgrew, Willard K. Bassett, conceded the smartest newspaper reporter on the east side of the bay, and more lately, Joe Whitnah who has proven his ability as a poet. It has been the meeting place of many politicians and prominent men who are embalmed in the annals of Oakland history. Warren English made it his stamping ground. It was the rendezvous of "Billy" Foote, Dr. E. H. Woolsey, Oakland's ablest physician, and many others too numerous to mention. There were real newspaper stories from the Oakland office of The Examiner in those days. In one week Mulgrew put over exclusively the notorious Lester McNulty rape story and a train robbery at Stege, Contra Costa County. These "scoops" cost Paul Goldsmith, head of the morning Call office in Oakland for twelve years, and Jack Hastings who was in charge of the editorial department of The Chronicle on that side of the bay, their positions.

#### As to Doctors

Here is a forthright correspondent of the medical profession, Dr. David Hadden of Oakland, who says that an editorial in Town Talk entitled "The Mistakes of Doctors" looks "like a slap by a Christian Scientist at the profession in general." I hasten to assure him that such is not the case, that, on the contrary, the writer has great respect and admiration for the medical profession. He is not unaware of the high scientific achievements of doctors or of the progress that has been made by the profession in the pursuit of knowledge for the benefit of the race. In truth he is never weary of applauding doctors for their self-sacrifice and for the

many admirable characteristics of the profession. But doctors, like other quite fallible professional men, make mistakes, especially the faddist among them, and what was said in Town Talk was in the nature of comment on information that appeared in a journal regarded as quite respectable authority. Dr. Hadden pays high and deserved tribute to his profession and points out in an interesting manner the importance of the services of specialists.

#### Why This Reticence?

Last Sunday's Examiner contained a long dispatch from Boston with the news that the Boston Sunday American had been bought by the Boston Advertiser. There followed a long and encomiastic history of The Advertiser which is one of the oldest papers in New England. This history was brought down to the present day. There was a mention—a mere mention—of the fact that The Advertiser had recently passed into new hands. But in this connection no names were given. This is strange. The fact is that The Advertiser has just been bought by Hearst. The Sunday American is the Sunday edition of Hearst's Boston American. So the purchase of the Sunday American by The Advertiser was not a purchase in the usual sense of the word. Now why does Hearst conceal his name in this transaction? It is not like him to hide his light under a bushel. Is it possible that Hearst thinks papers will do better—in New England at least—if they are not too blatantly identified with Hearst? Is Hearst afraid that the Hearst name is ceasing to be a name to conjure with?

#### The French "Spymaniac"

The son of the celebrated novelist Alphonse Daudet, M. Léon Daudet who exposed the German spy system in Paris, which is discussed on another page, is himself a novelist whose talent, though totally different in character, is at least equal to that of his father. This inherited disposition soon lured him from the study of medicine, and the result of the change in his career was a series of novels of which "Les Morticoles" is perhaps the most famous if not the most remarkable. But, though he has never entirely ceased to write fiction, M. Léon Daudet has of recent years devoted most of his energy to political journalism. His paper L'Action Francaise is consecrated to the championship of the Royalist cause, and incidentally to the exposure that besides her open enemies in the field, France is under the menace of secret enemies at home. This latter crusade begun long before the war, was adopted by M. Léon Daudet as a sacred duty. His barbed and brilliant pen, violent, tenacious and at the same time logical in attack, soon made him the leader of a band of writers which includes that forcible theorist and monarchist M. Charles Maurras.

"Father bought a Rubens when we were in Europe last."

"Really! What horse-power?"

Millionaire: Be off with you this minute!

Beggar: Look 'ere, mister; the only difference between you and me is that you are makin' your second million, while I am still workin' at my first.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## The Decline of Gossip

"They say that she—" "Did you hear what he—" "Everybody knows that they—" We all know the kind of gossip that begins with these phrases. It is poison. A reputation dies every time this sort of gossip is spoken. It is most frequently concerned with adultery, real or alleged. But it imputes other grave offenses as well. Both men and women are guilty of it. It flourishes rankly in club smoking rooms as well as at afternoon teas. Just now it is not quite the vogue it was day before yesterday. The war has discouraged it. Men and women of normal outlook are ashamed to spend their moments idly in murderous gossip these days. So the notorious scandal mongers don't get the audience they used to. War talk is crowding gossip out. In club smoking rooms and at afternoon teas letters from the boys over there or in camp are the thing of the moment. And there is no sinister gossip in these letters. Let us hope that the habit of gossip will be so badly broken that it will take a long time to mnd it. Of course gossip cannot be killed, but if it is put down and out for the duration of the war, how much better off we shall be!

## Mrs. Kohl to Sing to Soldiers

While most of her friends are knitting for the soldiers Mrs. Fred Kohl will sing to them. It is Mrs. Kohl's chosen way of doing her bit. A good knitter, Mrs. Kohl is a better singer. She will exercise the higher talent for the boys in France. Mrs. Kohl is now on her way. It is said that she takes a hurdy gurdy with her, and that she will make the rounds of the trenches in costume, grinding away at the hurdy gurdy and singing in that sweet voice of hers. If this is true, Mrs. Kohl will be a veritable "artiste de passage," as the French call the strolling entertainer. It will be a picturesque experience, and it is to be hoped that Mrs. Kohl will keep a diary, if not for publication at least for the pleasure of her stay-at-home friends.

## Geraldine Graham's Beauty

Geraldine Graham's beauty is the talk of the moment among New York bavardes. The strikingly beautiful girl is in New York with her mother Mrs. William Miller Graham, and wherever she appears there are eyes for nobody else. Mrs. Graham, according to one authority, "is almost as sure of herself in New York as she was in London." Geraldine's success must be particularly gratifying to her mother inas-

much as New York is full of Californians this winter.

## A° Protest from Wai Ki Ki

Surely the day of the iconoclast is here. Idols are being shattered. The customs of old, the traditions of the past fall in the wreck of progress. By no evidence is this revolution made more manifest than by the recent registered objection of Hawaii to the abbreviated bathing suits which made their appearance the past summer at the championship swimming races at Honolulu. That Hawaii should frown upon brevity in bathing apparel is the "most unkindest cut of all." It is true, and sadly true that Hawaii has frowned. A protest has been registered and at the next meeting of the American Athletic Union delegates will appear on the floor from Honolulu to institute a fight for dress reform! During the recent championship swimming meet on the "beach at Wai Ki Ki" fair daughters of Neptune from California, New York and the sunny southland borders of the Gulf of Mexico appeared in the realm of the Kiki Waki Woo and the world-famous Hula Hula and, dropping their robes from their shoulders, stood forth in the pristine beauty of original things, with just enough of a bathing suit to pass a broad-minded censor. And to think that the girls of the grass skirts and leis objected to this! Some say that when the Hawaiian delegates appear on the floor of the athletic convention their protest will have more to do with substitution of the grass skirts and the leis for the slim bathing suits of the visiting swimmers than with the quantity of apparel worn. But the point that lends weight to the belief that moral motives actuate the conservatives of Honolulu, is that the California swimmers from Neptune Beach, Alameda and the inland pool at Idora Park, presided over by Bert York, have been the most objected to. The New York champions who have been seen on this coast, maintain the old-time swimming garb which includes skirts and fluffy sleeves. The San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda and Los Angeles mermaids taboo such a garb. The tight, close-fitting and abbreviated one-piece suits of the California girls are held to be responsible for Hawaii's great moral awakening and its subsequent demand for bathing dress reform in the land of the Hula Hula.

## The Superfluity Shop

The "Superfluity Shop" opening on Wednesday and Thursday was one of the notable affairs of the week. This shop at 356 Post street run by the Commission for the Aid of the Belgians and French is a veritable wonder shop and its success in the work of relief for the stricken people of France and Belgium is assured. The shop was officially opened with an exhibition of paintings by the noted artists of California all of whom have donated their efforts for the benefit of the war relief. Such artists as Charles Rollo Peters, Chris Jorgensen, F. B. Kress, M. del Mue, E. S. Hader, C. H. Harmon, E. Booth, C. S. Duncan, E. W. Currier and many others have paintings on sale for the benefit of the funds. The sale of Christmas boxes struck a responsive chord with the big crowd that attended the opening sales. This department is under the management of Mesdames Chester Woolsey, Charles A. Slack and Lewis

Bruce. All shapes and sizes of boxes are on sale for the small figure of ten cents, some as high as fifty. The boxes are artistic and beautifully decorated. There are thousands of them and by the time the last one is sold before Christmas the fund will have been considerably helped. The shop is a regular "antique" museum where one can spend many an hour examining historical relics. For instance, there is a fine piece of French china once the property of Napoleon the Third. Then there is an English platter of the original willow pattern more than one hundred years old. The court of Belgium is represented by a painting of one of the court ladies painted in 1746 by the court painter. All kinds of old-fashioned jewelry are on sale. Coming down to modern days one of the most interesting exhibits—for sale of course—is a doll sent over by Madame Poincaré, wife of the French President, dressed by the lady herself. There is a part of one of the famous Zeppelins that was brought down on French soil, all the crew being killed. This is the only relic of its kind in this country. The "Superfluity Shop" depends for its stock on donations made by the public from their attics and basements. If you have anything taking up space for which you have no further use it can be turned into money or made useful for the Belgians or French. The public is asked to donate anything they have. A telephone call to Garfield 2099 will bring a representative of the commission to your home to collect the articles. Those who had reserved tables on the opening days were Mesdames Edgar A. Jones, Mark Foy, Gus A. Boyer, Guy S. Dyer, Neville Castle, Harold Ward Law, R. E. Miller, Chester Woolsey, Frank Ames, George Wingfield, Leon Sloss, John D. Spreckels Jr., Edythe W. Marion, Earl Cummings, W. H. Talbot, Leigh Sypher, Vincent Whitney, Charles W. Slack, John Barneson, F. W. Henshaw, the Misses Madge Fairman, Hilda Clough, Mesdames Edward Lacy Brayton, H. C. Capwell, C. Chinn, Harry Hill, William Mooser, William Fitzhugh, A. de Bretteville, Lewis C. Bruce, Alexander Hamilton, W. S. Davis, F. W. Clampett, Charles C. Judson.

## Beringer at Santa Rosa

The semi-annual examination of the music students of the Ursuline College in Santa Rosa will be held next Thursday, December 13. Prof. Joseph Beringer who is the official examiner, will spend the day at the college, devoting it to examinations in pianoforte playing. The

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Desires to state that the matinees which are given once a week by Mr. Maitland and his company of professional players are open to the public. Three playlets are given on each programme.

ADMISSION ONE DOLLAR

Tickets at the St. Francis Newsstand, Newbegin's Bookstore and book department The White House



day will be formally opened with a lecture on "Incidents in the Life of Mozart."

#### At the Whitcomb

The echoes of Thanksgiving merriment have scarcely died away in the marble lobby, in the two big dining rooms and in the dancing salon on the roof of the Whitcomb; but already San Franciscans are making reservations for the Christmas dinner and for the New Year's Eve celebration. There is no doubt that the Christmas dinner throng will be larger than the Thanksgiving night assemblage; hence the advisability of making early reservations. New Year's Eve, of course, will be the "maddest, merriest" of all the year; every public room in the hotel will be devoted to the celebration. . . . Dr. John M. Rehfish, Medical Corps, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rehfish have taken permanent apartments at the Whitcomb.

#### At the Cecil

Major-General and Mrs. Charles Devol are making their home at the Cecil. Mrs. E. J. Walker who is sojourning at the hotel gave an impromptu luncheon Wednesday in honor of her daughter Mrs. Fredrick Henshaw and Mrs. Jack Mighell. Mrs. Louis Mead motored down from Byron Springs this week. Mrs. C. M. Lee of New York gave a dinner of sixteen covers Thursday. Mrs. W. B. Hamilton came up from Coronado Monday and is settled for the winter. A coterie of friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Lewis Moore Thursday. Thomas Kent, son of Congressman Kent, is a guest; he recently joined the aviation corp. Miss Elizabeth Waterman is visiting her aunt Miss Laura Lewis. Miss May Giles of Honolulu was the guest of honor at a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. William Minton. The hosts are also from the Hawaiian Islands. Among the Stockton people who are registered are Mr. and Mrs. S. Eckel, Miss Eckel and Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Lundblade. After a delightful visit through Southern California Mrs. M. J. Hyde has returned to her apartments at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. Redell were dinner hosts Tuesday evening. Mrs. R. E. Walker of Chicago will spend the winter. Mrs. O. H. Lund has closed her residence in San Rafael and is stopping at the Cecil.

#### Holiday Plans at Tavern

Everything in connection with the Techau Tavern, San Francisco's high-class family cafe and restaurant, is so scientifically planned and so conscientiously executed as to never fail to

elicit the commendation of the Tavern's long list of friends and patrons. At this moment the management of the Tavern is making its final arrangements for its New Year's Eve festivities and it is suggested that those who have not already done so secure their table reservations immediately, for the Tavern's records show that there are enough applicants for tables to almost fill the entire establishment. It is also suggested that reservations be made for Christmas dinner parties. While the dining-out public knows that the Tavern's Christmas and New Years table d'hote dinners are unsurpassable it is also mindful of the fact that every day at the Tavern is one of unalloyed delight. The most appetizing dishes and the best of entertainers are always to be found there and every afternoon's feature of presenting, without competition, to the ladies in attendance the twenty-five to thirty-five bottles of Stearns' Suprema toilet water is greatly appreciated as are also the large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes given after each evening's souvenir dance, to the gentlemen and the Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume favors to the ladies.

### Serious and Silly

#### Loves Me? Loves Me Not?

I shall rest no more on the fragrant mosses  
Under great trees where the green bough tosses  
Scents of the lime; and the wild rose flinging  
Sweets to the breeze with their censer swinging,  
I shall count no more, as I linger lazy  
Deep in the mead, from the pink-tipped daisy,  
"Who loves me well and who leaves me lonely?  
Who loves me not and who loves me only?"

I shall walk no more by the great sea dreaming  
Secret dreams, with the black gull screaming,  
Child of the cliff and the wan wave falling,  
Songless he cries with no bird-like calling.  
I shall seek no more for the sea shell's story  
By the wet sands in the sunset glory,  
Hear the sea call from the spiral hollow,  
"Soul who is seeking, dare you not follow?"

Whom have I loved, and who loved me only?  
I shall stand in the churchyard lonely,  
And see the tombs of the dear departed,  
Read of the love of the broken-hearted  
Writ on the stones how they loved them only,  
Who loved them well and who left them lonely?  
Yea! I shall see all the cold white faces  
Lying so still in their secret places.

Under the earth goes the last newcomer.  
What were the life of her, winter-summer!  
What if her silent grave holds one only  
Who loved her well and who left her lonely?  
—Dora Sigerson Shorter.

#### We Must Confess It

When Wilkins finds he needs a pair  
He goes to the store and buys 'em.

When Mrs. Wilkins needs a pair  
She goes about with troubled air,  
With knitted brow and anxious stare,  
To figure out what's best to wear  
This coming season, and compare  
The values here with values there:  
For salesmen lie in wait to snare  
Confiding females everywhere,  
And shoes that aren't just right impair  
Your looks and lay your weakness bare,  
There must be study, thought and care,  
In this most delicate affair.  
She must be firm, though dealers glare,

Though counter jumpers tear their hair,  
The timid charmer, rich and rare,  
The "just the thing" that waits somewhere  
Decreed to be her lot and share  
So, sternly bound to do and dare,  
She goes the rounds and tries 'em.

#### Two Ladies Meet

A lady met a lady  
On the street the other day—  
(O, this was in another town  
A million miles away!)  
The lady to the lady said  
"How do you do, my dear?"  
And safely past, she curled her lips  
Into a pretty sneer.  
The lady who the lady met—  
(Oh, no, it wasn't you)  
Smiled such a pretty smile, and said,  
"My dear, how do you do?"  
When she was past she ceased to smile,  
And what do you suppose?  
She wagged her head a little, and  
Turned up her pretty nose!  
I don't know why they did it,  
And I don't know why they do;  
I only know what I did see—  
(No, neither one was you!)

#### "Oh, Man—"

Once I swore I'd shun women whose driving  
was poor,  
And whose brassie shots looked like a putt;  
I could not play with them for the part of a  
round  
And hold myself down to "Tut-tut."

On a girl who was frequently fanning the air,  
Or using a club like a spade,  
I would bend a reproving and censuring frown,  
Oh, I never could love such a maid.

When I played Louise I was tickled to death—  
Her driving was straight as you please;  
In approaching, she constantly laid the ball  
dead—  
Oh, my heart went right out to Louise.

She handled her mashie in elegant style,  
As she played from a difficult lie;  
But I'll soon have to break with the girl, for  
I've found  
She's a much better golfer than I.  
—Grantland Rice.

Senator Chamberlain, while conducting the  
food control bill through the Senate, listened  
one afternoon with a bored look to a long and  
prosy opposition speech.

As he listened he happened to look up and  
in the strangers' gallery he saw a deaf man  
take out an ear trumpet and apply it to his  
ear. Senator Chamberlain stifled a yawn, and  
nodding toward the deaf man, said:

"Look at that foolish fellow up there throw-  
ing away his natural advantages."

"Don't you think travel broadens one?"

"Yes. My wife gained thirty pounds while  
we were in Florida last winter."

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## The Stage

### Allen Doone in "Shaun Rhue"

Two-thirds of that big audience Monday night had laughed till its sides ached when Joe Murphy disguised himself in red whiskers, and had wept when he embraced his mother's grave and sang "A Handful of Earth." That was many years ago. They went to the Alcazar to revive sweet memories of the past. They were not disappointed, they were not robbed of the illusion of other years. In more senses than one Allen Doone is the true successor of Joe Murphy. For Allen Doone used to understudy the famous Irish actor; Allen Doone owns the rights to the Murphy plays; and Allen Doone is an excellent actor, a sweet and soulful singer. It was a delicate responsibility that was placed upon Allen Doone Monday night. For that audience with its vivid memories of Joe Murphy. Allen Doone had to make good in twofold fashion. He had to justify to those lovers of Joe Murphy the affection they had carried in their hearts for so many years; and he had to prove himself worthy of wearing Murphy's shoes, of twirling Joe Murphy's shillelagh. Allen Doone faced the responsibility blithely, smilingly; and he was triumphant. The Irishmen and Irishwomen in that audience left the Alcazar with Allen Doone enshrined in their hearts side by side with dearly beloved Joe Murphy. "Shaun Rhue" is such an old-fashioned play that it is altogether delightful. Allen Doone plays the principal role in just the right key, taking it not a bit more seriously than it needs to be taken. He is a very pleasing actor, and some are prepared to maintain that in addition to upholding the Joe Murphy tradition he is as handsome as "Billy" Scanlan. There is some talk of a return engagement. By all means let us have "Kerry Gow."

—E. F. O'Day.

### Ornstein's Last Recital

Leo Ornstein, exponent of classical and ultra-modern music, had a most enthusiastic audience at his concert on last Sunday. That he had admirers was evident from the applause; that he won many friends there can be no doubt. By their encores you shall know them, should apply to musicians. Leo Ornstein's encores were the "hit" of the afternoon. Appreciation, after all, is the best reward the artist can receive, and the most blasé must be thrilled by the generous hand-clapping of a satisfied audience. Generosity, however, was not all one-sided, for Ornstein gave two encores during his programme—a sure sign that he does not take himself too seriously—and four more at the end of the concert. The two numbers by Schumann, "Arabesque" and "Novelette," were such as Schumann's powerful imagination and natural reserve could accomplish, and Ornstein's masterful technique and restful cadences could interpret. Antipodal to these, and thereby proving the pianist's versatility, were his own compositions, "Impressions of the Thames" and the "Wild Men's Dance." Both are a bit startling, but show him not only as an interpreter but as a creator as well. A sonatina by Ravel, a Prelude by Cesar Franck and two Arabesques by Debussy comprised the first half of the programme. Four numbers of Chopin, two of Liszt—one the "Liebestraum," rich in harmony and melody—a Barcarolle by Leschetizky and "Bridal Procession" by Greig completed the regular concert. I say regular, for there yet remained for us to hear those encores,

among which was Dvorak's "Humoresque," played as we never heard it played before. A wonderful concert given by a top-notch artist, and generous in his playing—almost to the point of being imposed upon.

—The Concert Goer.

### The Symphony Offerings

Frederick Jacobi's "California Suite," which made such a fine impression when given its initial performance by Alfred Hertz on Thursday, will again be the novelty feature of the programme on Sunday afternoon, December 9, when the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will give the second concert of the fifth regular pair of symphonies at the Cort. Jacobi's latest work shows that this young and gifted California composer has developed greatly. His suite has originality and charm and reflects the atmosphere of the old Spanish California days in colorful fashion. The suite is in four movements: "Carmelo," "Fiesta in Monterey," "Dolores" and "Easter Sunday at Santa Barbara." The symphony on Sunday will be Beethoven's First, in C major, which on Thursday had its first performance by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. The beautifully classic overture to Cherubini's "Anacréon" and the fascinating Berlioz overture "Le Carnaval Romain" are also included in this musical feast. At the fifth "pop" concert, to be given under Alfred Hertz' direction at the Cort on Sunday afternoon, December 16, music lovers will have another opportunity to enjoy the exquisite violinistic art of Concert-Master Louis Persinger. Persinger will play the beautiful obligato of the air from Bach's third orchestral suite. A charming number will be the prelude to Humperdinck's fairy opera "Hansel and Gretel." Also programmed is a symphonic poem "Finlandia" by Sibelius, whose "En Saga" made such a notable impression at a recent San Francisco

Symphony event. "Finlandia" is characteristic of Sibelius, the dreamer and poet of nature, in his most eloquent mood. It was one of the works which the composer himself conducted when he came to this country in 1914, at the invitation of the Litchfield County Choral Union, whose concerts were held at Norfolk, Connecticut. Tremendous interest naturally attaches to the giving of Tschaiikowsky's Sixth Symphony "Pathétique" which will be the concluding number of a glorious programme. The symphony is programmed in response to numerous requests. Its interpretation last season by Alfred Hertz proved a revelation.

### Ysaye in Wonderful Programmes

Ysaye, the great Belgian violinist, undoubtedly the foremost player on a stringed instrument in the world, will give superb recitals at the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, and again a week from tomorrow. Nothing is impossible to this wonderful Belgian in his art. He knows no limitations to the effects—sentimental, sombre, gorgeous, poetic, truculent, anything that lies within the scope of his beloved fiddle, and these facts, together with his unapproachable genius, his technical perfection and his glorious gifts, are the combination that have caused him to be recognized as the leader of his profession for these two decades past. Great as is the man, just so great his programmes. Tomorrow, with Beryl Rubinstein at the piano, a remarkable list of violin masterpieces will be played. First will come a suite in D minor by Geminiani, one of the finest gems that have come down in musical literature from the seventeenth century. Next the immortal Beethoven "Kreutzer Sonata," the masterpiece of the "Genius of Bonn;" then the Wieniawski concerto in D minor No. 2, op. 22; then works of his own, the Havanaise of Saint-Saens, and the Ballade and Polonaise of Vieuxtemps. The art of Rubinstein on the piano will be manifested by Vincent D'Indy's "L'air de la Montagne" and Liszt's "Campanella." This superb programme will be given in Oakland on Monday night, December 17, at the Auditorium Opera House. On Sunday afternoon, December 16, at the Columbia in this city, Ysaye's second recital will feature the Sonata, op. 30, No. 2, for violin and piano by Beethoven, the Bach double violin concerto in which Christiaan Timmer will play the second violin part, and the famous Saint-Saens Concerto No. 3 in B minor, a work in which Ysaye is incomparable. Violin numbers by Ysaye, Faure and Wieniawski and piano selections by Liszt and Debussy will complete this offering. This will undoubtedly be the great Belgian master's farewell American tour, and therefore will be the last opportunity of local music lovers of hearing the "master of them all" play his beloved instrument. Tickets can be had at the usual places.

### Harold Bauer's Concerts

Following his appearances as special soloist with the San Francisco Orchestra, Harold Bauer, the eminent pianist, will give two stupendous piano recitals at the Columbia under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer of the Greenbaum concert office. These will take place on Friday afternoon, December 28, and Sunday afternoon, December 30. Bauer is considered one of the greatest pianists in the world today, and many close students of pianoforte are emphatic in declaring him to be the most



HARRIET REMPEL

Next week at the Orpheum



important of all the "big" men now before the public. He will give two magnificent programmes, which will include a generous portion of his tremendous repertoire. Mail orders for the Bauer recitals should be sent to Manager Oppenheimer at Sherman Clay's.

#### Mitzi in "Pom-Pom"

Another of those Henry W. Savage merry musical plays such as stand out brilliantly in the memory of all is coming to the Columbia Monday, December 10, to begin a brief engagement. It is "Pom-Pom" to which so much praise has been given as being "different" in that it has a stirring melodrama for a story instead of the usual more or less fragmentary plot, and particularly because the saucy Mitzi is coming as its bright mischievous star. The tiny Mitzi who gained for herself in "The Spring Maid" and "Sari" a reputation as the foremost prima donna and comedienne at the same time, is widely praised as making the

most of opportunities in this new work that she never had before. When "Pom-Pom" remained as the leading drawing card on Broadway until the season had lengthened into a torrid July to a record of two hundred nights' stay, and the well delighted verdict of Bostonians and Chicago's fun-lovers had also been expressed, there seemed little doubt that "Pom-Pom" was to prove another of "The Merry Widows," "Prince of Pilsens" and "Saris" such as Henry W. Savage seems to have the ability to provide at regular intervals. Critics from one coast to another have placed themselves on record as applauding the Savage lavishness in providing not only a famous star but a company of notable singers, a great chorus and orchestra and scenery by the well known Joseph Urban. The gay and infectious music of "Pom-Pom" has been sung and phonographed ahead of the coming of the play itself. The temperamental Hugo Felix, the Frenchman who composed "Madame Sherry," wrote the effervescent score for "Pom-Pom."

#### Harriet Rempel at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will contain seven entirely new acts. Harriet Rempel, famous as actress and playwright, will appear in a whimsical satire by Tom Barry entitled "Ashes" in which she impersonates a sort of Cinderella. It is said to be her most fortunate achievement and to afford delightful entertainment. She is well supported and both play and players came in for high commendation in the East. Willie Weston has made for himself a great name as a singer of clever songs. He is also a fine character actor with an excellent repertoire. His songs this season are the best he has ever had. Williams and Wolfus who make buffoonery quite an art, will present a melange of mirth and melody labeled "Hark Hark Hark." Ralph Dunbar's "Tennessee Ten" colored singers, dancers and comedians will appear in a musical skit in which they display their skill as buck and wing dancers, sing folk songs and introduce their famous jazz band with its dancing director U. S. Thompson (Slow



SAUCY MITZI AND THE BURGLARS

In Henry W. Savage's famous music play "Pom-Pom" coming to the Columbia Monday, December 10



Kid). Mr. and Mrs. Mel-Burne, excellent farceurs, will appear in a wideawake episode entitled "On the Fourth Floor" which illustrates the truth of the sage saying "Only the serious is comical." George and Dick Rath appropriately style their act "A Study in Endurance" for it enables them to exhibit their splendid physical condition and hardihood. A special added attraction will be Winona Winter, musical comedy and vaudeville favorite who will be heard in her latest song successes. Miss Winter is particularly versatile. She sings well, tells a good story, offers clever ventriloquial feats and displays remarkable ability as a mimic. The only holdover will be the successful musical comedy "The Four Husbands" with Jack Boyle, Kitty Bryan and company of thirty.

#### "Canary Cottage" Coming Back

"Canary Cottage," acknowledged generally as Oliver Morosco's most successful and most diverting musical farce, is due at the Cort as the holiday attraction. The piece ran for ten weeks to capacity business a year ago at the Cort. Since then it has stormed the East and has been tremendously successful in New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia and other big theatrical centers. It returns here with a "typical Morosco cast" of favorites, including Herbert Corthell, Charles Ruggles, Dorothy Webb and, of course, that "pulchritudinous chorus of canaries."

#### Richard Walton Tully's "Flame"

No playwright of our day has more truly sensed his public than Richard Walton Tully, and his latest success "The Flame" has already

scored an emphatic success in New York and other Eastern cities. This new piece with an entire season of financial success to its credit will be the attraction at the Cort commencing December 10. Tully is sending to us a company of some forty well known players. Special music is a feature of the play and a company of musicians travels along so that the wild and half barbaric strains will be properly done. From a scenic standpoint it is said that nothing finer than "The Flame" has come to our stage in recent years. The scenes are laid in a semi-tropical country. Once more in this play Tully shows us a remarkable effect in the wild hurricane which sweeps through the green jungle. All in all "The Flame" gives promise of being one of the most entertaining attractions scheduled to visit here this season.

#### Tenth Week of Maitland Players

The tenth programme of the St. Francis Little Theatre Club at the St. Francis Hotel will be given Tuesday, December 11, at 8:45 and Thursday, December 13, at 2:45. The programme will consist as usual of three one-act plays presented by the company of professional players headed by Mr. Maitland. "A Man Can But Do His Best" is a delightful, quaint comedy by Kenneth Goodman, author of "The Game of Chess," which was such a hit when presented by the club that it will be repeated in the near future. "Saving Abbie" is a satire on the question of society women who make a fad of reforming criminals. It was produced with much success by the Washington Square Players of New York last season. "Peace Maneuvers" is by Richard Harding Davis.



YSAYE

Belgium's great violinist who plays at Columbia this Sunday afternoon and Sunday afternoon, December 16, and in Oakland Auditorium Opera House Monday night, December 17



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CORT THEATRE

Sunday Afternoon, Dec. 9, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAM:

Cherubini ..... Overture, "Anacreon"

Beethoven ..... Symphony No. 1, C Major

Frederick Jacob ..... "A California Suite"

Berlioz ..... "Le Carnaval Romain"

PRICES: Sunday 50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats \$1.50. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert day; at Cort on concert day only.

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Another Comic Opera Production for Henry W. Savage



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—There was no special feature in the security market the past week. The gains and losses were about equally divided with a little margin in favor of the buyer. The favorable news from the other side has been rather a disappointment to the bulls, who expected that it would give a good deal of interest to a stagnated condition. This, however, proved to be a wrong interpretation, although it has gone to stabilize prices to some extent. It is thought in Wall Street that the banks sold out a good many of the stocks they bought recently in an endeavor to stop the decline. General conditions at the moment, while not conducive to an advance, have been pretty well discounted, and the market acts sold out. We feel that we now have the market resting on a more solid foundation, and it but remains for us to pursue a course of conservatism in our dealings, so that we shall not endanger the stability of the structure. We are in an excellent position to respond gradually to a better run of news, but hardly in a position to take care of a revival of indiscriminate buying at rising prices. We should bear in mind continually that the money market can easily become overburdened and strained, even though the military developments shall continue favorable. The market has now experienced a fair recovery, and in some issues quite substantially, and we would be more inclined to accept profits on long stocks on any bulge from here, and be in a position to take advantage of recessions which always come, and especially now that Congress is in session.

**Corn**—There was rather extensive readjustment of contracts during the week as a result of the disposition of the trade to accord itself with the desires of the food administration, and as a result prices are ruling at a fair advance over last week's level. Some congestion existed and as the movement of the crop was not large enough to afford any relief, the process of adjusting this interest served to further strengthen values. The receipts of new corn are of fair volume, with a great diversity in the grade and quality and a wide range in prices. However, the condition of corn recently received is said to be showing improvement, and it was also reported from various sections that corn allowed to remain in the fields had benefited from the rather favorable weather conditions prevailing during the last few weeks. The movement of the crop has not yet assumed the proportions to satisfy the demand, nor made any great impressions on cash values, the better grades still selling at big premiums over the futures. An attempt to relieve the situation, it is thought, will soon be made by the furnishing of a large number of cars, as to the lack of transportation facilities is attributed the fact that the movement is not larger. Argentine shipments this week

were somewhat larger than for many of the preceding weeks, but shipments from there and from the United States are of quite small volume when compared with the quantity moved last year.\* Crop conditions in the Argentine are not as good as previously during the season. Supplies abroad must necessarily be very moderate, and the quantity received is probably quickly absorbed, but as yet there is little sign of any comprehensive demand from Europe. The course of prices depends on the volume of receipts, the quality and the breadth of the demand. It is assumed that premiums will not maintain their present position once the movement gets into full swing and that if receipts prove liberal for any considerable time, cash prices will get into closer relation with the futures. However, cash prices are so far above the future that a protracted liberal movement would probably be necessary to cause these prices to come together. It is a question whether receipts will be large enough to accomplish a wide decline in cash prices, and until the situation promises some such occurrence there appears to be no reason for a decline in the futures.

**Cotton**—Cotton has again advanced to new high levels, and while prices are higher, conditions have changed in no respect. There is merely a change taking place in sentiment. The trade is just beginning to see with clear light what we have for a considerable period been pointing out, that supplies are inadequate, which is the sole basis of the market. Under normal conditions, with reserves ample, a difference of a half million bales in the crop can very easily change the situation so far as ultimate price is concerned, but when, as under existing conditions, the reserves are below normal and the crop at best inadequate, then a variation in the final outturn can make no difference as to the ultimate result. If we were to realize the maximum crop expectations this year there would not be sufficient quantity to supply even a restricted demand without drawing on our reserves. There follows, therefore, but one thought, the prices must reach a point where consumption will be further restricted, and until we have actually reached that stage we can see nothing.

## Anecdote of Shaw

"I was very ill when I was married, altogether a wreck on crutches," Bernard Shaw told me," says Mrs. Edmund Gurney, who is appearing as Mrs. John Tarleton in William Faversham's production of Shaw's "Misalliance" in New York. "I had asked my friends Mr. Graham Wallas and Mr. Henry Salt to act as witnesses and of course in honor of the occasion they dressed in their best clothes. I had on a jacket which the crutch had worn to rags. The registrar never imagined that I could pos-

sibly be the bridegroom. He took me for the inevitable beggar who completes all wedding processions. Wallas, who is considerably over six feet, seemed to him to be the hero of the occasion, and he was proceeding calmly to marry him to my betrothed, when Wallas, thinking the formula rather strong for a mere witness, hesitated at the last moment and left the prize to me."

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JUNE 30, 1917

Assets .....\$64,566,290.79  
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## Letters

### Jack London's Forty-fourth Book

"Michael, Brother of Jerry," is another remarkable life-story of a dog from the pen of the late Jack London, and though "The Call of the Wild," being a novelty, challenges comparison with all dog stories, none may say that these two Irish terriers from the tropics do not present as many points of interest and as much cleverness and intelligence as their predecessor and pioneer. Michael, like Jerry, was trained to be a "nigger chaser," but Fate, in the person of a bibulous steamship steward, intervened. Michael was stolen, artfully inveigled and shanghaied. He could be readily sold for the price of innumerable quarts of beer, for any dog fancier would know on sight that he was thoroughbred and valuable. In purloining Michael, Dag Daughtry overlooked himself. Despite his faults he had undoubted virtues, and he, too, was a lover of dogs, so that, almost from the first moment Michael owned him as much as he owned the dog. Affection and sympathy quickened the animal's intelligence and in an incredibly short time he had acquired a number of accomplishments, not tricks picked up or forced upon him but performances which called for intelligent understanding and some degree of reasoning. By the time the steamer reached Sydney, rather than return Michael (now Killeney Boy) Daughtry deserted the ship and the wages due him and found other employment for himself. Daughtry, as may be surmised, was no fool and soon saw through the plans and pretensions of his new employers who proved to be one of the innumerable host of seekers after buried treasure on lone Pacific islands, and if the truth were known probably a typical company of unscrupulous grasps and calculating rogues. Of that curious crew, the Ancient Mariner, the well-to-do agriculturist, the speculating Hebrew, the Solomon Islander, Quaque, a leper unsuspected by any save the Chinese cook who took every precaution to protect himself yet gave not the shadow of a hint to any one else—of Daughtry's cleverness in discovering the real inwardness of the expedition and of the fate which befell the Mary Turner and her crew of passengers there is enough to make a book in itself. Another turn of Fortune's wheel found Michael or Killeney Boy turning his accomplishments to account in earning a living for three besides himself. Daughtry had no intention of exhibiting the dog at first, but "needs must," and the clever terrier and his master became features in some of the water side saloons of San Francisco. There they attracted the attention of first a doctor who had made a special study of leprosy and next a stage exhibitor of animals, especially trained dogs. Dr. Emory wanted the dog by fair means or foul. He simply called the attention of the health authorities to the fact that there were two lepers at large, had Daughtry and Quaque consigned to the forlorn pest house, and appropriated Michael. But not for long. Another "slummer" was Harry Del Mar, equally determined to come into possession and he was even more unscrupulous than Emory. Within a few hours of the Emory abduction Del Mar found out where the dog was and made his preparations accordingly. Before morning he and Michael were afloat on the Pacific, bound north and east, Del Mar with visions of a golden fortune before him. He had telegraphed to a noted animal trainer to expect him, giving a glowing account of the wonderful find he had made but cautiously omitting all particulars. Del Mar was killed in a railway accident and when Michael was delivered to his new guardians no one had an inkling of what he could do or how he was to be made to perform. Now follows a description of the cruelty and barbarity that is put into practice both in training animals and in conveying them on journeys, heartless, heedless and unnecessary. No one who reads this book can ever again witness a performance by trained animals or look upon the apparent endearments of exhibitors without revolt. How Michael survived or why he did not go mad entirely is one of the mysteries, but survive he did and even win some share of consideration when his gifts were accidentally discovered, and the happy ending came when being identified on the Oakland Orpheum stage by the same Kennans who rescued Jerry—whom he dimly remembered as being out of his long-last past, he was taken home to the Sonoma ranch

to live out his days in peace and comfort. Michael, it goes without saying, is a super-dog. He was a remarkably fine specimen of a good breed, responsive to kindness and intelligent treatment. He was an exception but there is no good reason for asserting that he is an impossibility. No dog lover would admit it for a moment, and there is no small boy, owner and lover of a mongrel, who would question the capacity of even his own to understand and reason. "Michael" is the forty-fourth volume bearing Jack London's name, and according to the publisher's announcement there is material available for half a dozen more books.

From the Macmillan Company.

\* \* \*

### Impressions Calendar, 1918

A rainbow fallen, but within the soul  
Its deep indubitable iris burns;  
An anthem stilled—yet for its ghostly goal  
The incommunicable music yearns.  
Only for Beauty's parting shall we trace  
The heavenly pathway that her feet have trod;  
Only at her departure seek her face  
We that shall find it not this side of God.

These lines from George Sterling's volume "The Caged Eagle" adorn one illuminated leaf of the Impressions Calendar for 1918 which Paul Elder has just brought out. The Impressions Calendar has become an institution; people not in the habit of giving calendars as Christmas presents, cannot resist this beautiful work of calendar art. The quotations which are the sine qua non of this calendar are judiciously chosen from Sterling, Tagore, Stella G. S. Perry, William Herbert Carruth, Laurence Hope, Ruth Comfort Mitchell and other fine writers. The decorations for the 1918 calendar are by Harold Sichel.

\* \* \*

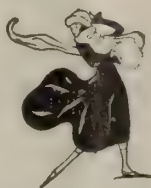
### McLandburg Wilson's Poetry

Though the name McLandburg Wilson is familiar, now that his patriotic poems have been collected and placed between covers, it will surprise even the observant to discover how many of the short, heart-stirring verses which have been copied by the daily press and credited to exchanges are the products of his pen. In the little volume of coat-pocket-companion size, there are ninety short poems, and if "speaking day" were now the institution that it was in the schools of a few generations back it is safe to say that there would not be a child in the land who had not memorized one or more of them. This is not "great" poetry, perfected by much polish, and perhaps not a line of it will be preserved in an anthology, but it will be treasured in homely scrapbooks and it will come close to the hearts of those whose own are touched by the bloody hand of war. Though for the most part serious enough, the verses are not "solemnholly," and there is even a fair sprinkling of humor. Perhaps the first poem, which gives its name to the booklet, "The Little Flag on Main Street," will prove both guide and index:

The little flag on Main Street  
Is floating all the day,  
Its stars are fairly sparkling,  
Its stripes are glad and gay.  
It stops the passing zephyrs  
To tell them as they dance:  
"I have a battle-brother  
Who flies today in France!"

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\* \* \*

One of the shortest summings-up on record is believed to be that delivered by the late Commissioner Kerr at the Old Bailey in a case where a man was charged with being in the unlawful possession of a gold watch and chain. The appearance of the prisoner certainly did not correspond with the legitimate possession of such costly ornaments, but he asserted his innocence of the charge and declared that he had found the watch and chain on the pavement. The judge looked at the men in the box.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I have walked over the pavements of London during the last forty years, and I've never found a gold watch and chain there yet. Consider your verdict."

## Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHAUNCEY M. ST. JOHN, deceased.  
 Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CHAUNCEY M. ST. JOHN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Arthur Joel, Room No. 620 Mills Building, 216 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHAUNCEY M. ST. JOHN, deceased.

ELIZABETH ST. JOHN.

Administratrix of the estate of Chauncey M. St. John, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 8, 1917.

ARTHUR JOEL.

Attorney for Administratrix,  
 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-8-5

## NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.—No. 22038; Dept. No. 4.  
 In the Matter of the Estate of JOSEPH A. SHELDON, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda, made on the 14th day of November, 1917, in the matter of the estate of JOSEPH A. SHELDON, deceased, the undersigned, FLORENCE M. SHELDON, Executrix of the last will and testament of Joseph A. Sheldon, deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 17th day of December, 1917, all the right, title, interest and estate of said decedent at the time of his death in and to the premises hereinafter described, and also all the right, title and interest in the said premises other than or in addition to that of the decedent at the time of his death which said estate has acquired or may acquire prior to said sale, by operation of law or otherwise. The said premises and real property are described as follows, to-wit:  
 All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at the intersection of the Northerly line of Clay Street with the Easterly line of Locust Street, running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Locust Street one hundred and fifteen (115) feet and eight and one-quarter (8 1/4) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly, seventy-five (75) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly, one hundred and fifteen (115) feet and eight and one-quarter (8 1/4) inches to the Northerly line of Clay Street, and thence Westerly along said Northerly line of Clay Street, seventy-five (75) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement.

Bids or offers must be in writing and may be left and will be received at the office of J. J. Lermen, attorney for the undersigned, room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to the undersigned personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court of said County of Alameda, to which said Superior Court the return of said sale must be made, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

Terms and conditions of sale: CASH.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., December 1st, 1917.

FLORENCE M. SHELDON.

Executrix of the last will and testament of  
 Joseph A. Sheldon, deceased.

J. J. LERMEN.

Attorney for Executrix,  
 504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-1-3

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE SOLD

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 15,392; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of BLANCHE CUDWORTH, an Incompetent.

Maud M. Goodman and Minnie C. Hollings, guardians of the person and estate of the above named incompetent, having filed their verified petitions for leave to sell certain real property belonging to the above named incompetent, and,

It appearing to this Court by the said verified petition so presented and filed that it is necessary to sell the whole, or some portion of the interest of said estate in the real estate of said above named incompetent, in order to provide sufficient funds for the care, treatment and support of the above named incompetent, and that it is necessary and beneficial to the said incompetent that the said real property, or some portion of the interest of the estate herein, should be sold.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED, that the next of kin of said above named incompetent, and all persons interested in the above mentioned estate be and appear before this Court on the 28th day of December, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of that date, in the court room of the above entitled Court, department number 10 thereof, room 452 of the City Hall, situated on the west side of Polk Street, between Grove and McAllister Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be granted the said guardians to sell the real property of the estate herein, or so much of the said real estate, at private sale, as shall be necessary.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for three (3) successive weeks next preceding said day, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open court this 28th day of November, A. D. 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM.

Judge of the Superior Court.

COSTELLO &amp; COSTELLO,

Attorneys for Guardians,  
 822 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-8-3

## NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a special meeting of said board, duly held on the 20th day of October, 1917, at the office of said corporation, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of the said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation, No. 962 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meets), on Monday, the 31st day of December, 1917, at 3:00 p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000), divided into twenty thousand (20,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each, to Five Hundred Thousand (\$500,000.00) Dollars, divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each.

The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock is Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000.00).

Also to amend the Articles of Incorporation, and to ratify all acts of the stockholders and Board of Directors at its meeting held on the 11th day of October, 1917.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated October 20, 1917.

LOUIS TRAUNG.

Secretary of Traung Label and Lithograph Company.

L. W. LOVEY.

Attorney for Traung Label and Lithograph Company,  
 1107 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

10-27-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased.  
 Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of W. H. Morrissey, 804 Mechanics Building, 948 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased.

ESTELLE B. EVERETT.

Executrix of the estate of Virginia Evans Smith,  
 deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 24, 1917.

W. H. MORRISSEY.

Attorney for Executrix,  
 804 Mechanics Bldg., 948 Market St.,  
 San Francisco, Cal.

11-24-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of OLAF J. BROWN, deceased.  
 Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of OLAF J. BROWN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said W. J. Hynes at his office, Room 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of OLAF J. BROWN, deceased.

W. J. HYNES.

Administrator of the estate of Olaf J. Brown,  
 deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 10, 1917.

CULLINAN &amp; HICKEY.

Attorneys for Administrator,  
 San Francisco, Cal.

11-10-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RACHEL BACHMAN, deceased.—No. 23465, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of RACHEL BACHMAN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorney, Bert Schlesinger, Room 1225, First National Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RACHEL BACHMAN, deceased.

LEOPOLD S. BACHMAN.

Executor of the last will and testament of  
 Rachel Bachman, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 10th, 1917.

BERT SCHLESINGER.

Attorney for Executor,  
 1225 First National Bank Bldg.,  
 San Francisco, Cal.

11-10-5

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROBERT BLISCH, Deceased No. 23,557, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of ROBERT BLISCH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last named office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROBERT BLISCH, deceased.

W. J. HYNES.

Administrator of the Estate of Robert Blisch, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 1, 1917.

CULLINAN &amp; HICKEY.

Attorneys for Administrator,  
 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-1-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES NUGENT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. HYNES, Administrator of the estate of JAMES NUGENT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES NUGENT, deceased.

W. J. HYNES.

Administrator of the state of James Nugent,  
 deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 1, 1917.

CULLINAN &amp; HICKEY.

Attorneys for Administrator,  
 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-1-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORA NEUSTADTER, deceased.—No. 23503, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of DORA NEUSTADTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorneys, Rothchild, Golden & Rothchild, Room 1051 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DORA NEUSTADTER, deceased.

DAVID NEUSTADTER.

LOUIS W. NEUSTADTER.

CLARENCE R. WALTER.

Executors of the last will and testament of  
 Dora Neustadter, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 24, 1917.

ROTHCHILD, GOLDEN &amp; ROTHCHILD.

Attorneys for Executors,  
 1051 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-24-5

## NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 85508.

In the Matter of the Application for Dissolution of AMAUROT OIL COMPANY, a Corporation.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the AMAUROT OIL COMPANY, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, has filed in this Court an application for an order dissolving said corporation, and that Monday, the 17th day of December, 1917, at ten o'clock a. m., has been fixed by the Court as the time, and the Courtroom of Department 10 of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, as the place, at which said application will be heard.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of November, 1917.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. I. WILLIAMSON.

Attorney at Law,  
 Merchants National Bank Bldg.,  
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# TOWN TALK

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ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, DECEMBER 15, 1917

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"Gone to Earth" a Novel Not For Puritans  
The Clockwinder Back From the White House

*Watch for the December Lantern*



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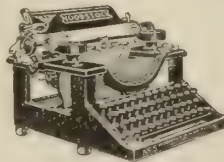
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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

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## A Great Man's Legacy

After the Davie recall election *The Chronicle* asked: "When a recall is defeated who will compensate the incumbent and the people?" This is a question the people might advantageously have pondered before they adopted the principle of the recall. But the people were not thinking in the days before the adoption of that principle. The people were bitten with reform in those days and their faculties were numb. That was when they were eating out of Hi Johnson's hand. With Hi on the job why should anybody think? Rendering service to mankind, Hi was eager to do all the thinking for the dear people and they let him. The people were extremely grateful to this Great Man, and in the exuberance of their gratitude they elected him to the United States Senate where he landed at a time when there was nobody at home in the proud State of California. Has the grand obsession relaxed during Hi Johnson's absence? Judging from the "ovations" he gets wherever there is a remnant of his political machine in California we opine that he has still a stranglehold in some quarters, but nothing has occurred east of the Rockies to give his friends the impression that as a national figure he is dwarfing his contemporaries from Kalamazoo and elsewhere. But it is not to be gainsaid that he has many constituents among the Bolsheviki of all the centres of population.

★ ★ ★

## The Bolsheviki in San Francisco

As a bit of irony the recall election next week may serve a good purpose. It is an illustration of what "forward looking" men may accomplish when permitted to tinker with the machinery of government. The principle of the recall was invented by all the most forward-looking men in the country—all the really progressive citizens who had grown weary of the antique Consti-

tution and eager to vindicate their contempt of conservative ideas, and now the most advanced of them are denouncing their own handiwork. Consider the Progressive Colonel, for example. The Colonel, it will be remembered, was the prophet of the recall. He was for giving the people power to recall judges and decisions, and he had many disciples of the Heney and Johnson type who went about scoffing at the bench and asking why judges should regard themselves as sacred. Now, the Colonel having quit the pursuit of his favorite job and turned patriot with no motive but his country's good, perceives the folly of his philosophy. He is against the recall of Fickert because the great weapon which once seemed good to the "forward looking" has been chosen by the I. W. W. to rid the community of the official who has interfered with the pastime of anarchists. We see now that the most progressive men of the day are the disciples, not of Roosevelt but of Emma Goldman, a sort of high priestess of the Bolsheviki. And as disciples of Goldman they are eager to save Mooney and his gang in the interest of justice. Law and order are the watchwords of this recall campaign which is bringing lots of money to San Francisco, the kind of law and order that the Sweigerts of Potsdam have been making on the Eastern front.

★ ★ ★

## The Downfall of Charles Dilke

Terrible is the vengeance of virtue, especially the kind of virtue that Puritans affect while breathing a moral mildew over the pleasures of life. This is the kind of virtue that confounds morals and ethics, the kind that regards its pet abomination of small vices as the outflow of an inward radiation. This sort of virtue is a reaction against the spirit of adventure and gaiety. Though it detects crime in a short skirt it visualizes the corrupt philanthropist on his way to heaven. True it does some good in the world—also a great deal of mischief, a happy medium being not for this earth. It was the cant of virtue that deprived Ireland of the services of Parnell; at an earlier period the virtuous people were less unjust to Alexander Hamilton; but in the absurd early Victorian era the people made a tragedy of the career of Sir Charles Dilke. Now it is good and wholesome to cultivate a chaste public opinion, but it is wrong to deprive a whole people of valuable services merely because the mob craves the opportunity to indulge in a stained-glass attitude for its own glorifica-

tion. This was what happened in the case of Sir Charles Dilke, the story of whose life was published the other day by friends eager that his reputation should be rehabilitated. These friends have hardly succeeded but at least they have made it clear that it was a very mischievous spasm of indignation that robbed England of the services of the brilliant Sir Charles Dilke. Better, we should say, had public opinion been neglected than that Dilke should have been crowded off the public stage.

★ ★ ★

## His Country's Loss

Sir Charles Dilke typified his age. A giant among the statesmen of his time, he shaped and vitalized many of the political and economic issues with which the British Empire is still deeply concerned. He was a pioneer of Imperialism, the first statesman to recognize the importance of the Labor question and to give the disgruntled workman serious and sympathetic consideration; as a Radical and a Democrat he was the first to perceive the need for a paramount fleet and an efficient army; in short Dilke was a prophet whose vision pierced to the heart of things, and though a prophet he was more than a visionary; he was the first interpreter of English radicalism, the most weighty, authoritative and inspiring spokesman the Radicals ever commanded, a man of infinite capacity whom Joseph Chamberlain was glad to follow. What Chamberlain lacked, Dilke alone could supply. Dilke was on the road to the premiership when his tragic downfall occurred. A Liberal member of Parliament brought suit for divorce and charged his wife with adultery with Dilke. She confessed her guilt, and Dilke never took the witness stand to affirm his innocence. He left the court a ruined man and was driven from the House of Commons, as from public life. Subsequently the Queen's Proctor intervened at Dilke's instigation, and it was shown that he acted on legal advice in not giving evidence at the first trial, but the facts of the liaison were never quite disproved and he was defeated in his own Chelsea. Years later when returned to the House of Commons he waged a plucky but hopeless struggle for the revival of his prestige, exhibiting a vigor and ability that was astounding but the mediocrities of the Liberal party shrank from him through fear that they might be compromised by his moral turpitude, and while the dullards muddled through matters that he could have settled, his energies and prescience were in vain. Pathetic in-



deed was the tragedy of Sir Charles Dilke, pathetic by reason of his sad fate but pathetic, too, because of his country's loss. Immeasurable was this loss the people of England are saying today, in nothing more than in the conduct of the great war which has been marked by the inefficiency of so many pious but unstatesmanlike politicians. The history of the conflict to date might have been vastly different had the War Office been informed by the great knowledge and supreme sagacity of a son of Adam called Sir Charles Dilke.

★ ★ ★

#### Justice Frederick W. Henshaw

A tremendous loss to California is the withdrawal of Justice F. W. Henshaw from our Supreme Court. Of the measure of this loss the bar of the State is especially sensible. The loss is especially deplorable at this particular time when the court is crippled and when the quality of the judiciary everywhere, like the quality of the law-making branch of the government, is declining. We deeply deplore the loss, but we felicitate Justice Henshaw on withdrawing from an irritating environment to a broader and more agreeable field where at least there is greater capacity of appreciation. It has been a familiar saying for half a century, to be exact, since the days when Colonel E. D. Baker left this State in disgust to accept election to the United States Senate at the hands of the people of Oregon, that the best evidence that a prophet is not deserving of honor in California is that he elects to stay there. True, Justice Henshaw has been here many years, but though honor has come to him the quest of honors has not occupied much of

his time, and his associations during the greater part of the career of Chief Justice Beatty were more agreeable than they have been of late. Of late, as his friends know, his situation has been distasteful, and they know also that he could not be prevailed upon much longer to remain on the bench. And so at length Justice Henshaw determined to gratify his dearest wish. How many men in California know fully what his going from the bench means? There are many as far away as Washington, D. C., and New York, professors of law in the big universities of the East, and what they have said of Justice Henshaw's learning is no secret. They have read his opinions in the California Reports, and they have discussed them for the benefit of students as models of clear and cogent reasoning and unbroken chains of logic that are characterized by a vigor and precision of thought that are seldom to be found united with such felicity of diction. Justice Henshaw is the sole survivor of the great men that have figured in the last quarter of a century in the public life of California, and whatever may be the judgment of the reviewer of his monumental work in the law reports of this State, assuredly it will never be gainsaid that he possessed that quality of opulence which is common to men of genius. Usually in judging contemporaries we demand to see more of their work before we decide. We ask not only how great are they but how much of them is there. If quality were sufficient to judge men by there would be no doubt of Amiel or Meyerbeer, as little anyway as there is of Dickens or Scott or Mozart. Now Justice Henshaw, though

he would never think of himself as a man of genius, passes one test triumphantly. The man's personality overflows in many directions, as only the few know—such is his modesty. He spends himself lavishly in the law, in magazinedom and in politics, but it is only his opinions in court that will stand as a monument to his genius, for it is only to his intimate friends that he is known for his manifold powers. Like many another it is not what he writes but what he says that marks him as one above the herd. In flashes of epigram he can discuss books with the epicurean gusto of a Hazlitt, art with the facility of a George Moore and political economy and history like a philosopher. Of course a man of Justice Henshaw's activities has made enemies, being very human he likes people who think and feel and dream rather than those who fuss and scold. And so though he is tolerant of most men and things, barring mediocrity in high place, he has never been accused of the things that popularity implies. This may be precisely the reason why, though the University of California has honored many mediocrities, it has never reflected glory on itself by paying tribute to the biggest and most brilliant of its alumni—Justice Frederick W. Henshaw. To this extent he has received marked distinction from the distinguished academy that once harbored Professor Boke, but long after most of us shall have been forgotten this man who is stepping down from the Supreme Court bench will be remembered as the shining representative of a judiciary that was once recognized as the most learned in all the States of the nation.

## Perspective Impressions

War is Halifax.

A supervisor may be described as an official elected to discourage the taxpayer.

What ever became of the Sanjak of Novi Bazar?

May we be permitted now to forget Mrs. Blanca de Saulles?

At last we have a Governor who preaches thrift.

Why didn't our supervisors go to school on Thrift Day?

Now that Gompers is kicking over the Burleson traces wouldn't it be well to begin making things safe for democracy at home?

"I don't believe government ownership will solve the problem (of the railroads), for if the greatest minds in the railroad industry cannot meet the situation how can politicians do it?" Thus Herbert Fleishacker, forgetting that the politicians don't understand logic.

Is Sweigert another way of spelling Rausmittenoff on the Russian front?

Bewildering is the kaleidoscope of Russian politics, but if you read last week's Town Talk you saw the Cossacks coming.

The Japs have opened the way to a little benevolent penetration in Vladivostok. Better late than never.

Frank Vanderlip says a wasted dollar is "an ally of the enemy." In this particular a lot of us find patriotism compulsory.

"They may safely be left to strut their uneasy hour and be forgotten," says the President speaking of the pacifists. Is not "Strutters" a good name for them?

The charge against Fickert is that he debauched justice. A fearful charge in the eyes of such patriotic folk as Emma Goldman and Mrs. Mooney, and it is to make Justice safe from lustful hands when she goes abroad without escort that they would make a Sweigert district attorney.

How many people believe in the recall, anyway?

Now that Kaledines and Korniloff have kum to the front we seem to see Trotsky doing it.

Auditor Boyle says the Board of Works must obey the law. For the party in municipal power there is no such word as must.

The Stidger announces that he's going to France for the Y. M. C. A. What has France done to deserve a Stidger?

The uncertain vocalist is sure to inflict us with "The Holy City," thus decreasing our joy in General Allenby's exploit.

The Supreme Court of the United States has astounded the labor unions by deciding that labor has rights even when spelled with a small "l."

The W. C. T. U. in national convention assembled, kindly refrained from formal protest against tobacco for our soldiers. Aren't they the kind old dears?



## Varied Types

360—IKE ALLEN

By Edward F. O'Day

One day in the early nineties Ike Allen was broke.

There is nothing novel about the situation. All newspapermen are "stony" at times. In "the game" to be strapped is as inevitable as to be scooped.

But there was something incongruous about Ike's stoniness. For Ike occupied the most luxurious newspaper office in New York. It was a spacious room on the tenth floor of the World Building, furnished in beautiful California redwood. The redwood centre table was eight feet long and four feet wide. The rest of the furniture was on the same splendid scale.

Ike's room was one of the show places of New York. It looked like ready money. The golden legend on the outside of the door suggested ready money too:

"I. Allen, New York Correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner."

One would never expect the occupant of such a room to be broke. As a matter of fact, those who called there habitually to borrow a dollar or so—they were broke newspapermen—always found Ike in funds. They could count on a generous hand going into an open pocket for ready money.

On this occasion, however, two broke newspapermen in desperate need of mending found Ike Allen vulgarly penniless in the midst of all his splendor. But Ike was not without resource. He scribbled a brief note and sent it by his office boy to William Randolph Hearst. It was a request for an advance of fifty dollars.

While they awaited the return of the messenger the broke newspapermen bet markers on the outcome of the errand. Gloom made the book, pessimism dictated the odds. The office boy returned. There was a breathless silence while Ike tore open the sealed envelope. There was stupefaction when Ike drew forth a check for five hundred dollars.

Ike was not stupefied, only disgusted.

"What good is it?" he demanded, frowning at the check. "I ain't drinking."

The story may be new to you, but in the early nineties it went the rounds of the New York newspaper offices. And when old-timers of the pad and pencil get together it is still told with fitting admiration for Ike Allen's panache.

It is true that Ike Allen was not drinking at that particular time. In those early nineties Ike Allen's long day ended at six in the morning, to begin again at ten a. m.

"I fought off sleepiness," says Ike Allen, "with cold baths, caffeine and whiskey."

One day Hearst looked Ike Allen over. Ike had done a good job that day: he had secured Morrill Goddard as Sunday editor for the newly acquired Journal, the first Hearst paper outside San Francisco. It had been an unusually long day. There had been a great deal of sleepiness to fight off.

"Ike," said Hearst, "why don't you quit drinking?"

The answer to that is a cliché.

"Ike," said Hearst when the stereotyped answer had been rendered, "if you quit for a year I'll give you two thousand dollars."

Ike quit for a year, proving that it can be done. Needless to say, he got the two thousand dollars.

When Senator Hearst bought the Evening Examiner in 1880 and made a morning paper of it, Ike Allen went to work in the composing room. But he hasn't the record for longest continuous service on The Examiner. There are two printers in the composing room today who were sticking type on the Evening Examiner before 1880. And W. F. Bogart has been on the paper as long as Ike. After three or four years at the cases Ike was promoted to the telegraph room. He has been in the editorial department ever since. The greater part of the time Ike has spent at the copy desk. He has "dealt copy" longer than any other man west of the Great Divide. He has worked under eleven managing editors of The Examiner: Clarence Greathouse, John Timmins, A. B. Henderson, Arthur McEwen, E. H. Hamilton, Hawley, Sam Chamberlain, Andy Lawrence, Dent Robert, C. S. Stanton and Justin McGrath.

It was Sam Chamberlain who sent Ike to New York to be correspondent of The Examiner. There were no news services in those days. A San Francisco paper had to have a personal representative in the East or go without individual service. Sam Chamberlain was one of the greatest of American newspapermen; he knew what he was doing when he sent Ike to New York. He had been watching Ike's work in San Francisco. Working on the copy desk—an inside job—Ike time after time scooped the star Examiner reporters. The statement needs explaining. Ike was the San Francisco correspondent of the New York Herald. It was up to him to get big stories on the wire for The Herald; if possible, to get them on the wire ahead of the San Francisco correspondents of the other New York papers. Ike not only did this but also got stories which The Examiner reporters missed.

There was the story of the Charleston's trial trip. Built at the Union Iron Works, one of the first units of the White Squadron, the Charleston started on her maiden trip with all the nation alert to see how she would perform. No reporters were permitted to make the trip, but Sam Chamberlain sneaked one aboard disguised as a cook. The plan was for the "cook" to write the story of the trial trip and throw it ashore at Santa Barbara. Allan Kelly, The Examiner star reporter, was at Santa Barbara. It was up to him to get the story when it was dropped from a porthole. In the telegraph room of The Examiner Ike Allen saw Sam Chamberlain writing a message to Santa Barbara. He sensed the whole situation. Immediately he got into touch with the telegraph operator at Santa Barbara. When the Charleston arrived the telegraph operator was on the job. The Examiner "cook" aboard the Charleston fell down; Allan Kelly left Santa Barbara in disgust. The New York Herald got the exclusive Charleston story.

Then there was the famous Samoan hurricane. There was no Pacific cable in those days, and every big paper in the United States was waiting for a steamer to arrive in San Francisco with

detailed news of that remarkable affair. One day Claus Spreckels' secretary visited The Examiner office. He was snubbed by the office boy. He was not snubbed by Ike Allen. He brought the news that the "Alameda" was on its way to San Francisco with complete reports of the disaster. He gave Ike a note which read: "Deliver to bearer all mail addressed to San Francisco Examiner." The stars of The Examiner went out in a tug to meet the "Alameda." Ike went along. All The Examiner mail was delivered to Ike. Before The Examiner editors got their mail Ike's story was on its way to the New York Herald office. Again The Herald scooped every other New York paper.

Was it any wonder Sam Chamberlain sent Ike to New York?

Ike Allen went to New York in 1890, and remained for nine years. That was longer than any other San Francisco correspondent ever lasted in the metropolis—longer by several years than Franklin K. Lane lasted as New York correspondent of The Chronicle. At first Ike had a little draughty room in the World Building. One night the door opened, and the draught blew Ike's "flimsy" all over the room.

"Damn you, shut that door," roared Ike without turning round.

The visitor was Hearst. Next day Hearst bought Ike a costly bronze paper weight to hold down his "flimsy." Shortly afterwards he fitted up the elaborate redwood room at an expense of \$6000.

Every time Sam Chamberlain got a notion in San Francisco Ike Allen had his work cut out for him in New York. Those were the first days of yellow journalism. Newspaper symposia were the rage. One December Ike had to ask all the great men of New York: "What will be the watchword for next year?" One of the men he asked was Ingersoll who answered "Liberty," to the edification of all Examiner readers. Next year the question was: "What will be the greatest event of next year?" There were plenty of willing prophets, but Ingersoll was not one of them. He read Sam Chamberlain's telegram, looked at Ike and returned to his desk work.

(Continued on Page 18.)

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# The Great Fire of Salonika

By H. COLLINSON OWEN  
(Editor of "The Balkan News")

For all those who have had to make Salonika and its region their home for a considerable period during the war, time and things will now always be marked by one great division—before the great fire and after. It has cut clean across our lives, and in many ways upset them considerably. It is, at the time of writing, an impossible thing to order a cup of tea in Salonika. There is not a single hotel or cafe.

Conflagrations which lick up a square mile of a city within a very few hours are after all not everyday occurrences, and it is a curious feeling to walk through what were once well known streets and to find on every hand only a crumbled pile of rubbish, with here and there a heap still smouldering a fortnight or more after the outbreak. It is depressing to stumble along a street of fallen bricks and look at the ragged outline of what was once one's own flat at the top of (for Salonika) a noble building. It is melancholy to stumble a little further, mount a crumbling staircase and gaze into the unsightly ruins of what was once one's own club, and reflect that in that corner stood a table where for hundreds of nights all sorts of parties gathered over dinner and told stories of the great war as they had seen it in almost every quarter of the world. And by the time the ruins of the post office, one's own particular bank (fortunately solvent in spite of the disaster) and one's favorite cafe have been inspected—well, it is pardonable to feel that the bottom has been knocked out of existence, and that Salonika before the fire, with all its defects, was a paradise compared with Salonika after the fire.

It was an extraordinary scene while it lasted. San Francisco had its fire after the earthquake, and so did Valparaiso, but I doubt if anybody living has seen a more striking blaze than did we who were present at the destruction of old Salonika. This ancient battered city has in its soul a sort of itch for catastrophe. It is never happy unless it is throwing off another chapter of history. Plagues, massacres, attacks by barbarians and fires, with now and again an earthquake, have been its portion. The Young Turks began their revolution here (Talaat Pasha, by the way, was a post office clerk in Salonika.)

Only five years ago there was a pitched battle between the Bulgarians and the Greeks in the centre of the town, and the bullet-pitted minaret of St. Sophia, which was the centre of that particular disturbance, now looks down on an area of wholesale destruction. A few days later King George of Greece was assassinated as he walked along the main street of his new city. Salonika becomes one of the storm-centres of the great war, and the armies of all the Allies send their divisions here. And now we have our fire. If there ever was a city marked down for an unquiet life it is Salonika. It is not worth while wondering what will happen next.

All the same for a few days after the fiercest of the blaze had died down, an unwonted peace brooded over the place. Normally, the most damnably noisy of cities—with its rattling springless carts on cobbled streets, its scolding donkey boys, the rasp and screech of iron shop-fronts being pulled up and down (the most dreadful noise on earth this), and countless other nerve-racking sounds—it became a town of uncanny calm and quiet, where the footfall of the passer-

by could be heard. To this succeeded a period when loud explosions startled us a dozen times a day, and half-bricks or whole ones came rattling over from the places where the engineers were blowing down dangerous shells of gutted buildings—precarious structures which, with the natural perversity of things, refused to topple down save after repeated heavy charges, although previously they seemed ready to collapse at the slightest vibration. Just when one had accepted the idea of being one of the few living things in the stricken city, the soul of Salonika began to stir amid its dust and ashes.

In a week the trams were running again along the calcined front; the graceful caiques, which beat a hurried retreat from the harbor wall on the night of the fire came flocking back with all sorts of food (including luscious melons) from the islands; little open-air markets sprang up; here and there shops discovered miraculously intact amid the ruins, prized open their warped shutters and began business again. The one cinema left standing announced a forthcoming performance for the benefit of the sinistres, and in short, Salonika made some sort of effort to show that in spite of disaster, it was not too downhearted.

For my own part, I have long since ceased to feel it strange to look out of one of the miraculously saved buildings on an acre of so of rubble with rows of skeleton windows, and melted, twisted girders hanging down in festoons like lianas in a tropical forest. Below coughs and spits the exhaust of a petrol engine installed by the British army, so that it may have at least a one-page daily journal in spite of the stocks of paper that went to swell the great bonfire. It was not easy at first producing even this newspaper, but it is well to have plenty to do when you are working in a sort of graveyard where the persistent dust comes creeping through the windows all day long, and there is no water either for washing or drinking. Doubtless this business of being constantly occupied has prevented one from realizing to the full extent how completely the fire has changed one's existence and it has also dimmed to some extent the memory of that extraordinary day when the fire that started high up in the Jewish quarter, swept down stage by stage until it reached the water's edge and pushed a large proportion of the population into the sea—or, at any rate, on to the lighters of the British navy.

Between 5 and 7 in the afternoon I was watching one of the strangest eviction scenes of all time, as street after street of crowded Jewish houses, tenements, courts and hovels were licked up and patriarchal Jews by the hundred with fezzes and white beards and a local sort of gaberдине costume known as the intari, rushed about actively in spite of the skirts that clung round their slippered feet. It was an amazing and a sad scene—wailing families huddled together, the crash of falling houses as the flames tore along, swept by the strong hot wind known as the vardar; a slow moving mass of pack-donkeys, loaded native carts, hamals carrying enormous burdens on their bent backs; Greek boy scouts (who seemed to be doing excellent work), soldiers of all nations; ancient wooden fire engines that creaked pathetically as they spat out ineffectual trickles of water; family

groups carrying beds (hundreds and hundreds of flock and feather beds), wardrobes, large mirrors, sewing machines (every family clung to its sewing machine) and a general indescribable collection of ponderous rubbish.

The evacuation of each street came in a panic rush as its inhabitants realized that their homes also were doomed. All the way down the hill the narrow streets were littered with these pathetic objects, broken or cast aside in the gathering rush. By 9 p. m. the more modern and commercial quarter, with its many well-built shops, warehouses and hotels, was attacked. Here merchandise of all descriptions took the place of the household gods of the houses up the hill, but it was the same story—very little that was dumped into the street could be carted away. Merchants who had scoffed at the idea of the fire invading their quarter now dashed about in panic, imploring transport that was not to be had. So, as the short hours passed, practically the whole of the central portion of the city was ablaze—the sea a red glare as it reflected the furnace of the mile-long front; ships pushing hurriedly away from the sea wall, with one caique blazing; and thousands of refugees crowded on the port—black pigmies against a titanic crimson background.

At some moment late in the evening a great change occurred. The British army, which up to then had belonged strictly to the British army, suddenly, in a twinkling, became everyone's property, and from apparently nowhere hundreds of great lorries appeared. Soon they were packed with families and what was left to them of furniture, and went off, came back again, and repeated the work a dozen times. Tommy was at his best, and in spite of the smoke and glare and noise and the spectacle—apparently—of the universe burning, there was order and method once the problem of getting the people away was tackled. In the midst of it all I remember buying a 2d. slice of melon at the corner of the English Quay and thinking it was one of the best things I had ever tasted. The melon vendor, as he sliced up his fruit, seemed to regard catastrophes as excellent things.

By four in the morning the spectacle of a big hotel being destroyed in a quarter of an hour or so was commonplace. The sight later of calcined Salonika, once the first rush of the fire was spent, seemed quite natural after the blaze we had seen. By now we who still work in the middle of it regard a ruined city as more or less a normal thing. The Greek press has said some extremely flattering, even fulsome, things about the work of the British soldiers during and after the fire.

Now has come a contest of wills as to the future rebuilding of Salonika. And when modern Greek meets ancient and unchanging Israelite you may look for the tug-of-war.

FOR MEN

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# The Spectator

## THE RUSSIAN

Body of man, with soul of a child.  
Bred in misery, darkness and woe,  
Begging for light to be only reviled,  
Sowing of love and reaping a blow!

Crowning a fool with love idolatrous,  
Going to death with a song in his soul,  
Finding, at last, that his god was but infamous,  
Then crushed to earth with the weight of his dole.

Staggering upwards, 'tho blinded and numb,  
Grasping at straws that point to the light,  
Pity be thine, O Brother of Christendom!  
His night it is passing—his dawn will be bright.  
—Jules Wieniawski.

December 2, 1917.

## Great Men's Dimensions

"Just how big was Alexander, pa?" is a question that does not bother children nowadays, but many of them continue to be interested in the relative sizes of men. This is probably why President Wilson is so often likened unto Abraham Lincoln and Secretary Lane is spoken of as the biggest man in the Cabinet. True, apparently nobody cares much about the dimensions of Secretary Daniels, but that is probably because they seem so easy to guess. Other members of the Cabinet excite a great deal of curiosity, as, for example the Secretary of War who is much talked about since he began writing weekly reports on the progress of things "over there." Some folks call them piffle and wonder how big is the author of these reports. It may be interesting to know that Mr. Baker has his ideal, and that it is not because of size as I learn from a distinguished citizen of Washington who called on the War Secretary recently to get a favor granted. This Washingtonian is a man of some influence, but he added the weight of more powerful influence to move the Secretary. Mr. Baker solemnly considered the matter, and then pointed to a bronze bust of Mr. Lincoln's Secretary, Mr. Stanton.

"Do you recognize him?" Secretary Baker asked.

"Oh, yes," said the visitor, "everybody knows the face of Secretary Stanton."

"Well," said the distinguished Cabinet officer, "go back to your friends and tell them you saw Mr. Baker in the flesh and Mr. Stanton in bronze, and inform them that you found me just as hard as that bronze bust."

From which it is to be inferred that in contemporary politics to be indurate is more to be desired than length, breadth or thickness.

## The Clockwinder Visits the President

"Where have you been for a month of Sundays?" This was the first question addressed to the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock on his return from the first line of trenches somewhere in Washington, D. C. His questioner was Tiv Kreling, the Sergeant-at-Arms or Catch as Catch Can of the Board of Supervisors.

"I've been on the golf links with the President," was the reply.

"Talking politics I suppose," said Kreling.

"That's what he sent for me for," said the clockwinder. "The war has been depressing him and he wanted a little diversion, also a little dope about California politics."

"Did you tell him my friend Rolph's fight looked all right?"

"No, I told him it was looking pretty good until the report reached us that Heney was close up to the Administration."

"How close up is he?" Kreling asked, apparently with some anxiety, for the little sergeant-at-arms is taking a life-and-death interest in the Mayor's fight. "Surely he isn't as close up as Gavin McNab."

"I don't know about that!" exclaimed the clockwinder in a tone of significant dubiety. "Gavin is close up sure enough. He has been close up ever since he wrote that pamphlet in the campaign that made a great hit with Woodrow. They say that pamphlet turned the trick in California, but they are saying in the East that the wild ass from Arizona is eating out of the White House manger. You know he stumped the country for our President, and he never asked for anything, but all the same he is now identified with the Administration and he's as close up to Wilson as he used to be to Roosevelt."

"What do you think of that!" Kreling exclaimed in amazement.

"Oh, Francis J. is a wonder, especially at getting wise guys on his staff."

"More 'especially,'" added Kreling, "wise guys who got their knowledge of the world in the class-room. But, say, I don't believe Heney can edge out McNab, do you?"

Cautiously the clockwinder remarked that he'd have to think it over.

## Watch the Governor

"Well," said Kreling after a brief pause, "the situation is certainly complicated."

"Yes," the clockwinder concurred, "but keep your eye on Governor Stephens. He knows something about the game and he's on to the combination between Rolph and the Johnson machine. They're not fooling him at all."

"I don't get you," said Kreling with the smile of a cherub on his countenance.

Ignoring the unsophisticated pose the clockwinder continued: "This man Stephens is from Los Angeles, but geography has nothing to do with his head. When it comes to making political combinations he's better than a raw hand. He's onto every move Rolph is making to mend his fences, and believe me Mission Jim has a lot of repairing to do in that line. His inheritance from Johnson is doing him more harm than good. While he's taking care of Hi Johnson's obligations Stephens is released from all that he might have had and he's free to make new deals and some pretty big ones will be made in the near future, including a deal with jurists high up. By the way, what about the supervisors' finance committee?"

"Don't know anything about it," said the discreet Kreling.

"Well, that deal is all made, I understand. McLeran takes the chairmanship and picks his own associates." And the clockwinder wandered off down the street in the direction of the ferry.

## Equivocal to Say the Least

Here is one on Oakland's new Chief of Police, J. Henry Nedderman. The other day the adult probation officer of Alameda County, a woman, introduced herself to the chief and explained her work. She asked that the chief give her the cooperation of his department. The chief agreed, and led her upstairs to meet the matron of the jail.

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"This is Mrs. —," was the chief's introduction. "I wish you would help her in any way you can. She specializes in adultery."

#### "The Binding of the Beast"

For his pact with Death and Hell, let us bind the monster well,  
That the menaced world be freed from his arrogance and greed!  
By the pact he dared to sever, make we treaty with him never,  
Till the murder-venom in his blood has ceased!  
By his trust in force and war, end we those forevermore,  
As the nations sit in council for the binding of the Beast!

When "The Binding of the Beast" was published in Town Talk on the first of September this year, it created a sensation. It was regarded as one of the strongest indictments of the Kaiser ever written. Those most familiar with George Sterling's war poetry declared that in "The Binding of the Beast" he had surpassed himself. There is nothing intemperate about the poem; its very restraint makes it deadly. The lines seem to move to the cadence of soldiers' feet, grim soldiers whose foot-beats sound like a tattoo of death. Its onward sweep is irresistible, yet not headlong. It moves with a sinister deliberation. Conscious dominance breathes in every syllable. It is a hymn of fate. Now we have this poem, with other war verse by Sterling, in a little volume published by A. M. Robertson. "The Binding of the Beast, and Other War Verse" the book is called. The title poem does not merely stand re-reading, it gains by it. It proves to be even a better poem than it appeared in the first quick flush of enthusiasm. The spirit of our war broods

over it. The contents of many a White Book are behind its pregnant lines. Take the stanza I have quoted: does it not compress the meaning of President Wilson's war utterances?

#### "Christmas Under Arms"

In December, 1913, when the Balkan nations were at one another's throats in the second Balkan war, and Europe knew not what to expect, Sterling wrote his "Christmas Under Arms." It was a bitter poem. A mood of pessimism was on Sterling when he wrote it. Shortly before, Lord Rosebery had declared that the world was "clattering into barbarism." Sterling was inclined to agree. Peace and good will seemed a mockery to Sterling at Christmas-tide of 1913. He saw a world betrayed by its rulers. He desecrated a new slavery descending upon mankind, the slavery of war:

They gird themselves in the East to the day when their  
battleships go forth,  
And there comes no pause in the thunder of the forges  
of war in the North.

This troubled and troubling poem appeared in Sterling's book "Beyond the Breakers," published early in 1914. It did not receive the attention it deserved. When that book came from Robertson's press the world was on the verge of cataclysm, Armageddon was in preparation. But we knew it not. There have been three Christmases under arms since then. There is about to be another. Our own legions of armed young men will celebrate the Nativity in the trenches of France or in cantonments far from home. So it is well for us to read this poem by the new light that has come upon the world. It was a fine thought of Sterling and his publisher to include the poem in the new volume of war verse. Thank God, its bitterness is not so keen today. The world was indeed clattering into barbarism, but now the world is being saved. And we are helping to save it. Sterling sees that more clearly than most of us, for Sterling is a seer.

#### Never a Neutral

From the very beginning of his career as a poet George Sterling has given expression to a deep-seated horror of war, and to a detestation of war-breeding despotism. These themes were developed in "Memorial Day" which is the first poem in Sterling's first book "The Testimony of the Suns," published 1903. It was owing partly to these rooted feelings that George Sterling took sides immediately after the invasion of Belgium. His convictions would not permit him to keep his pen neutral. He could not help expressing his impatience of American neutrality. "Some there be," he said, addressing England, "who scorn the coward twilight that endures between our darkness and thy noonday sun." And he declared that "world-derision" would be our punishment for holding back. It was not a taunt. It has ceased to be a reproach. In this new volume he seems to breathe more freely the spacious air of liberty—for the United States was never so free as today when our minor privileges are curtailed by the necessities of war. Sterling has not learned to love war, but he has no horror of our participation, only exultation. I wish I could quote several of the splendid new poems in this volume, but of course everybody will want to have the book for himself. I must at least copy the vision of Germania called

#### "SPURLOS VERSENKT"

She took the sword that shone at Waterloo,  
Drawn once in aid and service of the right,  
But tarnished now, that was awhile so bright,  
And gazing on the shameful steel, she knew  
What maculations left so strange a hue—  
The blood of innocence that dried to blight:  
Across the Gothic vastness of her night  
Far oceanward the forfeit blade she threw.

Past Verdun and the long Biscayan dune  
It gleamed like Arthur's glaive below the moon,  
And falling, broke the sea to foamy chaff.  
Outward a swift and ever-lessening wave  
Swept moaning from the dark, dishonored grave.  
"Sunk without trace!" cried Satan with a laugh.



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**A Camouflage Letter**

"Little Billy" Smith, lawyer and good Bohemian,\* has a brother in the army. Emory T. Smith, the brother in question, joined during the Spanish-American war, served as a private in the Philippines, and is now a colonel. The other day "Little Billy" received a letter from Colonel Smith who was about to land in a French port when he penned it. Colonel Smith told his brother how nervous everybody had been on the way over, how all eyes were peeled all the time for submarines, and how relieved all were when, on entering the danger zone, a flotilla of ten British destroyers suddenly appeared to escort the troop ships. "I am not allowed by the censor to write how many transports there are in our flotilla," said Colonel Smith; "but there are two more than the age of Aunt Mary's baby, and you know how old Aunt Mary's baby is. Neither does the censorship permit me to tell you how many troops there are aboard, but you know the number of Mrs. Green's flat on Vallejo street." And sure enough, "Little Billy" knows.

**Allenby's Faux Pas**

All honor to General Allenby, the conqueror of Jerusalem. Hitherto we have all regarded the late General Maude as the winner of this war's romantic honors, for Maude rode at the head of a British army into the capital of Haroun al-Raschid. But Bagdad cannot compare with Jerusalem even as a romantic prize of war, and of course the holy associations of David's capital put it in a class by itself. But why, oh why did General Allenby enter the Holy City on a Tuesday? Why did he not wait till Friday? It was a false step. General Allenby had it in his power to fulfill a prophecy centuries old, to work the consummation of a superstition that all

good Moslems have believed for hundreds of years. I refer to the superstition of the Beautiful Gate, sometimes called the Golden Gate, of Jerusalem.

**The Beautiful Gate**

I suppose that every traveler who ever wrote of Jerusalem has mentioned this superstition. Let us look for it in the books of two San Franciscans. In his "Cruise Under the Crescent," Charles Warren Stoddard wrote:

The Arabs have walled it up against invaders, and placed under it a prayer niche; yet in spite of these precautions, a superstition prevails that a Christian Conqueror will enter by that gate some Friday in the hereafter, and retake the Holy City. Heaven speed the new Crusade!

And Mark Twain has this in "The Innocents Abroad."

The Moslems watch the Golden Gate with a jealous eye, and an anxious one, for they have an honored tradition that when it falls, Islamism will fall, and with it the Ottoman Empire. It did not grieve me any to notice that the old gate was getting a little shaky.

Well, anyway, Jerusalem has fallen, and while Islam is still vigorous, it looks as though the Ottoman Empire is tottering to a ruin that will be unwept and unhonored, though certainly not unsung.

**A New Jerusalem**

That was a remarkable picture of Jerusalem the papers published the other day—that picture of the business section of the city, with uptodate shops and hotels and a German bank in the foreground. So different from the pictures we remember from our old illustrated Bibles and our geographies and books of travel. The fact is, Jerusalem has been a good deal modernized

since the twentieth century began. There are electric lights and street cars, for one thing. What the future of the Holy City will be is one of the most interesting problems of the war. Let us hope that the features which have disgusted travelers time out of mind will disappear. Charles Warren Stoddard voiced the sentiment of thousands who have visited the city:

O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Apart from the glory and the shame of her share in the triumph of the King of kings, she is alone the city of all cities. David exalted her, Nehemiah mourned over her, Titus was concerned about her, the Saracens took pride in her, and she inspired the enthusiasm of the Crusaders; but I believe not a soul comes to her now without suffering a sore disappointment, or quits her without uttering a sigh of relief.

**The Death of Jeremiah Mahony**

San Francisco lost one of its best citizens when Jeremiah Mahony died last week. The finest structures in the business district attest his success as a builder; but his truest fame is preserved in the hearts of those who knew him well. He was a high-minded Christian gentleman of many virtues, and the greatest of these was charity. He regarded his money as a trust to be administered for the poor, and none ever heard from his lips the story of his benefactions. San Francisco is a better city because Jeremiah Mahony lived here.

**Brotherly Love**

John Mahony has been seriously ill for a long time. It was thought that his would be the earlier death. If he has been told of the death of Jeremiah, the shock must have been severe. No two brothers ever loved each other more than Jeremiah and John Mahony. Associated in business all their lives they never had a misunderstanding, never approached a difference.

# **ROOSEVELT SAYS:**

"I am convinced that the real underlying reason for the move against Mr. Fickert has been his prosecution of the bomb throwers; his effort to detect and bring to justice the assassins who murdered ten persons in the Preparedness Day Parade and who wounded fifty others."

"But there is, in my judgment, also, no question that all the opponents of law and order and all the men who are against straight United States sentiment will be exultant if Mr. Fickert is recalled."

## **VOTE TO KEEP**

### **CHARLES M.**

# **FICKERT**

## **DISTRICT ATTORNEY**

### **DECEMBER 18th**

## **PUT PATRIOTISM ABOVE ANARCHY!**



This is the more remarkable because both achieved wealth—brotherly love is not always equal to that test.

### Their Only Dispute

Hugh Keenan the builder tells a story which illuminates the relations of these brothers. Keenan met John Mahony on the street one day, and was requested to accompany him to the office of Mahony Brothers in the Crocker Building.

"I'm going to have trouble with Jere," said John, "and I want you to take my side."

Keenan was astounded. The idea of trouble between the brothers was inconceivable. He went along. Jere Mahony was at his desk when John Mahony and Hugh Keenan entered. John Mahony laid a piece of paper before Jere.

"That's your share," said John.

Jere Mahony looked at the paper, and pushed it over to John.

"It's not," he said. "I won't take it."

Sure enough the two brothers were having trouble. The astonished Keenan heard the particulars. John Mahony had just disposed of a piece of property. The paper was a check representing what John considered Jere's share—one-half of the proceeds. But Jere insisted that while the property was in both their names, he had had nothing to do with developing it, nothing to do with its advantageous sale. Therefore he was entitled to no share; all the money belonged to John. Such was the first dispute of the brothers! The matter was finally left to Keenan for arbitration. He decided that as John was making a sacrifice in dividing the proceeds he must be right in his attitude, and that Jere must not be quixotic, that he must consider the rights of his heirs. Then Jere Mahony accepted the check. It was a check for \$125,000.

### "Gone to Earth"

Literature of the war is absorbing so much attention nowadays that readers are neglecting good fiction that has nothing to do with the politics and atrocities of the big melodrama. This is unfortunate, as the public mind is in need of diversion. Besides, notwithstanding the war literary persons are writing of other things worth while. Here is Mary Webb, for instance, who recently turned out a piece of literature called "Gone to Earth." It has been published by Constable in England, and it will get into circulation over here after a while, for it will be talked about and discussed, and it may live as genuine literature long after the war. The scene of the story, according to Mary Webb, is God's Little Mountain, and it will be recognized as a place somewhat like San Francisco, for there are people living there who feign to worship God in the chapel on the mountain, but who have inherited the evils of generations of Evangelical Nonconformity, the evils that we have come to associate with Smith, Stidger & Co.

The book will not make a bit with the disciples of these preachers. On the contrary it may incite them to call for an amendment to the Red Light Abatement law in order to include books like "Gone to Earth" among the things to be suppressed by pious people; especially by such as are responsible for the filthy literature now circulating for the benefit of the anarchists who are trying to recall Fickert. For in truth pious people hereabouts will cry out in their wrath against Mary Webb's story; they will cry out: "There's a foulness! Why has she done this against us?" Why, indeed, for it is really against them—against those ultra respectable who pray from the housetops, and who see foulness in sincerity and frankness. Moreover the book has a motive. Mary has undertaken to make the over-righteous wince a bit. She was probably disgusted with the piety of the Welsh border where the characters of her story lived.

### The Pastor and His Wife

Mary Webb has told us nothing new. Her characters are men and women we know. A few years ago the principal characters were revealed to us in a divorce court in this city—the good man who was a celibate by nature though married and the woman who was in nowise lopsided. Hazel Woodus, the central character in the novel, was the daughter of a Welch gypsy who once met a gentleman farmer by whom she was tempted. Later she meets and marries Edward Marston, the pastor of the chapel on God's mountain. This chapel is a fraud. It is a house of unbelief. None there loves God; everyone hates his neighbor. None has compassion on Hazel "who in her inexpressive childish way shares with the love-martyr of Galilee the heart-rending capacity for imaginative sympathy." Hazel's marriage is a disappointment, her pastor being an inexperienced young man who persuades himself that it is a godly thing to preserve his virginity. So Hazel began to think of the gentleman farmer, though her sense of sex was wholly intuitive. She steals away to Reddin the farmer. Edwards goes after her. She steals away again and returns pregnant. Her husband's mother leaves the house rather than abide with an adulteress. The deacons of the chapel came up to the minister's house.

"We've come, minister, six God-fearing men, and me, spokesman, being deacon; an' we 'ope as good will come of this meeting, and that the Lord will bless our endeavor. And now, I think, maybe a little prayer. . . ."

Reddin offers to make Hazel his wife pro-

vided Edward divorces her. Anyway he offers to bear the full cost of her confinement. But Edward will listen neither to him nor to his deacons. He answers his deacons:

"I have become an unbeliever, not because I am unworthy of your God, but because He is unworthy of me."

But Hazel's destiny is shaped and planned. In her effort to protect her tame fox, she is set upon by a pack of hounds and killed. Two men weep for her: Edward and Reddin. I can imagine the deacons of the chapel on God's Little Mountain praising God that He rid the earth of her in such a manner. I have said little about the tragedy of the tale and nothing about the poetry and the humor of it. From first to last "Gone to Earth" is a wonderful work and London reviewers believe it will remain a classic for a generation.

### Mrs. Morton Mitchell

The death of Mrs. Morton Mitchell removes a San Franciscan woman who was as well known in Paris as she was here. Perhaps she loved Paris more than San Francisco; nevertheless, she was true to the city which she first knew in the early sixties, and returned hither at frequent intervals. It was eighteen months ago that she came for a visit, and only the illness which proved fatal prevented her from going back to Paris. One of Mrs. Mitchell's last kindly actions was to finance the volume of poetry by Charles Warren Stoddard which was published recently by John Lane. The volume did not entirely satisfy the lovers of Stoddard's poetry, for it was inadequately edited by Thomas Walsh; nevertheless, it revived interest in one of our sweetest singers and Mrs. Morton Mitchell deserved nothing but gratitude for making the book possible. It was dedicated to her.

### Soft Drinks with Sticks in 'Em

The old saying that Uncle Sam always does the unexpected is being borne out in "the cleaning up of Oakland." When the federal authorities announced that too much liquor was being sold soldiers in Oakland the various welfare societies and temperance organizations prepared for a new assault on the saloons. Imagine what Uncle Sam did! He descended upon three soft drink dance parlors and closed them up. More are in danger. Investigations by government detectives showed that soldiers were furnished drinks in these places by persons who brought bottles in with them. The practice of putting "sticks" in ginger ale and empty glasses was

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what attracted crowds to the places where dancing and "entertainment" continued after the licensed places were forced to close. The threat to close the whole city unless bootlegging is stopped is having its effect. In the meantime the liquor men who have conducted their business honestly are pleased.

#### A Latin Quarter Treat

Ever since 1906 disgruntled folk who are given no looking backward and envious neighbors along the Coast have told us that the San Francisco atmosphere vanished in the smoke of a big fire. I was thinking of them the other night at a table d'hote dinner in the Latin Quarter. Here is a section of the city where that old atmosphere that folks regarded as peculiar has not vanished. Not even Mr. Hoover has dimmed the lustre of the old quarter. The price of a dinner is about the same as of old, the quality of the red paint no worse, and as to atmosphere, from my experience the other night at the Gianduja in Stockton street, it is better than ever. But this may have been due to an exceptional set of circumstances: It happens that there are some stranded Italian opera singers in town, and I heard some of them singing in the Gianduja, singing as though out of sheer pleasure at the sound of their own voices, or perhaps it was the sound of the violin they liked, for the violinist was an artist who has played with fine orchestras all over the world. Now here was a great treat on a slope of Telegraph Hill. One of the singers, as I learned on inquiry, for I became deeply interested, was L. Poggi, a name that meant no more to me than did the name of Tetrassini the first night I heard her at the Tivoli. Now Poggi is a tenor robusto skilled in all the nuances of song and with a method of voice production that many a famous singer might envy. A big repertoire has Poggi, not only in Italian but in German, and Neapolitan songs he sings with a fine relish. During the evening a baritone dropped in and joined in the singing of duets. His name I learned is De Nunzio and it is worth men-

tioning because he is an artist too, and he has a fine resonant voice that blended well with Poggi's. By request these Italians who speak very little English, stirred the patriotism of all present by singing the Star Spangled Banner and La Marseillaise, and then they blushed for the orchestra (a piano player and the violin player) because it had not supplied itself with the Italian national air. These vocalists, by the way, are men who have sung in opera all over the world. Poggi was singing in Russia when the war broke out, and before coming hither he was singing in South America, whence, it will be remembered, Tetrassini came at the time of her first visit to this country. In addition to singing in a restaurant on account of the exigencies of the time Poggi is giving singing lessons but his heart was gay the other night because, as I learned, he has joined a company about to appear in "Aida" at a Washington Square theatre. Surely atmosphere still abides in our Latin Quarter.

#### Third Printing of "Women's Eyes"

Aleck Robertson, "the John Murray of San Francisco," has published several books that have had a great vogue, that have been "best sellers" in the local publishing field. Does it not seem strange that one of his very best "best sellers" should be a volume of verse translations from the Sanskrit? Yet so it is. "Women's Eyes," a little book of dainty, vivacious poems translated from "the eldest and only surviving daughter of the old mother-tongue"—so Sanskrit has been called—has sold so well that it has just reached its third printing. "Women's Eyes" is the work of Arthur W. Ryder, assistant professor of Sanskrit at the University of California. It was published in 1910, and lovers of poetry lost no time in familiarizing themselves with its delicately beautiful pages. In the early part of last year the first printing was exhausted, so Robertson put the book back on the press. The second printing sold out more rapidly by far than the first—a splendid proof of the book's increasing appeal. And now a new stock has come from the printer, just in time for the holiday trade. Robertson is delighted, and I can imagine (without actually knowing) how Professor Ryder feels about this success.

#### Ryder in the "Everyman"

It must be that Professor Ryder has aroused interest in Sanskrit literature among readers hereabouts. The sale of "Women's Eyes" proves it. Ryder translated that great Sanskrit comedy "The Little Clay Cart" and his version has stood the test of acting. That was before he translated the poems gathered together in "Women's Eyes." His most recent book is called "Twenty-two Goblins" and consists of fairy tales from the Sanskrit, illustrated with twenty colored plates and published by Dent of London. This book I have not seen as yet. But the work which gave Ryder an international fame as a Sanskrit scholar was his translation of the dramatic and lyric poems of the great Kalidasa. It is needless to say that any first-class publisher in London or New York would have been glad to publish this version of Kalidasa. English translations from this prince of Sanskrit poets are very few. That marvelous oriental scholar Sir William Jones made Kalidasa known to Europe by translating his play "Sakuntala" in 1789. There is another version of the same great play by Monier Williams. Other Sanskrit scholars have rendered other pieces. But Ryder surveys the whole field of Kalidasa's poetry. His book on Kalidasa gives

the lover of general literature all that he needs to know about Kalidasa. This book is published in the Everyman series. The Everyman series is composed largely of books upon which there is no copyright. Excepting certain reference books I doubt whether there is in the whole series a book absolutely new to the reading public, except Ryder's Kalidasa. That Ryder should have given up all hope of royalties on his work by tendering it to the Everyman series speaks volumes for his disinterested devotion to literature.

#### Prominent Women for Fickert

At the home of Mrs. Harry Maundrell, 21 Presidio Terrace, last Tuesday one hundred and sixty women while enjoying an afternoon tea, enjoyed also a very interesting discussion of the recall campaign. It was a formal discussion over which Mrs. D. E. F. Easton presided. Speeches were made by Mrs. Paul M. Downing, Mrs. Otto E. Luts, Mrs. Easton, Charles M. Fickert and Edward A. Cunha. After the speechmaking resolutions were adopted expressing confidence in the District Attorney and commending him for his zeal in performance of his official duties. Every woman present voted for the resolutions and each pledged herself to phone at least five families to urge the election of Mr. Fickert.

#### At the Tavern

To those friends and patrons of Techau Tavern who have not already done so, it is suggested that they secure their table reservations immediately for the New Year's Eve festivities. Every New Year's finds the Tavern's entire establishment filled to capacity and hundreds of people unable to gain admission. Therefore the urgent suggestion that reservations be made immediately. It is also suggested that table reservations be made for Christmas dinner parties. There is no diminution in the Tavern's delightful feature of presenting every afternoon, without competition, to the ladies in attendance 25 to 35 bottle of Sterns' Suprema toilet water, and in the evening after each souvenir dance large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes to the gentlemen and Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume favors to the ladies.

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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## For Belgians Still Free

Where we sat we could see the British ships shell-ing the Germans, and the windows of the dining room were rattling steadily. The King stood beside the I looked up at him once, but could not bear to do it again—it was the saddest face one can imagine. . . . The Queen gave me tea, and one of her small supply of cigarettes.—“With the Belgian King and Queen at La Panne,” by Hugh Gibson in *The World's Work*.

Most of Belgium is within “the steel ring” of German occupation; in other words, enslaved by the brutal German conquerors. But there is a little corner of the heroic country still unsullied by German domination. This tiny bit is all that is left today of free Belgium. It is overcrowded by a huddled civil population and by Belgian troops. It is all that keeps the beloved King and Queen of the Belgians from being “monarchs retired from business.” Its capital—such a capital!—is La Panne. This region of sorrow and suffering is dependent on charity. Its population lives on alms. Were it cut off from communication by sea with the outside world, this handful of free ground would be the stage for a terrible tragedy of famine. Happily, it is not so cut off. And so supplies can reach it—food and clothing and fuel and the utensils that make life barely livable. There is much pity for Belgium, but not all who pity can help. San Franciscans, fortunately, are not only full of pity but capable of translating their pity into good works; and from San Francisco generous aid is flowing to the remnant of a free country that centers about La Panne. It is flowing through the channel of the “Commission for Aid Civil and Military, Belgium and France, Pacific Division.” The headquarters for this work is the Superfluity Shop in Post street on Union Square.

## The Superfluity Shop

Let us look in at the Superfluity Shop, and see what is going on there. Here is a scene as busy as a church bazaar, and as gay with attractive articles temptingly displayed. Here everything is for sale, and gross profits are net profits, for everything has been donated and there are no salaries to be paid. The Superfluity Shop represents charity in the absolute—charity without “an overhead.” To begin with, there is no rent. The spacious premises were donated by the Emory Winship Estate through the kindness of its manager J. W. Preston Jr. The salesladies are volunteers whose only recompense is the solid satisfaction that comes to the mind and heart from the consciousness of doing good. Most of them belong to what we used to call the “leisured class”—a term not fashionable since Good Friday of this year of grace when the United States went to war. But not all of these salesladies belong to the Social Register class. For instance, I saw one who used to earn a living behind the counter in a department

store. She is living on her past savings just now. When they are exhausted, she will have to seek a salaried position again. Meanwhile she is happy because she is helping the Belgians. We don't know how many such men and women there are in our midst, until we go about from the headquarters of one great war work to the headquarters of another. In particular, we don't know how the woes of Belgium as told in magazine articles by Hugh Gibson and others, and in lectures by such as Mrs. Vernon Kellogg and Madame Jules Clerfayt, have touched the hearts of God's good people, until we visit the Superfluity Shop.

## Artists Who Love Belgium

I have said that all the articles for sale in the Superfluity Shop have been donated. A great many of these articles are superfluities donated by people who will never miss them. That is as it should be. But there is a higher form of giving represented here: donations straight from the hands that fashioned the articles. Foremost among these donations are pictures freely contributed by San Francisco artists who love Belgium. It is not too much to say that these artists could ill afford to do this. But artists, far less than most men, count the cost of beneficence. When you buy a painting at the Superfluity Shop you are aiding the Belgians, not the artist who painted the picture. But indirectly you are aiding the artist too, for you are spreading the gospel of art. It goes without saying that dealers cannot sell pictures at the prices asked by the Superfluity Shop. That consideration should spur the art lover who likes a bargain—what art lover does not? Is your heart set on a McComas? Here is a water color by that master of nature's secrets. Would you own a Rollo Peters? Here is one called “Moonlight,” and it is an exquisite exemplar. It won't hang on the wall at the Superfluity Shop very long, I fancy. Would you own a Piazzoni? Here is a fine “Chain of Lakes, Golden Gate Park,” and here is a “Monterey Cypress” painted with that passionate intensity which this inspired Swiss lavishes on the region of his dearest love. Constance Peters is represented by a “San Juan Capistrano” of delicate beauty; Bertha Stringer Lee by her “Monterey Oaks;” and others of our most distinguished artists by pieces typical of their highest inspiration. The names of some of the artists must suffice: Aaron Altmann, Will Sparks, De Neale Morgan, Eugen Neuhaus, Mateo Sandona, Evelyn Withrow, E. S. Hader, Lee Randolph, Spencer Macky, Alice Chittenden, Frank Van Sloun, Maurice Del Mue, W. A. Coulter and ever so many others. The artists have done their part. Let us remember the needy round and about La Panne, and do ours.

## Treasured Possessions

When the appeal is made in the name of charity, various are the interpretations put upon the word “superfluity.” Professor Albert van der Naillen wanted to do his bit for the Belgians. This Chevalier of the Order of Leopold owned a painting of a “Flemish Family Scene,” a picture prized for its intrinsic value but more because it was a dear old family possession. It is supposed that it was painted by a pupil of the great Teniers. He gave it gladly to the Superfluity Shop. Doubtless some specialist in Flemish

art will snap it up. In one of the fascinating cases where exquisite jewelry and plate is displayed, there is a beautiful gold and silver serving spoon of one of the fine old patterns so dear to collectors. It came from the South. It is hallowed by family traditions. It was given to the Superfluity Shop by Mrs. Lisberger. In this same case is one of the daintiest fans I have ever seen, a fan of the highest craftsmanship, a fan to delight the heart of Octave Uzanne who wrote the History of the Fan. This fan was donated by Miss Miller of Piedmont. A superfluity? Perhaps. But would she give it for any cause but that of the Belgians? I doubt it, since it is the fan she wore at her coming-out party.

## A Variety of Superfluities

On the opening day of the Superfluity Shop—the day that Del Vally made the tea drinkers cry by singing the Belgian “Brabanconne”—there came to the counter where donations are unwrapped a big box that needed a great deal of careful unpacking. Its contents were surprising: half a dozen of the daintiest gowns, silk gowns in rainbow colors; half a dozen dainty picture hats, of the latest fashion; half a dozen silk parasols to match the dainty gowns and hats; half a dozen pairs of dainty satin slippers; and half a dozen of other dainty garments usually called “intimate,” I believe, and very dear to the feminine heart. Here were superfluities indeed! They were the donation of half a dozen bridesmaids in one of the great weddings of the year. I think that most of these articles were sold on the first day. At any rate, all are gone but two or three of the parasols. One of the ladies of the shop bade me admire a lingerie pillow, and indeed it was admirable. But even more admirable was the source of this donation—it came from a hard-working servant girl who had made it for the Belgians with her own hardworked fingers. Half a dozen smart-looking hats bore price marks that seemed to me remarkably low, even in this abode of bargains—they were the donations of a wage-earning milliner who, I am sure, made them outside her business hours. At the other end of the social scale stand Madame Poincare, wife of the President of France, and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of our own President. The former donated a beautiful doll which she dressed herself; the latter donated a fine lace handkerchief. Of course I cannot catalogue the donations. There is not one that lacks its special interest. That Moro battle spear was donated by Colonel Lea Febiger. That wonderful silver-framed mirror of Dutch workmanship was donated by Mrs. Perkins of Los Gatos. That little bronze which you recognize at once as a Putnam was donated by the great sculptor himself. Those dainty bags were made and given by Mrs. Phil Wand. And those Christmas boxes of eye-compelling futuristic design were a labor of love with the clever pupils of Polytechnic and Mission High. But where a

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multitude of people have been so generous it seems wrong to single out individuals.

### Books, and The Book

Noted authors have sent their books to the Superfluity Shop, and to make them specially attractive to the riders of an ancient hobby, have autographed them. Here, for instance, is a two-volume set of Roosevelt's "Cromwell" in splendid binding, signed by the fist of the redoubtable colonel himself. And here are autographed volumes of Jack London, sent by Mrs. Charmian London who cannot forget that Jack would have liked to fight for the Belgians and civilization. But the most interesting book of all is a book in the making. It is being written in the Superfluity Shop. It is a handsome volume whose title page tells that it is to be presented to the heroic Queen of the Belgians by the women of California. It is a book of autographs—autographs of the great and of the lowly. Cabinet officers, senators, governors of all the States, artists, actors, writers—all sorts and conditions of people—are writing their names in this book or sending their autographs to be pasted in. A quick glance at its pages showed me the autographs of Secretary of War Baker, Anna Held, Henry P. "Red Cross" Davison, Art Smith, Stanley Washburn, Sam Hill, Julius Kahn, S. S. McClure and B. Lindvig. I didn't know that last name. I inquired and was told that he is the son of the premier of Norway and a resident of San Francisco. The Queen of the Belgians will not know all the names; but how the tribute to her people will touch her heart anyone with sensibility may imagine. Perhaps this book will be preserved in the new library of Louvain—for there will be a new one, and it won't be one of German kultur either!

### Clothes for the Naked

Donations of clothes are received at the Superfluity Shop every day. They are most welcome. Most of them go to the region about La Panne. But before they go they are carefully overhauled—if soiled, washed; if torn, mended; if they happen to be worn shoes, soled, heeled and otherwise renovated. When they reach the Belgians they are ready for wear. Not all the clothes are sent. There are, for instance, ball gowns and other sorts of party dresses, evening slippers, pumps and—I am not drawing the long bow—even silk hats! All these are sold. I am told that they go surprisingly fast, especially ball gowns. It seems that women derive from this Superfluity Shop all the joys of a good old rummage sale. In my wanderings through the

shop I came upon an array of men's hats—fedoras, "dicers," cloth hats, silk hats and one bell-crowned topper of gray beaver. Where this last came from I can only surmise. I fancy, from the closet of some beau who wore it to a Mardi Gras ball which he attended in the character of a buck of the fifties. When I came upon this interesting relic the negro porter of the Superfluity Shop was working close by. I thought his eye lingered on that topper. Who knows but that he is meditating its purchase?

### The Latest Shipment

Money is coming in at the Superfluity Shop—money from the sale of all these attractive articles, money from the teas that are served there every afternoon. And the money is straightway transformed into the necessities of life for the free Belgians of the little spot "outside the steel ring." Here is what was sent in the last shipment:

- 3,100 cans of condensed milk
- 18 cases of clothing
- 12,500 cigarettes (how the W. C. T. U. must frown at that!)
- 1 automobile
- 2 cases of food
- 1 ton of sugar
- \$800 worth of chocolate
- 1 consignment of dried fruits.

Superfluities transformed into life and warmth and comforts for the innocent victims of the modern world's greatest wrong! God bless the men and women of the Superfluity Shop.

### For the British Soldier Boys

Brighten some soldier's Christmas by attending the British bazaar and Christmas sale at Native Sons' Hall on Monday and Tuesday, December 17 and 18. If you cannot be there in person donate something of a saleable character. Everybody is assured of a good time. Fine music, a "jitney" dance with jazz orchestra and other entertaining features are on the programme both days and evenings. The entire proceeds will be used by the British-American League and the British-American War Relief Fund for the San Francisco dependents of the British boys who now are engaged in fighting. The cost is small. Ten cents will be charged for admission, and if you were born under a lucky star your thin dime will convert itself into a dollar. Every patron will receive a Christmas stocking and many new one dollar bills have been placed in these stockings. If you are too busy to attend, donations will be thankfully received by Mrs. Sadler, 2339 Market street, or Mrs. MacCallum, 232 Mills Building.

### Special Concert of Musical Association

A social and musical event of unique interest is announced for Wednesday evening, December 19, in the Palm Court of the Palace Hotel, when a special concert will be given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in compliment to the members of the Musical Association of San Francisco who have made the public concerts of the organization possible through their support. The affair will be invitational, and members will be allotted seats for their friends in the same manner that they are allowed seat-purchasing options for the regular concerts, which is in accordance with the privileges accorded the different classes of membership. Many dinner parties have already been arranged for at the Palace preceding the event, which will not begin until nine o'clock. The programme which Conductor Alfred Hertz has arranged will be devoted for the most part to the lighter masterpieces. It follows: Overture, "Mignon,"

Thomas; Largo from "New World" Symphony, Dvorak; Two Hungarian Dances : (a) "Solvejg's Song," (b) "Anitra's Dance," Grieg; (a) "Serenade," Moszkowsky, (b) "Molly on the Shore," Grainger; "Under the Linden Trees," Massenet (clarinet obligato, Mr. Randall; 'cello obligato, Mr. Britt); (a) "The Serenade of the Doll," (b) "The Golliwog's Cake Walk," Debussy; Meditation from "Thais," Massenet (violin obligato, Mr. Persinger); Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 2, Liszt; "The Star Spangled Banner."

### Alameda Venus is Safe

In all the excitement of the news that the Alameda site had been recommended for the naval base there was joy unmixed on the east side of the bay until there came one terrific thought. Would this new institution have any effect on the bathing beaches? Visions of Uncle Sam with his boats, and his docks, and his workmen, and his sailors, crowding the Alameda bathing girl to the indoor tank or the family bathtub, and the possibility that this part of the world would no longer enjoy the privilege of viewing the newest creations in beach apparel at the moment of their creation almost robbed the news of its joy. There was much hurried consultation of the maps and study of the waterfront before a general sigh of relief was heaved. The bathing beaches are far enough away from the site to remain untouched.

### Mary Pickford at Mrs. Richards' School

Loud was the applause as the pupils of Mrs. Richards' School at the St. Francis Hotel sang greetings to little Miss Pickford who, in return, gave a beautiful "Pickford" smile and said she wished she might be one of the school. Wonderland and Santa Claus (Mr. Victor the chief officiating) will hold forth in the Lounge of the St. Francis Friday afternoon, December 21, at 2:30 o'clock where the electric-lighted Christmas tree will delight the hearts of fifty children from one of the charities as well as the pupils and friends of the St. Francis School. Mrs. Richards was appointed a member of the committee for the Auditorium Christmas celebration.

### Holiday Plans at Whitcomb

Holiday preparations are proceeding apace at the Whitcomb where a new high standard of popularity was established on Thanksgiving. So large was the Thanksgiving dinner throng that the capacity of Chef Ad Gasar's kitchen was all but taxed. As on Thanksgiving, there will be a special dinner on Christmas, for which reservations are already being received. New Year's Eve is expected to be a specially merry night at the Whitcomb, for many of those who will participate in the celebration at the Civic Center will have tables at the hotel and will reach them in time to hear the clock strike twelve. This number includes some of the foreign consuls. Special vocalists have been engaged for this occasion, one of them being Mrs. Charles R. Detrick, known so favorably to lovers of music as Miss Aldanita Wolfskihl. There will be dancing in the two dining rooms and in the Sun Room on the roof. The reservations for New Year's have been coming in for some little time.

### At the Cecil

Mrs. A. M. Burns gave a dinner Sunday in honor of Madam Esther Pallisser. After dinner nearly two hundred guests enjoyed the concert that was given by the noted singer in the lounge of the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Brooke of New Orleans are sojourning. Mr.

(Continued on Page 18)

## Mrs. Richards' Schools

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## The Stage

### Mitzi Hajos in "Pom-Pom"

When this little star first shone upon us, we used to have great difficulty with her last name. All sorts of pronunciations had their champions. I believe we finally learned to give it the correct twist. Now it appears that all that effort was useless. Mitzi seems gradually to be retiring her last name from circulation. It appears in the programme, but in very small type and between parentheses. But Mitzi is enough name for such a midget of a woman. And by any name she would be considered perfectly adorable by her feminine worshipers who are many in number. Mitzi is a cute little cut-up with a sweet little voice and a certain amount of personality. In "Pom-Pom" she has a part which gives free range to her cut-upishness, makes not too drastic demand upon her vocal talent and establishes easy enough relations with her personality. The plot permits Mitzi to wear a boy's ragged clothes, thus drawing upon that sure source of appeal which Mary Pickford tapped so long in the movies. It is the women in the audience who lead the applause for Mitzi, and that is another way of saying that Mitzi is a great success.

—E. F. O'Day

### The Soul of an Artist

It would be much more agreeable to write an appreciation of Ysaye than to write a criticism of his fiddling. For there is much more to be said of this commanding figure of the concert stage than of his art, which after all is only an expression of himself. Why discuss his technique, which is only a matter of accomplishment, when it is the soul that gives us the magic of sound? The charm of Ysaye's playing was never merely the result of faultless technique; that was but part of the means to an end. The beauty that he lured into the world came from contact of soul and instrument, and its secret was himself. That beauty is enhanced by whatever inspires his hearers with a sense of the emotions that have left their impress on his soul. Now we who heard Ysaye in his prime twenty odd years ago and recognize his inherent depth of musical soul and his notable capacity for purity and charm of actual sound, are more easily touched than ever by the rhythm and melody of the art that springs from the depths of his being. This is because of our imagination which makes us feel for him who has had an intimate personal experience of a world tragedy. We are lucky to have Ysaye with us at this time. He will be heard again at the Columbia on Sunday.

—The Concertgoer.

### "The Flame" Continues at Cort

Richard Walton Tully has written an alluring, thrilling and picturesque drama in his latest play "The Flame," worthy to stand with his other great successes "The Bird of Paradise" and "Omar the Tentmaker." "The Flame" is attracting record audiences to the Cort where it begins its final week on Sunday night, December 16, terminating the engagement the following Sunday, December 23. In this latest success Tully has pictured to us the experiences of the folk who go into Latin America to pioneer their ways to home and fortune. It is not always a pretty picture, but it is an impressive one and wins the hearty interest and enthusiastic praise of all who have seen it. The story deals with facts, facts gathered by

Tully himself, but he is a dramatist first and a propagandist not at all, so his effort has been to make an entertaining play and this he has succeeded in doing. No producer has a bigger or finer conception of the possibilities of lighting and effects than Richard Walton Tully. These have been conspicuous in all his plays and he has outdone all his efforts in the wondrously beautiful settings arranged for "The Flame." The play is interpreted by a company of forty players, and each of them gives a creditable performance.

### Fifth "Pop" Concert and Harold Bauer

In response to many requests, Tschaikowsky's beloved Sixth Symphony "Pathetique" will be given as a feature of the fifth "pop" concert of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz at the Cort on Sunday afternoon, December 16. Hertz' interpretation of this masterpiece of Russian music electrified symphony followers last season and he has been in receipt of many communications this season urging its repetition. The symphony will be given in its four movements. It was of the "Pathetique" that Tschaikowsky wrote: "I love it as I have never loved any one of my musical offsprings before." The violinistic art of Concert-Master Louis Persinger will shine in the obligatos to two short but beautiful numbers, one being the Air from Bach's third orchestral suite, and the other "Traume" (Dreams), a song which Richard Wagner composed as a study for "Tristan and Isolde," and which was orchestrally arranged by Conductor Thomas for his New York symphony orchestra. The charming prelude to Humperdinck's famous fairy opera "Hansel and Gretel" is programmed, as is "Finlandia," a symphonic poem by Sibelius whose "En Saga" made such an impression recently when given by Hertz. Interest is naturally keen in the forthcoming appearances of Harold Bauer, world-celebrated pianist, as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, at the sixth pair of symphonies, to be held on Friday afternoon, December 21, and Sun-

day afternoon, December 23, at the Cort. Bauer will appear in recital on December 28 and December 30 at the Columbia. His fine musicianship, his poetic insight, his wonderful powers of interpretation, combined with flawless technique, serve to place Bauer in the front rank of pianists of the present day. He is famous alike as virtuoso and orchestral player, and his playing of Schumann's Concerto in A minor, with Hertz' instrumentalists, may be looked forward to as a musical feast. The programme for the sixth pair of symphonies will also include Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" and Richard Strauss' glorious tone poem "Don Juan."

### The Next St. Francis Playlets

The St. Francis Little Theatre Club will begin the second half of the present season on Wednesday, December 19, and Friday, December 21, of next week. As usual three one-act plays will be presented by the company of professional players headed by Mr. Arthur Maitland under whose direction the season has been carried out. "The Comet" is a very unusual little play by the author of "The Barbarians." "Pistols for Two" is a delightful playlet originally produced in London by the well known English star Arthur Bouchier. "The Price of Orchids" is a charming comedy by Winifred Hawkrige, one of the Smart Set prize plays. There will be no performances given during Christmas or New Year weeks. The club has been a decided success from the start.

### "Canary Cottage" for Holidays

No more appropriate holiday show could possibly be booked than "Canary Cottage," the smashing Oliver Morosco musical farce which is due at the Cort beginning Monday, December 24, immediately following the engagement of "The Flame." "Canary Cottage" will be seen in its new Gotham dress, exactly as it was given in New York and Chicago following its phenomenal success at the Cort last year, when it held the boards for ten capacity weeks. Despite the elaborateness of the production "Canary" will play at popular prices on its return, just as it did when seen here in its original form. A typical Morosco cast will interpret the favorite musical entertainment, headed by Herbert Corthell, Charles Ruggles, Dorothy Webb, Mae Bronte, Lillian Boardman, Grace Ellsworth, James Dunn, William Naughton, the Ergotti Liliputians and, of course, the famous chorus of canaries.

### "Spareribs" Back at Orpheum

Fanchon and Marco with their Jazz Band will present an attractive act at the Orpheum next week. They are particularly capable and versatile dancers. The Jazz Band numbers five men. Featured among them is Rudy Wiedoeft, said to be the world's premier saxophonist. Fanchon and Marco were the first to introduce jazz into New York and are responsible for one of the greatest amusement sensations ever known in this country. Billie Montgomery (late of Montgomery and Moore) and George Perry (late of Perry and White) have joined forces and the result is one of the most entertaining acts in vaudeville. They sing a little, dance a little, talk a little, play the piano a little and cut up in general. Miss Robbie Gordone will present in character studies and poems, reproductions of old masters and original designs. She is not only an artist but also a



FANNIE USHER  
Next week at the Orpheum



beautiful woman and she makes twelve changes in eight minutes. Harriet Rempel in Tom Barry's comedy "Just Around the Corner," Williams and Wolfus in "Hark Hark Hark," Ralph Dunbar's "Tennessee Ten" and Willie Weston in new character songs will also be included in this fine bill. Claud and Fannie Usher will reappear after a three years' absence and present the greatest of all their successes "Fagan's Decision" which is one of the classics of vaudeville. They are still accompanied by their faithful canine "Spareribs" who is quite a popular actor.

#### Mitzi Continues at Columbia

Henry W. Savage's saucy star Mitzi has once more won San Franciscans. Her former appearances in "The Spring Maid" and "Sari" were notable events, but just now she is at the Columbia in "Pom-Pom," the second week of which begins with the Sunday night performance. Matinees are given Wednesdays and Saturdays. The next Columbia attraction will be the notable success of the Eastern season "Turn to the Right."

#### The Jomelli Concerts

Jeanne Jomelli, prima donna soprano of the Manhattan and Metropolitan opera houses of New York; also the prima donna soprano of the leading opera houses of Europe, who is without a doubt one of the most popular concert singers ever heard in San Francisco, will give concerts in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis Thursday nights, December 20 and 27, at 8:30 sharp. Mme. Jomelli who appears here under the local direction of Frank W. Healy, was born in Amsterdam thirty-eight years ago, of French parents. She received her education, musical and otherwise, in Paris and London.

Due to the fact that so many foreign opera singers and concert singers have been compelled to cancel their American contracts, Mme. Jomelli will be the only one of the great concert singers that will be heard here for some time. The Jomelli concerts will be notable for the excellence of the programmes to be given. In addition to the numbers on the printed programmes there will be several numbers of a lighter order during the singing of which the lights will be turned low and the words flashed upon a screen so that the audience may join Mme. Jomelli in singing the choruses. Here is the programme for December 20: La Marseillaise, De Profundis (MacFayden), To You Dear Heart (Class), A Little Bird (Crist), He Who Moves in the Dew (Cadman), Spirit Flower (Campbell-Tipton), The Cuckoo (Lehman), Chere Nuit (Bachelet), Chanson Indoue (Rimsky-Korsakow), J'ai pleure en reve (Jeanne Jomelli), Les deux Roses (Jomelli translation, Gilberte), Fantoches (Debussy), Nymphes et Sylvains (Bemberg), Louise (by request, Charpentier), Butterfly (by request, Puccini), Tosca (by request, Puccini), The Star Spangled Banner.

#### Harold Bauer's Recitals

Piano recitals by Harold Bauer always take on the importance of the season's most interesting events. Few of the great pianists have the fine gifts of this splendid artist, and few are able to hold the rapt attention of an audience as does Bauer. To the student of the piano a Bauer recital is an integral part of a musical education. He stands for the true interpretation of the masters, and consistently subserves his own individuality in favor of the composer. As an interpreter of Beethoven, Brahms, Schumann or Chopin he stands preëminent, and when he appears at the Columbia on Friday after-

noon, December 28, and again Sunday afternoon, December 30, the programmes will be made up so as to include the super-works of these great masters of piano music. Bauer is playing at his best on this tour. The judgment of those who know is that he is rapidly coming to be considered the most important pianist now on the American concert stage. Year after year he has grown in popularity until now he holds an enviable position before the American music public. The Bauer recitals are to be under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer of the Will L. Greenbaum office.

#### Ysaye in Last Two Concerts

Ysaye, the giant of the violinists, the supreme master of the bow and fiddle, playing today better and greater than at any time in his wonderful career, will be heard for the last time in this city on his present visit, at the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, starting at 2:30 o'clock. Never has the great master been in finer form, and such matured art is a rare exhibit for San Francisco music lovers. Ysaye, always the first of living players on his instrument, has reached an unapproachable standard. Tomorrow he will be assisted by the splendid young pianist Beryl Rubinstein, who has proved a worthy mate to the great Belgian, and by Christiaan Timmer, a violinist of fine accomplishments. With Rubinstein, Ysaye will play the Beethoven Sonata op. 30 No. 2 for violin and piano, and the Saint-Saens violin Concerto No. 3 in B minor. With Timmer as assistant, he will give the famous Bach two violin concerto in D minor. Then the master will offer "Extase" by Ysaye, "Berceuse" by Faure, "Lontain Passe" by Ysaye and the Wieniawski Polonaise in D major. Rubinstein will play Debussy's "Reflets dans l'eau" and Liszt's "St. Francis Walking on the Waves." Truly



A SCENE FROM "THE FLAME"  
Tully's picturesque drama at the Cort Theatre.



HAROLD BAUER

The world-celebrated pianist, who will appear as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, at the Cort Theatre, on December 21 and 23, and in recital at the Columbia Theatre, on December 28 and 30.



a wonderful feast of music. On Monday night the artists appear at the Auditorium Opera House in Oakland, playing the Geminiani suite, the Beethoven "Kreutzer Sonata," the Wieniawski Concerto in D minor No. 2, Ysaye's "Reve d'Enfant," Saint-Saens' "Havanaise" and Vieuxtemps' "Ballade and Polonaise." Rubinstein will play Liszt's "Campanella" and a work by Vincent D'Indy. Tickets for the San Francisco concert are obtainable at Sherman Clay, Kohler and Chase and the Columbia, and for the Oakland concert at Sherman Clay, Oakland.

#### "Over Night" at Alcazar

The production of a famous farce "Over Night" at the Alcazar next Sunday will bring a new actress to the Alcazar forces in the person of Miss Ann O'Day. She is to appear as one of the brides in "Over Night" and her beauty and grace should be found a rare asset. "Over Night" will receive its first production on the Alcazar stage at the matinee on Sunday, and if reports of its fun-making qualities are correct, Alcazar theatregoers are in for a blissful week of gaiety. Philip Bartholomae, the author, has a score of successes to his credit in the field of farce and musical comedy, but none have scored so notably as "Over Night."

#### Winter Garden Mecca for Society

December twenty-first has been selected for the next prize Christmas costume skating and waltzing competitions at the Winter Garden Ice Palace. The smart set have a programme

of winter sports which will be a masterpiece for light-heartedness and amusement. One of the events in which the youngsters will have a chance to show how well they can skate will be the "Necktie Number." In this the girls skate face to face with their partners while tying the scarfs. The fan and balloon event in which skaters have to keep a toy balloon moving toward one end of the ice pond by tossing it with a small fan, never permitting it to touch the ice, is another.

#### Nemesis

He married her because she cooked  
Such steak as heart could wish,  
But now without a protest brooked  
She sternly feeds him fish.  
Ram it down,  
Cram it down,  
Damn it down,  
She feeds him fish!

He spliced with her because she made  
Light biscuits every morn,  
But now as patriotic aid  
She grimly feeds him corn.  
Poke it down,  
Choke it down,  
Stoke it down,  
She feeds him corn!

He wedded her because he sighed  
For grub like other chaps,  
But now he finds his dream denied,  
She feeds him scraps!  
Crush it down,  
Rush it down,  
Squash it down,  
She feeds him scraps!  
—McLandburgh Wilson.

#### Lines

On being given a seat in a crowded San Francisco trolley car

It's a fact, though melancholy,  
In New York  
I have stood up in a trolley  
Like a stork;  
Though the Antis always say  
That's the price we'd have to pay  
For a vote; yet, day by day,  
I have stood up in a car  
Going long and going far  
In New York.  
Well, we'd gladly take the risk, oh,  
I admit—  
But it's not like that in 'Frisco,  
Not a bit—  
Where the women vote already,  
And the cars are so unsteady,  
Every man is so well bred, he  
Rises quickly, hat in hand;  
Couldn't let a lady stand—  
Not a bit.

—Alice Duer Miller.

#### Barter

Life has loveliness to sell—  
All beautiful and splendid things,  
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,  
Climbing fire that sways and sings,  
And children's faces looking up  
Holding wonder like a cup.

Life has loveliness to sell—  
Music like a curve of gold,  
Scent of pine trees in the rain,  
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,  
And for your spirit's still delight,  
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,  
Buy it and never count the cost;  
For one white singing hour of peace  
Count many a year of strife well lost,  
And for a breath of ecstasy  
Give all you have been or could be.

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Sunday Afternoon, Dec. 16, at 2:30 Sharp

#### PROGRAM:

1. Prelude, "Hansel and Gretel"....Humperdinck
2. (a) Air from Suite No. 3.....Bach-Wilhelmj  
(b) "Traume".....Wagner  
(Violin Obligato, Louis Persinger)
3. "Finlandia" (Symphonic poem).....Sibelius
4. Symphony No. 6 (Pathétique)....Tchaikowsky

PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert day; at Cort concert day only.

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—The biggest surprise that Wall Street has experienced for some time was the attitude of the Interstate Commerce Commission in recommending to Congress that the Government improve the financial status of the railroads. The market for rails took a sudden turn for the better and prices were up 3 to 5 points on the day of the announcement. However, after the market had closed for the day there seemed to be a difference of opinion regarding the outcome of the Interstate Commerce Commission's suggestion, and with the short interest run to cover, prices were allowed to drag lower again and the good news was soon forgotten, although prices did not get back to their extreme low level. Secretary McAdoo, in his annual report to Congress, attracted widespread attention because of its intimation that there would be no further additional war taxation for some time to come. Mr. McAdoo believes that business should first be allowed to adjust itself to recently imposed burdens before being called upon to bear fresh ones. Another recommendation made by the Secretary of the Treasury which met with approval was the suggestion that the Government undertake to extend financial assistance to corporations engaged in producing war materials. Some of these concerns have been seriously handicapped by lack of sufficient working capital to finance their huge war contracts, and inability to secure it on fair terms in the open market. No matter which of the alternatives suggested by the Interstate Commerce Commission is adopted by Congress, the outcome should help the railroads. Suspension of the Sherman law along with such a constructive policy as advancing financial assistance to them, would give the railroads a big lift. Government operation during the period of war, with adequate guarantees to security holders, would perhaps prove even more bullish. The railroads are unable to secure by private means the capital assistance they must have. If the Government lends money to those companies which will soon be required to meet large note payments, a great relief will be given to the railroad executives. England guaranteed the dividends of all the railroads of the nation when the Government took them over. Some of the recent buyers of railroad stocks bought them on the assumption that the same thing would be done by the United States Government. However, in the meantime the market has lapsed into dullness and trade is mostly confined to room traders. The outside public are inclined to wait until something definite is known as to what Congress will do.

**Corn**—The corn market was strong early in the week, with prices above the 120 mark for all the futures, but toward the end of the week a

reaction set in that carried prices back to about last week's final figures. There is nothing new in the situation. Receipts are very moderate and the demand holds up well considering the price at which cash corn is selling, as compared with the futures. The shipping situation is so strained that it is almost impossible to get cars for shipment to Chicago, and the Eastern roads have put an embargo on corn going east. The weather too has been against any movement of corn, being mild and damp. Farmers are said to be free sellers for delayed shipment, and waiting for colder weather in which to make deliveries. Toward the end of the week a cold wave set in, which should increase deliveries as well as be of benefit to the grading of the commodity. Export demand from abroad amounts to practically nothing. We believe with any movement of corn from the country, it will be reflected in the price which will give way. At present speculation is very light and it would not take much selling to bring about a good reaction from this level.

**Cotton**—The cotton market again made new high levels early in the week, but on publication of the President's message the market weakened and liquidation carried prices down almost \$5 a bale. Some of the traders construed the President's message to mean that maximum prices for cotton would be fixed. The ginning report, showing 9,700,000 bales ginned up to December 1, was also construed as bearish, and as we usually gin a million bales from December 1 to the end of the crop, it would look as if the crop had been underestimated. However, the liquidation seems to have run its course, and a very sharp reaction took place at the close of the week, based on the advices from the South that the spot market did not follow the futures. Under normal circumstances the decline that has occurred would place the market in a good position, though there may be, under existing circumstances, some hesitancy on the part of buyers awaiting something definite on the subject of price regulation. In view, however, of the severe shortage that prevails in supplies, it would seem doubtful that even in case maximum prices were established, that such prices would be below the high levels attained this season. We believe that cotton can be bought on all breaks, and that ultimately higher prices will prevail.

"Are you good at measurement?" asked John.  
"I am that," said Pat.  
"Then, could you tell me how many shirts I could get out of a yard?"  
"Sure," said Pat, "that depends on whose yard you got into."

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## VARIED TYPES

(Continued from Page 5.)

Ike couldn't coax a word out of him. He didn't even turn to acknowledge Ike's good-bye.

"Ingersoll was too big a man to answer damphool questions," says Ike.

Before the news of the "waste paper basket scandal" reached New York Chamberlain wired Ike to see Collis P. Huntington and ask him what he thought of Estee as a candidate for governor.

"Estee?" said Huntington. "I guess he's all right."

Ike sent those words, adding for Chamberlain's benefit: "That's all I can get out of the old man. He's not a damn fool."

The Examiner published this comment, with an "Elaine" cartoon in which a dead Estee was piloted by a dumb Huntington.

One day Ike got a wire to interview Bishop Potter. The bishop was hard game for reporters. He was not at home when Ike called at the mansion on Central Park. Even after Ike had seen the bishop enter, he was informed by the butler that His Grace was not at home. So Ike wrote Bishop Potter a letter, asking for a reply to certain questions. He enclosed a two-cent stamp and a ten-cent special delivery stamp.

"I knew a bishop couldn't steal twelve cents," says Ike.

Sure enough Bishop Potter replied—by informing Ike that he wished all reporters were on the cannibal islands.

Different from this was his treatment at the hands of Cardinal Gibbons. Ike Allen arrived in Baltimore early one morning, worn out, dirty—he had made the trip from New York in the caboose of the newspaper train. He got a shave and a clean collar, and called at the cardinal's palace. The cardinal was busy ordaining the first negro priest of the United States. When he received Ike after the solemnities, Cardinal Gibbons pleaded fatigue. He was fasting besides—could Mr. Allen call in the afternoon? Ike told the cardinal that he must be in New York that night, and related the story of his ride in the caboose. Whereupon Cardinal Gibbons led the way to his study, and spent the better part of an hour dictating the statement Ike wanted.

"I do this," said Cardinal Gibbons, "for San Francisco, and for you."

I haven't room for all the great and near-great with whom Ike Allen came in contact during that New York period. Ike was the only reporter in the country who got a statement from Cleveland on the morrow of his second election. He interviewed Dr. Parkhurst so often and so easily that he got tired of the doctor and struck him off his list. He failed of an interview with Gertrude Atherton once because he had incautiously told her that Ella Wheeler Wilcox was to be in the same symposium, whereupon Mrs. Atherton indignantly refused to be associated in print with "that peanut writer." McKinley, Richard Croker, George Francis Train, "Gath," William C. Whitney, John McCullough of St. Louis (who invented the interview, as we know it, when he interviewed Lincoln), Cockerill, the great Dana, Robert Bonner, Mark Twain (who was too Rabelaisian to be quoted), Edison, Russell Sage (before the Norcross bomb made him gun-shy),—these and many other sug-

gestive names crop out when Ike waxes reminiscent.

Ike Allen's is a newspaper reputation. To the general public which knows only the star writer with a "by line," Ike Allen is unknown. So if you want to know how Ike stands in the craft, ask a newspaperman. He'll answer you in superlatives that would never get by the copy desk if Ike Allen was on the job. If you happen to ask a cub who doesn't know Ike very well, he'll try to give you the impression that he and Ike are pals. For not to know Ike argues oneself unknown, which is poison to the cub reporter.

There is a question that must be asked when one interviews a newspaperman:

"What would you be if you had your life to live over?"

"A coupon cutter," was Ike's reply.

The only untruthful words I ever heard Ike utter, and I've known him for sixteen years.

## Social Prattle

(Continued from Page 13)

and Mrs. W. S. Thompson and their daughter Miss Marion are spending the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Glen Wilbur gave a dinner dance at the hotel Monday. Mrs. H. D. Bode, wife of Lieutenant Bode, U. S. N., who is stopping at the hotel is spending several days with friends at Napa. Mrs. Bode is a cousin of Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker. Among the prominent Easterners at the hotel are Mrs. G. O. Head and Miss Heald of Orange, N. J. Mrs. Riordan has issued invitations for an elaborate luncheon. The affair will be given in the private dining room. Mr. and Mrs. William B. Hamilton arrived last week from Coronado and will spend the winter at the Cecil.

### At Hotel Oakland

Amongst prominent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland recently are: Mrs. D. G. Hatz, Nelson, B. C.; Lieutenant and Mrs. E. F. Kern, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. L. Gilleland, Portland; E. H. Peabody and wife, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Berand, Salt Lake; B. V. Rowe and wife, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Paventin Vallejo; Mrs. S. Keine and child, Butte, Mont.; W. H. Renwick, Sacramento; Lieutenant and Mrs. R. B. Pearson, San Antonio, Tex.; Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Bracton, Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bierce, Pasadena; Mr. E. Walsh and wife, New York; F. J. Mayherd and wife, San Francisco; Mrs. H. R. Ensign, Seattle; A. J. Stone and wife, Rosalia, Wash.; Mrs. F. G. Andrews, San Francisco; J. B. Gordon and wife, Buffalo, N. Y.; Thomas Crowley, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Wheeler, Gilroy; S. Henderson and wife, Oroville; Mr. and Mrs. A. Goldstone, New York; Mrs. A. V. Sparks, Newman; Mr. and Mrs. E. Thomas, Chicago; A. Houston and wife, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Bauman, Denver; Mrs. A. J. Barth, Los Angeles; Mrs. C. M. Rivers, Los Angeles; B. Fazole and family, Salt Lake; Mrs. S. E. Holladay, Winters; Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Wright, San Francisco; R. R. Rands and wife, San Francisco; and B. Henet and wife, New York.

### Red Star Dog Show

Society will be in evidence at the Red Star dog show at the Civic Auditorium today and tomorrow, given by the Golden Gate Kennel

Club, as a benefit for the work of the Red Star on the European battlefields, caring for wounded horses. This society is doing active work at the present moment in the training camps of France as well as in the United States. There will be a string of dogs owned by prominent men and women of San Francisco, on the benches, and sightseeing trips to the Auditorium by the dog owners and fanciers. The dog show is the second entertainment given by the Red Star as a benefit for the society, within a month. The third affair will be the horse event, December 29, at the San Francisco Riding Academy, afternoon and evening.

### Mrs. Lewis Allen's Book

Maude Rex Allen, wife of Dr. Lewis W. Allen of this city, has just published a book called "Japanese Art Motives." It answers the most obvious questions in regard to the meaning of Japanese art designs or motives, and is described as a study, a history and a guide. The title is "Japanese Art Motives." McClurg and Company are the publishers.

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHAUNCEY M. ST. JOHN, deceased.  
 Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CHAUNCEY M. ST. JOHN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Arthur Joel, Room No. 620 Mills Building, 216 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHAUNCEY M. ST. JOHN, deceased.

ELIZABETH ST. JOHN,  
 Administratrix of the estate of Chauncey M. St. John, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 8, 1917.

ARTHUR JOEL,  
 Attorney for Administratrix,  
 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-8-5

## NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda.—No. 22038; Dept. No. 4. In the Matter of the Estate of JOSEPH A. SHELDON, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT, in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Alameda, made on the 14th day of November, 1917, in the matter of the estate of JOSEPH A. SHELDON, deceased, the undersigned, FLORENCE M. SHELDON, Executrix of the last will and testament of Joseph A. Sheldon, deceased, will sell, at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on or after Monday, the 17th day of December, 1917, all the right, title, interest and estate of said decedent at the time of his death in and to the premises hereinafter described, and also all the right, title and interest in the said premises other than or in addition to that of the decedent at the time of his death which said estate has acquired or may acquire prior to said sale, by operation of law or otherwise. The said premises and real property are described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at the intersection of the Northerly line of Clay Street with the Easterly line of Locust Street, running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Locust Street one hundred and fifteen (115) feet and eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly, seventy-five (75) feet and six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly, one hundred and fifteen (115) feet and eight and one-quarter (8¼) inches to the Northerly line of Clay Street, and thence Westerly along said Northerly line of Clay Street, seventy-five (75) feet and six (6) inches to the point of commencement.

Bids or offers must be in writing and may be left and will be received at the office of J. J. Lermen, attorney for the undersigned, room 504 Balboa Building, San Francisco, California, or may be delivered to the undersigned personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court of said County of Alameda, to which said Superior Court the return of said sale must be made, at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

Terms and conditions of sale: CASH.

Dated: San Francisco, Cal., December 1st, 1917.

FLORENCE M. SHELDON,  
 Executrix of the last will and testament of  
 Joseph A. Sheldon, deceased.

J. J. LERMEIN,  
 Attorney for Executrix,  
 504 Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-1-3

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE SOLD

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 15,392; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of BLANCHE CUDWORTH, an Incompetent.

Maud M. Goodmann and Minnie C. Hollings, guardians of the person and estate of the above named incompetent, having filed their verified petitions for leave to sell certain real property belonging to the above named incompetent, and,

It appearing to this Court by the said verified petition so presented and filed that it is necessary to sell the whole, or some portion of the interest of said estate in the real estate of said above named incompetent, in order to provide sufficient funds for the care, treatment and support of the above named incompetent, and that it is necessary and beneficial to the said incompetent that the said real property, or some portion of the interest of the estate herein, should be sold.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED, that the next of kin of said above named incompetent, and all persons interested in the above mentioned estate be and appear before this Court on the 28th day of December, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of that date, in the court room of the above entitled Court, department number 10 thereof, room 452 of the City Hall, situated on the west side of Polk Street, between Grove and McAllister Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be granted the said guardians to sell the real property of the estate herein, or so much of the said real estate, at private sale, as shall be necessary.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for three (3) successive weeks next preceding said day, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open court this 28th day of November, A. D. 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
 Judge of the Superior Court.  
 COSTELLO & COSTELLO,  
 Attorneys for Guardians,  
 822 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-8-3

## NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a special meeting of said board, duly held on the 20th day of October, 1917, at the office of said corporation, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of the said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation, No. 962 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meets), on Monday, the 31st day of December, 1917, at 3:00 p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000), divided into twenty thousand (20,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each, to Five Hundred Thousand (\$500,000.00) Dollars, divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each.

The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock is Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000.00).

Also to amend the Articles of Incorporation, and to ratify all acts of the stockholders and Board of Directors at its meeting held on the 11th day of October, 1917.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated October 20, 1917.

LOUIS TRAUNG,  
 Secretary of Traung Label and Lithograph Company.

L. W. LOVEY,  
 Attorney for Traung Label and Lithograph Company,  
 1107 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-27-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of W. H. Morrissey, 804 Mechanics Building, 948 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased.

ESTELLE B. EVERETT,  
 Executrix of the estate of Virginia Evans Smith,  
 deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 24, 1917.

W. H. MORRISSEY,  
 Attorney for Executrix,  
 804 Mechanics Bldg., 948 Market St.,  
 San Francisco, Cal. 11-24-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. MANN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY E. MANN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Seth Mann, Esq., Room 1040 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY E. MANN, deceased.

A. H. TURNER,  
 Administrator of the estate of Mary E. Mann,  
 deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 15, 1917.

SETH MANN,  
 Attorney for said Administrator,  
 1040 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,  
 San Francisco, Cal. 12-15-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE W. FOX, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of GEORGE W. FOX, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor, at its office, junction of Grant Avenue and Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE W. FOX, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,  
 Executor of the last will and testament of  
 George W. Fox, deceased.  
 By H. G. LARSH, Secretary.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 15, 1917.  
 HELLER, POWERS & EHRLMAN,  
 Attorneys for Executor. 12-15-5

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROBERT BLISCH, Deceased—No. 23,557, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, Administrator of the estate of ROBERT BLISCH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROBERT BLISCH, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,  
 Administrator of the Estate of Robert Blisch, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 1, 1917.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,  
 Attorneys for Administrator,  
 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-1-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES NUGENT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, Administrator of the estate of JAMES NUGENT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES NUGENT, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,  
 Administrator of the state of James Nugent,  
 deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 1, 1917.

CULLINAN & HICKEY,  
 Attorneys for Administrator,  
 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-1-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of DORA NEUSTADTER, deceased.—No. 23503, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of DORA NEUSTADTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorneys, Rothchild, Golden & Rothchild, Room 1051 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DORA NEUSTADTER, deceased.

DAVID NEUSTADTER,  
 LOUIS W. NEUSTADTER,  
 CLARENCE R. WALTER,  
 Executors of the last will and testament of  
 Dora Neustadter, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 24, 1917.  
 ROTHCHILD, GOLDEN & ROTHCHILD,  
 Attorneys for Executors,  
 1051 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-24-5

## NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF CORPORATION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 85508. In the Matter of the Application for Dissolution of AMAUROT OIL COMPANY, a Corporation.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the AMAUROT OIL COMPANY, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of California, has filed in this Court an application for an order dissolving said corporation, and that Monday, the 17th day of December, 1917, at ten o'clock a. m., has been fixed by the Court as the time, and the Courtroom of Department 10 of the Superior Court, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, as the place, at which said application will be heard.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 7th day of November, 1917.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.  
 By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

W. F. WILLIAMSON,  
 Attorney at Law,  
 Merchants National Bank Bldg.,  
 San Francisco, Cal. 11-10-6



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ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXXI. No. 1322

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, DECEMBER 22, 1917

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## *IN THIS ISSUE:*

Christmas Day Reflections

Mary Austin's Recantation

The Triumph of Patriotism

Why Germans Want Peace

Jack Tait, Ben Lomond Farmer

Tiv Kreling on National Politics

"The Sower of Tares", a Naval Sketch

Supreme Court Justices and the Governor

Chef Victor's Meatless Tuesday Recipes

"After the War", a Story by Maurice Level

"The Immutable", a Sonnet by George Sterling

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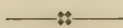
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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXI

San Francisco-Oakland, December 22, 1917

No. 1322

Published Weekly by  
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor  
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; three months, \$1.50; single copies, 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions (countries in Postal Union), \$6.00 per year. For sale by all newsdealers.

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The trade supplied by San Francisco News Co.  
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Address all communications to Town Talk, 88 First street, San Francisco. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to Town Talk.

We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## Christmas Day Reflections

Another Christmas finds us in the midst of war after more than three years of death and sorrow, agony and distress on every continent of this planet. A period immeasurable this if gauged only by the heart-pangs war has caused, but to be viewed nevertheless with mixed emotions by all who have it in their power to be mindful of the weights in the scales,—barbarism and slavery on one side, freedom and civilization on the other. For after all, the civilization that was born on Christmas Day must regard the war from the higher standpoint, from the spiritual rather than the material. True, many departures have been made of late from the Christian tradition, the consequence being that many invertebrates of the species have confused us with the ideals of a cult of cowardice that would rather fulminate against the passions and instincts of old Adam than heed the stern demands of the hour. But though great our sufferings the opportunity of triumphs over self are greater, and if we regard the war from the higher level of self-sacrifice we may find solace in certain reflections. We may reflect that the religion of the civilization for which we are fighting is a creed neither for cravens nor for those effeminate sentimentalists who make war by statute and the policeman's club on the ancient Christian habits of festivity. Contrary to the philosophy of Pacifists ours is a great military religion. Over and over again it has met and defeated in battle its only rival in the propagation of the military virtues—the great fighting religion of Islam—and repeatedly from the battle of Tours to the twentieth century conquest of Jerusalem Christianity has proved its military supremacy over the civilizations moulded by other religions. If this supremacy has again been threatened the threat has come not from a rival civilization but from one that has

made use of the sciences developed by Christianity to make war on the Christian idea. How absurd then, one reflects, to argue the failure of Christianity by postulating of it the Tolstoyan proposition that it was founded on the principle of submission to evil! As well accept any of the mad heresies of the past. We are making war today on the heretics of Prussia whose prophets—Nietzsche and the others—we might as well reasonably pronounce infallible as the unbalanced Russian novelist who accepted and elaborated the teachings of Henry George. The Prussian heretics are today undermining Christian civilization not merely with the weapons of war but paradoxically with a materialism that is expressed here and there by Pacifists whose creed is based upon the unspiritual conception that there is nothing worse in this world than physical pain and death. Twist the teachings of Christ as you may, accept all the perversions to which they are susceptible, there will nevertheless remain certain virtues not to be gainsaid, among them the virtues of resentment and punishment of wrongdoing lest it be permitted to spread through the world. Submission to evil is something more than human, something different from acquiescence in evil done to others; it is the magnanimity that was enunciated on the cross. God was made man on Christmas Day not to teach us to yield to the things that lead men to damnation, nor yet merely to save our bodies. And if He submitted to evil it was not that evil might come to others.

\* \* \*

## The Crisis at Ypres

Judging from what the newspapers and the non-military experts tell us, this is a war of "critical days." The big crises are occurring every little while to shock our nerves and make big headlines. They have been induced by submarines and by German drives at Verdun, in Rumania, in Russia, in Italy and on many points of the West front. These crises are all our own; of those that cause Germany to hold her breath while tightening her belt we know nothing. In truth there have been no crises comparable with those that occurred after the first invasion. The first big crisis ended at the Battle of the Marne when the Kaiser had to postpone his Christmas dinner in Paris; the second passed off just before the holiday season of 1914 at the First Battle of Ypres which, as drama, was so inferior to the big event that nowadays it is seldom mentioned

though it is destined to receive annual ceremonial recognition for many years. The First Battle of Ypres was one of the "decisive battles" of the world. In that battle about a hundred thousand British soldiers were opposed by an enormously superior German army bent on reaching Calais, capturing the Channel ports, and occupying the whole of Northern France. Between Lille and the sea the Germans had massed about three quarters of a million men. If they could not get through then, what chance have they now? In the critical hours of the battle, the First British Division holding the Menin-Ypres road and Gheluvelt were hurled backwards by a tremendous attack. The position was thought to be lost. No military commander could have reasonably counted upon rallying the division. General French had made up his mind to retire, but the miraculous happened. Brigadier-General Charles FitzClarence decided to attempt the capture of Gheluvelt. The South Wales Borderers were still holding on and they were ordered to charge on open ground a distance of about five hundred yards. Never perhaps was the rifle fire of troops advancing under a rain of shrapnel so accurate and so well controlled. The 2nd Worcesters moving in open order drove the Germans back, Gheluvelt was retaken and the position saved. When the 2nd Worcesters were withdrawn to rest Lord French felt that he must express to them his thanks, but when he saw the shattered and exhausted fragments of the battalion his emotion was so deep that he could not trust himself to speak. He deputed a subordinate to convey to the soldiers a speech he had prepared, but this officer also had been rendered inarticulate by emotion. Only by silence and the language of looks was the message conveyed.

\* \* \*

## Professional Life Savers

Chided and swatted by an Oakland doctor for carelessly indulging in loose thinking about members of the medical profession who have made mistakes in rejecting men drafted for military service, we feel that the rebuke was deserved. Also we feel that we should be grateful for the words of reproof; for loose thinking is a bad habit that cannot be too speedily abated. Now for a good word about doctors, of whom we have been once more reminded; this time by a report of progress in plastic surgery as applied in Cambridge Hospital, England. "In each instance," says the report, "the state of a patient's



face upon admission is compared (by means of plaster casts, colored drawings and photographs) with the picture it presented when discharged from hospital; and it is of interest to note that the surgeons' aims are the restoration of the features by means of sound surgical procedure, and only in very extreme cases is resort made to the employment of artificial features." We are further told that the science of facial plastic surgery implies the building up of the features and restoration of contour from the patients' own tissues. Portions of skin, bone and cartilage are today transferred and manipulated in a manner which a few months ago was regarded as an impossibility. All of which is nothing much when we reflect on some of the past performances of physicians and surgeons; yet it would call for the gratitude of the world though it had no other effect than that of assuaging or mitigating the sorrow of the relatives of the maimed in this war. But whatever the measure of this particular achievement, instead of criticising doctors who err, being human, we should be better occupied in considering to what extent their profession points the unevenness with which the rewards and gratitude of this world are distributed. The world loves to bestow honor and emolument upon the destroyers of life but is ever indifferent to those who save life. Today we are hearing much of the glories of the private and the line officer; hardly anything of the heroic deeds of the field surgeon. Are we sincere in our denunciation of war lords? If so is it not about time to revise our school histories, quit teaching children to revere Alexander the Great and begin telling them more about Hippocrates? Not many of them ever heard of the discoverer of the healing power of nature who saved millions of

lives through twenty odd centuries. We may hate war, for it pinches, but though we erect many statues to our Grants and other martial heroes we forget such men as Jenner, who delivered the world from some of its greatest scourges, and as to Pasteur, he has never appealed to the popular imagination like Napoleon. Even here in this non-military Republic we commemorate in song and story the achievements of our battle winners, after marring the landscape with effigies of them in bronze and marble, but the father of anaesthesia, Dr. William Thomas Green Morton, who saved millions from suffering and death, is honored only by a modest shaft erected over his grave by his colleagues; and it was reserved for the colleagues of the beloved Marion Sims to honor his memory with a statue. Thus while occasionally we see that the deeds of the profession receive recognition it is chiefly from the profession itself. Doctors are too modest. Even now when they are performing deeds of heroism on the battle-fields, deeds more daring than those of the bravest fighters, how infrequently are stories written of the services they are rendering!

\* \* \*

#### Why Germans Want Peace

We are told that the Germans are no longer eager for peace, but the Emperor of Austria is quoted to the effect that he will be supremely happy when the war is ended. The Austrian ruler is more candid than the Kaiser, who, notwithstanding his recent successes, is not indifferent to the effect of the war on German commerce and the impoverishment of German industries and German blood. All the belligerents are suffering from exhaustion, but the outlook from the German standpoint is much worse than from the stand-

point of any other people. Of this there is no question. German financiers and German captains of industry know the truth. They are not to be deceived by reminders of German capacity. Great is the industry of the German to be sure, and his enemies of France and Belgium will be under a big handicap before their countries are restored, but when the war is ended Germany will face a more or less hostile world made familiar with German commercial methods and not easily to be hoodwinked again. Meanwhile the most dreaded of all German competitors—Great Britain—is not faring so badly as Germany in a pecuniary or commercial sense, and of this the Kaiser and his associates are well aware, as we learn from the debates of the Reichstag. So with all her successes Germany of late has made five proposals for treating Alsace-Lorraine on some plan alternative to the *status quo*. The old German trick of a separate offer of peace has been properly rebuffed; and after all Alsace-Lorraine remains in the second category of the questions which vitally interest the belligerents. England's vital question is Belgium. France's vital question is the clearance of French soil and reparation for the havoc of the invasion. This is the topic of which French people talk, but Alsace-Lorraine ranks high among the problems of which they think; and the longer the war continues the deeper becomes their interest in that other topic—the League of Nations, which is to be founded upon the faith of all the peoples involved and from which Germany will be excluded until control of the Government by the people becomes a fact. Thus we see there are considerations that appeal to the Kaiser and render him more or less eager for peace notwithstanding his recent successes.

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## The Lady Godiva

By Walter De La Mare

The Lady Godiva, all tender and fair,  
On shoulders and bosom her loose gold hair,  
With none but small birds flitting winsome to see,  
Rode bare in her beauty through Coventry.

White was the palfrey Godiva did sit,  
Shrill rang his bridle-rein, clear clankt his bit;  
Youthful her cheek, and 'twas lovesomely bent  
On the streets of the township all shuttered and shent.

Strange was that solitude. Strange 'twas to be  
The only soul stirring in hushed Coventry.  
And she blushed—and laughed out—when she chanced for to spy  
Through the chink of a shutter poor Tom's peeping eye.

A child in his manners, how could he forbear  
To watch utter loveliness taking the air?  
Alas!—but so marvelous bright she did shine  
There was naught left but dream in the dark of his eyne.

'Twas a secret between them; and false 'twere to say  
That Tom was a sorrowful man from that day.  
For pity brimmed deep in Godiva's clear mind,  
And of folk to be pitied there's none like the blind.



## Varied Types

361—VICTOR HIRTZLER

By Edward F. O'Day

O for the light touch of a patissier giving to airy nothing the local habitation of a soufflé that I might with fitting deftness, with congruous delicacy celebrate the varied talents of Victor.

Like Pluto he is monarch of the nether regions. In the subterranean hierarchy of the kitchen he is supreme pontiff.

Hail to thee, Victor! Chef of the St. Francis, thrice hail!

Agès since a loin was knighted by a king. Thou, Victor, art overlord of all the world of edibles, and it is therefore fitting that we proclaim thee Emperor of the Groaning Board. Humbly, with the reverence of a devotee, I crown thy noble brow with a savory wreath of thine own Celery Victor.

Let me be calm. Victor is of our common clay. He was made by the universal recipe. And yet I like to think that at his entree Lucullus cast a longing glance from the distant side of Styx, and Brillat-Savarin breathed a benediction from the Elysian Fields.

Victor was born in Strasbourg. I give the noble old city its French spelling, for Victor is Gallic to the core. Could Victor have his fierce Alsatian way the Kaiser would be served as mincemeat with French dressing.

What matter where he served his apprenticeship? He is with us today, and that suffices the gourmet and the gastronome.

Victor is with us today, serving war menus for those who Hooverize but do not economize. "Just now there are no course dinners," says Victor.

I know he is glad of the change.

"Americans eat too much," he says. "Let us eat less and feel better. Let us leave the table feeling that we could eat a little more. Load your stomach to the limit, and some day you'll have dyspepsia."

Meatless Tuesday is the day of all the week that Victor loves. It is the field day for his ingenuity. It is the day dedicated to Victor's Surprise Steak.

You do not know Surprise Steak? Harken: One-half Belgian hare without its bones and sinews. One-quarter chicken meat. One-quarter chicken fat. A small onion chopped fine and smothered in chicken fat. Salt and pepper

for seasoning. Chopped parsley. Mold it all to the form of a sirloin steak. Cook it like sirloin steak, not too well done but cooked through.

There is your Surprise Steak.

"Se fond de la bouche," says Victor.

For this same Meatless Tuesday there is also Smelts Papa Joffre. Listen to this Hirtzler conception, this Victorian poem:

Bone the smelts and fill them with pate de fois gras. Cook in French sauterne mixed with a little water. Take two yolks of eggs mixed with a spoonful of cream. Stir in the fish broth and pour over the smelts.

"It is scarcely a dish for the poor," says Victor.

There is also Victor's Civet (or jugged hare, as an English cook would say, if there are any English cooks), with Alsatian noodles. Victor makes the noodles of his beloved Lost Province as follows:

One pound of flour. Five eggs. Pony of kirsch. A very little salt. Roll out thin and cut in very thin strips. Boil in salted water. Drain off water. You have kept out a small handful of raw noodles. These you put in the pan with three ounces of sweet butter. Let them fry slowly till they are a golden yellow, and crisp; the butter will then have the color of hazel nut. Pour over the noodles.

Or if you prefer, there is on this Meatless Tuesday Victor's Artichoke Barigoule:

Trim the artichokes as usual and boil in salt water, adding a teaspoonful of olive oil. (This gives shine and color to the artichokes, says Victor.) When nearly boiled, take out the inside of the artichokes without disturbing the leaves, and fill with the following stuffing: Six shallots chopped very fine and smothered in a teaspoonful of olive oil and a tablespoonful of sweet butter—let the shallots get hot but not colored, else their flavor will be destroyed. Add half a pound of very fine chopped mushrooms. Let it simmer covered up for half an hour. Add salt and pepper and chopped parsley. To thicken add three yolks of eggs, stirring it very fast and not letting it boil. (It will be of the consistency of thick mush, avers Victor.) Fill into the artichokes. Tie the artichokes with string and place them in a deep pan, buttered. Add half a glass of white wine. Cover up and let them simmer in the oven till the wine is gone. Remove the strings. Serve on a napkin garnished with parsley in branches. Serve tomato sauce separately.

"Artichoke Barigoule is a meal by itself," says Victor.

There are also Hearts of Palm which come canned from Martinique. These may be served many ways. As for instance, as a salad with mustard sauce. Here is Victor's mustard sauce:

Half teaspoonful of English mustard. One teaspoonful of French mustard. Pinch of Cayenne pepper. Cupful of mayonnaise.

Or with Victor dressing. And that you may know what this is, read the recipe for the famous Celery Victor:

Thoroughly wash six large stalks of celery. Make a stock with one soup hen, or chicken bones, and five pounds of veal bones, in the usual manner with carrots, onions, bay leaves, parsley, salt and pepper. Place celery in vessel, strain broth over same, boil until soft and then allow to cool off in the same broth. When cold press the broth out of the celery gently with the hand, and place on plate. Season with salt,

fresh-ground black pepper, cerfeuil (chervil) and one-quarter white wine vinegar with tarragon (tarragon vinegar) to three-quarters best olive oil.

"But please," I entreated, "give me something for those who know that there is a high cost of living."

"Ah," said Victor, "there is the Panade."

Here's the Panade:

Two quarts of water. Four sliced rolls. One-quarter of a pound of butter. A pinch of salt. Put in an earthen pot and boil slowly for two hours. Before serving, thicken with three yolks of eggs and one-half pint of thick cream.

"The Panade," said Victor, "is an old Alsatian soup, and it is delicious in wartime or any time."

Before the terrible days of siege when dogs and rats figured on the menu, the Paris of 1870 had its great chefs, its Dubois, its Bernard, its Feipell, its Krantz. Doubtless it has its great chefs of today, only they are serving in the army. San Francisco is more fortunate in wartime. We retain our Victor. We shall keep him, I am sure, as long as we have James Woods, for the two men have a profound admiration for each other, and a profound affection.

The busy dinner hour was upon him when I left Victor ruling his subterranean domain with a lead pencil and a smile.

In the cupboard just back of his head rested his favorite works of literature: the Dictionnaire Culinaire of Alexandre Dumas pere, the Physiologie du Gout of Brillat-Savarin and the works of the great Carene.

P. S.: This is the first interview with a chef in which the lines of stanza XIX, canto two, part one of "Lucille" have not been quoted.

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## Perspective Impressions

The sugar situation doesn't put a sweet taste in the mouth.

Are supervisors elected to play politics, or to do our business?

"The only difference between news and history is time," says the Rev. Byron Stauffer. Showing his poor opinion of history.

Somehow or other, a silk stocking doesn't look right when hung up on Christmas Eve.

Why has nobody ever explained why Josephus Daniels isn't plain Joseph?

Slowly but surely Lenine is delivering the goods to his German master.

As one of Farmer Bill Bryan's best bets was government ownership he now feels like a prophet. Farmer Bill guessed almost everything right except 16 to 1 and Armageddon.

The British under Allenby have reached the Jordan, so there's one more river to cross.

The Germans are trading iron for Dutch cheese: Query: Iron crosses?

Some doctors say we don't need sugar. And some people say we don't need doctors.

Many people are doing their bit, and some are studying psychoanalysis.

The Bolsheviks are putting their trust in Teutonica fides.

"U. S. heavy gun can't use Allied heavy shells."—Morning paper. In other words, somebody is still keeping us out of war

Red tape is said to be the cause of a lack of wood for airships. But that's nothing. Under the direction of a Denman we shall soon plant trees for a whole forest.

Goethals comes back, but thank God, not Denman.

A "porkless Saturday" is said to be the next on the list of special days to come. But Congress will not go hungry.

Orlovsky is the Bolshevik who is negotiating peace for Russia. We were going to say something—but these Russian jokes are too easy.

We don't expect many Christmas presents this year. Our friends are paying for Liberty bonds, Red Cross memberships, etc., etc. Which is as it should be.

It was kind of President Wilson to certify that he didn't kick Bryan out on account of the Dumba incident. But why not tell us how many damphool things had to occur before Woodrow could get onto himself and his Secretary. Thus we might get a line on the Daniels tenure.

## After The War

By Maurice Level

Although he was a colonel, a Prussian baron, a veteran officer of the Guard and the possessor of a castle on the banks of the Rhine, at which His Majesty the Kaiser had once stopped for a few hours, in other respects this Boche had a spirit rather generous for a Boche.

Having served two years at Paris as an embassy attaché, he recalled that sojourn with infinite graciousness, and never advertised more than was necessary the fact that he had spent two other years in the same city as an employe in a little restaurant near the Champ-de-Mars, frequented by the orderlies of the officers of the Ecole de Guerre. In this capacity he had acquired a real respect for the French soldier—for his discretion and the affectionate attachment which he bears his chiefs.

Certainly, war seemed to him a legitimate thing. But he practiced it, to use his own expression, "in a chivalrous manner."

In the house which he occupied he would have felt himself at fault if he had not left his card once a month on his involuntary hostesses, if he had not sent them invitations, with a programme, for the military musicals, and, on Sedan Day, a card for the review. At that, he was astonished that these ladies were not more appreciative of such delicate attentions.

In the line of service he showed himself strict (as was proper), but not brutal. He went so far as to speak to the under-officers as if they were almost human beings, and, in the evenings, on the Mall, to converse with lieutenants who were neither noble nor long connected with the army (the war had so decimated the ranks of the others!). He even struck up a friendship, so to speak, with one of these, an attractive fellow, obsequious, correct, well educated, too, for an ordinary plebeian. With him the colonel talked freely and confidentially.

"When we shall have won the war I should like to live in Paris again. It is a very agreeable city. The Bois de Boulogne is exquisite at

all seasons of the year; the theatres show excellent taste, and the women are charming."

"I was highly delighted with the visit I made there in July, 1914," answered the lieutenant. "One can do business easily, the people are hospitable, and, if one wishes to live the sort of life there that he lives at home, our compatriots are so numerous that, in the evenings, we can gather together just like a family. I speak of conditions before the war, of course."

"Before the war! Before the war!" repeated the colonel a little abstractedly. "I fear that after the war all that will be considerably changed. I read the Paris newspapers, and am pained to see what a hostile feeling there is against us. The devil! War is war. We did not wish to make war, did we? We were forced to make it."

"Our superiority in all branches of human activity is such that no people can resist us. That is a fact. Why don't the French admit it? Since we are the most cultured nation on earth—the chosen people, you might say—why don't they let themselves be guided by us? We should realize great things together. But there the old Latin obstinacy comes in. How regrettable it is on their part! For—I tell you this between ourselves—I am very fond of the French."

"So am I, colonel."

Thus exchanging ideas they regained the town, where in the twilight the demolished houses stood out jagged against the sky, since the horizon was lighted everywhere with conflagrations. The colonel sighed.

"Look at that. Don't you believe that it cuts a sensitive German to the heart to see such a spectacle? There is the farm with the big mill on it—a fine farm, a perfect milling establishment, a magnificent investment. But it will all be in ashes tomorrow. Whose fault will that be?"

"It is war," the lieutenant suggested urbanely.

"Indispensable destruction, which the superior

interest of our armies amply justifies. That is another thing which the French fail to understand."

"Yet it is all very simple."

The colonel threw away his cigar, which had gone out, stopped and lifted his finger.

"Under all circumstances, lieutenant, remember this," he said. "It may be that for strategic reasons we shall abandon this country. Let us root up the roads, destroy the bridges, turn the streams out of their courses, fell the trees and throw them across the highways—let us do everything, in a word, which the security of our armies requires. But let us commit no depredations on the inhabitants. For myself, I intend to set an example. In the house in which I live I shall see to it that nobody touches anything. In proportion as you have found me paternal and considerate, you will find me, if my orders are not scrupulously obeyed, a man of iron."

The event which the colonel foresaw arrived. His regiment retreated. In conformity with instructions, not a tree was left standing, nor a bridge on its arches, nor a stream in its bed. The work was accomplished methodically; explosions succeeded one another at regular intervals. The house which the colonel lived in alone remained intact, with its old balconies of wrought iron, its garden of flowers, its windows hung with curtains.

(Continued on Page 22)

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# The Sower of Tares

By Centurion

"Eight points starboard!" called the lieutenant from the bridge.

"Eight points starboard, sir," chanted the skipper in antiphon from the wheelhouse as he glanced at the compass overhead.

As our drifter changed her course, making a right turn, a pennant fluttered up the flag-staff at a signalling station on our port bow, paused interrogatively at the truck, descended, and then ran up to the truck again. It was the "Pass friend, all's well" of those that go down to the sea in ships. The exchange of salutations was repeated at the guardship as we cleared the harbor-mouth and stood out to sea. The sun glinted on the brass work of the six-pounder in our bows, the sea was smooth, and the telegraph was set at full speed ahead. Our mizzen sail was furled and our masts bare, save for the spidery web of our "wireless;" nothing was to be heard except the faint throb of the triple expansion reciprocating engines in the bowels of the ship. Our craft had an ingenious air, and but for one or two unobtrusive things might have been merely putting to sea for a quiet trawl among the herrings as she did in the old days before my Lords of the Admiralty requisitioned her and made her stout, smooth-faced skipper with the puckered eyes a warrant officer in the R. N. V. R. The flaws in the illusion were the presence of the six-pounder forward, certain extremely lethal cases under the bulwarks aft, a wireless operator secreted in his dark room down below, and the fact that all wore life belts. And in the wheelhouse was a small armory of rifles.

Still, it seemed extremely like a pleasure trip, and I settled myself down on the bridge behind the "dodger" with a leisurely conviction that I had chosen the quietest way I could of spending a few days leave. The crew moved softly about the deck stowing away gear; one of them peeled potatoes into a bucket outside the galley, and my friend the lieutenant went below to the charthouse to read some cryptic naval messages and glance at the Admiralty "monthly orders." The Admiralty can give points to the War Office in the matter of periodical literature; you would never look for a plot in an Army Council Instruction, but in the Admiralty Orders every order "tells a story." But if you ask a naval patrol man on shore leave, he will answer you like the needy knife grinder: "Story? God bless you, sir, I've none to tell." The Admiralty does not love storytellers. This is not a story. "Something ahead on the port bow, sir," shouted the lookout man forward.

The lieutenant, whose faculty of hearing, like his faculty of vision, seems to be abnormally developed, came rushing out of the charthouse, scaled the bridge ladder like a cat, and in two seconds was by my side. He pulled a pair of binoculars out of a pocket in the "dodger" and looked through them for a moment. Then he ran to the telegraph and put her at "slow." At the same moment one of the crew, without waiting for orders, handed him a rifle from the wheelhouse. No one spoke a word.

About a quarter of a mile ahead, a point or two off our course, I saw a dark round object bobbing up and down like a cork.

The lieutenant got a "bead" on it, and I watched him intently. The next moment he lowered his rifle and laughed.

"It's only a ship's tub," he said. "Like to

have a shot at her?" he added as he pumped two cartridges at the vagabond. One shot fell just short, the other just over. I saw the skipper's eye on me as the lieutenant handed me the rifle, and feeling the reputation of the junior service was at stake I did not welcome the invitation. But luck was with me.

"A bull's eye," said the lieutenant approvingly. My reputation was saved.

"It might have been a floating mine," the lieutenant explained. "One never knows."

"So that's why we're wearing these beastly cork jackets," I said to myself. I began to understand the Admiralty instruction, that you must never stop to pick up anything. For, in these days, things are not what they seem, and a tub, a life buoy, a sleeper, an upturned boat, all the ingenious flotsam and jetsam of the sea may be—and often are—merely a trap for the unwary. The Admiralty does not encourage souvenir hunting. We only collect two things—mines and submarines.

We were out on an uncharted sea. So long as we had kept in the channel swept by the mine sweepers in the gray dawn our charts were useful, once outside it those charts were about as helpful to us as one of Taride's maps would be to a divisional staff at the front. Trenches, saps, dumps, listening posts, "strong points," have altered the geography of the front; floating and anchored mines have confused the hydrography of the channel. The soundings on our charts were more delusive than the roads and water courses on a French ordnance map of the Somme. But at the front the R. E. can, and do, make new maps for old, whereas we had to grope in the dark making the best use we could of our senses. The earth is solid, stable and open to aerial reconnaissance and survey; the sea is forever shifting and inscrutable. We had our secret staff map of the sea, and very useful it is for wireless work, but it tells us nothing of the tares sown in the deep, and the soundings on our charts reveal to us none of the shoal water of the mine fields. Once we leave the fair-way kept clear for the merchantmen, and make for our line of traffic patrols on point duty, we are like a reconnoitring party that goes "over the top" at night. We are out on the No Man's Land of the sea.

We were leaving the fair-way now. We had altered our course a few points to the south, steaming in "line ahead" formation, a motor launch following us, then another drifter, each keeping a distance of about half a mile apart. If we sighted a periscope to port or starboard we could suddenly put the helm over and bear down on it. Steering thus in a bad light, our drifter had once rammed the mast truck of a sunken ship in mistake for a periscope and scraped her bottom badly, for she never misses a sporting chance. But our distance was also a defense formation. One does not march in column of fours when the enemy batteries have got the range. And when you are cruising over No Man's Land of the sea you must proceed on the assumption that at any moment you will strike a mine, in which case it is just as well that Number One should go to the bottom on her own. We were Number One.

But the naval patrol takes these things as a matter of course. Down in the bowels of the ship in the crew's quarters, reached by a perpendicular iron ladder opening at a hatchway

about the size of a pin cushion, two members of the crew slept like dormice in a blissful "fug." Next door, the wireless operator with the receiver to his ear, was immured in his sound-proof box, calling spirits from over the vasty deep. Below the engine room hatch the engineer, with his eye on his pressure gauges, was dreamily making apple dumplings out of cotton waste. If we scraped a mine they would all be drowned like rats in a hole—a mine always gets you amidstships. The skipper would probably go through the roof of the wheelhouse, and the lieutenant beside me on the bridge would execute a series of graceful gambols in the air like a "flying pig" from a trench mortar. This had happened to one of the drifters in that patrol a week before; they picked up one man, who will never go to sea again, and the others are all "gone West."

"They were good men—some of the best," said the lieutenant.

As I looked at the cloudless horizon and the smooth sea sparkling in the sun I reflected on the treachery of the illusion, and it occurred to me that of all the risks of active service, those endured by the "auxiliaries" of the naval patrol were the most unpleasant. Personally I prefer the trenches. But the lieutenant would have none of it. He said—and obviously thought—that his was a "cushy" place in comparison. I had heard a submarine commander to the same effect. Also my pilot in a Maurice Farman. It's a curious fact that every arm of both services thinks the other arms take all the risks. Which is as it should be.

The lieutenant was an imperturbably cheerful person. A perpetual smile dimpled the corners of his mouth and completed the illusion of precocious boyhood produced by his diminutive stature, his frank ingenuous countenance, laughing blue eyes and kittenish agility. His face was tanned to the color of newly-dressed leather, but when he removed his cap the tan was seen to terminate suddenly in a sharp horizontal line on his forehead, above which the infantile pink and white of his brow presented a contrast so startling as to suggest that he wore the false scalp of a low comedian. But the palms of his hands were as hard as a cobbler's, and his muscles like tempered steel. There were many deficiencies in his kit, and, seeing me glance at the toes of his feet which peeped out of his sea boots, he gravely explained that as the water came in at the top, the holes at the toe were useful to let it out at the bottom! He was the only commissioned officer on board, and his repertoire was extensive—he was commander, gunnery lieutenant, signalling officer, and half a dozen other things besides, and he carried in his head all the secrets, which are many and complicated, of the Admiralty codes and instructions. I suppose he sometimes slept (though I never once saw him asleep) for he

(Continued on Page 24)

FOR MEN

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## The Immutable

By George Sterling

O Man! thy music changes with the years,  
And what today has heard tomorrow finds  
A stillness as the stillness of dead winds,—  
A silence like the Answer to thy tears.  
Thy voices pass, and those the present hears  
Are echoes echoing to future minds.  
Babel is dust, yet speech of many kinds  
Is like a stranger's in a stranger's ears.

But Earth's intrinsic voices alter not,  
Free from the variance of her children's lot:  
The winds of all her oceans and her lands  
Through deathless trumpets cry their masterdom,  
And men shall hear in all the years to come  
The unchanging sea upon the changing sands.

## The Spectator

### The Triumph of Patriotism

The overwhelming defeat of Charles Sweigert's ambitions last Tuesday was in a sense a certificate of character for San Francisco. Ever since the Preparedness Day parade the community has been under a cloud; in some quarters the city was regarded as utterly demoralized, and this view was strengthened by the progress of events boldly directed by anarchists all over the country to break down the machinery of government. So powerful was the conspiracy to destroy confidence in the officers of the law, so ingenious the well-financed cabal engaged in furthering the conspiracy that it seemed to many intelligent persons that anarchy was about to triumph in a great American city. Now we see there are not so many undesirable citizens in San Francisco as some folk believed. This city is not the stronghold of the I. W. W. Perhaps the worst thing to be said against it is that it supports preachers of the type of the Rev. Paul Smith and tolerates an evangelical pulpit so lost to decency as to campaign for the election of a man backed by the united anarchists of the United States.

### Snubbed by the Governor

When the Supreme Court was in Sacramento recently, Justices Shaw and Sloss went to the executive offices to pay their respects to Governor Stephens. On announcing the purpose of their visit they were informed that the Governor was busy, but would see them shortly. So they sat down in the ante-room and waited. After they had waited for some time a stenographer with a note book in her hand emerged from the private office, thus indicating that the Governor had been busy dictating letters. Doubtless Justices Shaw and Sloss thought that business of that sort might have been interrupted for a visit of courtesy from two members of a coordinate branch of State government, for they immediately withdrew.

### Henshaw's Successor

The appointment of Judge Curtis Wilbur of the Superior Court of Los Angeles to succeed Frederick W. Henshaw on the Supreme bench is generally taken as an indication that E. T. Earl still maintains his influence upon the mind

of Governor Stephens. Justice Wilbur, I am told, used to contribute editorials of a pious sort to the Earl papers in Los Angeles. There is no criticism of the appointment so far as I have heard, for Wilbur is regarded as an excellent judge. But its political bearing, naturally, could not escape discussion. While Earl appears to be strong with the Governor he is not as strong in the politics of the southland as he would like to be. Only the other day he lost his libel suit against the Los Angeles Record; a defeat of that sort doesn't do a would-be political mentor any good.

### Kreling and the Clockwinder

"Poor Woodrow! I feel for him from the bottom of my heart." And the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock dropped a tear on a nice clean lapel of his winter coat.

"What's the matter with the President?" Tiv Kreling asked sympathetically.

"Everything's the matter with him," said the clockwinder. "Haven't you been reading about the investigations in Washington?"

"Oh," said Kreling, "I don't see any reason to worry about the investigations. Those things happen in the very best regulated Administrations. Roosevelt had them as well as Taft and why should the Southern gentlemen of the present Democratic Administration escape?"

"Southern gentlemen are above suspicion," said the clockwinder solemnly.

"Above suspicion of their chivalry, not of their intelligence," observed the City Hall cynic; "an investigation of that may do them some good, or rather it may do the country some good before we try any further to make fighting men out of our soldiers by fitting them for jobs in a Turkish harem or by supplying them with milk bottles and rubber nipples in the trenches to give them more stamina."

The clockwinder frowned. "I see you don't believe in the pure life."

The cynical Tiv made reply by taking a recent New York Sun out of his pocket and reading an editorial calling attention to what a distinguished soldier told Congress the other day about the effect of the abolition of the canteen. The soldier said that the abolition of the canteen had played havoc with the morals

of the army, and The Sun challenged the authorities at Washington to publish a report of the effect of mad prohibition measures on army life since we entered the war. The Sun said it was about time to quit taking information from professional prohibitionists and get down to brass tacks. The editor added that our statesmen at Washington owed a duty to the people in this matter which they should not be permitted to ignore.

"Then I suppose you're eager for investigations along these lines," said the clockwinder.

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"Indeed I am," Kreling exclaimed. "And I think the President is, too, and that every public-spirited citizen should be eager for them. They are quite as important as Liberty Loan drives, for we need more than money to win this war. We need common sense."

#### Lincoln's Good Fortune

After busying himself in silence with the pendulum the clockwinder smoothed out the chamois on one knee and resumed the conversation.

"I hope you're not dissatisfied with our President," he observed.

"Far from it," said Kreling; "he's a second Lincoln. As between the two—Lincoln and Wilson—Abe comes first only because he didn't have to wait for Congress to find out his mistakes. He was discovering them himself all the time."

"All men err."

"Quite true, but let us be fair to Abe; there were some mistakes he never made."

"You don't say so!"

"But I don't blame Woodrow for making them. You see, Abe was not only a heaven-sent genius, but besides he lived in other days. He didn't happen along just after a long period of mental sterility when reformers like Josephus Daniels and William J. Bryan were in the saddle and the country was turning to prohibition, anti-prostitution and woman suffrage. In other words, Abe wasn't the heir of all the wild asses of an era of stupidity. Our President though undoubtedly a great man is the logical offspring of his day and generation, the associate of his contemporaries and—"

The clockwinder grew impatient. "What the hell are you driving at?"

"Merely this—that Mr. Wilson with all his fine qualities is hardly any more than head and

shoulders above the general run of statesmen accessible to him in emergencies—and look at them. True he might give us a Coalition Cabinet, but who are the men he knows best? Who are the men who have shared his ideals of 'service?'"

"Give it up," muttered the clockwinder, "who are they?"

"Hit your head, your brain is buzzing."

#### Some Big Men

The clockwinder was showing signs of indignation when Kreling resumed: "My dear fellow, it's all very easy. Bryan's friend Daniels is one of them, Secretary Baker, the man hard as bronze and proud of it, is another, and there's my young friend Creel—know him?"

"Where did he come from?"

"Used to be a cheap reporter booming bum reformers for the magazines. The biggest thing you can say of him is that he's Blanche Bates's husband. Just consider that this chap has been on a job where he was able to spend \$300,087 in seven months disseminating literature of a kind about American activities."

"You don't say so."

"Yes, I do, and this is a time when the Administration is preaching economy. Can you beat it? Creel is spending money like a drunken sailor. And he has been making disbursements out of a fund of \$1,285,500."

"By the way," the clockwinder asked, "who is it that said that in this war the North is paying indemnities to the South for the mix-up of half a century ago?"

Kreling laughed loud enough to stop the pendulum.

#### Kreling Not Kicking

"I'm glad you're not dissatisfied with our

President," mused the clockwinder. "He's surely doing his best, and though there are no great statesmen at his elbow he has picked some big men from private life."

"Yes," said Kreling, "barring Creel and Denman."

"And it's good to know that the bars are down, and that he has thrown things wide open. He is letting Congress perform its function as the Grand Inquisitor of the nation."

"Good!"

"Doubtless there have been blunders, but now we are to have remedial measures. In all the vast sums laid out by the Government in cantonments, supplies and equipment there has been extravagance of course. That was to be expected."

"Yes," said Kreling, "I see that when the cost of Creel's quarters was made known in Congress it was remarked that the entire block on which the outfit is located could be bought for the amount allotted for the use of his bureau and that a substantial balance would be left over."

"Even so," said the clockwinder, "even so, it must be remembered that a large part of the expenditure made by the Government has necessarily been of an emergency character. That necessarily means a high range of cost. The really serious matters for the Senate Committee to look into are those relating to the health and comfort of the men in camp, their supplies of clothing and food, of rifles and machine guns. The question is whether there has been neglect or needless hardships. Authoritative information is what is wanted, and apparently the President is eager for it."

"Oh, I'm not kicking. I'm for the President because I know he's right at heart."

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### The Metropolitan-District Spirit

In a somewhat embarrassing position are the east bay civic and commercial organizations which met in hurried consultation to wage a war for the adoption of the recommendation that Alameda be the site of the government naval base. For it was whispered about and, indeed, taken for granted that San Francisco was to oppose the recommendation and that a united front must be shown on the sunrise shore. In the position of a valiant army that finds "there ain't going to be no battle" the east bay men found themselves when the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce adopted its broad-minded and greater-community resolutions pledging its support to the federal plans. No act could have done more to bring close the two sides of the bay, for the men who were ready to fight have been the quickest to recognize the spirit behind those resolutions.

### Why Jackson Stays

Despite the fact that a majority on the Oakland commission is avowedly "out after his scalp," Commissioner F. F. Jackson of the department of Public Health and Safety continues to hold his job. Once more it has been found that a political transfer is never good until it is punched. Mayor Davie, Commissioners Edwards and Soderberg announced during the recall fight that they would move Jackson to the department of supplies. It is Soderberg who halted the plan. Soderberg would like to place his friend F. A. Cooley, former treasurer, in the city clerk's office in place of City Clerk L. W. Cummings. Until he has assurance of aid in this plan he is showing no disposition to vote for Jackson's removal. Edwards, who would like to see Jackson moved, is equally determined to see Cummings stay. Hence the tangle.

### Judge Hunt's Reprimand

Those who are familiar with the methods pursued in many instances in the securing of evidence against so-called "bootleggers" must agree with Federal Judge William H. Hunt in his remarks a few days ago. Judge Hunt declared that he was opposed to the practice of having soldiers solicit persons to purchase liquor for them in order to trap such persons into violation of the law. A great deal of this sort of thing has been done. In-

nocent persons who would not ordinarily break the law, have permitted themselves to be coaxed into its violation, the soldier working on their sympathies only to arrest them when the violation has occurred. The assistant United States District Attorney took exception to Judge Hunt's remarks, and pointed out that the soldiers employed in this work were acting under orders from their superior officers.

"I don't care whose orders they were acting on," replied Judge Hunt.

This thing of tempting people into violation of the law in order to secure arrests savors more of the Los Angeles than of the San Francisco way. Yet it has been done here in the campaign against "bootleggers," as Judge Hunt's reprimand very clearly proves.

### Kahn Voted "No"

There is food for thought in the fact that Congressman Julius Kahn not only voted but also spoke against the prohibition measure in the House of Representatives. For Kahn has become a national figure. In a Democratic administration this Republican from San Francisco is an outstanding personality. It is not popularity that does this for Kahn, for he does not cultivate that—if he did, he would have voted with the dregs; it is solid worth. When one of his party failed the President in the last session, Kahn went to the President's aid. He was able to do so because for years he had been studying our military affairs and advocating the measures whose worth became visible to the generality of men only in the fierce light of war. Julius Kahn studies all questions with the same thoroughness as military affairs. He has studied this question of prohibition. And so he voted "no" when the roll was called, and when a number of wets voted "yes" just to get aboard the bandwagon that hails from Westerville, Ohio.

"You cannot curb intemperance by law," said Kahn, "but you make sneaks, liars and hypocrites of men when you attempt to put in force laws of this kind."

Clarence Lea and John I. Nolan also voted against the measure, and Charlie Curry was paired against it.

### Mary Austin's Recantation

One by one our American radicals are perceiving the error of their ways. The intelligentia is becoming common-sensibly intelligent. Mary Austin is an instance in point. Mary finds that the so-called "high brows" with whom she associated so long were actuated by the Prussian rule that the end justifies the means. Mary makes her recantation in a periodical called The World Court. Says Mary:

I spent seven years working myself through all the phases of social betterment, and in that time two episodes stand out preeminently illuminating. The first was the discovery that a society which I had joined, dedicated to the overthrow of capitalism, was ruled by a secret council, and that for years no one had dared ask the leader for any accounting of the funds. A little later dramatic events demonstrated that a portion of said funds had been spent in industrial "frightfulness" and still more in concealing the sort of affairs that, told of a capitalist, would have supplied all the agony necessary for a battalion of labor agitators.

Mary then tells of another leader who preached abstinence by wealth that the lower classes might be helped, who preached against society's sins, but at the same time loaned himself to the destruction of property and stole another man's wife. She proceeds:

The next step was easy and inevitable. The "Sacred Cause of Internationalism" seemed to demand German money. The even more sacred freedom of the leader demanded that the money be taken in secret. Only it happened not to be quite secret enough. And all

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this time my friend remained convinced of his own integrity and the high grounds of his extenuation—such high grounds as we have since been accustomed to in extenuation of the violation of Belgium and the Argentinian duplicity. He was as innocent as the muckrakers of ten years ago used to tell us that Boss Croker felt himself to be and as the Kaiser has often assured us he himself is.

Gladly we welcome Mary back to the fold.

#### Poetry in the Christmas Lantern

There is a surprise for those who think of Xavier Martinez only as a great painter. The Christmas Lantern publishes a little poem of his, written in French and called "Danse Macabre." This is by no means the only poem Martinez has written. The fact is, the wonderful painter has written enough poetry for a book. It is all in French, of which language Martinez is perfect master—he has never written any verse in English. And it is all so good that a Parisian publisher has for a long time been eager to publish it. The editors of The Lantern are proud of introducing Martinez as a poet. One of the editors of The Lantern is represented by a rhymed contribution this issue. Edward F. O'Day, perhaps, would not call his contribution a poem, but it has a ballad simplicity and it tells an interesting story. It is entitled "The Sexton's Story." Another poetical contribution to this issue is a sonnet of appreciation called "To George Sterling," written by Andrew Dewing. To this young man I must give a special paragraph.

#### A Rising Poet

San Francisco is always breeding poets. You never know when one is to emerge from some section of our wonderful town, and claim attention. The very latest to do this is Andrew Dewing. He is a young man, and very modest about his efforts; yet he has had a poem ac-

cepted by The Century, and those who are "in the know" realize that that fact alone gives Andrew Dewing the cachet. I have seen a number of Dewing's poems, and I like them very much. Though he is young and therefore, it is to be presumed, youthfully impressionable, I am glad that he clings to the austere forms of beauty in poetry which so many would like us to regard as old-fashioned. His sonnets are real sonnets: not merely lines rhymed in the correct sonnet form. He is, I should say, under the influence of George Sterling. He could not have a better master. But I am much mistaken if he has not a strong individuality which will assert itself soon. Here is one of his sonnets—it has already appeared in print:

#### THE GUERDON OF BEAUTY

O Man, what dost thou here? On some lost sun  
In utmost Chaos and the lands of Night,  
Hast thou beheld the Mystery and Light,  
And heard, far-thundering, the ages gone.  
From out the depths of Night thou camest, alone,  
And cried with anguish from the starless height  
To ebon skies, that to thy mortal sight,  
Showed but the Darkness of Oblivion.

Seek out some forest where the shadows dwell  
In hyacinth light; where happy dryads leap,  
To music from a sun-enchanted sea;  
Or twine deep orchids by a woodland well,  
Or stand with Beauty where the mystic Deep  
Chants intimations of Eternity.

#### For the Middle-Aged

But to return to the Christmas Lantern: Theodore F. Bonnet contributes a thought-provoking essay entitled "Speaking of the Middle-Aged." It is a pregnant theme, for of all the ages of man, the middle age has, perhaps, the most dramatic interest—comedy as well as tragedy. There is solid food for cogitation in this essay. The other contributions are varied in their appeal. There is an estimate of Henry James's art writ-

ten by "An Englishman." There is a grim story called "Broken Lights," by Hervey Fisher. There is a delicious letter by Alfred de Musset describing with vivacity his first evening at the home of the great tragedienne Rachel. Take it all in all, there hasn't been a better Lantern than this Christmas one.

#### A Ben Lomond Farmer

"There's a little circumstance that illustrates the difference between the way business is done at the City Hall, or wherever the politician is at the helm and where it is done by the business man."

The speaker was a well known academic farmer who teaches the science of agriculture at a well known university. I had made a motor trip with him through three counties and had been shown through several country estates and the possessions of several farmers and orchardists. My attention had been directed to the beautiful country home of a distinguished United States Senator who has been rendering valuable service to the farmers, vineyardists, oil men and business men of California. An excellent Senator is Mr. Phelan, a wise statesman too, but alas! when he was establishing his beautiful home some distance below our peninsula he forgot all about a water supply. The water supply on his property is inadequate. It reminds me that when this same learned and cultured man was Mayor of our city he hefted the sacks in the treasury instead of counting the sacks.

"Now," said my friend the professor, "in an hour or so I'll take you to another beautiful spot where a plain business man who has worked all his life has ordered things in a different way." When I reached this other place I was near the summit of Ben Lomond, sixteen

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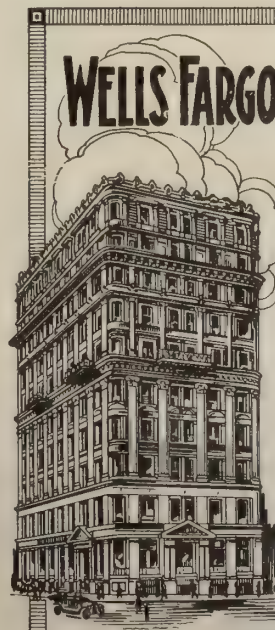


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hundred feet above sea level, a scene of ravishing beauty, in tonic air that could be felt surging through every vein.

"Here," said my friend the professor, "here is a model farm on a small scale. All its appointments considered, that is, from the standpoint of a home as well as a farm I know nothing like it anywhere."

"Who is the farmer?" I asked.

"Never met him," said the farmer, "but I've eaten his apples, his winter pears, his walnuts and other things, and I believe his name is Tait. He owns several sources of water on this mountain. He could supply enough water to irrigate all the farms in these parts, and I've heard he got options on them all before he bought an acre of land."

A little later I met Farmer Tait, and much to my astonishment found that he was none other than my friend "Jack" Tait, the owner of a little place in O'Farrell street designed to make the night life worth while. On the day of my trip to Ben Lomond Farmer Tait was enjoying one of his week-end visits to one of his prize cows whose milk he likes better than "certified."

#### The Farmer Host

Never having tended sheep in Arcady I know nothing of its pastoral delights, but if I could have my castle in Spain I would seek the contentment and simplicity of it somewhere on the upper slopes of Ben Lomond. It would be easy to envy "Jack" Tait, the cafeman, who has had the good sense to establish his own Arcady where he may, at will, by merely turning his car southward, escape from private annoyances and distempers and roll leisurely up toward the clouds where he may enjoy perfect peace and justice and a plentiful supply of milk and honey, not to mention apples, while basking in a glorious sunshine on warm grasses. My visit to Tait's place well repaid me, it was so inspiring. Here is a man, I thought, who has too much sense to take life merely as it comes. He has a feeling for the heights, that Ibsen knew so well, the heights to which the Norwegian raised so many of his characters with temperament, and on which you meet the kind of people, if only farmers, that are not content with the lowlands, instinctively craving far-off horizons. How little do we know of our acquaintances! A man famous throughout the country is Tait, but known only for his cafe. Yet he is a real farmer who sends his fruit to market and gets good money for it. As a business man he sells the juice of the grape, but though an orchardist on Ben Lomond, a mountain famous for its wines, he hasn't a grape on the property. A lover of the art that Clarence Ward makes, the best of that kind of art is not found in the Pavo Real but high above the redwoods of Ben Lomond where it may be seen and enjoyed by his appreciative friends.

Tait rounds up a score at a time of friends, keeps them a week and entertains them in a way hospitable beyond the dreams of millionaires. There is a beautiful library and club house for them on Ben Lomond and perhaps the one refining solace not provided by the host is the society of fair women, which perhaps by some folk would be thought an odd circumstance. So this is Tait in his moments of relaxation—Tait the farmer on the mountain. But once a year, I hear from the villagers at the base, there is high carnival down below at Rowardennan and Tait and all his friends from the city manage the affair and provide all the features of a big entertainment that winds up at a dance in the evening when prizes are given and the village belle is something like a queen of May.

#### Jim Power's Valedictory

Supervisor Power retires from the chairmanship of the finance committee with his face to the foe, his good right hand letting loose a Parthian arrow. It is not Jim's way to capitulate, to palter, to compromise or to "bull." He thinks he's right, so he asks no quarter. His valedictory is a defi. He was treated with discourtesy, and sees no reason for being silent about it. And he warns of a mounting tax rate. This is a warning every taxpayer should take to heart. Let us see if we cannot make our supervisors responsive to our wish for economy of appropriation and honesty—yes, honesty—of expenditure. Jim Power did all he could. More power to him!

#### Judge Sturtevant Tells Story

"One day several years ago," says Judge Sturtevant, "I had to spend some hours in Laytonville, which is a very small town forty miles north of Ukiah. The principal buildings are the hotel and the livery stable. I wandered across the road to the livery stable, and stood admiring a fine team of horses.

"That's a fine span of horses," I said to the driver.

"They are that," said the driver. "Bet you can't guess how much they weigh."

"I examined the horses closely, the way I thought that an expert in horseflesh would examine them.

"The heavier of the two," I said finally, with as much confidence as I could assume, "weighs 1233 pounds." The other weighs 1219."

"The driver stared at me in amazement.

"You are within five pounds of the weight of the first, and within two pounds of the weight of the second," he said. "I weighed them this morning. How do you do it?"

"I replied that I had devoted a life time of close study to the weight of horses. But from that day to this I have never guessed the weight of a horse. Sheer luck gave me a reputation, and I preserve it in the only safe way."

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Yours very truly,

Slayton & Miller.

**Rodin's Last Bust**

The last bust executed by Robin was Clemenceau's. At the final sitting, it is related, the Premier of France was vexed at the vague likeness of the bust to the original, and remarked:

"It is perfect, but now I will go to Pierre Petit."

Petit is a photographer of Paris.

**Still to Be Determined**

Loren B. Doe tells of entering a restaurant, and finding the pretty young cashier knitting.

"Are you knitting for a soldier, too?" asked Doe.

"We don't know yet," was the girl's reply, "whether it will be a soldier or a Red Cross nurse."

Doe blushed and sought his favorite table.

**Arnold Corrected Morley**

In his recently published *Reminiscences* John Morley tells of a conversation with Matthew Arnold. Morley said that if he could have been another, he would like to have been Wordsworth.

"No, you wouldn't," said Arnold. "Wordsworth's was a peasant life. You'd much rather be with us two, dining at the Athenaeum."

**The Death of Neil Primrose**

Captain Neil Primrose, younger son of the Earl of Rosebery, is dead of wounds received in the great war. He was thirty-five years old, and had already entered on a brilliant political

career. When he was first elected to Parliament in 1910, Lord Rosebery said in a speech to his son's constituents:

"Let me tell you that, having known him and loved him ever since seeing him in the arms of his mother, he has never failed me in word or deed, and I confident he will never fail you."

Lady Rosebery, his mother, was the only daughter of Baron Meyer de Rothschild. Primrose referred to his Jewish blood in a Parliamentary passage at arms with Hilaire Belloc who is notoriously anti-Semitic.

"I can only imagine," said Primrose of Belloc, "that when my ancestors were compelled to follow the occupation of making bricks without straw, his ancestors were of those who imposed on them that uncongenial and laborious task."

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## Central America Discusses Union

**One of its Probable Candidates—What the Union of Those Countries Means in These Terrible Times for the World—Estrada Cabrera, the President of Guatemala, Has Always Cultivated the Most Friendly Relations with the United States**

Once again we are going to speak, and it is a pleasure to do so, a few words about those progressive countries of Central America, and especially of Guatemala which heads, and has headed always, every evolution of ideas towards the development, freedom and fraternity of the five republics.

Some months ago Honduras proposed the reconstruction of the federation; and the proposition which has had a significance which has palpitated in the heart of every Central American, was received with a shout of enthusiasm by the governments and the people. They proposed to hold a meeting in San Jose de Costa Rica or in Washington, D. C., for the opening of a series of conferences in which the basis of the union should be discussed; but Estrada Cabrera, the President of Guatemala whose further vision of the coming times and serenity of spirit is well known, proposed an initial conference as a basis for the meetings which are to come and which will decide the reconstruction of the old and great country.

Guatemala, the capital city of the same named republic, has been chosen by the diplomats of the five countries to be the seat of the conference which will be held in the very near future. We here want to say that if the city of Guatemala has been selected for this honor, it is not only because Guatemala was the antique capital of Central America or the largest and most famed city, but it is, too, a demonstration of esteem and admiration for her Presi-

dent whose popularity and celebrity is every day more extensive.

Guatemala is a city of about 130,000 people. The only Central American city that approaches it is San Salvador which reaches 80,000. There are many high schools including the schools of Medicine, Law, Dentistry, Nurses, Aviation, Wireless Telegraphy, Military, Engineering. In the whole republic the number reaches two thousand, and in all of them, especially in the high schools, are a great number of the brightest and most enthusiastic Central American youths.

Reasons as above mentioned abound to prove why the President of Guatemala is popular not only in his country, not only in Central America, not only in all the Spanish countries, but all over the world, reasons that make us believe that President Estrada will be the strongest candidate for President of the Federation, when that progressive and admirable movement of aspiration to greater destiny is ended, and the elections commence for the supreme chief.

Feeling down in those countries is in favor of the union, though there are a few worthless groups against it, as there are against everything destined to be great. We remember at this point the bloody tragedy that made France, the civil war that made the glorious and strong United States, and we are contemplating in these very moment the horrific convulsion that is preparing the new, brilliant, civilized Russia.

Those countries, small but rich and pros-

perous, noting the example of Europe, learning that the right is for the stronger, will unify their ten arms, not only to resist any possible invasion but to cultivate the soil, open new roads, lay new rails to the heart of every region and launch steamers that carry in and out the products of the marvelous tropical lands, products which mean gold, richness, power, greatness, progress in every way. Such are the feelings, the ideas we have learned through the Central American press, from the representatives of those countries and in the reports of high circles.



FELIX CALDERON AVILA

Mr. Felix Calderon Avila whose gift in literature has spread his name widely among Central American people, is twenty-seven years of age and has already published a book of poems and many booklets. He began his political career in 1914, on his return from the United States, as an official at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. In 1915 he became Deputy to the National Convention held for the election of the President; then was appointed Revenue Collector; later promoted Secretary to the Consulate General of Guatemala at San Francisco, and finally named Acting Consul when the late Consul General Dr. Juan Padilla passed away on the 26th of May, 1917.

A very cordial feeling has been developed between Central America and the United States and while a good portion of Central American imports originate in this country, a much larger percentage of business transactions should be exploited as a result of the favorable opportunities at present. To make our appeals forcible it becomes necessary to invest more capital in the republics of Central America, to extend more liberal credits, to improve banking facilities for export trade and to make more direct and personal efforts in Central American markets. At present Central America needs financial assistance and shipping facilities perhaps more than other Latin-American countries. It is essential for the maintenance of the foreign purchasing power of Central America to lend help in developing and marketing its products abroad.



MANUEL ESTRADA CABRERA

"The Man of the Hour" in Central America



# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## A Tale of a Pullman

There is a pretty little bride honeymooning in San Francisco who will blush when she reads this—but she will never betray that it is a true story of her own experience. She is not a San Franciscan, but a Salt Laker who arrived here with her bridegroom some days ago on the Overland. I get the story from the strictly veracious "Chatterer" of Goodwin's Weekly, Salt Lake. It seems that during the early hours of the morning our pretty little bride wanted a glass of water. She did not wish to disturb her sleeping bridegroom, so she slid from the Pullman berth and crept to the end of the car. She got her drink and started back. Finding her berth—or thinking she found it—she crept in and snuggled down beside her slumbering groom. Sleep did not come at once, so she snuggled closer and put a white little arm about her husband's neck and softly caressed his face. Horrors! Her husband had grown a mustache while she was out of the berth! She lay still a moment, transfixed with horror. Then she crept out of the berth and retired once more to the end of the car to start all over again. This time she found the right berth, awakened her bridegroom and told him of her terrible mistake.

## The Morning After

"Now, darling," said hubby, "we will act as though nothing had happened. And when we go in to breakfast in the dining car we'll find the man with the mustache. Then I'll do what ever you say."

"Do you suppose, dear," the little bride faltered, "that he was not really asleep, but only pretending?"

"We'll find out from his behavior when we get to the dining car," said hubby.

But when they reached the dining car, there

were six men with mustaches; and for the life of them, bride and groom couldn't tell from the looks of the six which, if indeed any, was aware of the nocturnal adventure. So they let it go at that. But of course the little bride had to write the story in strictest confidence to her dearest friend back home. And a horrid newspaperman found out all about it. But he wasn't horrid enough to reveal any names.

## "The Gonuph Bag"

That's what the private detectives in the department stores call the big roomy knitting bags which came in with the vogue of purling and knitting. "Gonuph" is thieves' slang for thief, so "gonuph bag" means a thief's bag. The reason is that the bag has been adopted by the clever shoplifters who infest the department stores and are always busiest at this season of Christmas shopping. Almost anything that appeals to the shoplifter except a hot stove or a baby carriage can be hidden in one of those big voluminous folded bags, and it is no trick to make the quick transfer from counter to coverture. The result is that the private detectives keep their eyes on shoppers who carry these bags.

## Ashton Stevens Falls

Alas, and also alack! It is sad to chronicle the fall of a man who stood firm so long. But the horrid news is out. Ashton Stevens has written a play and had it accepted. The full force of this announcement will be felt only by Ashton's close friends here—and they are many. For Ashton was the only dramatic critic in the world who had no designs on dramaturgy, no dramatic ambition. Time and time again Ashton was entreated by actors and managers to write a play. He always refused, sternly refused. Not that he lacked faith in himself. Not that he hadn't the ability. He just didn't want to mix dramatic criticism with dramatic authorship. But now, it seems, he has been tempted beyond his strength. He has written "Mary's Way Out," a comedy, and we shall see it soon, I believe. If it isn't a good play Tantalus doesn't know Ashton Stevens.

## Mrs. London in New York

Mrs. Jack London left for New York on the 17th to spend the winter—a much needed rest and change after a busy year completing her new book "Our Hawaii," just off the press of the Macmillan Company. The trip also has for its object the furthering of her husband's publications still to be arranged for, as well as for some of her own. Of late she has been collecting and annotating a mass of war-correspondence material never book-published by Jack London, but which he was in process of arranging at the time of his death. This book will comprise his Japanese-Russian articles and those of his Vera Cruz experience in 1914. To these Mrs. London will add certain letters received from Jack in the Orient, and some original matter from her own notes on Vera Cruz, where she accompanied him, or, rather, followed in an old fruit steamer the lordly string of transports and their convoy, in which Jack went with General Funston. This volume will be illustrated by photographs taken by Jack London. In New York Mrs. London will for a time be

the guest of Mary Austin, at the National Arts Club in old Gramercy Park. She also expects to visit Mr. and Mrs. Ethelbert Hales, both well known here. Mrs. Hales is Molly Pearson, the charming little person who starred in the original production of "Bunt Pulls the Strings." A

## WHAT AND WHERE-- NEW YEAR'S EVE?

Let us suggest something different—and all the more enjoyable because it is different.

Get up a party—four, six, eight or as many as you want—motor down to San Jose Saturday, Sunday or Monday preceding New Year's Day; stop at Hotel Vendome and have a real good time in one of California's finest resort hotels. You can take in Mt. Hamilton, the Lick Observatory, ride over the smoothest, finest roads in California in short half day or one day trips; or play Golf on the famous 18-hole course of the San Jose Country Club.

And as a climax participate in the CAR-NIVAL CELEBRATION at the Vendome New Year's Eve. The special New Year's Eve Dinner at \$2 per plate will surprise you—as will the life and sparkle of the entertainment planned for your enjoyment. Send in your reservations now—special week-end winter rates.

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lasting friendship was begun between the Hales and the Londons in Honolulu in the summer of 1915, when Mr. Hales was playing there.

#### "Sing-Song" at Gianduja's

Here is a new departure for our cafes. At the Cafe Gianduja over at Union and Stockton an impromptu "sing song" is to be observed during the dining period each evening. In connection with the Christmas dinner and again at the New Year's dinner the guests will be expected to join in the "sing." While the idea is not new, for it has been an acceptable institution at the boulevard cafes in Paris, Naples and Madrid for years and years, it is, however, a novelty for San Francisco. One night, it appears, Signor Poggi, the tenor robusto, and Signor Ercole, the violinist, started the chant of the Royal March, the Italian patriotic battle hymn. Then Signor W. Cotti, the well known pianist, came rolling in too. Soon the party of Mrs. G. A. Miller and that of Mrs. E. R. Ehrman took up the refrain. Then came the "Maple Leaf" and the "Marseillaise." For a half hour the guests held the stage, and now this "everybody together" is to be a permanent feature of the entertainment at Cafe Gianduja. The Cafe Gianduja offers the finest Italiano dinner in the city at the same price obtaining before the great fire of 1906. Here is one of the few resorts where society may go to enjoy a little of the Old World flavor and find prices and atmosphere just about as pleasant and friendly as in the days of long ago. Director A. Cabiale announces a wonderful night of operatic concert numbers by the "Aida" cast soloists on both Christmas and New Year's nights.

#### Baron Long and Byron

Not the poet, the hot springs. Along the

Rialto they are saying that the genius of Los Angeles entertainment is negotiating for a lease of Byron Hot Springs in order to place it on the map of live, worth-while resorts. Baron Long has three places very much affected by Los Angelenos who don't like cafeterias and refuse to take their amusement programme from the W. C. T. U. There is the famous "Ship" at Venice; there is the so-called "country club" at Vernon; and there is a third resort at Watts, the original of Kolb and Dill's "Lonesome Town." All three of these places serve good food and drink and supply good cabaret; hence San Franciscans know them well. If Baron Long takes Byron, motorists will discover where it is.

#### Our Vergilia Writes of Venice

It is a long time since we have heard from the first Queen of the Portola. So I was quite interested when I found in a recent issue of the New York Times an article entitled "War's Pall on Venice" by Vergilia Bogue Baron. It is a very good article. Queen Vergilia has been serving as a hospital nurse with the Italian armies at the front, so she has seen a great deal of Venice during the past year or so. Here is how she ends her entertaining article:

Not many mornings ago there had been a very fierce aerial battle at dawn. The enemy had succeeded in dropping two bombs from an incredible height. But at the sound of the siren, the Venetians, instead of hiding, rose and dressed and hurried to the piazza. The noise was infernal. There came from the Lido the rut-tut-tut of machine guns, the fire of shrapnel and shell and a terrific fusillade. As the bird flew far out to sea there was but one regret—it had escaped; and its bombs had been efficacious if only in a small way. The infant

day found the Venetians on the piazza with cries of "Viva l'Italia!" And an elderly Englishman and friend to Italy—one of the few foreigners allowed to remain in the precincts of the city—raised his fists to his breast and cried:

Oh, Venice, Venice, when thy marble halls  
Are level with the waters,  
There shall be a cry of nations o'er thy sunken walls,  
A loud lament along the sweeping sea.

And the lament of these verses at dawn was the cry of the whole world—the defense of Venice against Teutonic barbarism. It was rhetoric, perhaps, this manner of salute to the enemy's airplane, as was, perhaps, the "Viva l'Italia!" the salute of the Venetian people. But these are days of romanticism and Italy is fighting a holy war.


#### An Artist at the Superfluity Shop

One of the most interesting features of the Superfluity Shop in Post street at Union Square—the shop which is doing so much good work by selling all sorts of articles and sending the money in the form of food, clothes and other necessities to the starving Belgians—is a rapid sketch artist from France whose name is Louis Hels. Hals came to this city with an established reputation not only for rapidity of sketching but for the more leisurely forms of artistic interpretation. He is indeed an accomplished artist, with a particular talent in portraiture. At the Superfluity Shop he makes rapid sketches at fifty cents apiece, and undertakes more careful work in colored chalk at ten dollars a portrait. He has thus raised a great deal of money for the Belgians. Among those who have sat for him recently are Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hill, Mrs. Fred McNear, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. Gus Taylor and Mrs. Leon Roos.

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**At Hotel Oakland**

Amongst prominent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland recently are: Mr. and Mrs. L. Kimball Minneapolis; Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Weir, Denver; Mrs. M. C. Long, Philadelphia; Mrs. N. W. Mills, Grand Rapids; Mrs. Ada D. Williams, Spokane; Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Williams, Spokane; Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Simpson, Chicago; Mrs. W. D. Tobey, Palo Alto; Ann Duffey, Palo Alto; Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Crellin, Pleasanton; Mrs. A. E. Starr, Los Angeles; Mrs. J. Alexander, Seattle; Miss Z. Alexander, Seattle; Dr. F. R. DeLappe and wife, Modesto; Martha Boggs, New York; T. B. Littleton and family, Stockton; Mrs. C. Greenfeld, San Francisco; R. D. Holendo and wife, Boise, Idaho; J. E. Walsh and wife, Tacoma; R. H. Watsen and wife, Chicago; De Witt Green and wife, Stockton; Dr. and Mrs. H. Frech, Sacramento; G. Templeton and wife, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. J. Sheldon and child, Nome, Alaska; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Richolp, San Francisco; Rita Boland, New York; Mrs. D. F. Gamble and family, Minneapolis; I. G. Fortham and wife, New York; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Hutchinson, Los Angeles; R. A. Guthinage and wife, Los Angeles; Miss Christine Towle, New York; Mrs. B. Miller and Percy Miller, Portland, Maine; Mr. and Mrs. C. L. MacKinley, New York; Mary G. Druse, Yakima, Wash.; and Mrs. W. A. Grizz, New York. One of the big society affairs after the holidays will be the reception and ball given by the Monday Evening Assembly at the Hotel Oakland, Monday evening, January 7, at which time this club will have as their guests two hundred people. The club has been meeting at the Hotel Oakland once a week for the past twelve weeks, and has been receiving dancing instructions in the season's new steps by Frank C. Dana. The club is composed of prominent society people of the east bay cities.

**Christmas at the Whitcomb**

Reservations have been received in large numbers for the special Christmas dinner at Hotel Whitcomb. This will be served at the same price as the Thanksgiving dinner—one dollar and a half—and Chef Ad Gasaar promises that it will be even a better menu. Reservations for New Year's Eve are also numerous. The regular dollar dinner will be served that night, but there will be a supper at two dollars a cover, and the indications already are that there will be a big and merry throng. Special vocal and instrumental music will be provided, and there will be dancing downstairs as well as in the Sun Room on the roof. . . . To gather toys for the poor children whom Santa Claus some-

times forgets, The Mills Club gave a Childrens' Christmas party at the Whitcomb Tuesday afternoon. The children of members of the club brought toys, books and other gifts and hung them on the Christmas tree in the Sun Room of the hotel. All these presents will be distributed to poor children. A Christmas programme was given under direction of Mrs. John H. Perine, president of the Mills Club; and Miss Grace Unger, hostess for the occasion. Mrs. Alma Bergland Winchester sang a group of children's songs; Mrs. John Thorne Lane told children's stories; Elizabeth Beasom sang Christmas songs; Victoria Wells gave recitations. Miss Adeline Maude Wellendorff and Mrs. Hazel Boyd Hunter acted as accompanists.

**At the Cecil**

Numerous dinner parties will be given Christmas night at the Cecil, and a special dinner for \$1.50 will be served. A stringed orchestra will furnish music, and later will play in the lounge. A number of the service set as well as civilians will entertain on this occasion. Mrs. Crofton and her attractive daughter gave a delightful luncheon Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Minton of Honolulu who are spending the winter at the hotel have been giving a series of informal luncheons and dinners. Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Armstrong were hosts at an impromptu dinner Sunday, entertaining in honor of several army officers who are stationed at the Presidio. Mrs. L. A. Dennis who has been living at the Hotel Victoria for the past two years, will make her future home at the Cecil where she is occupying an attractive suite. A card party for the benefit of the Red Cross will be given Friday evening, December 28. There will be a charge of \$2 for a table or fifty cents per head including refreshments. The refreshments will be donated by the hotel and the entire receipts will go to the Red Cross. Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt who has been visiting friends at Coronado returned to her apartments at the Cecil this week. Mrs. Bode, wife of Lieutenant Harold Bode, presided at a delightful dinner Saturday.

**At the Tavern**

It has always been the aim of the management of the Techau Tavern, San Francisco's high-class restaurant and family cafe, to anticipate in every way the requirements of its friends and patrons and to try to keep just a little ahead of the times in all things pertaining to scientific business management. The Tavern long ago gained the reputation of always doing a big business and notwithstanding amusement war tax still holds it, for the great general public will always pay its money for real values. The menus are the best in the land and every moment at the Tavern is one of infinite delight, for there are delightful features in the entertainment line. The very best artists, vocal and instrumental, and the very best musicians obtainable are at the Tavern, and many genuine novelties are first given there. Every Sunday evening at the Tavern finds the corps of entertainers so augmented that it is possible to give a continuous entertainment. This commences with the dinner hour and continues throughout the dinner and after-theatre hour until closing time. Every afternoon at the Tavern, and without competition, the ladies in attendance are presented with from

twenty-five to thirty-five bottles of Stearns' Supreme toilet water. After each souvenir dance (the souvenir dances are features of the evenings) large boxes of Melachrino cigarettes are presented to the gentlemen and Le Lilas de Rigaud perfume favors to the ladies in attendance.

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## The Stage

### Harold Bauer's Programmes

Harold Bauer whose pianistic position is well recognized by students of the instrument, and whose place in the world of music is solidly established among the greatest of the cult, is to offer two remarkable programmes at his recitals which will be given in the Columbia on next Friday afternoon (December 28) and on Sunday afternoon, December 30. It has been said that those studying the piano can gain more from one recital of Harold Bauer than from months of practice, and that he imparts to his interpretations a thoroughly convincing understanding, which impresses itself on the listener, leaving the last effect of great good to the aspiring player. At his first recital Bauer will play the following list of important works: Sonata in F minor, Op. 5. Brahms; Scenes from Childhood, Schumann; The Sunken Cathedral, Debussy; The Hills of Anacapri, Debussy; Paganini etude No. 2, E flat, Liszt; Nocturne F sharp, Op. 15, Chopin; Scherzo C sharp minor, Op. 39, Chopin. At the second recital a programme of equal importance includes: Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Op. 35, Mendelssohn; Sonata in E flat, Op. 81 (Farewell, Absence and Return), Beethoven; Woodland scenes, Schumann; Rhapsody in B minor, Op. 79, Brahms; Ballade in A flat, Op. 47, Chopin. The beautiful part of the playing of Harold Bauer is that he invests it with a great personal charm and magnetism, making his work of greater interest to everyone, whether studying the piano or not. Never for a moment is Harold Bauer "dry" although seeking for his interpretations the most classical and finest works in piano literature. Tickets for the Bauer recitals will be on sale Monday morning at the usual box offices. The recitals are under the management of Selby C. Oppenheimer.

### Maud Powell Returns

Maud Powell, recognized everywhere as the greatest woman violinist and ranking in the same class as the "male" stars on the instrument, will return to this city after an absence of many years, and will give two splendid programmes at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, January 6, and Friday afternoon, January 11. Few artists, and none of the violinists, are more greatly admired here than Maud Powell, who is respected by the entire violin fraternity as one of the most serious and conscientious artists now before the public. Always delving into the literature of her instrument for specially fine works to perform, Miss Powell's programmes are invariably of unusual interest, and on this visit there will be no exception to this. At the Sunday recital she will play the Allegro Moderato movement from Sibelius' D minor concerto, one of the great Beethoven violin and piano sonatas, arrangements of works by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Bazzini, Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen" and a host of other splendid selections. At the Friday concert, the Arensky violin concerto in A minor, Saint-Saens' Sonata in D minor, Miss Powell's own arrangement of Dvorak's "Songs My Mother Taught Me," works by Bach, Leopold Auer, Gretchaninoff and the Vieuxtemps "Polonaise" will find prominent place on the programme. Visits from such fine players as Maud Powell are only too rare in this city, and it is assured that she will be greeted by the full strength of the violin admirers here. Mail orders for both of the Powell events may now be sent to Selby C. Oppenheimer, manager, in care of Sherman, Clay and Co. Mail

orders should be accompanied by current funds, and ten per cent must be added to all remittances to cover the war tax.

### Godowsky Coming

Leopold Godowsky, the great Polish pianist, will give one superb piano recital in this city at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, January 13. Godowsky is a great favorite in San Francisco, where he gave a series of memorable piano performances last season. He is returning for this event at the special invitation of many of the leading local pianists, who recognize his importance as an interpretative artist. A wonderful programme has been arranged, specially to meet the desires of the host of Godowsky's admirers. Works by Beethoven (one of the big sonatas), Brahms, Chopin, Henselt, Mendelssohn, Liszt and a number of Godowsky's own important compositions will be played. Mail or-



HERBERT CLIFTON

In his travesties of the weaker sex next week at the Orpheum

ders for this concert should be sent at once to Selby C. Oppenheimer, manager, in care of Sherman, Clay and Co.

### De Gogorza in Two Recitals

On Sunday afternoons of January 20 and 27, Manager Oppenheimer will present Emilio de Gogorza, the famous baritone, in two superb song recitals. De Gogorza holds an enviable place in the hearts of San Francisco music lovers, and his concerts, like those of Schumann-Heink and John McCormack are always great popular events. De Gogorza has entirely recovered from the accident that interrupted his tour last November, and is creating sensation after sensation with his superb art and vocal gifts on his triumphant tour toward this city.

### Mitzi's Third Week

The sunny star Mitzi and the brilliant musical comedy "Pom-Pom" will be at the Columbia for a third and final week commencing with

Sunday night, December 2. The engagement is to come to a close with the performance on Saturday night, the 29th. The vivacious, magnetic Mitzi has won all San Francisco with her performance in "Pom-Pom," and the box office results are extremely pleasing to the astute Henry W. Savage who has sent to San Francisco a complete and inviting production and a cast that made good in New York. "Pom-Pom" bears the Savage trade mark and that mark has been fully lived up to. The chorus, ballet and orchestra are all that could be desired and help to round out the completeness of the attraction. Matinees will be given Christmas Day and Saturday only.

### "Turn to the Right" on New Year's Eve

Following Mitzi at the Columbia on Monday night, December 31, will be seen "Turn to the Right," the comedy drama sensation which has established Winchell Smith and John L. Golden as America's most promising firm of producers. The organization which played a nine months' engagement at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, will be seen at the Columbia. Among the members of the cast are Ralph Morgan, Barry McCormack, William Foran, James Huntley, Philip Bishop, Charles W. Goodrich, Gene Lewis, Mabel Bert, Ethel Ramey, Helen Collier and Dorothy Betts. The story deals with the power of a mother's influence to restore to the straight path a son who has erred through the lure of the race track. Of course the boy has a sweetheart, as sweet and gentle in a way as the mother, and then there is a pair of crooks, crafty but amiable, and after watching them "put it over" on the town skinflint the audience is glad to see them succumb to the influence of their surroundings and establish themselves as reputable business men—purveyors of peach jam. The play is typically American.

### Corson Clarke at Alcazar

An event of special importance will mark the opening next Sunday matinee at the Alcazar of Harry Corson Clarke and Margaret Dale Owen who have just returned from an eight years' tour of the world, who will head a splendid cast of players in "Whose Baby Are You?" This is a hilarious farce written by Mark Swan, the author of "The Third Party" which during its recent presentation at the same playhouse scored a big hit.

### "Canary Cottage" at the Cort

More elaborate even than before, Oliver Morosco's most popular musical farce "Canary Cottage" comes to the Cort on Monday night as that playhouse's holiday offering. Since its triumphal engagement here of ten capacity weeks last season "Canary" has been carrying the fame of California as a producing center to the East, and it comes back with long runs in New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago to its credit. With its joyful book and lilting music, its picturesque futuristic settings and bizarre costumery, its gay comedians and pretty girls, "Canary Cottage" should prove an ideal attraction for this season of the year. To meet the demand for seats special matinees will be given on Christmas and New Year's Days in addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees. "Canary Cottage" will bring its brand new Gotham production and costumes, but the prices will be popular as before. The "typical Morosco cast" will be found to contain such



favorites as Herbert Corthell, Charles Ruggles, Dorothy Webb, Grace Ellsworth, Mae Bronte, Lillian Boardman, James Dunn, William Naughton, the Ergotti Liliputians and a host of others. The chorus of "canaries" will naturally be a feature of the production, as will be the special orchestra with its saxophones, banjos and other unusual orchestral instruments.

#### Bauer as Symphony Soloist

Harold Bauer, one of the world's really great pianists, famous alike for his work on the recital platform and in concerto, will be the soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, at the Cort this Sunday afternoon, when the second concert of the sixth pair of symphonies will be given. The programme will be identical with that offered on Friday, when Bauer gave Schumann's Concerto for Pianoforte, in A Minor, to genuine enthusiasm. The other programmed numbers are Schubert's Eighth Symphony, in B Minor, known generally as the "Unfinished" symphony, and Richard Strauss' monumental tone poem "Don Juan." Conductor Hertz' inspiring interpretation of "The Star Spangled Banner" will open the concert. Prices for the Sunday event will be popular and advance interest assures a capacity audience. That Harold Bauer is at the "golden stage of his artistic development" is the general judgment of musical authorities both in this country and Europe. Bauer's powerful artistic personality will loom large in the memory of those availing themselves of the privilege of hearing him. Announcement is made by the Musical Association of San Francisco, the orchestra's sustaining body, that no concerts will be given during the holiday season. The next events are scheduled for Friday afternoon, January 4, and Sunday afternoon, January 6, when Conductor Hertz will conduct the seventh pair of regular symphonies. Concertmaster Louis Persinger will be soloist, playing the most popular of all violin concertos, Mendelssohn's E Minor. Persinger's appearances as soloist with the orchestra have always been productive of much pleasure and interest. The program for the seventh pair will also include Richard Wagner's "A Faust Overture" and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

#### Christmas Bill at Orpheum

The Orpheum will present next week a great new Christmas bill made up of a number of the most popular and successful acts in vaudeville. Jack Wyatt's Scotch Lads and Lassies, eleven in number, in their native kilts and tartans sound the pipes, tap the drums, dance the Highland Fling and sing their own folksongs. They rank among the very best acts now being presented in vaudeville. Their engagement is for one week only. Charles Withers and company in the four-act travesty melodrama "For Pity's Sake" divide the headline honors. A traveling theatrical company play a regular good old melodrama in a remodeled barn known as the Cy Splivin's Opera House. The crafty villain, the tearful heroine and the handsome hero are all in evidence, and they all deliver the "ancient goods" in such a perfectly serious manner that the result is a scream. Withers plays the character of an "opry house" manager and in addition to his duties as manager is also the whole stage crew and the orchestra. Jim and Betty Morgan who sing songs of their own composition, have already established themselves firmly in popular favor. Among their most successful compositions are "Don't Bite the Hand that is Feeding You" and "Cleopatra Had a Jazz Band." Herbert Clifton who won great

favor in the London music halls and was one of the most successful features of the Ziegfeld Follies of 1914 will present his travesties of the weaker sex. Clifton is not a female impersonator, but a burlesquer of female impersonators. He assumes feminine attire ranging from the most gorgeous creations down to the gingham of a scrubwoman. Although his act is chiefly devoted to comedy it strikes a serious note when he displays the wide range of his extraordinary voice by singing Tosti's "Good-bye" and other classical numbers. Edwin George will be seen in "A Comedy of Errors." George is really a clever juggler but for the purposes of his act he invariably blunders and the manner of it proves him an excellent comedian. Over a dozen dogs and a number of cats, pigeons and roosters comprise the pupils graduated by Professor F. F. Herbert from his domestic animal college. Some remarkable distance and high jumps are made. The only holdovers will be Billie Montgomery and George Perry, and Fanchon and Marco with their famous jazz band.

#### "The Mikado" Again at Players

To meet public demand the Players Club has decided to give five extra performances of "The Mikado," beginning December 26 and continuing until the 30th. A matinee will be given

on Sunday for the benefit of the children who are asking to see it. The same cast will appear. The production is being given under the direction of George Lask, for many years associated with the old Tivoli Opera House. The original stage setting especially designed by the local artist Elmer Stanley Hader has done much to add to the attractiveness of the production.

#### The Jomelli Concerts

Mme. Jeanne Jomelli, the great dramatic soprano of the Manhattan and Metropolitan opera houses, also Covent Garden, London, has changed the dates of her concerts at the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis to Thursday night, December 27, and Thursday night, January 3. Therefore Mme. Jomelli will have the honor of singing in San Francisco the last concert of the year 1917 and the first concert of the year 1918. Mme. Jomelli made this change in dates in order that she could give her every effort to the Christmas Eve festival at the Exposition Auditorium, of which she is the bright particular star. The programmes that Mme. Jomelli will give in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis Hotel on the nights of December 27 and January 3 are all that the most exacting could desire, embracing as they do the very best numbers to be found in the world of song. A de-



DOROTHY WEBB

The dainty canary of Oliver Morosco's "Canary Cottage" at the Cort



lightful feature of the Jomelli concerts, and one which will be introduced for the first time in this city, will be that during the intermission which will be extended to fifteen minutes, refreshments may be procured in the Italian room, which adjoins the Colonial ball room. The plan will be similar to that so successfully carried out at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. Also after the concert those who attend will have the privilege of meeting Mme. Jomelli personally.

## After the War

(Continued from Page 8)

The colonel departed with regret, carrying with him a few souvenirs—two silver candlesticks, a clock, a silver gilded water glass—mere trifles. But he left the furniture shining, the table linen carefully folded, the floors waxed like glass.

He had already reached the open country when he recalled that he had forgotten to leave a P. P. C. card. Desirous of being impeccable to the last extreme, he retraced his steps. But on entering his apartments he stopped, stupefied at first, then bursting with fury.

With blows from a pick four soldiers were demolishing the bathroom and the water pipes. Seeing him, the men redoubled their ardor. He shouted to them:

"Swine! I shall have you shot!"

A fifth man appeared, his sleeves rolled up, a hammer in his hand. It was the lieutenant who had been so amiable and correct.

"You? Is it you I find here?" bellowed the colonel. "You, who know my ideas? I shall send you before a court martial!"

"At your orders," answered the officer, clicking his heels. "But excuse me, colonel. All this installation comes from the firm of Schwein, Poelleri & Co. of Mannheim, of which I am the representative for Northern France. Our house alone possesses these replacement parts. And after the war, I thought, how simple it would be for those people to apply to us for the plumbing fittings. It would be a very natural way of resuming business relations. As trifling as the thing seems, it concerns our industry in the highest degree."

"Well, that is different," said the colonel gravely. "Deutschland ueber alles! Consider that I have said nothing at all."

Reassured by these words, the lieutenant finished demolishing, with a well directed blow of his hammer, a syphon which had hitherto resisted his attack.



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**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**  
Estate of MAUD W. POTTER, deceased.  
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MAUD W. POTTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAUD W. POTTER, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,  
Administrator of the estate of Maud W. Potter, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, December 22, 1917.  
CULLINAN & HICKEY,  
Attorneys for Administrator,  
860 Phelan Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal. 12-22-5

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**  
In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Number 23,436. New Series. Department Number Ten. Probate.  
In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM MATSON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the last will and testament of WILLIAM MATSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorneys, W. I. Brobeck and Peter F. Dunne, Rooms 709-718 Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, which said last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM MATSON, deceased.

LILLIE O. MATSON,  
ALEXANDER F. MORRISON,  
Executors of the last will and testament of William Matson, deceased.  
Dated: San Francisco, California, December 22, 1917.  
W. I. BROBECK and  
PETER F. DUNNE,  
Attorneys for Executors,  
709-718 Crocker Building,  
San Francisco, Cal. 12-22-5

**NOTICE TO CREDITORS**  
Estate of DORA NEUSTADTER, deceased.—No. 23503, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of DORA NEUSTADTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorneys, Rothchild, Golden & Rothchild, Room 1051 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of DORA NEUSTADTER, deceased.

DAVID NEUSTADTER,  
LOUIS W. NEUSTADTER,  
CLARENCE R. WALTER,  
Executors of the last will and testament of Dora Neustadter, deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, California, November 24, 1917.  
ROTHCHILD, GOLDEN & ROTHCHILD,  
Attorneys for Executors,  
1051 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-24-5

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Sunday Afternoon, Dec. 23, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAM:

Schubert .....Symphony No. 8 (Unfinished)  
Schumann.....Concerto for Pianoforte, A Minor  
(HAROLD BAUER)  
Richard Strauss .....Tone Poem, "Don Juan"  
PRICES: Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats, \$1.50. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, except concert day; at Cort on concert day only.

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New Year's Eve—"TURN TO TRE RIGHT"

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# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—Another week of drastic liquidation, although at the close of the week a fair recovery set in that carried prices up a few points from the extreme low level. Steel led the decline, selling a shade under 80, and the railroad list seemed to be without support for a time, with new low records being made in quite a few of the inactive standard stocks. The weakness in U. S. Steel unsettled the minor steel issues and brought about considerable selling in Bethlehem and Republic Steel. The copper stocks held firm and showed very little change. The railroad question seems to be the dominant factor in the market just at the moment. Sentiment of the financial community and of railroad men for that matter is against Government ownership even for the period of the war. The preference is given by these interests to private operation. They would prefer that Congress content itself with giving financial aid and with repealing the anti-trust and anti-pooling law. It is feared that many technical difficulties would have to be overcome before the Government could take over the railroads. The most difficult of these would perhaps be the equitable distribution of earnings. The fear that Congress will adopt the alternative of Government ownership is one reason for hesitation in buying railroad shares in the face of the most constructive action ever taken by the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the evident appreciation of high Government officials that the railroads must have early relief. The situation should, however, have the tendency to stop the persistent liquidation of railroad stocks such as has been witnessed recently. Stocks are low, nearly all of them below their value as rated formerly, but there is no news which warrants any big advance. Investors have a marvelous opportunity for picking up bargains, as was ever known, but it is idle for any one to try to tell what fluctuations are or when the bottom is reached. We believe that the stock market is going to do a great deal better, and as stocks are very cheap, we have no hesitancy in recommending purchases at this level.

**Corn**—The corn market has been rather inactive the past week, although prices were a shade higher than the previous week. The principal cause of the strength was the very light movement to primary markets. This factor, combined with the congestion created by the recent decline, was effective in holding prices firm. Cash values were higher. The severe weather was responsible for the small receipts. The primary movement for the week was considerably under that of last week, while the shipments were of about the same proportion. The situation seems to be one influenced entirely by supply and demand conditions. With

milder temperatures the movement from the country is expected to assume larger proportions, and should cash values as a result be depressed to lower levels, it is likely that the futures will show some weakness, but until there is a material increase in supplies, a stubborn undertone to values may be anticipated.

**Cotton**—The Government figures, estimating the crop at 10,970,000 was the bullish factor in last week's market, and on the publication of this report the market advanced throughout the list with the more active options selling well above the 29 cent level. After the urgent shorts had covered, profit taking set in and with considerable selling by Wall Street interests as a result of the decline in stocks, prices turned sharply lower with a reaction of more than 100 points from the high point. Trade in cotton is mostly of a professional character, as the outsider is content to look on, owing to the violent fluctuations and the unsettled conditions of the market. Receipts of cotton at the principal ports continue extremely small for this season of the year, and the demand is equal to the supply, which means that stocks of cotton are not accumulating at the different primary markets. For the first time this season, cotton was offered more freely by the South, but this is usually the case just before Christmas, and the selling of actual cotton is known as Christmas cotton. Exports for the week were rather small as compared with last year. The supply of actual cotton is so small that holders are in such a strong position financially that we can only expect minor breaks from this level, due to an overbought technical condition of the market. We anticipate very much higher prices early next spring, and believe advantage should be taken of all breaks in the more distant futures to accumulate some cotton from an investment standpoint.

## Belgium

O Belgium! There is victory that dies,  
Power that undermines the thrones of kings;  
Fear not defeat; disaster glorifies—  
The broken things are the immortal things!  
—Blanche Weitbrec.

## Links With Good Acoustics

Four men were playing golf on a course where the hazard on the ninth hole was a deep ravine. They drove off. Three went into the ravine and one managed to get his ball over. The three who had dropped into the ravine walked up to have a look. Two of them decided not to try to play their balls out and gave up the hole. The third said he would go down and play out his ball. He disappeared into

the deep crevasse. Presently the ball came bobbing out and after a time he climbed up.

"How many strokes?" asked one of his opponents.

"Three."

"But I heard six."

"Three of them were echoes!"

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## The Sower of Tares

(Continued from Page 9)

showed me his sleeping cabin forward, which I shared, and it did not escape me that the stove chimney was red with the rust of seawater to the height of about five feet—which opened my eyes to the luxury of his existence in the winter gales. At one time, early in the war, he conducted a series of brilliant tactical operations against a number of medical boards who shared a belief, amounting to an infatuation, that a man who, as the result of an accident in childhood, could not march a mile without falling out and suffering excruciating agonies at regular intervals of about a week, was "unfit for general service." They know better now.

Our approach to our immediate objective was the occasion of a spirited display by the lieutenant of his gifts as a trapeze artist. We had run up a hoist of signals as we neared the line of patrols, and the engines being put at half speed, the lieutenant took two signalling flags in his hands like a pair of Indian clubs and perched himself upon the rail of the bridge. He twined his calves with simian-like flexibility round the uprights, his feet suddenly prehensile as he anchored them to the middle rail, and with his lower limbs thus moored, he proceeded to hurl his body in space. His arms described an arc of three-quarters of a circle with dazzling rapidity as he executed a series of alphabetical jerks in the medium of semaphore varied by almost imperceptible commas and full stops. Then he paused to take breath.

An ecstatic figure on the upper rail of the bridge of the other drifter answered with similar gesticulations, to which the lieutenant feelingly articulated in reply.

The interlocutory proceeding of these knock-about comedians concluded with an inquiry from the patrol boat, which had been on point-duty in mid-channel for fourteen days, as to the success of a wedding ashore, at which the lieutenant of our drifter had assisted as best man.

"A. 1. The best man looked lovely," signalled the lieutenant, and we descended to the chart-room for a midday dinner.

He apologized for the menu, which was simple enough. I discovered afterwards that he made it a point of honor to share the same rations as the crew. The table appointments were also exiguous, and there seemed a shortage of plates.

"They're 'gone West,' sir," said the orderly with a faint smile. "That depth charge did them in."

I raised my eyebrows interrogatively. And the lieutenant, by way of explanation, told a tale. It cannot be told here, but there is a certain U-boat which will never make a "land-fall" in German waters again. The Admiralty, which is hard to convince, paid the "blood money" over to the lieutenant a few weeks ago and the patrol shared it out, according to their ratings, like a herring catch. And there was a "bump supper" at the naval base. But the auxiliaries hide their light under a bushel, and the lady visitors at a fashionable waterplace are still wondering querulously why the sea is so lustreously wet—they say their bathing dresses won't dry and that they smell strangely of oil.

So one more of the thugs of the sea had been put out of the way, and her crew lie fathoms deep in the Channel awaiting the day when the sea gives up its dead.

"Dirty devils, I call them, sir," said the skipper quietly, smoking his pipe with his hands thrust into his pockets and a reef in his jumper as we did a dog watch together. He was a

large stalwart man, speaking the East Anglian dialect, in which an "a" frequently does duty for an "e" and a "w" for a "u." Apart from these phonetic peculiarities his speech was good King's English, and I noticed that he used none of that truculent pidgin-English which by a curious literary convention so many long-shoremen of letters put into the mouth of those who go down to the sea in ships. Your novelist, dealing in words, is so apt to mistake strong language for strength of mind.

The skipper paused and refilled his pipe, pursuing some obscure strain of thought. Then he found speech.

"Did you hear tell of the Belgian Prince, sir? Aye, everybody has. There's never a dog watch kept in any ship afloat in which that story isn't told. I've heard as men tell it in every boardinghouse in Limehouse and 'Frisco and Sydney and Shanghai. It's gone round the Horn, and it's gone east of Suez. Why, there's sailormen as doan't know enough to read their own discharge note as have got that story by heart like a 'chantey.' They'll never forget it till the Day of Judgment. I'm thinking as sailormen as are not yet born will be telling that tale round the galley fire at night long after your an' my watch is up. . . ."

He paused and gazed out over a "lipper" sea. I noticed he had forgotten to light his pipe. "I knew a skipper as had once done the dirty at sea. No one knew the rights of it exactly, and the 'Old Man' lost his 'ticket,' but the story I heard tell was that he'd been 'spoken' by a ship flying signals of distress, and instead of putting down his hellum to stand by, he'd kept on his course and left her to sink with all hands. And from that day he never entered a 'pub' parlor but all the skippers 'ud get up and lave their glasses untouched and walk out. If they

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saw him making down street on their port bow they'd port their hellum so as to give him a wide berth. Never a one as ever passed the time of day with him or said 'what's yours?' And it grew so that not a sailorman would sign on if he knew as he was to sail with that skipper; some of them 'ud desert at first port they made wi'out waiting to be paid off. They got the idea as he brought bad luck, like a Russian Finn. And if you once get a notion like that in a sailorman's head, ye'll never get it out. I've heard tell of that skipper hauling up to 'speak' a ship, and when his hoist had told the name of his craft t'other ship wouldn't so much as dip her ens'n to wish him 'God speed.' And if ye're an outcast at sea God help ye, for the sea's a lonesome place. It so preyed on the mind of him that he began to see ships flying signals of distress a-beckoning of him, ships as wasn't there—till one night he put her straight on a reef and then went over her bows . . . . . You see, sir, sailormen have got their share of original sin, I'm no saying they haven't, but there's one sin no sailor dare commit, for it's the sin against the Holy Ghost—and that's leaving other sailormen to perish. The sea's shifty enough and tarrible enough and treacherous enough as 'tis without men being . . . . . He did not finish the sentence. "Well, sir, I'm hanging about tack and tack instead of trimming my yards for a straight run, but the course I'm steering is this: the outlawry of that skipper warn't nothing to the outlawry as awaits the German when he once more weighs anchor and puts to sea."

And he lit his pipe. It seemed to me that his hand shook slightly.

The sun was sinking slowly in the west, his light lingering on the headlands, in the east the sky was a deep blue flushed with rose-pink, but

nearer the heart of the sun these delicate tints gave place to fleeces of ochre, and these in turn to flames of molten gold. The next moment the sun seemed to cease breathing upon the sky, all the colors swooned and went slowly out, and even the golden aureole changed to a dull vermillion. The rocks became silhouettes, the clouds turned black, and the shoals of rose-shadow on the surface of the sea sank out of sight and gave place to a purple bloom. As the sun disappeared below the horizon a lingering ray tinged the darkling clouds with silver surge.

With the last expiration of the sun the wine-dark sea changed to a leaden hue, and one by one stars twinkled overhead—the crescent of the Corona Borealis to port, the Pleiades to starboard, and over the truck of our foremast the constellation of the Great Bear. The air grew very cold. A great silence encompassed us, broken only by the lapping of the water against the ship's sides. Round about us was a waste of waters stretching away into impenetrable darkness. All the friendly lights that guide the homing ships in time of peace were put out. More than once before this our drifter, smothered in a fog with no warning light or siren to guide her, and unable to take a cross-bearing, had found herself casting the lead in thirty-five fathoms right under the lee of a towering cliff with only just time to put her engines full speed astern. Nothing lightened our darkness except a great beacon which, elusive as lightning, winked at intervals across the sea revealing for a second the dark silhouette of the motor launch as she drifted about a mile away. Our isolation was as complete as that of a listening post. We were out in the No Man's Land of the Sea.

"The letter is —," said the lieutenant softly to one of the watch as he passed along the deck.

It was our secret signal in the event of our bumping up against a destroyer seeking to speak with her adversary in the gate. If our watch forgot it our number would be up. We showed no lights, but hooded lamps, making faint patches of radiance on the deck, were stowed away under our bulwarks.

Our station was one of the favorite beats of the German submarines and we lay there waiting for the deadly sower of tares, waiting for her as for a thief in the night. From time to time pale shafts of light terminating in an arc of phosphorescent cloud crept across the sky searching for the secret menace of the air as we were searching for the lurking terror of the sea. Now and again wraith-like ships with all lights out stole across the field of our vision, and sometimes our ears caught the pulsation of the engines of a ship we could not see.

Time itself seemed to stand still, and how long we lay like that I could not tell. Mystery brooded over our watch and I found myself speaking to the lieutenant in subdued whispers. Suddenly, one of the men, ascending through the hatchway that led down to the tomb of the wireless operator, passed up a piece of flimsy paper to the lieutenant. He took it into the unlighted chartroom, and as I fell over the table he struck a match and by its flickering light I saw his face as he read the message—"Hostile submarines in sight. Course not known." As he read these words aloud—and others—the match went out. He groped in the dark for a locker, detachable and weighted, and taking something therefrom he invited me to come below. Once down in our sleeping cabin he unrolled a mysterious map under the oil lamp, and putting his finger on one of the squares he said, "They're there." Then we went on deck.

He took an electric signalling lamp and hold-

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## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHAUNCEY M. ST. JOHN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CHAUNCEY M. ST. JOHN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Arthur Joel, Room No. 620 Mills Building, 216 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHAUNCEY M. ST. JOHN, deceased.

ELIZABETH ST. JOHN,

Administratrix of the estate of Chauncey M. St. John, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 8, 1917.

ARTHUR JOEL,

Attorney for Administratrix,

Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-8-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES NUGENT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, Administrator of the estate of JAMES NUGENT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES NUGENT, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the state of James Nugent, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 1, 1917.

CULLINAN &amp; HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,

Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-1-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROBERT BLISCH, Deceased—No. 23,557, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, Administrator of the estate of ROBERT BLISCH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROBERT BLISCH, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the Estate of Robert Blisch, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 1, 1917

CULLINAN &amp; HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,

Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-1-5

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE SOLD

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 15,392; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Person and Estate of BLANCHE CUDWORTH, an Incompetent.

Maud M. Goodman and Minnie C. Hollings, guardians of the person and estate of the above named incompetent, having filed their verified petitions for leave to sell certain real property belonging to the above named incompetent, and,

It appearing to this Court by the said verified petition so presented and filed that it is necessary to sell the whole, or some portion of the interest of said estate in the real estate of said above named incompetent, in order to provide sufficient funds for the care, treatment and support of the above named incompetent, and that it is necessary and beneficial to the said incompetent that the said real property, or some portion of the interest in the estate herein, should be sold.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED, that the next of kin of said above named incompetent, and all persons interested in the above mentioned estate be and appear before this Court on the 28th day of December, A. D. 1917, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. of that date, in the court room of the above entitled Court, department number 10 thereof, room 452 of the City Hall, situated on the west side of Polk Street, between Grove and McAllister Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why an order should not be granted the said guardians to sell the real property of the estate herein, or so much of the said real estate, at private sale, as shall be necessary.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published once a week for three (3) successive weeks next preceding said day, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open court this 28th day of November, A. D. 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

COSTELLO &amp; COSTELLO,

Attorneys for Guardians,

822 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-8-3

ing it up over the bulwarks he flashed a message to the distant motor launch. A sequence of flashes answered it. And once more we resumed our vigil.

The night dragged on, the watch was relieved, the stars changed their stations as the earth rolled on through interstellar space. I sat in the bows gazing into the mysterious night and hearing nothing but the whispered soliloquy of the waters beneath me. The dark gray silhouette of a transport crept by, deeply laden, for the sound of her propeller never reached me. Then a barque glided past, but not a murmur escaped her, not a sail thrashed, not a block creaked. They might have been the ghosts of the murdered ships that lay fathoms deep beneath us, deep in the sepulchral sea. From time to time dark objects floated by—a packing case, a hatch, an upturned boat, a derelict sleeper, the mute and plaintive witnesses to a sinister and implacable terror "more fell than hunger, anguish or the sea." I gazed down at the waters in which the phosphorus glowed faintly like pale marigolds, wondering what tragic secrets their inscrutable depths concealed. There grew on my drowsy senses a feeling that the sea, as it heaved on its bed under the tidal moon, was talking in its sleep. Faint peals of sound seemed to animate the watery depths as though the sea were a belfry in which the bell of every foundered ship was tolling the watches of the night. I heard a dull tapping on our stern—I went aft but could see nothing but the shadowy figure of one of the deck hands. Then a hollow gasp like a cork drawn from a bottle came from our port bow. The next moment a deep sepulchral cough echoed from amidships; I looked down through the skylight and saw one of the crew turning uneasily in his sleep. By some strange acoustic illusion his coughing seemed to be coming from the depths of the sea. Each illusion was dispelled only to be succeeded by another. A block creaked, the cordage chafed, a chain rattled. And there grew on me a masterful conviction that we were not alone. I lifted my eyes and they lighted suddenly upon a dark boat-shaped object gliding stealthily past in the current about two hundred yards away. The next moment the beacon flashed across the water rending the veil of night and in one trenchant glimpse I saw that it was a ship's life boat. Over the gunwale drooped the body of a man, the head downwards between the extended arms and the hands lapped by the hungry waters. Across the stern another head rested with the pallid face turned upwards and gleaming in the cold searching light. I heard a soft footfall behind me, and turning, saw the skipper gazing over my shoulder. The next moment the beacon went out.

One by one the stars paled, diminished and disappeared; the surface of the waters turned from black to a leaden gray and, with the first flush of dawn, gleamed like mother-of-pearl. I looked around me. Far as the eye could reach I saw nothing but the salt, inhospitable, secret sea.

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## NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a special meeting of said board, duly held on the 20th day of October, 1917, at the office of said corporation, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of the said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation, No. 962 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meets), on Monday, the 31st day of December, 1917, at 3:00 p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000), divided into twenty thousand (20,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each, to Five Hundred Thousand (\$500,000.00) Dollars, divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each.

The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock is Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000.00).

Also to amend the Articles of Incorporation, and to ratify all acts of the stockholders and Board of Directors at its meeting held on the 11th day of October, 1917.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated October 20, 1917.

LOUIS TRAUNG,

Secretary of Traung Label and Lithograph Company.

L. W. LOVEY,

Attorney for Traung Label and Lithograph Company, 1107 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

10-27-10

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of W. H. Morrissey, 804 Mechanics Building, 948 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased.

ESTELLE B. EVERETT,

Executrix of the estate of Virginia Evans Smith, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 24, 1917.

W. H. MORRISSEY,

Attorney for Executrix,

804 Mechanics Bldg., 948 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

11-24-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. MANN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY E. MANN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Seth Mann, Esq., Room 1040 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY E. MANN, deceased.

A. H. TURNER,

Administrator of the estate of Mary E. Mann, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 15, 1917.

SETH MANN,

Attorney for said Administrator, 1040 Merchants Exchange Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-15-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE W. FOX, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of GEORGE W. FOX, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor, at its office, intersection of Grant Avenue and Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE W. FOX, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO, Executor of the last will and testament of George W. Fox, deceased.

By H. G. LARSH, Secretary.

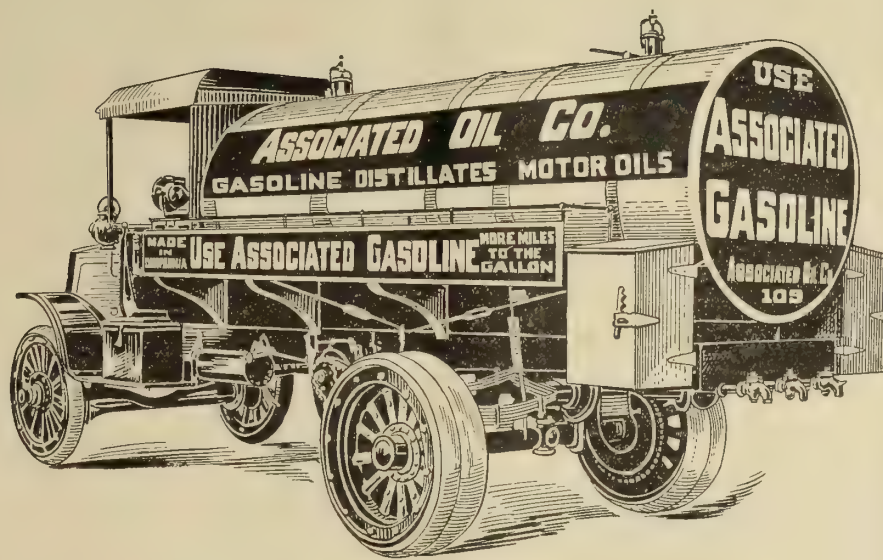
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 15, 1917.

HELLER, POWERS &amp; FHRMAN,

Attorneys for Executor.

12-15-5





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Vol. XXXI. No. 1323

SAN FRANCISCO-OAKLAND, DECEMBER 29, 1917

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The Ultra-German Professor Cooper

Captain Leale and the Good Ship Caroline

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# TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC and BAY CITIES' WEEKLY

Vol. XXXI

San Francisco-Oakland, December 29, 1917

No. 1323

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Entered at the San Francisco Post Office as second class matter.

## Good Resolutions

Scorn not the idea of good resolutions; class not good resolutions with the illusions of childhood. This is the time of year we make good resolutions, and the only objection to the annual practice is that it may give some men complete satisfaction like the perfunctory performance of a conscientious duty. It is not enough to resolve but once a year to turn over a new page. This sort of thing is good exercise for any day in the year. And even though it were universally a daily exercise there would be no danger of an increase of virtue on too large a scale. Of course virtue on a large scale is to be dreaded since there might follow a multiplication of prigs and bores. Of them we have enough already, leading a perfectly methodical existence. When we ponder these folks—the dull clods of earth—we feel that perhaps it is well that no very large number of the resolutions made at this time of year will be kept. Now we are considering the practice of making good resolutions only in so far as it may affect persons worth while. To many of such persons it might be very satisfactory to have the conviction that they are able in a great measure to fix their character for themselves. Psychologists will tell you this is really possible, and many books have been written on the subject, books akin to *Every Man a King*, which have had great vogue in recent years and have been of great assistance to many people. There is a great deal of truth in what the psychologists are telling us, and nothing more important than this—that it is possible for men to suggestionize themselves by concentrating on right thought. These psychologists in some instances go further; they would have you believe that your mind is identical with your Creator, and from their teachings may arise innumerable religious cults inspiring an energetic faith in man's autocratic power. But what ever the byproducts of psychology and however autocratic a man's powers, mental concentration is the important thing whether for effective self-impression of right thought or wrong. And whatever the relation of mind to divinity, if we

rely on the mind we shall find that to exercise mental power effectively the mind will have to be developed just as though it were any ordinary muscle of the body. Such being the case why make good resolutions one day in the year and do nothing more to stiffen character?

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## The Prohibition Resolution

"The most fantastic dreams of constitution-tinkers never imagined any Witches Night of innovation like this." These words are from an editorial in that most devoted defender, apologist and panegyrist of the Administration in Washington, the *New York Times*. A sane and very conservative journal is *The Times* and never suspected of an unholy alliance with the Liquor Interests, but the editorial from which we quote above is by way of ridicule of the prohibition amendment. Apparently some constitutional lawyer on *The Times'* staff regards the resolution as impossible, his point being that impliedly the resolution would strip the United States of its sovereignty and make it the forty-ninth in a collection of States. "So far as it goes," he says, "and for the august necessities of prohibition it denationalizes the nation." Further: "It deposes the United States and scatters the supremacy of its Government." The obvious retort to all this twaddle is "What's the difference? Who cares?" Ours is a real democracy, and we must make the world safe for it at any cost. After all the Constitution doesn't matter any more. It was made over a hundred years ago when a superstition called law and order held the imagination of a stupid people. Like the Bolsheviks we want our head and we want to lead where we may, quite sure that we need no restraints. The motto of many people is "Prohibition or Bust."

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## The Danger Point in Europe

There was of course a reason for our reluctance to declare war against the Hapsburg Empire, but there were many reasons why we should not have been at all reluctant. Professing to be intent on making an end of war we should be as eager to lay hands on the Austrian Empire as on Germany itself. It appears to be forgotten that the war definitely had its origin in the manifestly unfair treatment of the Serbian question in Vienna, and if we hope for perpetual peace why be indifferent to the interests of the South Slav peoples. That would mean blindness to the

great danger point in Europe. The Austrian Government has maintained an indifference to these interests for many years, and has obstinately refused to recognize the reality and sincerity of the interests of Russia in her own kith and kin. Therefore it is absurd to argue that the Allies should be lenient toward Austro-Hungary because she was the weaker member in a partnership guilty of the most infamous crime in history; weak or not she has maintained the conditions which made the crime possible, and to leave her alone at the end of the war would make the repetition of the crime inevitable, if not at the instigation of Germany at least with the connivance of the children of Mars who abide in Prussia.

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## Popular Faults Among Women

"Popular Faults Among Young Women" was the title of a recent Chicago symposium fathered by a preacher intent on cataloguing feminine imperfections. With many of these faults the world is familiar, as for instance the length of skirts which, since they were first worn, have never been either just long enough or just short enough to suit the taste of men that bother about such things; again, the covering or uncovering of the region above the brisket. As long ago as Addison's time, as anybody who ever read *The Spectator* will tell you, essayists were deliberating perfervidly on the question of the tucker, as it was called in the long ago. These are questions that don't much matter any more except in Chicago and Los Angeles, and even in those benighted places they provoke only academic discussion. But here is a question worth while that enlivened the symposium, the question of young women's "craze for soldiers." We are glad to learn that even young women in Chicago have a passion for soldiers. Not otherwise informed we might have been of the opinion that the young women of Mayor Thompson's town, where Ella Flagg Young came to the front, confined their craze to pacifists; it is good to know that soldiers have attractions for the female of the species in Chicago. Presumably therefore Chicago abounds in normal young women capable of differentiating the sturdy frame in khaki from the narrow shoulders of the weak-kneed slacker. It is a good sign that soldiers are now popular everywhere, and it is a pleasure to observe the grace of behavior that marks the men who are fitting themselves for the stern duties they will soon be called on to perform at the front.



### Putting an End to War

Once more we are told that the Allies are determined to "end this controversy once and for all" and that "brute force shall be dethroned forever." This is always good news, and it is generally inspiring to the man in the street who likes fine phrases. The man in the street is an emotional cuss, optimistic when a Byng makes a big push and correspondingly depressed when the enemy recovers a little lost ground. He loves to hear that this war is to end war for all times and make permanent the kind of government he lives under, never reflecting that it is the kind of government that is making it so hard for the Allies to muddle through. The antithesis of the man in the street is the cynic who attaches very little importance to the determination to end the controversy once and for all under democratic rule. He recalls the Democracies of Greece and Rome that were always at war and the end that was put to Prussian militarism by Napoleon after Jena by the limitation of Prussia's armaments. The cynic is rather sceptical of finality in human affairs. He remembers that seven years after Jena Britain and Russia joined hands with Prussia to crush Napoleon and that within fifteen years after the signing of the treaty of Vienna, which

was expected to settle Europe for a hundred years, the union of Belgium and Holland was undone and reversed, and that within forty years France though crushed at Waterloo was fighting with England against Russia, and though crushed again in 1870 is now helping to save civilization. The cynic, his scepticism and citations from history notwithstanding, is fortunately not likely to abate the hope that springs eternal. We shall fight at any rate to the immediate end, and though our sanguine statesmen will insure against war, they will paradoxically try to dethrone brute force by means of the principle of universal military service. Meanwhile it may satisfy some of the less exacting of us if, only for moral rather than physical reasons we dethrone Germany's prestige, which is now associated with the German form of government. This may be done by merely preventing the Kaiser from profiting by the war and compelling him to restore Alsace-Lorraine to France and to rehabilitate Belgium, Serbia and Rumania.

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### The Baneful Ibsen Influence

Think of Ibsen coming back! Not like Hallcainery—in the movies—are we to expect the revival of the drama of the great

Norwegian, the friend of the lopsided new woman, but on the stage where the spoken word may be used to express indefensible emotions that were popular before the war. Ibsen is popularly believed to be as dead as a door nail, and managers are of the opinion that only the conventional play lives along with the familiar mechanics of unlawful love, but we are actually threatened with a new Ibsen play that may give us a shudder from the grave. The news comes from Europe that Ibsen wrote a continuation of *Ghosts* which is shortly to be published in England and then produced in some London theatre. However, this play is a subject of mystery. Sigurd Ibsen says that his father never wrote a play in continuation of *Ghosts*, and the woman whose late husband is said to have received the Ms. from the playwright says that the deceased never knew Ibsen. Literary circles have been much disturbed by the conflicting reports, and doubtless if the play is ever produced a committee composed of Bernard Shaw, Mr. Gosse and Mr. Archer will be called upon to give judgment on the question of its authenticity. Meanwhile it would be interesting to know if a new play by Ibsen could revive the influence that once wrought a painful effect on domestic life.

## The Return

By Claude Houghton

It seems but yesteryear thou wert a name,  
A denizen of the domain of night,  
An exiled emperor who sent by stealth  
Ambassadors of his imperial will  
Into the Courts of Life.

O sovereign Death,  
Had we not woven veils about our eyes  
Lest we should see thy silent ministers  
Swift to their purpose in our shadow-world?  
Had we not hid the terror of thy name  
In a conspiracy of silence deep,  
So vast that had one thought to speak of thee  
Fear laid embargo on his utterance?  
We had denied thee, Death, in divers ways:  
Banished the thought of thee into the night,  
Peopled with marionettes our mimic stage,  
And meshed our souls within our tinselled dreams.  
We had denied thee—thou wert but a shade  
That lingered like a solitary god  
Upon the threshold of the black unknown,  
Remote, malign, unconquered, absolute.

Then, despot Death,  
While o'er the trembling earth thy tocsin knelled,  
Out of thine ebony empire of the night  
Thou camest in thine ancient majesty  
Into the Courts of Life, dethroning those  
Who had arraigned thy fell omnipotence.  
Exile no more—but as the lord of life  
Thou didst bestride our phantom puppet world,  
Till thy black name shaped every mouth with fear,  
Till each man spoke of thee as something seen,  
A terror intimate, familiar, known,  
That plucked his sleeve within the market-place,  
Or lurked within the shadows of his mind.  
Dawn showed thee sinister upon the hills,  
Night echoed to the menace of thy feet.

O tyrant Death,  
The shadow of thy wing broods o'er us yet  
But we have come to know thee, our great grief  
Has made us intimate with those who wait  
In the deep sable splendor of thy train;  
For in the darkness sorrow led us forth  
To journey down the sunless paths of pain  
And showed us all the suffering of man,  
That endless martyrdom . . . and we have known—  
Dear God, how bitterly!—the sacrifice  
That narrows all our love to one small grave;  
That shrivels all the world to one small grave;  
Till, seeking solitude, we found the night,  
Silence, and mighty murmur of the sea,  
And felt the lofty presence of the hills  
Ranged round the tragic fury of the world  
Like sentinels on guard to greet the dawn.

O Death, it seems  
That we in exiling thee had banished all  
Those stars by which the restless race of man  
Steers his eventful course across the night,  
The stars to which the dead men yearned throughout  
The age-old centuries of perished nights,  
The self-same stars at which the dying men  
Gaze fervently tonight, the deathless stars  
That still will beckon men when all our strife  
Is but a scholar's interest—for the soul  
Yearns in the darkness of captivity  
Upward towards her native starry home.



## Varied Types

362—CAPTAIN WILLIAM G. LEALE

By Edward F. O'Day

Recollections of happy picnic days must have busied many minds when the newspapers told not long ago that "the good ship Caroline" was no more. Burned to the water's edge at Sausalito—that was the fate which closed the log of the Caroline after Captain Leale had owned her for twenty-seven years. She was the favorite excursion boat on the bay for many years, and Captain Leale was the most popular skipper that ever sounded a whistle in our fog.

Fortunately, Captain Leale remains to speak the funeral sermon of his beloved craft.

"She never had an accident," says Captain Leale, "until her fatal one. She never lost a man overboard or injured a passenger."

Captain Leale is one of our favorite raconteurs, and the Caroline is the stage upon which he sets the scenes for many of his very best yarns. A student of character is Captain Leale, and also a student of characters—especially waterfront characters. The good Lord put a keen eye in the captain's head, and gave him a quick brain with a leaning toward humorous appreciation of life. This is the reason why at seventy-one he is still a young man. To hear Captain Leale discourse of waterfront characters is a privilege the landsman eagerly grasps.

"One of the queerest characters that ever worked on the Caroline," says Captain Leale, "was Sam. There was a mystery about Sam that I never solved. He was a man of college education. You know Fred Jung, grand secretary of the Native Sons? Well, Sam used to give him lessons in Latin and Greek. Sam was as strong as a bull. He could drink more bad waterfront whiskey than any other man of my acquaintance. He'd play poker all night in the back room of an East street place and then turn to and do more work than two men. He went through two big legacies. One was for \$80,000. He was quite an epicure, and knew out of the way places where fine chutneys and imported preserves could be bought. But he never talked about his past. Somehow or other I got the idea he had studied for the priesthood. One day Sconchin Maloney made a trip on the Caroline, and held forth in his most flowery style on the wrongs of Ireland. Sam sat on a tool box and listened. Finally Sam interrupted Sconchin in the midst of an oratorical statement:

"Why don't you stick to facts when you talk history?"

"My friend," said Sconchin, greatly surprised at the unexpected criticism, "I do stick to facts."

"The hell you do," said Sam; whereupon he got up, opened the tool box, brought out a grimy volume of Macaulay's History of England and turned over the pages till he came to a statement the direct opposite of Sconchin's. Sconchin was silent for the rest of the trip, so you may imagine how completely Sam had floored him."

Poor Sam! He was carried off by a paralytic stroke, taking his mystery with him.

"Another great character on the Caroline," says the captain, "was Old Ned. I had him paroled from San Quentin. When he got too old for deck work I had him do odd jobs on the wharf. One day the Caroline was going to the dry dock, to be laid up for two weeks for

repairs. The grass had been pretty short with Old Ned, for it was a slack time, so I decided to put him on board as watchman while the Caroline was in dry dock. It meant plenty to eat for two weeks and wages besides, but when I told Old Ned about it he was strangely unenthusiastic. Very reluctantly he left the stringer where he had been sitting watching the water. I told my engineer that Old Ned was acting strangely. The engineer discovered the reason.

"When a picnic boat tied up at one of the wharves on a Sunday night the wine bums or 'wine-os' used to go aboard and clean up the decks and cabins, their pay being the half-empty beer bottles left by the picnickers. About eight days before a wine bum known as Bow Wow had tackled too many of these bottles and had staggered overboard. The disappearance of Bow Wow was quite an event in waterfront hobo circles. When the engineer sounded Old Ned as to his reluctance about going to dry dock with the Caroline, he said:

"Well, you know, sir, Bow Wow will come up tomorrow, and there's ten dollars in it."

He had been waiting for Bow Wow's body to float in order that he might claim the fee from the coroner!

"It's not often you can reform one of these waterfront characters when he's a drinking man," continued Captain Leale, "but once in a great while the miracle happens. There was Donovan who always had a little more than was good for him. One cold winter day when we were heaving up the anchor of a barge at Butchertown, Donovan went over the bow. Quick as a flash Sam was down the chain with a rope in his hand.

"Swim over here, you blanketty blank, and I'll save your blanketty blank life," said Sam.

"When Donovan was hauled aboard he moaned to me:

"Captain, I'm dead and my time has come."

"However, he consented to go below and get dried out. When he was himself again I gave him a very serious talk, and from that day he let the booze alone."

For years, as everybody should know, Captain Leale had the contract for carrying supplies from San Francisco to the prison at San Quentin. Naturally, he mingled a good deal with the convicts. The result was that the Caroline was the door which opened to liberty on parole for many unfortunates. And that reminds me:

One day, in a club to which Captain Leale belongs, the talk turned on this matter of parole.

"Captain," said one, "you must get badly fooled by the convicts you help. What percentage pay back the money you lend them?"

"Oh, about the same percentage as pay back in a club," was the quiet response.

Convicts were always told off to help unload the Caroline at San Quentin.

"One day," says the captain, "I noticed a husky fellow who was soldiering on the job.

"See here," I told him, "you've got to work a little faster."

"Say, skipper," he answered, "I've got ten years to unload this boat."

One day Captain Leale noticed that the fore-

man on the Jackson-street wharf where the Caroline was loading was unusually accommodating. He complimented him.

"You don't remember me," said the foreman. "You got me out of San Quentin ten years ago. I own my own cottage, and I've got a wife and two children. And I took your advice: I haven't had a drink since I came out."

"You have to know 'where to find them,'" says Captain Leale. "There's a chord that will respond if you only know how to strike it. I remember one man over at San Quentin who showed intelligence as well as great bodily strength in his work.

"What are you here for?" I asked him.

"Burglary," he told me.

"What's a man like you want to be crooked for?"

"Oh, I got in with the gang. It looked like easy money."

"Ever try to get out?"

"What the hell! I ain't got no friends."

"I had him paroled and gave him a job on the Caroline. I never saw a man so faithful in my life. He's married now, has a child, and is earning six dollars a day. Six years ago when I was in the hospital for a capital operation he heard about it, and called on my wife. She was despondent about me, and he did the best he could to cheer her. And as he left, my wife saw him wipe a tear off his face."

So, as you may imagine, it is not only the merrymakers who used to go a-picnicking on the Caroline who felt sorry when she went up in flames.

The Caroline had a long and useful career. She was built by a man named Wylie to carry salt from Union City. Then she was bought by Hooper and Company and Captain Hunt to run on the upper river above Colusa. Then a man named Wolfe bought her and put her on the Napa run. Captain Leale bought her from Wolfe twenty-seven years ago.

Captain Leale came to San Francisco in 1866, before the mast of a deep-water ship from China. He was born at St. Peter's Port on the Island of Guernsey. Victor Hugo lived at Hautville nearby.

"I used to see him every day when I was on my way to school," says Captain Leale. "He was very fond of children. About that time, I imagine, he was writing 'Toilers of the Sea.'

"Ninety per cent of my school friends went to sea. I was twelve when I went as cabin boy on the three-masted Conqueror round the Cape of Good Hope to Ceylon. I was very sick that first trip, but I loved the life so much that I never missed a watch."

From '66 until he retired recently Captain Leale has been on San Francisco Bay.

"It's a good bay," says the captain, "and not treacherous. It always gives you pretty good warning of what it is going to do."

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## Perspective Impressions

So the soldiers didn't get the turkeys! Well, let us hope that they will at least get the guns when shooting becomes a matter of urgent necessity.

Who is responsible for the toleration of delays in the War Department? And who is responsible for tolerating irresponsibility, incompetency and crass stupidity?

F. H. Simonds says the war will last five years. Perhaps it will, but we are not adopting any new line of conduct by reason of Mr. Simonds' assurance.

The writer who bases his prediction regarding the duration of the war on the withdrawal of Russia, is not considering the possibility of Russia's coming back. Yet stranger things have happened, and as a matter of fact who knows what may happen?

Canada may go dry, but we still maintain that Canadian Club is mighty good stuff.

It was Dr. Johnson who defined Organization as a "construction in which several parts are so deftly disposed that with the least expense of moral and material forces, and in the shortest time, a given result is obtained." This is what we know today as the German machine which extorts the admiration even of those who most detest its sinister objects.

At least there is this to be said of Secretary Daniels,—he is a vivid personality.

Men we miss since they have ceased to supply us with food for comment: Dr. Aked and David Starr Jordan.

At least the Senate inquiry has made it clear that there is something rotten in the War Department.

Mighty good news: that fire in the Krupp plant.

The slogan for 1918 should be "Save and Give."

With a lot of investigations under way Congress should be perfectly happy.

It would seem that Heney is beginning his gubernatorial campaign in Chicago.

A New Year resolution: Let us be patient while the war clouds glower, and temperate when the sun of victory shines.

The manufacture of ordnance for our army appears to have been productive chiefly of delays. Another case of Denman and the Shipping Board. Do we hear somebody laughing in Germany?

## Caramel Trench

By J. Footman

Caramel Trench had been hurriedly scratched out by the Germans four days ago. Then our big guns had shelled it solidly and deliberately for a day and a night, at the end of which there was pandemonium for fifteen minutes, and then our men came and took it, and went on and took the next trench a hundred yards beyond; so that now Caramel Trench was our reserve line. The men, tired out by work all night up in the front, lay about like large bundles of dirty rags on the uneven bottom of the trench in the light of the early morning sun. They showed no more signs of life than did the two German corpses lying there with them—who had died there days before when the trench floor had been covered by nine inches of mud. Now the sun had hardened the mud and the bodies were stuck there, waiting to be hacked out with pick and shovel.

Swinton, Lieutenant, was walking down the trench seeing that the few tired sentries were up to the mark. A heavy shell growled towards him and he ducked his head (lack of sleep had told on his nerves). The earth flew up in all directions seventy yards back along the trench, and a fraction of a second afterwards one could hear the vicious crack of the explosion. Swinton looked anxiously; that shell might have knocked somebody out, and the company only numbered half the men it had had when it went into the line. Swinton was now in command. Jones, a new officer who had turned up a week before, was the only officer with him, and there were about fifty men. Swinton went on to the end of the line. Before he had gone fifty yards there was another growl and crack, and as he turned round to come back, a third. He noticed that they came exactly at two minutes' intervals.

He was coming back when his orderly met him. "There's four of our chaps up there hit, sir, and Mr. Jones."

"What, killed or wounded?"

"Oh, wounded, sir. He got it pretty bad, though, groanin' dreadful. It was the first one as came over right on the side of the trench."

They were hurrying along back by this time, the orderly talking volubly. In ordinary times he would never have dared, for Swinton's views on discipline were decided. But the last few days had tired the man out, and he regarded his company commander more as a fellow-sufferer than an officer.

"Smithson and Lang be killed, sir, and t'other chap—Gregory. And Merson got it, too, but not as bad as Mr. Jones."

There was a hiss, and both ducked; then a report overhead, and then another about twenty yards to their rear, and two great clouds, one black and one greenish-gray, went rolling away on the breeze. "Damn that shrapnel!" said Swinton.

They arrived. On the back of the trench was a great round hollow where the shell had hit; the explosion had scorched the clay. Lang was lying on the rough fire-step, a large gash in his head. Merson sat by him, hugging his right arm and whimpering. Smithson and Gregory were a loathsome, hopeless mass at the bottom of the trench. Rations and equipment lay about, sprinkled with fresh clay. Swinton stepped gingerly over the debris to where Jones lay. The stretcher-bearer had just finished tying him up.

"How are you feeling?" He tried to smile at him.

"Oh, Lord, give me some water." Jones's face was greenish. Swinton snatched at a bottle lying near and held it up to him.

"Thanks, awfully." The voice was feeble. Swinton, who was kneeling down, reached up the bottle to Merson, and then turned to the man at his feet.

"Oh, the pain, my leg, good God! Is that you, Swinton?"

"Yes, I'm here."

"Thank heaven! You've been an awfully good pal to me. I'm glad I've had a chap like you. Oh, Lord, the pain!"

"You're all right, old man. You'll be back in England in a week."

"I'm pretty bad, old chap. I shan't live long."

"Don't talk rot! You'll be all right. The

stretcher-bearers are coming soon. The doc will give you some morphia."

"When are the stretcher-bearers coming? Oh, Lord, give me some water! I want some water!" Swinton groped for the bottle again.

"I'll be back in a minute. I'm going to hurry them up."

He went round the corner of the trench with a sense of relief. He saw the stretcher-bearer.

"Why aren't the others here with the stretchers?"

As soon as he said this he remembered the battalion order by which all stretcher-bearers remained at battalion headquarters, to be sent for when wanted, with the exception of one per company who remained to tie up wounds as they came. He turned away from the man in the middle of his explanation and called to the telephone orderly.

"Have you rung up for a stretcher?"

"No, sir, not yet."

He cursed the man and sent him to do it. He turned back to the stretcher-bearer.

"Will Mr. Jones live?"

"I don't think so, sir; the thigh bone's broken, and he's got it in the chest, too."

"What about Merson?"

"Oh, he's all right, sir. Nice Blighty one."

There was a groan from the dying man round the corner. Swinton looked over towards headquarters. They were shelling pretty hard now; would those stretcher-bearers wait till it stopped? At last he went round the corner again.

"Is that the stretcher-bearer?"

"No, it's me. But they're coming—on the way now. They won't be long."

"Oh, for God's sake, give me some water!"

Swinton reached for it again.

"Do you feel like a cigarette?"

"No. Oh, Lord, the pain! I couldn't smoke, thanks, old man."

"I say," said Jones after a pause, "give me your hand."

The other man stretched it out and felt Jones's cold fingers circling round it.

(Continued from Page 18.)



## The Legal Mind

By Newton A. Fuessle

Fentonwood, during the three singularly happy years of his married life, had loved Olivia with the abandon that is only possible where one trusts his mate implicitly.

Then little by little, it began dawning upon him that her whole attitude toward him had become transformed. In a daze of bewildered concern, he strove to analyze the change, to divine its cause.

Today, as his powerful enclosed car bore him smoothly toward their new home on the Heights, sombre thoughts wove through his mind. The whole wretched patch-work of the suspicions passed in review before him.

"It's impossible!" he shuddered.

Resolutely he endeavored to see her as the same perfect, flawless creature she had been to him. Yet he was uncannily aware that something had become a curtain between them.

Fentonwood was very weary. He had spent the whole day in court, closing an important case. It was the celebrated Gas Case, the most significant franchise battle which had ever raged in the local courts. In his summing up for the corporation Fentonwood had today fought brilliantly.

He found Olivia seated dreaming in the shadow of the casement in the dimly-lit livingroom—a slender enchanting wisp of a woman in that twilight hour.

"My dear!" said Fentonwood, crossing to her side. "Did I startle you?"

"No. I saw the car drive in," answered Olivia, rising. "You're late."

"Yes. I'm sorry. I talked longer than I expected. I shall have to finish my summing up tomorrow," he added.

For a moment he stood regarding the pale beauty of her face. To him it had always been the most perfect of faces, each feature as flawless as though it had been a thing of dreams.

He bent over to kiss her. She evaded him. He tried again.

"Don't—be so rough!" she exclaimed, almost with a gasp.

Fentonwood drew back. He stood regarding his wife with a look of hurt reproof, and wistfulness, and wonder.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," he said quietly. "If I've become so offensive to you all of a sudden, of course I shan't annoy you like this again."

"It isn't that, John—" she began.

"Then exactly what is it?"

He looked at her steadfastly, conscious once more of a strange, new, subtle, evasive note in her gray eyes. And at once the whole haunting herd of suspicions, of uneasy speculations, closed in upon him again.

"You'd better get ready for dinner, dear," she said.

"Very well," he returned, and went to his room.

Fentonwood set about dressing for dinner

with a dull heaviness of spirit. The strain of the past few weeks, culminating in the intensity of his long and important address today to the jury, had thrown him into an aggravating state of nerves which Olivia's conduct did nothing to alleviate.

On his mahogany dresser stood his favorite picture of Olivia, a full-length panel in gray—artistic as she herself, one of those vague, elusive things, keyed to meet and fuse with one's inner image of the person portrayed. He stood gazing at the mouth, the eyes, the mist of hair.

Then he turned quickly away. Until tomorrow's tasks in the courtroom were finished, he dared not think of Olivia—nor dwell upon the changed character of his relations with her. He dared not let himself go to pieces. He held his breath for a moment, as though to tighten the strap of will that bound his emotions together.

Dinner was half over before Fentonwood became aware of the spray of yellow roses in the center of the table.

"Golden Gates!" he observed. "How did you happen to order them?"

"Oh—the roses?" she replied with an almost imperceptible start. "They're a gift. I meant to call your attention to them."

"A gift? From whom?"

"From Dr. Hewitt."

"How does it come that Dr. Hewitt is sending us flowers?" inquired Fentonwood.

"For no particular reason. Why shouldn't he?"

"Why should he?" persisted Fentonwood.

"Is there anything so singular for an old friend of ours to send flowers?" asked Olivia impatiently.

"Rather unusual for Hewitt. Very decent of him though," added Fentonwood lightly, aware of the flush on Olivia's face and of the wilful flaring of her nostrils.

Could it be Hewitt? It seemed impossible. He was least in evidence at the house of any of their friends. A bachelor—so thoroughly wrapped up in his work that his name had never been mentioned in Fentonwood's hearing by even the most incorrigible and imaginative pantalooned gossip at any of his clubs.

"Absurd," he mused. Yet the face of the gray-haired, dignified, very professional physician kept floating before him in a mist of misgiving.

Olivia questioned her husband perfunctorily about his day in court. The other answered indifferently. For all day he had felt hurt and neglected because of his wife's failure to be present at the scene of his big effort. At last he burst out:

"My dear, why in heaven's name all this labored interest all of a sudden. You did not care enough to—"

"Oh, John," she interrupted, "I wanted to be there. You ought to know that. My thoughts were with you every second of the time—"

A short, biting laugh rang frostily from Fentonwood's lips.

The telephone bell rang. Fentonwood answered.

"You've got the wrong number," he said crisply.

On the telephone pad, he saw in Olivia's writing the notation: "A. H.—Garfield 7698."

He reached for the directory, began groping through the H's, found the Hewitts. His sus-

picious were quickly verified. Dr. Hewitt's number corresponded with the number on the pad. A feeling of dispossession sawed roughly into his sensitive spirit.

The discovery of the initials and number on the telephone pad gave jarring support to the evidence already before the legal mind. As the evening wore on, he found himself staring at his wife. In the delicate tracery of her features he now perceived for the first time elements of cunning, of treachery.

Soon Olivia rose, obviously bored, excused herself and left the room, avoiding explanation with a cough.

Fentonwood boiled.

Later, when he paused at Olivia's door to bid her good night, she again avoided his lips and caught his kiss on her cheek.

Fentonwood closed the door of his own room behind him, swung open the casement window and stood gazing out over the dim, snowy outlines of sleeping homes. The pride he had felt in his new home, set in its placid environs, was gone. The mess he had made of his marriage jeered at him, sickened him. To expect loyalty from a pretty-faced woman was to be a primitive, unsophisticated, sentimental ass.

Then, to clear the machinery of his brain and nerves for the ordeal that awaited him tomorrow before the jury, he threw the windows wide open, let the rush of wintry air enter in tonic gallons, and crawled under his heavy blankets.

There was a hard, glittering vehemence to Fentonwood's effort the next day in court. His habitual vigor in action was today brilliantly brutal, and astounded even the men who had depended the most confidently upon his ability to hammer the jury into a mood to convict. But little did it occur to anybody in the thickly-peopled courtroom from what hidden springs flowed Fentonwood's harsh and triumphant eloquence.

Five minutes after closing his address he was at the steering-wheel of his car, picking his way with skillful stealth through the thick gnarl of the street's afternoon traffic. The ruly obedience of the energetic engine impressed him with a certain masculinity. There was not a petulant note in its pick-up, not a whisper in the delivery of its stream of might to the rear wheels.

Already the trial was out of his mind. He was engrossed with another matter—an impending interview.

A ten-minute drive, and he disengaged his gears, threw in his brake and stepped out of his car in front of an uptown office building. The elevator bore him up and up with silken flight. He handed Dr. Arthur Hewitt's reception clerk his card, dropped into a leather chair, and took a deep breath of air, filled with its subtle

(Continued on Page 18)

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# The Spectator

## Opposition to Camp Fremont

Notwithstanding all that the patriotic people of this city have done in the war, in despite all their ready and generous responses to appeals from Washington, they have been sneered at by Eastern journalists for their failure to subscribe promptly for the money needed for Camp Fremont. Here is a problem that has provoked much curiosity hereabouts: Why has there been so much delay in raising the money? First Mayor Rolph undertook to get all that was called for, and he quit when the total reached \$20,000. The task was too much for him, and it was rumored that his failure was due to the antagonism of business men. These business men, it is said, do not regard the Mayor of the city as the right man to exert a pull among the business interests. They would prefer to "come through" for somebody who had not spent his time as a politician arraying class against class. After Rolph's failure John Britton and Herbert Fleishhacker volunteered to get the requisite sum subscribed. Here are two men who have been devoting their valuable time right along in the public interests. They have been called upon to raise money whenever money has been in special demand for war purposes, and they have been untiring in their efforts to make a showing for San Francisco in connection with the divers financial and industrial activities inspired at Washington. In a few days they more than trebled the money Rolph raised, but the total sum was still nearly fifteen thousand short of the stipulated amount. Once more it was learned that there was opposition, this time from wealthy folks down the peninsula. Now it appears that property owners in the neighborhood of Burlingame have very grave opposition to the proposed Fremont Camp. Property owners elsewhere would welcome it as a means of increasing realty valuations, but not the Blingumites and others who are proud of their country homes and who feel that the presence of soldiers would be a detriment to residence property of a fashionable character. In this connection it is pointed out that certain unfortunate occurrences have tended to strengthen their opinion. So the Camp Fremont fund has been a matter of slow growth. I hear that new impetus was given to the enterprise the other day when Attorney Wm. F. Humphrey, of the Olympic Club, one of our most active war enthusiasts and public-spirited citizens, returned from the East where he had attended to some important litigation of national interest. When he heard of the opposition to Camp Fremont he remarked that it was unfortunate that anybody should let his selfish interests stand in the way at this time. "We should be willing," he said, "to quarter soldiers in our front garden if they were needed there in the interest of the nation." Humphrey may take hold of the job of making up the deficit.

## The Neurotic Preachers

"Those forty-four neurotic ministers who worked for the recall of District Attorney Fickert are going to hold another convention," said Gavin McNab the morning after Sweigert's defeat. The newspaperman to whom he made the observation wanted to know why the convention was to be held.

"To adopt another set of resolutions," said McNab. "They want to rebuke God for condemning Cain for killing his brother."

## A Call Down for Mayor Davie

If there be art in telling a Mayor what one thinks of him, then M. Blondel, proprietor of a French restaurant in Oakland, is an artist. M. Blondel, like a diplomat, awaited his opportunity, and like a gentleman of France he gave to the affair all the distinction of grace and ceremony. For some time Mayor Davie of Oakland had been dining at Blondel's restaurant where he was waited upon by no less a personage than the proprietor. The Mayor addressed him as "Frenchy" and talked war in a way Blondel did not like. But in the restaurant there was to be no discourtesy to customers, so Blondel bided his time. The other day Mayor Davie and Blondel came face to face before the window in the Oakland Bank of Savings.

"Hello, Frenchy," said Oakland's Mayor. "how's the war going?"

There are a score of persons who saw little Blondel draw himself to his full height, reach into his pocket for his cardcase, and extend a pasteboard to the city's chief executive.

"Mister Mayor," said the restaurateur with a bow, "my name is Blondel. You will please bear it in mind should you have the occasion again to address me. And in the meantime we do not expect to see you at the Vauban restaurant."

With another bow the Frenchman departed from the bank.

## Cooper, Champion of German

It has been urged by some pseudo-patriots that now that we are at war with Germany we ought to discontinue the teaching of German in the schools. Nothing could be more fallacious. To stop the teaching of German would be as if a man were to go into his room, pull down the blinds and shut out all the light. There is not a subject under the sun that has not been more thoroughly investigated and discussed by German writers than by the writers of other countries.

Thus W. A. Cooper, head of the department of Germanic literature at Stanford University, speaking at the Teachers Institute in Los Angeles. Needless to say, the utterance caused indignation and excited contempt. The indignation was for Professor Cooper's insensibility to the fitness of things; the contempt was for his fatuity. That a man capable of such a statement should occupy a chair at one of our universities is a reflection on the university. The statement is irritating because it insults our intelligence. But considering its source, it is not a surprising statement.

## He's of German Descent

The fact is—and it has been overlooked—that Professor Cooper, despite his name, is of German descent. His parents were German born. Their name was Kupfer, but they made an English name of it after coming to this country. That a man whose parents saw, or fancied they saw, advantage in camouflaging their German name should stand forth as the champion of German culture contra mundum, is surely one of life's little ironies. Stanford men have always known that Cooper was of German descent. They have known also that he was noted for his tactlessness; hence Stanford men were not surprised when he made an exhibition of himself in Los Angeles. His want of tact is in sharp contrast to the tactfulness always dis-

played by Dr. Rendtorff of Stanford who was German born and German educated.

## Dean Mathews Replies

The best answer made to Cooper was that by Dean Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago who also was in Los Angeles for the Teachers Institute. Dean Mathews expressed a great deal of contempt for German thought. He referred to Haeckel as a charlatan—a surprising characterization, for though the educated know that Haeckel is a charlatan they have, for some mysterious reason, generally refrained from saying so. "In literature," said Dean Mathews, "the Germans, as a comparatively new nation, have been treated with the most amazing kindness by the critics of other nations. Against the long roll of glorious names in English and French literature, they have only two grossly overrated poets—Goethe and Schiller—and both of these poets were entirely out of sympathy with the German thought which has now led the German intellects to ruin."

## Goethe and Schiller

Dean Mathews puts the truth bluntly. Consider Goethe. He left a large volume of work behind him, but how much of it is a live literary influence today outside of Germany? The first part of "Faust" is a masterpiece; but how widely is "Faust" read? Most people know "Faust" through the opera of the Frenchman Gounod, or through the melodrama which Lewis Robertson used to play. Goethe's "Faust"

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is not read as Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is read; it is a student's masterpiece. How many people now read "Wilhelm Meister?" "The Sorrows of Werther" is a dead book; it was killed in England by Thackeray's rhymed ridicule. And how many people, not Germans, read Schiller? Compared to Schiller, Moliere is almost a best seller, Calderon almost a popular writer!

### German Novels

Dean Mathews might have said something about German novels. Who reads German novels? The sawdust has all run out of Miss Muhlbach's stuffed heroes and heroines. The stories of George Ebers gather dust upon the shelves of libraries. To most readers of novels Auerbach is just a name. It is true that a German novel had quite a vogue just before the war: Sudermann's "Song of Songs." The vogue is easily explained; that book appealed to the prurient, it was fashionably erotic. There are plenty of German novelists, no doubt, but we don't read them the way we read Anatole France and Ybenez, to name only a Frenchman and a Spaniard. The appeal is not there.

### The German Language

Of course people will go on learning the German language after this war is over. But equally of course it won't have the vogue it had before. Germans are as proud of their language as Californians are of their climate; but that does not alter the fact that German is an unlovely and an unwieldy tongue. Mark Twain pointed that out in his usual humorous way. And Oscar Wilde knew what he was driving at when he made Cecily tell Miss Prism in "The Importance of Being Ernest," "I know perfectly well that I look quite plain after my German lesson." Even those who have not stressed the cultural importance of German have laid emphasis on its value for commercial purposes. These might well consider the words of Knight Dunlap, professor of experimental psychology at Johns Hopkins.

In the service of Yankee commerce, German has an importance which is small as compared with that of Russian, Spanish, Portuguese and Chinese, and probably not so great as that of Italian, Japanese and a number of other Asiatic languages. The great field for our trade is not in Germany, but in Spain and Spanish South America, Brazil (whose language is Portuguese), Russia, China and India. Nothing pleases the Potsdamers more than our neglect of these trade opportunities, to which neglect our attitude toward the languages largely contributes. Hence the intensity with which we are urged to study German for commercial purposes, lest we should study something more important in its place.

### Our Star Philosopher

Down in the ferry tower last week the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock and Tiv Kreling, the confidential political adviser of our City Fathers, resumed their discussion of the inquiry into national affairs touching the war. The clockwinder started the ball rolling by hoping that the Browning gun would prove that it was worth waiting for. "If it does," he added, "it will shoot the Hindenburg line full of holes at the first rattle out of the box."

"Yes," said Kreling, "but if it doesn't I won't kick. We mustn't expect too much."

The clockwinder looked at his friend with lifted eyebrow. "You seemed very critical last week," he said.

"Yes, last week, but in time all things happen. Last year I was too proud to fight and now I'm too patient to protest. Besides I'm taking the war philosophically so as to keep calm until all the drives for cash are over. Besides I've come to the conclusion that we shouldn't expect too much from our bewildering politicians. I'm holding a good thought as the people were advised to do in the old-time Denver dance hall. Remember that?"

"No—what are you talking about?"

"About the bum piano player. He was so fierce that it was necessary to caution the people by means of a printed sign on the wall—'Don't shoot, he's doing his best.' Now, that's my point. Don't expect too much."

"But what do you think about Baker?"

"He's doing his best."

"Have you got confidence in him?"

"Just as much as our President has. I schooled myself to Bryan, and now I can defy even a Denman."

### Grover and Jim

"What do you think," the clockwinder presently asked, "what do you think of this proposition to rebuild France?"

"Great," said Kreling. "I love altruism. It's so easy. What do you think of it?"

"I agree with my German waiter. It's the best thing that has been suggested—"

"Mr. Hearst is a wonder at suggesting things patriotic," said the clockwinder. "Remember his suggestion at the time of the blowing up of the Maine?"

"No, I don't remember that. What was it?"

"Oh, that was a corker, a triumph of yellow journalism," said the clockwinder. "He suggested a fund for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the American sailors who were killed on the Maine. And he tried to get Grover Cleveland, the former President, to do something like our wonderful Mayor was so willing to do the other day—play the bellwether. He wrote to the former President asking him to head the subscription list and the answer Grover wrote I have never forgotten. Here it is:

My sympathy for the families of the brave men who were murdered on the Battleship Maine I will not permit to be exploited for the vulgar advertising purposes of yellow journalism.

"What do you think of old Grover?" the clockwinder asked.

"He doesn't write like our Jim."

### Philosopher Graney

A man is something of a philosopher who, when he sees his place of business reduced to ruins by fire in the midst of the holiday season remarks, while calmly viewing the ruins, that at least he will be able in rebuilding to avoid certain defects of construction. This is the thought from which Eddie Graney derived solace as he looked at the charred remains of his big billiard parlor in Market street near Eddy, the while some of his employees were lamenting that the fire should have occurred at this time of year. Graney's loss was considerable, for there was a big difference between the value of his beautiful walnut tables and the amount of the insurance he carried, but he was concerned chiefly about the reestablishing of his business and he lost no time in buying out another billiard parlor across the street for temporary use. A man with sporting blood in his veins is Graney, which is doubtless the reason why he is able to view the ups and downs, the good luck and ill luck, of life without emotion. Yet a warm-hearted man is Graney, which accounts for the fact that expressions of sympathy were heard wherever the fire was discussed.

### Revolt in Germany

Signs of a revolt against the Kaiser and his War Lords are now appearing in Germany. There have been somewhat similar signs before, but they were easily suppressed. Now they are accumulating, and the indications are that the revolt is spreading. It may be that the Kaiser is merely encouraging the hope expressed by President Wilson, that the Government might fall into the hands of men with whom it would be possible to enter into terms of peace. Bill would hardly acquiesce however in so severe an attack as the one made by Siegfried Balder who has exhorted the people to quit bearing the Hohenzollern yoke. In truth, from much that has appeared in the

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German press of late it appears that the morale of the German people generally is breaking down. Consider for example these words written by Lieutenant-General von Ardenne in the Berliner Tageblatt from Flanders: "While the success in Italy evokes a joyful echo on the Western front, every single man on the Flanders front is convinced that the most serious decision of the world war will be arrived at there in battle with Great Britain." "In the Flanders Hell" it is called in the Berlin Post by a writer who says that the struggle there when the British captured Passchendaele "surpassed anything so far experienced in all the greatest battles in the fighting in the West."

#### "In the Flanders Hell"

This writer in the Berlin Post says further:

"For weeks, day and night the British kept our position under fire. Ever fiercer burned the glowing stream that poured crackling down upon us. Every day this fire grew hotter. Our artillery replied powerfully. The army communiqué spoke of a concentration of enemy artillery fire on individual sectors. Even we cannot describe what that means. The history of the world has never seen anything more awful. All calibres were brought into action, and a crater of unprecedented extent opened beside the others, was excavated afresh, swallowed up the old ones, spread out beyond the lime trees, and threw up the hinterland. Nothing remained intact of all that nights of hard labor under the enemy's fire had created. The destroying fire did its work with depressing thoroughness, seeming to extinguish all life, and now came the turn of the smoke shells. Thick smoke lay before our eyes, so that we could see nothing, and yet ever further forward must we push our death-defying posts. A real fog is mere patchwork compared with this artificial fog which the British send out in order to

veil their dispositions. When this appeared inadequate the enemy employed gas, and the evil mists came rolling towards our lines and passed over them; only our gas masks prevented every living thing from being destroyed. The gas had a singular effect on our weapons; all iron was covered with thick rust. The English now judged that they had done enough preparatory work, for suddenly drumfire started with the most terrifying effect. Shells of the heaviest calibre thundered across, with mines, machine gun volleys and hand grenades all uniting in a blood-curdling, hellish pandemonium such as even a Dante would never be able to describe.

#### A Hurricane of Fire

Hitherto the German correspondents at the front have not been telling the folk at home how terribly they suffered at the hands of the enemy but they are doing so now. Continuing his description of the attack at Passchendaele the correspondent of the Berlin Post says:

"German nerves held out with the utmost resolution, constantly awaiting the moment when the hurricane of fire would break loose. And the storm came. In the neighboring sector flame throwers were turned on; against this murderous engine no measures avail. There is nothing for it but to get backward into the rearward positions. And then the enemy was on us. Tank after tank loomed forward. These monsters appeared invincible, and if one of them was hit by a heavy shell the guns and the machine guns inside were kept going unrelentingly, until finally their iron hail reached our lines. And behind the tanks came Scots and Canadians. We see nothing but endless rows of enemies. At last our reserves deliver a counter-attack. Murder breaks out afresh. All the events of history are but small episodes compared with this fury. Step by step the battle swayed backwards and forwards, till gradually the enemy pressed up to the border of our old lines. The battle ebbed away, but no rest came, no relief. We had to make fresh cover before Tommy returned. Between us lay the ruins of tanks and dead enemies in masses on each other, among them many brave comrades. The field of dead became once more a battle ground."

#### A Love Feast for Hamilton

There are those who say that Oakland's Hall of Records tottered under the strain, and it is certain that the army of Alameda County employes are still wondering if the golden age of good will has arrived—all because of the love feast held by the Board of Supervisors. The occasion was the official welcome to Supervisor Hamilton, a welcome that for a few minutes wiped out long-standing feuds and made like brothers men who have fought for years. Hamilton was greeted by his fellow supervisors in a room bedecked with blossoms. He was welcomed with oratory no less flowery and introduced to "a harmonious body in the chambers devoted to labors for the county's welfare," and he was visibly impressed. After the meeting Hamilton took a few of the flowers home to his family, the janitor removed the rest, and politics came back to rule the sessions. "It is too bad," says the man whose duty it is to be in readiness to shovel the snow off the courthouse steps, "that those flowers and those speeches cannot be preserved for future reference."

#### A Circus Man's Greetings

Percy Norwood who used to be a reporter on The Examiner—and a very good one—has been

for several years publicity director for Ringling Brothers. The big show is now in winter quarters at Baraboo, Wisconsin. Charley Upton of The Examiner has been showing a

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holiday card he received from Norwood. It has a picture of the circus wagons at Baraboo covered with snow, and this greeting:

"Wishing you a Marvelously Merry and Mammothly Mastodon Christmas and a Stupendously Happy and Gigantically Joyous New Year."

#### The Fall of Spangler

The police department has become so moral lately that the little friendly games indulged in by coppers off duty are a thing of the past. Since the edict went forth against gambling, you can't even play checkers in the Hall of Justice. This is hard on the cops, but harder still on Colin Spangler who plays poker just a little bit better than most patrolmen, as they used to discover to their cost. Colin Spangler covers San Francisco for the Oakland Tribune, so his beat includes the Postoffice building as well as the Hall of Justice. Out at the Post-office building the reporters still play a little poker when their work is over. So Colin Spangler hied him to the reporters' room out there just before Christmas, with the notion of picking up a little money to buy presents. As he expected, there was a game in progress. It was five cent ante and ten cent limit. Among those playing was Miss Grace Hull who does the federal beat for The Examiner. Spangler bought a stack and sat in. After playing a little while, he suggested raising the limit. Everybody was agreeable. . . . . When the session ended, Colin Spangler had lost his entire roll—eight dollars. It reposed in the purse of Miss Grace Hull!

#### Browning in Italy

Among the towns behind the Piave on the Venetian plain that have been figuring in the German drive is Asolo, where Browning made his home, and from the name of which he contrived a title, "Asolando" for a collection of his poems. It is in his Epilogue to Asolando that he proclaims his great optimism and faith—"baffled to fight forever," never dreaming "though right were worsted, wrong would triumph." Doubtless Browning's verses entered in many minds when the Italians began winning back positions captured by the enemy.

#### The Death of "Doctor Jim"

Ever since Kipling wrote his very popular poem "If" there has been speculation about the personality he had in mind. This speculation was set at rest recently when the London papers told that Dr. Jameson, the moving spirit of the famous Jameson Raid, was on his death bed, for Kipling wrote to The Times, stating that it was "Doctor Jim" whom he had celebrated in "If." And now "Doctor Jim" is dead. At one time the most execrated man in the British Empire, he died loved and honored, a Privy Councillor, a Companion of the Bath and a baronet. All his later life the Raid was a subject of bitter regret to him. It is related that, once at the Cape, when he was urging a particular course, one of his followers declared that if he did that particular thing he would make the greatest mistake of his life.

"No," replied Jameson; "it may be a mistake, but it won't be my greatest mistake. I've made that already."

However, he rose superior to that mistake, and his name will live as that of Cecil Rhodes's

greatest lieutenant. He was a man who suffered all his life from physical ills, but never permitted them to dominate him. Constant physical pain was his portion, but it could not take him away from his work. In his curious aloofness joined to irresistible magnetism he has been compared to that other great leader Parnell. He was an omnivorous reader, devoted especially to Scott; it is said that for thirty years he never went to sleep without one of the Waverley novels at his bedside.

#### From Oscar to Julia

Among the autograph letters of Julia Ward Howe sold recently in New York was one written to the author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" by Oscar Wilde in 1887 when he was editor of the "Woman's World" in London. It contains a delicious reference to Margaret Fuller, a reference almost calculated to make New England declare war on London. The letter is as follows:

I am charmed at the prospect of counting you among my contributors. Would you write me an article of about 4,000 words on Concord—with sketches of Thoreau, the farm, and Alcott, the mystic, and Emerson, with his bright, Attic mind, made happy

by a phrase, and finding comfort in an aphorism, and Margaret Fuller, to whom Venus gave everything except beauty, and Pallas everything except wisdom. I should like the article to be illustrated by views of Concord. I often look back to our happy days with Uncle Sam, and have the pleasantest memories of New York.

#### TWO SONGS

By Francis Ledwidge

I will come no more while,  
Song time is over.  
A fire is burning in my heart,  
I was ever a rover.

You will hear me no more awhile,  
The birds are dumb,  
And a voice in the distance calls  
"Come," and "Come."

\* \* \*

Una Bawn, the days are long,  
And the seas I cross are wide,  
I must go when Ireland needs,  
And you must bide.

And should I not return to you  
When the sails are on the tide,  
'Tis you will find the days so long,  
Una Bawn, and I must bide.



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# Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

## The Dog Lost Caste

Mrs. Fred McNear walked into Rosenthal's shoe store. A dog followed her. Ike Rosenthal spotted the important customer from Burlingame, and rushed forward to wait upon her in person. But first he must admire the dog.

"That's a fine dog, Mrs. McNear," said Rosenthal.

"It is a good looking dog," said Mrs. McNear.

"Why, you don't often see a dog like that," said Ike. "If I'm any judge of dogs, Mrs. McNear, that dog's a thoroughbred."

"Yes, I guess it is," said Mrs. McNear.

"If you'll pardon the question, Mrs. McNear," went on Ike, warming to his subject, "where did that dog come from?"

"Come from? Why, I don't know. He followed me in from the street," answered Mrs. McNear.

"Do you mean to say, Mrs. McNear, that ain't your dog?" asked Ike.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. McNear.

Ike lifted that fine dog, that unusual dog, that thoroughbred dog on the toe of his shoe and sent him flying back to where he came from.

## Dress in Paris

At the theatres in Paris, I learn from a correspondent, very few women wear full evening dress, but the toilette which has taken the place of the decollete gown can scarcely be called economical, for it abounds in rich materials; satin, fur, cloth of gold or silver, and on it gleam pearls in ropes. The house as a whole looks dull, but between the acts, in the foyer, dresses sober in color, show themselves on close inspection to be both beautiful and expensive. But the best dressed people are those who dress with noticeable neatness and simplicity. A woman may go to the Francais or the Opera in a tailor-made, if she is so inclined. Several of the large dressmakers now undertake house decoration, and at her dressmaker's a woman can discuss a new dress and the setting at home in which she will wear it. Wall hangings, curtains, cushions, upholstery, electric light fittings, household linen and many other domestic details can be discussed at the dressmaker's.

## At the Metropolitan

Very different from the sober-looking audience at the Opera in Paris is the assemblage at the

Metropolitan in New York. The full evening regalia dear to the feminine heart still reigns supreme. Gowns seem to be more expensive and more beautiful than ever before. The New York bavares describe the huge fans of diamonds that women wear in their hair, and the immensely valuable dog collars that clasp their throats. Bare arms and shoulders distract attention from the stage. It is related that a foreign princess who had heard—the Lord knows where—that New York was indulging in wartime simplicity, motored to the Metropolitan with her pearl necklace in her hand bag, but on entering the foyer and viewing the magnificence on display there, immediately brought out her bauble and put it on.

## Democracy in New York

There is so much snobbishness in New York's so-called exclusive set that when any of the "exclusives" behave naturally the observing bavares nearly have heart disease. Thus we find one bavarde chronicling the fact that at one of the big war bazaars in New York a very prominent society woman stood at a booth eating a doughnut. Another woman equally prominent in society happened along, and the bavarde was able to overhear the conversation: "Won't you have a bite of my doughnut?"

"Yes."

This seemed so overpoweringly democratic to the bavarde that she had to put it in the paper.

## Crocker's Next Play

Charles Templeton Crocker's next play will be produced, I am told, at the Santa Barbara Little Theatre in the spring. It seems that following the success of his Bohemian Grove drama "The Land of Happiness," Mrs. William Miller Graham asked Crocker to write a play for the playhouse in the famous Mission town and that he gladly assented. The theme of the play, even its title, is being guarded.

## A Baby Girl

Many friends will share with Mrs. John Meredith Thompson and her son Herbert C. Thompson the joy they experienced the other day when a brief cable from Holland announced that Erminie Thompson de Booy was the mother of a girl. It was about two years ago that beautiful Erminie Thompson married James de Booy, an officer in The Netherlands navy, and went to make her home in Flushing. This is the first child to bless their happy marriage.

## This Saturday's Horse Show

Basketball played on horseback by eight dashing women riders will be one of the novelties of the horse show this Saturday by the Bit and Spur Club as a benefit for the American Red Star Animal Relief to aid in the society's war work. A polo game, one team composed of men, the other of women, will be another novelty. The horse show will be held in the San Francisco Riding Academy hippodrome. Prominent men and women are acting as patrons of the affair, which promises to be brilliant. The afternoon will be taken up with classes in children's riding, jumping and horseback games, with the evening classes in charge of the Bit and Spur Club. It is expected a new club record will be made in high jumping with

women in the saddle. All proceeds of the horse show will be turned over to the Red Star Animal Relief which is the "Red Cross" for war horses. Officers of the San Francisco branch Red Star are: Captain William H. McKittrick, president; Daniel O. Lively, first vice-president; John Partridge, second vice-president; Richard M. Tobin, treasurer; Senator James C. Nealon, secretary. Among those acting as patrons of the horse show are: Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph Jr., Captain and Mrs. William H. McKittrick, R. L. Russell, Randolph Huntington Minor, Dr. and Mrs. Reginald K. Smith, James Black, Mesdames Eleanor Martin, Frank P. Helm, E. J. Benedict, Messrs. and Mesdames Samuel H. Boardman, Oliver Dibblee, Ernest Stent, Mortimer Fleishhacker, James King Steele, Samuel Pond, John Breuner, Walter Linforth.

## New Year's Eve at Whitcomb

There will be a merry New Year's Eve celebration at the Hotel Whitcomb. In addition to the usual dollar dinner there will be a special supper at two dollars a cover, and for this there are already a great many reservations, indicating that a throng will see the old year out and the new year in at this popular hostelry. Special vocal music will be supplied by Mrs. Aldanita W. Detrick, the well known local con-

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tralto, and T. W. Pearson, the baritone. There will be special instrumental music too, and two "jazz" orchestras for the dancing which will take place both downstairs and in the Sun Room on the roof. On New Year's Day there will be a special dollar-and-a-half dinner at the Whitcomb. The Christmas celebration at the Whitcomb was one of the pleasantest of all our big hotel celebrations. Affairs at the Whitcomb are noted for their quiet elegance and their homelike atmosphere, and this gives the hotel a large part of its charm.

#### At the Cecil

Mrs. Reardon, wife of Dr. Frank Reardon of the U. S. Army, gave a luncheon and bridge Tuesday. The guests included Mesdames Milton Lennon, Irwin Broughton, Alfred Roncovieri, Herbert Bennett, Harvey Allen, Louis Roncovieri, Bert Luchsinger, Misses Lucile Levy, Gladys Platt, Ethel Speyer. J. D. Riddell Jr. is spending the holidays with his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Riddell who are making their home at the hotel. Numerous dinners were given at the Cecil Christmas night. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith had a party of ten. Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Armstrong entertained in honor of some of the junior officers at the Presidio. Brigadier General and Mrs. McClermand also entertained in honor of army friends. Mesdames Eugene Davis, Elizabeth Pratt and

Mrs. Keith dined with the Howard Turners. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Caruthers were hosts on this occasion, and Dr. and Mrs. Henry Berger and Mr. and Mrs. Fisher had a coterie of friends. Dr. Henrietta Damkroeger who has been in the East for the past two months has returned to her apartment.

#### New Year's Eve at Tavern

Joy will reign supreme New Year's Eve at the Techau Tavern, San Francisco's high class family cafe. Every available place will be occupied, and the list of reservations shows the names of the best people of San Francisco. There will be served a most elaborate dinner; the management of the Tavern making a very earnest effort to excel all previous efforts in this respect. Every New Year's guest will be presented with a handsome art bag filled with souvenirs, horns, caps and fans. All sorts of noise-makers will be presented so that the Tavern's guests may fittingly welcome 1918.

#### An Industrial Beginning

As the result of lectures administered to him by both his father and the young woman of his choice, a certain young man decided to turn over a new leaf and show some interest in business.

"Well, Molly," said he to the girl one evening,

"I am really going into business in earnest. Made a beginning already today."

"Good!" exclaimed Molly. "And what was the nature of your start?"

"I ordered my tailor to make me a business suit."

He—It is hard to ask for bread and get a stone.

She—It is worse to ask for a stone and get paste.

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MABEL BERT

As Mother Bascom in "Turn to the Right," coming to the Columbia New Year's Eve



## The Stage

### Miss Weston's Fine Playing

It was a surprise to many at last Thursday's municipal concert to learn that Miss Carrie Goebel Weston was a home product and not an artist of international reputation. Women with a gift for music seldom do well as violinists. In the first place, they lack the physique, the muscle of steel-like tension to grip the strings and control the bow with firmness and delicacy. Secondly, they lack the qualities generally associated with masculinity, particularly on the side of force and initiative, without which a violinist is unbearable. For that reason, the girl who takes up the violin with the idea that it gives her a graceful pose generally emits a note that sounds like the wail of an anaemic cat. Miss Weston, however, redeems her sex. Her tone is full and rich, execution masterful and interpretation sympathetic and intelligent. She played the Rondo Capriccioso of Saint-Saens and the familiar Meditation from Thais. Mr. Frederick Schiller selected a programme for his orchestra well within its limitations. It is not his fault that he is light on strings, which makes it impossible to balance the woods and brasses in fortissimo passages. For that reason, he is at his best in such graceful French numbers as he chose this time, and he well earned the enthusiastic applause that was his reward. The idea of having the audience join in the singing of popular soldier songs took fairly well, although in its decorum it rather suggested singing by the congregation in an Episcopal church. There was only a sprinkling of khaki in the audience, although there were a half dozen in uniform in the orchestra, which with evening dress and an intermixture of lounge suits on the part of the other players and Mr. Schiller's morning coat gave the concert a decidedly informal atmosphere, which, perhaps, was what we wanted. These concerts, like Mr. Lemare's organ recitals, have an educative value that cannot be too highly praised.

—The Music Lover.

### McIntyre and Heath at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week will be one of the very best ever presented in vaudeville as a glance at the names of the artists who will appear in it will show. McIntyre and Heath, the famous old-time blackface team whose names are household words throughout the United States, are in vaudeville for a brief season and will appear in a revival of their old military travesty "On Guard" which has proved one of the greatest hits of their successful career. McIntyre and Heath entered into partnership in 1874 and ever since that time they have been associated and today are, if anything, better than ever. Their geniality is not confined to the stage; they carry it into their private life, and during the forty-three years of their association they have never quarreled with each other but have worked harmoniously and have gloried in each other's success. These great artists, for they are great artists to their fingers, while they preserve the finest traditions of their profession, have never permitted themselves to grow rusty or to lag behind and are thoroughly up to date and progressive. The Alexander Kids, three cute, captivating and clever children, will appear in a series of dances and costume changes. Noel Travers and Renie Douglas, two popular players who have figured prominently on the legitimate stage, will be seen in a playlet by Edgar Allan Woolf called "Meadow-

brook Lane." Rae Eleanor Ball who, musical critics throughout the country agree, is an exceptional violinist and who possesses a splendid technique and a wonderful tone, will be heard in the choicest selections from her large and varied repertoire. James H. Cullen, that "fellow of infinite jest" who for seventeen consecutive years has set the Orpheum audiences in roars of laughter, will present an entirely new monologue. The only thing about him that never changes is his delightful and genial personality. Herbert Clifton in his clever burlesque of female impersonators; Jim and Betty Morgan in new songs; and Charles Withers and



GODOWSKY

Famous Polish pianist who plays at  
Columbia Sunday afternoon,  
January 13

company in the melodramatic travesty "For Pity's Sake" will be the remaining acts in a joyous entertainment.

### Harold Baur's Final Recital

The great pianist Harold Bauer, over whom all musical San Francisco is raving, will give his last recital of the season at the Columbia tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, when a wonderful programme of the classics will be played. Bauer on this visit, more than ever, has established his place among the really great exponents of the pianoforte, and the appearance he had with the orchestra and his sensational recitals will live long in the memory of music lovers. His offerings for tomorrow include: Mendelssohn, Prelude and Fugue in E minor, Op. 36; Beethoven, Sonata in E flat, Op. 81 (Les Adieux, l'absence et le retour); Schumann, Woodland Scenes, Op. 82; Brahms, Rhapsody in B minor, Op. 79; Chopin, Ballade in A flat, Op. 47. Tickets are on sale at the usual places, or may be had at the theatre any time after ten o'clock Sunday morning.

### Chopin Matinee by Duncan and Bauer

A unique and special feature of the New Year music season will be a joint Chopin recital by the distinguished artists Isadora Duncan, interpretative dancer, and Harold Bauer, "master-pianist." These two artists, each a great admirer of the other, have arranged with Manager Selby Oppenheimer, to present at the Co-

lumbia next Thursday afternoon one of the finest and most interesting programmes that have ever been given in this city. Nothing so artistic nor charming has ever been attempted. To the pianistic interpretations of the great Harold Bauer, the dance interpretations of Isadora Duncan will be given, and never before in her long and wonderful career has such music been played for her accompaniment. In Paris such matinees as this were occasionally given by Miss Duncan and her own pianist, but this is the first time that an artist of the standing of Harold Bauer has joined forces in giving with her an important group of Chopin numbers. Bauer is a preëminent Chopin interpreter and the twain will make the great Polish composer live again. The programme numbers include the following: Nocturne in C minor (piano solo); Etude in E flat; Prelude in B minor; Prelude in E major; Prelude in D flat; Sonata in B flat minor; Nocturne in E flat; Prelude in A major; Waltz in G flat; Ballade in G minor (piano solo); Polonaise in C minor; Polonaise in A major. The B minor sonata has for its third movement the famous "Chopin funeral march," and alone it will be well worth the price of admission to hear Bauer play this and to watch Duncan dance it. This great event will start at three o'clock, and the tickets can now be secured at the usual box offices.

### Maud Powell's Recitals

Musical 1918 will be inaugurated by the delightful Maud Powell who is announced for two most interesting violin recitals at the Columbia on Sunday afternoon, January 6, and Friday afternoon, January 11. Maud Powell is easily the first among the women players of the violin, and very near the top among the men; her art has been recognized the world over, and in Europe in pre-war days she was always welcomed as the representative American artist, and as such was given a place among the greatest. Maud Powell is possessed of great strength in her playing, sanity, a keen sweep of vision and fine musical and esthetic understanding; she also has that fine emotional quality that characterizes women, but her sentiment is not a whispered confidence, nor does it degenerate into sentimentalism. She comprehends alike the noble serenity, the classic spirit of the old Italians, the romanticism of the later writers, restlessness of the ultra-moderns, in short she is not an interpreter of any one particular school but an exponent of the complete art of the violinist. On her programmes are works of every character, and in Miss Powell's interpretation an added importance is given the compositions. At her first recital (Sunday afternoon, January 6) the Allegro Moderato from the Sibelius violin concerto is the first number. This great Finnish composition was first introduced to American audiences by Miss Powell. Then she will play the great Sonata in D minor by Saint-Saens, a prelude in C minor, Op. 54, Brahms' glorious D minor Cadman's "Little Firefly," Bazzini's "Dance of the Imps." At the Friday afternoon recital, January 11, the Arensky Concerto for violin, A minor, Op. 54, Brahms, glorious D minor Sonata, Bach's unaccompanied Prelude in E major, Martini's "Love's Delight," Beethoven's "Marche Orientale," Miss Powell's own arrangement of "Songs My Mother Taught Me," Gretchaninow's "Songs of Autumn," and the famous Vieuxtemps' Polonaise will be played.



Arthur Loesser will act as accompanist and assistant to Miss Powell, and his piano selections include works by Godowsky, Mendelssohn, Liszt and Chopin. Tickets for these fine events are now on sale at the usual ticket offices.

#### Godowsky's Coming Visit

Leopold Godowsky, the great Polish pianist, will give one stupendous piano recital in this city on his coming visit. Under Selby Oppenheimer's management this consummate artist will appear at the Columbia Sunday afternoon, January 13. Godowsky has been aptly called "a pianist for pianists—a miracle worker," and most of the living artists recognize his transcendent art and do him homage. He is like a Brahma at the piano. Before his serene and all-embracing vision every school appears and disappears in the void. The beauty of his touch and tone are matched by the delicate adjustment of his phrasing to the larger curve of the composition. Nothing in music is foreign to this great man. For his San Francisco programme he has crowded a veritable host of gems into one offering. The great Beethoven Sonata Op. 110 will come first, then Brahms, represented by the Intermezzo Op. 76, A flat, No. 3, and the Rhapsody Op. 119, No. 4 in E flat. A group of Godowsky's own arrangements of old compositions by Rameau, Lully, etc., come next. Then comes the Chopin group, and a Chopin group played by Godowsky means something to piano lovers. His interpretation of his great countryman is recognized as the final word in beauty and authority. The Fantasie Op. 49, F minor, Waltz Op. 64, No. 3, in A flat, Berceuse and Polonaise Op. 53, A flat, are the programmed numbers. A final group contains works by Henselt, Blumenfeld, an etude for the left hand alone, Mendelssohn, Liszt and Godowsky's own "Humoresque from Miniatures" Op. 29. A truly wonderful list of music gems, and a veritable treat for the pianists and all musicians who will come from miles around to hear the great Polish genius. Godowsky tickets can be had at the usual music stores.

Mail orders should be sent to Selby C. Oppenheimer in care of Sherman Clay and should contain current funds and 10 per cent to cover the federal tax.

#### Two Recitals by De Gogorza

The first vocalist to visit us in the New Year under the Greenbaum management will be none other than the supreme baritone Emilio de Gogorza, whose place in the hearts of local music lovers is too well established to need extensive exploitation at this time. De Gogorza is unique among singers. He is gifted with a marvelous vocal equipment, and possesses the most perfect art on the concert stage. His singing of Mozartean arias, and his rendition of French and Spanish songs form an irresistible delight that cannot be duplicated on the concert stage. As an attraction he is one of the great American concert institutions. The splendid singer will appear at the Columbia on two Sundays afternoons, the twentieth and twenty-seventh of January. Mail orders should be sent at once. They will be filled in the order of receipt and first come first served will prevail in the distribution of tickets. Checks or money orders should be made payable to Selby C. Oppenheimer, manager, care Sherman Clay, and the ten per cent war tax must be added to remittances.

#### February Busy Musically

The Will L. Greenbaum office will have a very busy February. Manager Oppenheimer of that concert bureau announces Yvette Guilbert, the favorite French song actress, in programmes on Sunday afternoon, February 3, Wednesday evening, February 6, and Saturday afternoon, February 9, at the Scottish Rite Hall. The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, with Reinald Werrenrath, the famous baritone, and Marguirete Namara, the fine coloratura soprano, as soloists, under the direction of Emil Oberhoffer, will play at the Columbia on Thursday afternoon, February 7, Friday afternoon, February 8, and at the Tivoli Opera House on Sunday

morning, February 10, and in Oakland at the Auditorium Opera House on Saturday afternoon and night, February 9. Then Zimbalist, the celebrated Russian violinist, will give Sunday afternoon recitals at the Columbia on February 17 and 24.

#### "Turn to the Right" at Columbia

Love, laughter and thrills predominate in "Turn to the Right," the sensational comedy drama success of last season in New York and Chicago which comes to the Columbia New Year's Eve. As a blending of hilarity and heart interest it will be thoroughly in keeping with the gay holiday spirit, and there is unbounded joy in store for the big Monday night audience. An extra matinee will be given Tuesday (New Year's), in addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday afternoon performances which will be given throughout the San Francisco engagement. Aside from its appropriateness as a New Year's offering, the coming of "Turn to the Right" is one of the notable events of the local theatrical season. As the great outstanding hit of last season it was witnessed by many Western visitors during its sensational runs in New York and Chicago and no play has ever been accorded more enthusiastic praise. It will be presented here with the original cast and production. "Turn to the Right" was written by Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard and for quaintness and clean fun it ranks with Mr. Smith's other notable successes, "The Fortune Hunter," "Brewsters' Millions" and "The Boomerang." Its story deals with the regeneration of an erring boy through the Christian influence of his old-fashioned mother. The play was produced by Winchell Smith himself in association with John L. Golden, famous as the writer of "Poor Butterfly," "Good-bye Girls" and other song hits, and the scenic environment is said to be unusually beautiful.

#### Seventh Pair of Symphonies

The first events on the musical calendar of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra for the new year are announced for Friday afternoon,



McINTYRE AND HEATH  
Next week at the Orpheum



HAROLD BAUER

Recognized as one of the world's greatest pianists, who will give his last recital at the Columbia next Sunday afternoon



January 4, and Sunday afternoon, January 6, at the Cort, comprising the seventh regular pair of symphonies. With his customary skill in programme-building, Conductor Alfred Hertz has contrived an arrangement of numbers that should make for most delightful events. Louis Persinger will be soloist, playing Mendelssohn's Concerto in E minor, the most popular of all violin concertos. The popular concert-master of the San Francisco Symphony stands for all that is lofty and sincere in the art of violin playing. His playing combines the elegant finesse, richness and brilliancy of the Franco-Belgian school with the depth, musical intensity and authority of the German traditions, and all of his performances are illuminated by that genuine warmth of temperament which gives life and inner meaning to music. Persinger has played with the principal symphony orchestras on both sides of the Atlantic and in his association with Alfred Hertz and the San Francisco Symphony has become an important factor in music circles of the Pacific Coast. The programme for the seventh pair of symphonies will also embrace, for the orchestra alone, "A Faust Overture," by Richard Wagner, a marvelous tragedy in miniature, and the always beautiful Fifth Symphony of Beethoven. The sixth "pop" concert is scheduled for January 13, when Emilio Puyans, the able flutist of the orchestra, will be soloist.

#### Another Jomelli Concert

Jeanne Jomelli, prima donna soprano from the Manhattan, Metropolitan and great opera houses of Europe who was the bright particular

FRANK W. HEALY Presents

## JOMELLI

World Famous Soprano

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Beginning New Year's Eve

Matinees Tuesday (New Year's Day), Wed. and Sat.

Winchell Smith and John L. Golden Present

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The Comedy That Will Live Forever

Year in New York. Nine Months in Chicago

Three  
Sessions  
Daily

Music  
at All  
Sessions



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8 to 12  
Afternoons  
2 to 5  
Evenings  
8 to 11

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Skating Lessons, 50c Per Half Hour.  
Expert Instructors.

## WINTER GARDEN ICE RINK

SUTTER AND PIERCE STS.

star of the Christmas Eve Festival at the Auditorium, and who followed her triumph there with a remarkably fine concert in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis Thursday night, will give another programme there next Thursday night (January 3) at 8:30 o'clock. Few can give a more satisfactory concert than can Jomelli; her programmes are all that the most exacting could desire and there is no more cheerful and comfortable concert hall in America than the Colonial ball room. For the Jomelli concerts the management of the St. Francis open up the entire floor to the Jomelli patrons and there is nothing more pelasing than the opportunity to visit with one's friends in a comfortable room during the intermissions.

#### Last Week of "Canary Cottage"

Although it is evident that Oliver Morosco's gayest of musical farces "Canary Cottage" could easily hold the boards at the Cort for some time to come, announcement is made that there can be no extension of the two weeks' engagement originally arranged for, which means that the week beginning Sunday night, December 30, will say farewell to this popular entertainment. There will be a special New Year's day matinee, in addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees. With its new Gotham scenery and costumery, its up-to-the-minute witticisms and its irresistible melodies, "Canary Cottage" makes for ideal light entertainment. Nothing more suitable to the holiday season could have been selected. The hand of Oliver Morosco is everywhere evidenced in the production, and the company is up to that high standard which the California producer always maintains. In the cast are such favorites as Herbert Corthell, Charles Ruggles, Dorothy Webb, Grace Ellsworth, Mae Bronte, James Dunn, William Naughton, Elsie Gordon, Helen Higgins, Marjorie Shields, the Ergotti Lili-putians and others. Frank Rainger, the original stage director, is still the watchful "man behind" and the jazz orchestra is under the baton of Sid Riley. The twin sister of "So Long Letty," "Canary Cottage" is generally regarded as the superior of even that diverting musical farce by most theatregoers. Certainly its success both in this city, where it ran in its original form for ten capacity weeks, as well as its triumphs in the East, gauged from the box office, would appear to place "Canary" in the front rank of all Morosco shows for its popularity and money-making propensities. "Fair and Warmer," Avery Hopwood's funniest farce, comes to the Cort Sunday, January 6.

#### NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MELVINA F. FALES, deceased No. 23680, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executrix of the last will and testament of MELVINA F. FALES, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executrix, at the office of her attorney, Alfred Fuhrman, 2641A Mission Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MELVINA F. FALES, deceased.

LILLA L. MACKAY.

Executrix of the last will and testament of Melvina F. Fales, Deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 29, 1917.

ALFRED FUHRMAN,  
Attorney for Executrix,  
2641A Mission Street,  
San Francisco, Cal.

12-29-5

#### Bad Company

A negro who had an injured head entered a doctor's office. "Hello, Sam! Got cut again. I see. "Yes, sah! I done got carved up with a razor, doc." "Why don't you keep out of

bad company?" said the physician, after he had dressed the wound. "Deed I'd like to, doc, but I ain't got 'nuff money to get a divorce."

## HAROLD BAUER

Farewell Piano Recital

### COLUMBIA THEATER

Sunday Afternoon at 2:30

Mendelssohn, Beethoven (Sonata, E Flat, Op. 81), Schumann (Wodland Scenes), Brahms, Chopin, etc.

Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1 on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co., Kohler & Chase and Theater.

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### CHOPIN RECITAL

## ISADORA DUNCAN

## HAROLD BAUER

Superb programme of the wonderful works of Frederic Chopin, danced by Miss Duncan and played by Mr. Bauer.

Tickets \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, \$1 NOW ON SALE at above office.

Mason & Hamlin Piano Used



## MAUD POWELL

Famous American Violinist

### COLUMBIA THEATER

Sunday Afternoon, January 6

Friday Afternoon, January 11

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## GODOWSKY

Master Pianist

One Recital, Sunday Afternoon, January 13

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Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and New Year's Nights, 50c to \$1.50; ALL MATINEES \$1.00

NEXT—January 6 "FAIR AND WARMER"

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In "ON GUARD"

NOEL TRAVERS & RENE DOUGLAS in "Meadowbrook Lane," RAE ELEANOR BALL, Princess of the Violin; JAMES H. CULLEN, "The Man from the West;" CHARLES WITHERS & CO. in "For Pity's Sake;" JIM & BETTY MORGAN in New Songs of Their Own; HERBERT CLIFTON in His Travesties of the Weaker Sex.

### ALEXANDER KIDS

Cute, Cunning, Captivating, Clever Children

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (Except Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays): 10c, 25c, 50c.



# The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

**Stocks**—After a wave of selling early in the week that brought about considerable liquidation and new low price records, the market turned upwards and most of the severe decline was regained. Various reasons were advanced for the steady stream of liquidation. Wall Street believes that President Wilson will name a railroad dictator to assume control of all lines. Special weakness prevailed in all railroad stocks after an unconfirmed report was published that a Supreme Court justice was his first choice for that post. Conservative men still believe that Government operation, even if less desirable than continued private operation, will be better than existing conditions. Moreover it is inconceivable that the Government would deliberately pursue policies which would damage the interests of more than a million investors in railroad stocks and bonds. The situation abroad came in for its share of pessimism. The fear of a big German drive on the West front kept the traders in an uncertain mood, but as time went on and the general war news became more favorable, traders took courage and brought back their stocks. There were frequent rumors of peace that helped the market, and the strength in foreign bonds gave color to these rumors. Liquidation seems to be over for the present, but we cannot expect any big speculative position to be taken while the big Government loan is pending. The market situation remains practically unchanged except for the peace talk which continues in heavy volume. With the recent utterance of both the English Prime Minister and our own President in mind, it is doubtful whether the German Emperor's reported plans will be seriously considered. On the whole, the market has been thoroughly liquidated, and the present price at which the standard stocks are selling discounts all of the unfavorable news, and we believe that any change in the situation will be for the better. Stocks bought at these levels should prove profitable in the long run, and when the market does change, as it will, the advance will be so rapid that those who do not take advantage of present prices to buy, will get left or will have to pay much higher prices for their investment.

**Corn**—The corn market did not get very far either way the past week. Receipts, while showing some increase, were not burdensome, and the local demand took everything offered at prices well above the futures. The maximum price of 128 for the futures keeps the bulls from being aggressive and the bears seem to be safe with the maximum price established. There has been frequent rumor of a change in the maximum price, but we have it on the best authority that there will be no change.

With cash corn selling so much above the futures, and so little corn in store, it is hard to find any comfort for the short seller, except that the price looks high. On the other hand, with the maximum price held at 128, there is nothing much in the long side. Trade is very light and confined mostly to the local professional element, who scalp the market from day to day. Until there is a larger run of corn to market, to cause a decline in spot corn, we see nothing on which to sell it short.

**Cotton**—There was some selling of cotton early in the week, which carried prices down a hundred points, but the undertone was firm, and when this selling had run its course, the market righted itself and regained all of its loss, closing the week at about the best prices seen so far. The wave of selling that came on the market was due to talk of price fixing by the Government. Since the Government has decided to regulate the price of wool, it was only natural to expect that it would also fix the price of cotton, which, like wool, is a textile material. But there is a difference which may weigh with the Government. The United States produces all the cotton it needs, and has a large annual surplus for export. In the case of wool, domestic production is insufficient to meet manufacturing needs, and large imports are necessary. The Government has found it necessary to regulate imports, so as to curb activities of profiteers, and fixing of price of domestic wool is a logical result. No such complications can arise in the case of cotton. Spot news during the week was rather more favorable to holders. The demand is urgent and offerings are limited. The general opinion seems to have settled on a total crop of around eleven million bales, and while this is enough to go around, it is so small that holders can dictate prices and as they are in a strong position financially, the market will not be allowed to decline very much, and any decline will be short lived.

## Where They Came From

A Southerner, with an intense love for his own district, attended a banquet. The next day a friend asked him who was present. With a reminiscent smile he replied: "An elegant gentleman from Virginia, a gentleman from Kentucky, a man from Ohio, a boulder from Chicago, a fellow from New York and a galoot from Maine."

Tim—Sarer Smith (you know 'er—Bill's missus), she throwed 'erself horf the end uv the wharf larst night.

Tom—Poor Sarer!

Tim—And a cop fished 'er out again.

Tim—Poor Bill!

## The Druggist's Turn

The druggist danced and chortled till the bottles danced on the shelves.

"What's up?" asked the soda clerk. "Have you been taking something?"

"No. But do you remember when our water pipes were frozen last winter?"

"Yes, but what—"

"Well, the plumber who fixed them has just come in to have a prescription filled."

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## Caramel Trench

(Continued from Page 10)

"Oh, God! I say, you've been an awfully good pal to me. You know I've done all I could for you. I've done my best. I've done my best. Say I've done my best."

"You've done damn well!" said Swinton. His blood was boiling.

"Thanks. You don't know what it means to a poor devil like me to hear you say that. Oh, God, my leg! you think I'm a worm, don't you, howling like this? I know I am, can't bear pain; you can."

"It will be a long time before you are back here again. You've got eight months in England at least."

"Oh, no, I'm going to die. When are those stretcher-bearers coming? Oh, God, my leg! Where's that water?" Swinton gave him some more. He felt a feeble pressure on his hand.

"Where are those stretcher-bearers?" But the voice seemed weaker and more numb.

"I'll be back in a minute." Swinton slipped his hand away and went round the corner.

He could not have borne it any longer. He savagely pulled out a cigarette case and began to smoke, his eyes staring across through the clouds of smoke towards battalion headquarters. The man was not dying like a gentleman! Why the hell couldn't he keep quiet? The phrases "old chap," "good pal" and "done my best" returned pitilessly to his mind. He had known the man about a week and thought him a bounder, and he had said, "I'm glad I've had a chap like you!" And here he was loathing a man that had liked him, that had fought in the same great battle with him, who was suffering greater pain than he would probably ever be called upon to suffer, and who was going to die in an hour's time. There was a groan from round the corner. Swinton went to the telephone.

"Put me on to battalion headquarters." They did so, and gave him the receiver.

"Why haven't you sent those stretcher-bearers up yet?"

An indistinct voice said something about the shelling.

"Never mind the shelling; it may save Jones's life." Swinton would not have thought an hour ago that he was ever likely to tell lies and risk his own life.

"Oh," said the indistinct voice, "they've just sent them. They've sent them. They've sent them two minutes ago."

Swinton got up and stared across over the wilderness again. Suddenly two men with a stretcher appeared, ran across the road, and vanished again into a trench. In five minutes they arrived.

Swinton went back to Jones.

"They've come at last. You're all right now, aren't you?"

"Thanks, awfully, old chap. What a splendid fellow you've been. Mind my leg."

"All right, sir," said the stretcher-bearer.

They lifted him up tenderly and clumsily.

"Ah, look out what you're doing there! My leg's coming loose. I'm coming loose. I'm coming loose with all the force left in him, but as he lay on the stretcher he was quiet again.

Swinton pressed his hand; it was icy cold.

"Good-bye and good luck!" he said.

"Good-bye."

They carried the wounded man out of sight—Merson following, bent up double, and hugging his arm.

Swinton's servant came up.

"I've got some tea ready for you, sir, and

there's some of Mr. Jones's pork pie for breakfast if you'll have it now."

Swinton was touched by the unfailing care with which he had been waited on by this man ever since he had joined the regiment, eleven months ago. He smiled at him.

"I don't know what I'd do if I hadn't you for my faithful man."

The man grinned. Swinton had his breakfast, making uneven efforts to read a magazine. Then he remembered the two German corpses, and went to give orders for their burial.

## The Legal Mind

(Continued from Page 7)

pungency of medicine. There was a Persian richness in the room's rugs and colorings. His eyes kept returning vaguely to a statue of the "Winged Victory" which he could dimly see in a shadowy corner.

"I'm very glad to see you, Fentonwood," said Dr. Hewitt, gravely, fifteen minutes later, extending a large, white, shapely hand, which Fentonwood ignored.

"I think you know what I'm here for," began the latter incisively.

"I have a pretty good idea. I presume that Mrs. Fentonwood has told you."

"She has told me nothing," answered Olivia's husband.

"You guessed it."

"Yes," said Fentonwood dryly.

"I have urged her repeatedly, and in the strongest terms to tell you," continued the physician, crossing to the window with a tired step. "But Mrs. Fentonwood was particularly insistent that it be kept from you at least until you had completed your trial of this Gas Case."

"I dare say," put in Fentonwood with irony.

"She wouldn't hear of it. I give you my word," said the physician, wheeling abruptly and facing the other. "She insisted that we put it off—insisted that it would upset you in your work."

"She was far too considerate."

"Every woman is. You know women."

"I used to think I did. But what an idiot I've been!" answered the lawyer. It was his first burst of bitterness. Eyeing Hewitt he felt like tearing him to pieces for his uncanny complaisance.

"Don't feel too uneasy," continued Hewitt quietly. "This thing is happening right along. You'd be surprised."

"Being a lawyer, nothing surprises me," interrupted Fentonwood. "Besides, I happened to be fairly familiar with this particular disease. I find, however, that I have not been thoroughly versed in its symptoms," he finished, shading his sentence with a sneer.

"The symptoms, of course, are subtle," continued the doctor.

Fentonwood gazed with involuntary admiration at the other's superb poise.

"Hewitt," began Fentonwood pointedly, "would you mind telling me how far this thing has gone?"

"Pretty far," answered Hewitt without an instant's hesitation. "It is moderately advanced, I should say," he added thoughtfully.

"Moderately advanced!" repeated Fentonwood, staggered by Hewitt's calm assurance. "Well, what do you suggest?" he rasped.

"There's just one thing to do. You must send her away. Six months—possibly a year—ought to get her back into shape. This thing isn't as bad as most people think. It can be cured."

"You swine!" hissed Fentonwood. "Send her away! Do you think I'm not man enough to

give her up? She hasn't kissed me in a month. She hates me, despises me. She wouldn't even look in on my trial. I tell you she's through with me. And now you've got the gall to tell me to send her away. No, you're going to take her!"

Dr. Hewitt's face had grown whiter and whiter under the lash of Fentonwood's attack.

"Calm yourself," he now said quietly. "You don't know what you're talking about. You've got everything twisted. Your wife has refused to kiss you or to sit in a stuffy courtroom, by order of her physician. Mrs. Fentonwood's trouble is not of the heart, but of the lungs. It's not emotional; it's pulmonary. She has kept it from you because she loves you. Your wife has tuberculosis."—St. Louis Mirror.

"I couldn't serve as juror, judge; one look at that feller convinces me he's guilty."

"Sh-h—that's the prosecuting attorney."

"Did you miss your first husband very much?"

"Not until after I married my second."

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## DIVIDEND NOTICE

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO  
holders of Mortgage Income Bonds issued by the Company on the 1st day of January, 1917, are notified that a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all bonds outstanding on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1918. Dividends not called for are being held until the next date of interest as the principal from January 1, 1918.

H. G. LARSH, Cashier.

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 21773; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANNA ROSALIE LEWIN, deceased.

EDNA ROSENTHAL, the Executrix of the estate of Anna Rosalie Lewin, deceased, having presented to this Court and filed certain her verified petition, in the form of law, praying for an order, for the sale of all the real property and all the personal property of the said deceased for the purpose therein set forth, and it appearing to this Court by said petition that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the estate, and those interested therein, to sell the whole of the real estate and that it is necessary to sell the whole of the personal property to pay the debts outstanding against said deceased, and the debts, expenses and charges of administration.

IT IS, THEREFORE, ordered by this Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased shall appear in the said Court, on the 28th day of January, 1918, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, in the Courtroom of said Court in department No. 10 thereof, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause, if any they have, why said petition be not granted, and why an order should not be granted to the Executrix to sell the whole of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate of said deceased, at either private or public sale, in such manner as the Court may deem proper for the estate.

AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that a copy of this order be published once a week in "Town Talk," for three successive weeks, in a newspaper of general circulation printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated: this 26th day of December, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of the Superior Court.

JOS. EOTHSCHEID  
Attorney for Executrix,  
1101-1109 Chronicle Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.



## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHAUNCEY M. ST. JOHN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of CHAUNCEY M. ST. JOHN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Arthur Joel, Room No. 620 Mills Building, 216 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHAUNCEY M. ST. JOHN, deceased.

ELIZABETH ST. JOHN,

Administratrix of the estate of Chauncey M. St. John, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 8, 1917.

ARTHUR JOEL,

Attorney for Administratrix,  
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-8-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES NUGENT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, Administrator of the estate of JAMES NUGENT, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES NUGENT, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of James Nugent, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 1, 1917.

CULLINAN &amp; HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,  
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-1-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROBERT BLISCH, Deceased—No. 23,557, Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, W. J. Hynes, Administrator of the estate of ROBERT BLISCH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, room 858, Phelan Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ROBERT BLISCH, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the Estate of Robert Blisch, Deceased.  
Dated, San Francisco, California, December 1, 1917.

CULLINAN &amp; HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,  
Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-1-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MAUD W. POTTER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MAUD W. POTTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of W. J. Hynes, 858 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MAUD W. POTTER, deceased.

W. J. HYNES,

Administrator of the estate of Maud W. Potter, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 22, 1917.

CULLINAN &amp; HICKEY,

Attorneys for Administrator,  
860 Phelan Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

12-22-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE W. FOX, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned executor of the last will and testament of GEORGE W. FOX, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said executor, at its office, junction of Grant Avenue and Market Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE W. FOX, deceased.

UNION TRUST COMPANY OF SAN FRANCISCO,  
Executor of the last will and testament of  
George W. Fox, deceased.

By H. G. LARSH, Secretary.

Dated, San Francisco, California, December 15, 1917.

HELLER, POWERS &amp; EHRMAN,

Attorneys for Executor.

12-15-5

## VALUABLE INFORMATION

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## DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street, San Francisco; Mission Branch, corner Mission and 21st streets; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement street and 7th avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1917, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after January 2, 1918. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1918.

GEO. TOWNY, Manager.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE

ITALIAN-AMERICAN BANK, southeast corner Montgomery and Sacramento streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1917, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1918. Dividends not called for will be added to the principal and bear the same rate of interest from January 1, 1918. Money deposited on or before January 10, 1918, will earn interest from January 1, 1918.

A. SBARBORO, President.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (Savings Department), 108 Sutter street. For the half year ending December 31, 1917, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1918. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1918. Deposits made on or before January 10, 1918, will earn interest from January 1, 1918.

LEON BOCQUERAZ, Vice-President.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE

BANK OF ITALY, southeast corner Montgomery and Clay streets. Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason streets. For the half year ending December 31, 1917, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1918. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1918. Money deposited on or before January 10, 1918, will earn interest from January 1, 1918.

A. P. GIANNINI, President.

A. PEDRINI, Cashier.

## DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near Fourth. For the half year ending December 31, 1917, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1918. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 2, 1918.

H. C. KLEVESAH, Cashier.

## NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS OF TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that in pursuance of a resolution and order of the Board of Directors of TRAUNG LABEL AND LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, a corporation organized and existing under and by virtue of the laws of the State of California, unanimously adopted at a special meeting of said board, duly held on the 20th day of October, 1917, at the office of said corporation, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, a meeting of the stockholders of the said corporation is hereby called for and will be held at the office of said corporation, No. 962 Battery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California (said place of meeting being at the principal place of business of said corporation and at the building where the Board of Directors usually meets), on Monday, the 31st day of December, 1917, at 3:00 p. m. of that day, for the purpose of considering and acting upon a proposition to increase the capital stock of said corporation from One Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$100,000), divided into twenty thousand (20,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each, to Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000.00) Dollars, divided into one hundred thousand (100,000) shares of the par value of Five Dollars (\$5.00) each.

The amount to which it is proposed to increase the capital stock is Five Hundred Thousand Dollars (\$500,000.00).

Also to amend the Articles of Incorporation, and to ratify all acts of the stockholders and Board of Directors at its meeting held on the 11th day of October, 1917.

By order of the Board of Directors.

Dated October 20, 1917.

LOUIS TRAUNG,

Secretary of Traung Label and Lithograph Company.

L. W. LOVEY,

Attorney for Traung Label and Lithograph Company,  
1107 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

10-27-10

## ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY PETITION FOR THE CHANGE OF NAME SHOULD NOT BE GRANTED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County, of San Francisco.—No. 86523.

In the Matter of the Application of the DUNCAN'S MILLS LAND AND LUMBER COMPANY, a corporation, for a Change of Its Name.

In the matter of the petition of the DUNCAN'S MILLS LAND AND LUMBER COMPANY, a corporation, for a change of its name, the said corporation and I. E. Thayer, Philip R. Thayer, and George D. Gray, a majority of the Directors thereof, having filed and presented an application and their petition that the name of said Duncan's Mills Land and Lumber Company, a corporation, be changed to Marin Lumber and Supply Company.

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said matter appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department 10, at the court house in said City and County on the 29th day of January, 1918, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, to show cause why such petition for change of name should not be granted.

And it is further ordered, that notice of said application and of this order, be given by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County, State of California, once a week for four (4) successive weeks before said hearing.

Dated: December 22nd, 1917.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,  
Judge of said Superior Court.

JACOBS &amp; OLIVER,

Attorneys for Petitioner,  
900 Humboldt Savings Bank Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

12-29-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix at the office of W. H. Morrissey, 804 Mechanics Building, 948 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of VIRGINIA EVANS SMITH, deceased.

ESTELLE B. EVERETT,

Executrix of the estate of Virginia Evans Smith, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 24, 1917.

W. H. MORRISSEY,

Attorney for Executrix,  
804 Mechanics Bldg., 948 Market St.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

11-24-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY E. MANN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY E. MANN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Seth Mann, Esq., Room 1040 Merchants Exchange Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY E. MANN, deceased.

A. H. TURNER,

Administrator of the estate of Mary E. Mann, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 15, 1917.

SETH MANN,

Attorney for said Administrator,  
1040 Merchants Exchange Bldg.,  
San Francisco, Cal.

12-15-5

## NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Number 23,436. New Series. Department Number Ten. Probate. In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM MATSON, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executors of the last will and testament of WILLIAM MATSON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorneys, W. I. Brobeck and Peter F. Dunne, Rooms 709-718 Crocker Building, located at the intersection of Market, Post and Montgomery Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, which said last named office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of WILLIAM MATSON, deceased.

LILLIE B. MATSON,

ALEXANDER F. MORRISON,

Executors of the last will and testament of William Matson, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, California, December 22, 1917.

W. I. BROBECK and

PETER F. DUNNE,

Attorneys for Executors,  
709-718 Crocker Building,  
San Francisco, Cal.

12-22-5





CHRISTMAS PACKING  
FOR  
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS  
NOW ON SALE

WITHOUT THEM  
WHAT WOULD  
CHRISTMAS BE?

*Anargyros*

Makers of the famous Turkish  
and Egyptian cigarettes

*Everywhere  
Why?*























